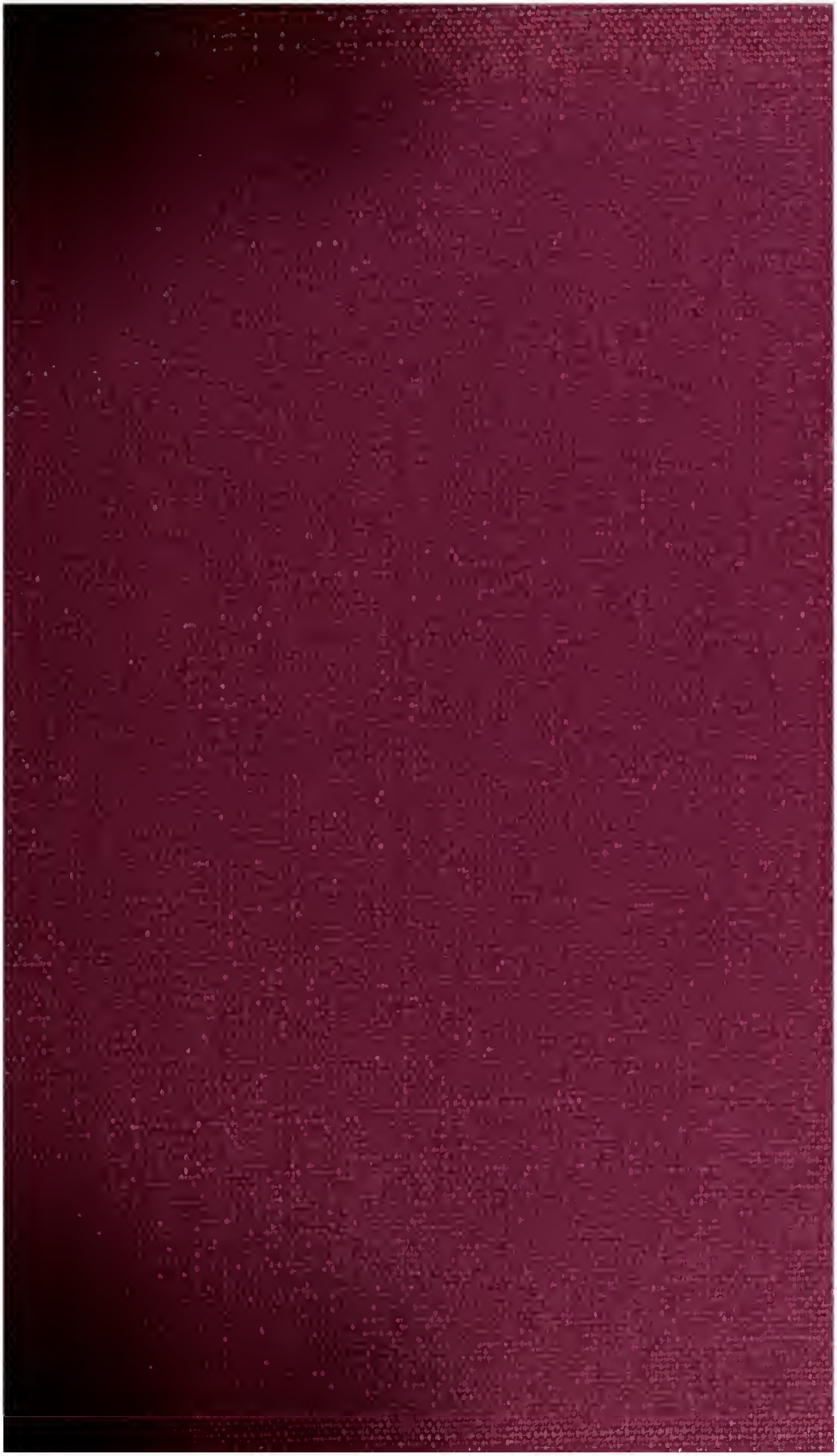

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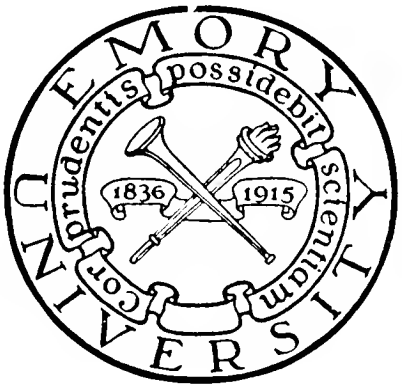

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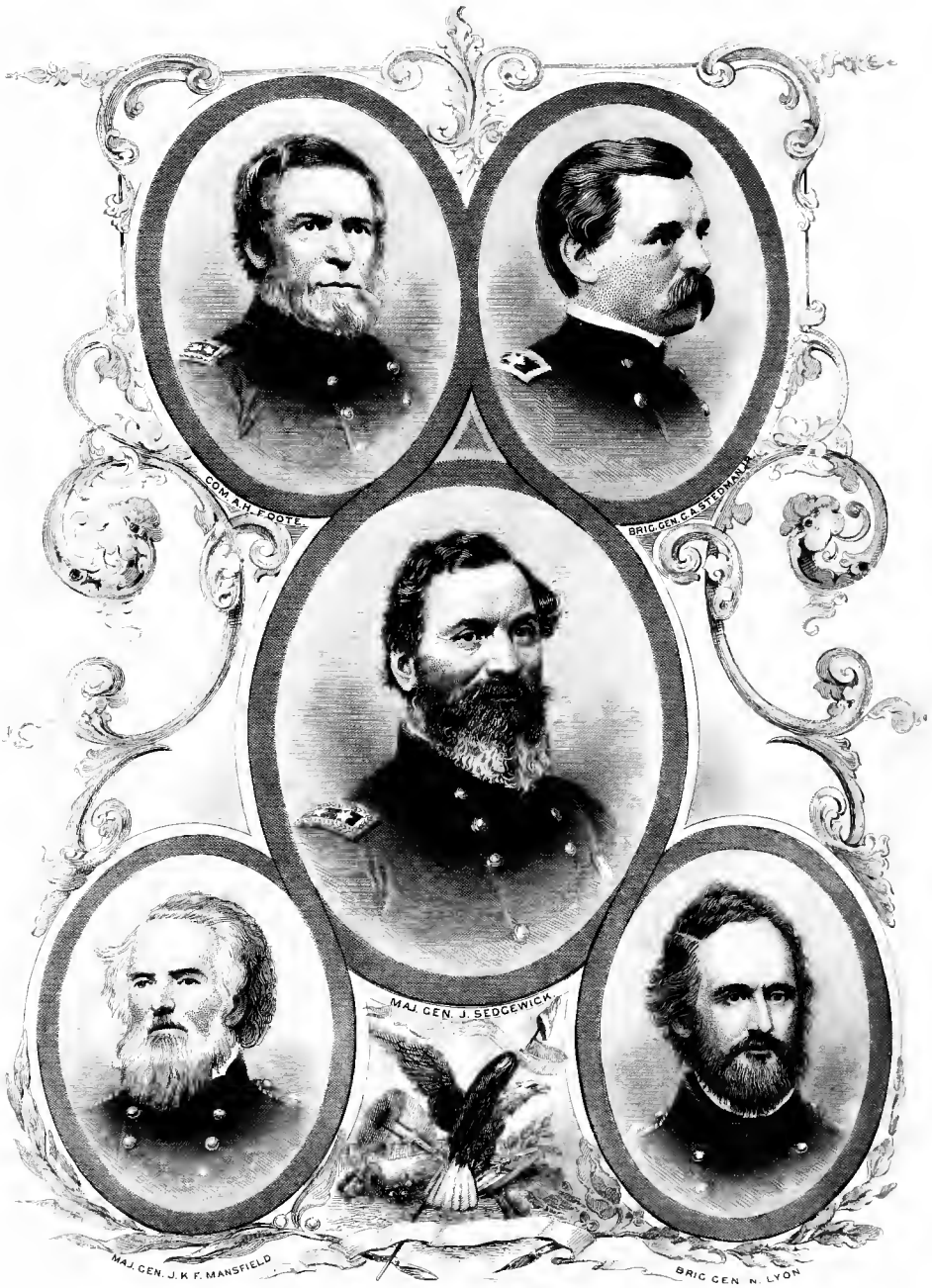
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MAJ. GEN. J. SEDGEWICK.
MAJ. GEN. J. K. F. MANSFIELD.
BRIG. GEN. N. LYON.

THE

MILITARY AND CIVIL HISTORY

OF

CONNECTICUT

DURING

THE WAR OF 1861-65.

COMPRISING A DETAILED ACCOUNT OF

THE VARIOUS REGIMENTS AND BATTERIES,

THROUGH MARCH, ENCAMPMENT, BIVOUAC, AND BATTLE: ALSO INSTANCES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONAL GALLANTRY, AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF MANY HEROIC SOLDIERS: TOGETHER WITH A RECORD OF THE PATRIOTIC ACTION OF CITIZENS AT HOME, AND OF THE LIBERAL SUPPORT FURNISHED BY THE STATE IN ITS EXECUTIVE AND LEGISLATIVE DEPARTMENTS.

BY

W. A. CROFFUT AND JOHN M. MORRIS.

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To

JOHN TURNER WAIT,

LATE SPEAKER

OF THE CONNECTICUT HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES;

A PATRIOT

WHOSE ONLY SON FELL IN DEFENSE OF HIS COUNTRY,

AND WHOSE MANY ACTS OF KINDNESS HAVE ENDEARED HIM

TO THE SOLDIERS OF CONNECTICUT;

THIS VOLUME,

THE RECORD OF THEIR SERVICES AND SUFFERINGS,

IS CORDIALLY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

THE History of Connecticut during the late civil war was announced by Chaplain John M. Morris more than two years ago, and was promised to the Publisher more than a year ago; but the difficulty of obtaining precise information was vastly greater than had been anticipated, while many imperative duties of the projector consumed much coveted time. To prevent further delay, an arrangement was made whereby W A. Croffut became associated in the labor. The book has been mainly written by Mr. Croffut, from materials carefully collected by Mr. Morris. It is proper to bear testimony, here, to the patient persistence, State pride, and devotedness to the cause, which have been exhibited by the Publisher, in overcoming the obstacles that so long postponed a completion of the volume.

This work aims to give a fair, accurate, and reasonably complete narrative of the services of the soldiers of Connecticut in the field, with a briefer record of the patriotic support furnished by citizens at home. It presents no scientific discussion of strategy, and no profound reflections on the causes and results of the war for the Union.

We offer no elaborate description of battles, except at the points where the regiments of our State were involved: but troops fought under the triviued flag in every rebellious State, and in almost every important engagement; so that we rise from our work to find that the story of the soldiers of Connecticut, presents, with singular completeness, the story of the war.

This general outline is rendered more palpable by the fact, that, instead of following the plan of giving each regimental record complete in itself, and detached from all the rest, we have rather tried to group events that are synchronous, and carry forward the whole with something of the consecutive method of history.

It is impossible to estimate, even approximately, the number of men, much more the aggregate of power and character, which Connecticut contributed to the war. On every great battle-field her sons and grandsons lie. In the regiments of every State they bore muskets and held commissions. In every pivotal hour of the war, leaders appeared among the foremost, who went back to her sterile but man-nourishing soil for elements of strength, skill, and valor. Not only Winthrop, Ellsworth, Lyon, Foote, Sedgwick, Mansfield, Wadsworth, McClellan, Mower, Wright, Terry, but William Tecumseh Sherman and Ulysses S. Grant, sprang straight from the loins of our sturdy little Commonwealth.

"The soldiers fight, and the kings are heroes," says a quaint proverb of the Talmud. It were an easy task to enumerate the illustrious officers,

who were lifted up in the gaze of all the world; but there is a sense of pain and profound sorrow in the consciousness that it is impossible to render justice to the nameless rank and file who never wore even a corporal's chevron, but held to their duty with sublime patience. The last of the color-guard, who seized the standard that had dropped from the relaxed grasp of his comrades, and bore it on, and planted it and stood by it on the edge of the rebel rifle-pit; the martyr who perished in prison, and ever since has been marked "missing" upon the roll of regimental casualties; the thousand glorious obscure, who were mown down by the flaming blade of battle, and died singing songs of triumph, and praying for the establishment of Liberty and Law, — these are the true heroes and martyrs of all the wars of the world. But, in a book of limited scope, we have no alternative but to mention the officer as the unit standing for his command.

Connecticut sent to the struggle fifty thousand soldiers in her own regiments, and probably half as many more in the regiments of other States. A simple catalogue of their names and muster would fill two books as large as this; while a complete chronicle of the service of all her faithful sons would require a volume for each. Yet we have striven to record every act of conspicuous gallantry or merit that has come to our knowledge, without regard to rank, feeling rather that rare devotedness was nobler in the untitled hero, who had little incentive of military ambition, and little hope that his deed would ever be marked or mentioned.

In treating of affairs at home, we have kept strictly to what had a direct bearing on the war; and, in touching upon local politics, we have written in the spirit of fairness.

In presenting the statistics of patriotic benevolence we confess to a disappointment. No people beset by war ever gave, of their own free will, so lavishly as ours; and we hoped to compile a record of this liberality, so specific and so remarkable, as to amaze the dwellers in this peaceful land when our villages shall have become cities, and our farms suburban gardens. But we find that our towns, societies, and churches kept, in most instances, no systematic record whatever. The meager facts submitted will probably be received as possessing a certain interest and value.

It is also proper to say that the portraits which appear in this volume have been selected with regard not only to the merits of the subjects, but also to the desirableness of representing different regiments, every rank, and all sections of the State.

Instead of relying upon some officer of each regiment to write the history of its service, we have preferred to have the whole book grow up under our own hand; and to this end we have gathered facts with diligence and care from official reports, diaries, scrap-books, newspapers, private letters, personal interviews, and every available source, seeking corroboration as far as practicable. By this, we have incurred an enormous labor; but we have secured absolute impartiality, and have attained, we trust, substantial accuracy, even in the multiplicity of detail and circumstance.

Many gentlemen have placed at our disposal sketches, letters, documents, and valuable material. Our acknowledgments are duly expressed in these pages. There are a few to whom we feel peculiarly indebted, — Col. Philo B. Buckingham; Capt. T. F. Vaill of the Second Artillery; Lieut.-Col. William S. Cogswell of the Fifth; Chaplain H. S. DeForest of the Eleventh; Capt. H. P. Goddard of the Fourteenth; Capt. Henry G. Marshall and Enoch E. Rogers of the Fifteenth; Chaplain W C. Walker of the Eighteenth; Capt. Luther G. Riggs of the Twenty-second; Lieut.-Col. David Torrance of the Twenty-ninth; Lieut. J. H. Lord of the Second (three-months' troops); and John M. Douglass, Esq., for an admirably-written chronicle of the part borne by the citizens of Middletown.

It is hoped that no critic will be so unjust as to compare this volume with the vast and eloquent unwritten history of the war. Keenly will the friends of many noble men feel that we have failed to portray the self-denying lives and valiant deeds of their heroes; but they can not more than we do. Many, even of the worthy, are nameless here; for their story has never been told us, and is unrecorded. The whole can not be written. Our facts and incidents are only illustrative, not exhaustive. They may not always be the most noteworthy; but they are the best at our command. It is hoped that some compensation for any omissions of this kind may be found in the fact that we have maintained the local character of the work by introducing as much personal incident as could be added without burdening the narrative. Few books are ever published that are so full of individual achievement and experience.

We present this volume, however, with confidence, because we feel, that, whatever may be its defects of construction, much will be preserved in it which would otherwise be lost, and much brought to the notice of the whole State, which has hitherto been known to few outside of town or neighborhood. It may tend to moderate the extravagant estimate which local partiality sometimes places on individuals; but it can hardly fail to exalt the general impression of the average patriotism and efficiency.

Deeds of daring and devotion now ennoble the records of every town. A filial gathering of these seeds of history should have a present value in nourishing State pride and stimulating a generous public spirit. And it can not but be prized as a record of ancestral sacrifice by the generations to come, when grandchildren shall cluster around the chair of the gray-haired volunteer, and listen while he tells once more how he carried the flag at Gettysburg, and when the venerable dame shall resort to the old bureau fragrant with memories, and gaze again through the mists at the blue coat worn by one who went to battle with her blessing, and died joyfully that the Republic might have a second birth.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Early History of Connecticut. — The Pequot War. — First American Constitution. — Heavy Taxation. — Courage of the New-Haven Colony. — Character of the Civil Government. — The King's Officers resisted. — The Charter preserved. — Connecticut Declaration of Independence. — Putnam at Boston. — The Statue at Litchfield. — Brother Jonathan. — Connecticut Men capture the first British Flags in 1812. — The Blue-Laws. — Comparison with other Colonies. — Pre-eminence in Mechanics. — First Steamboat, Railroad, and Telegraph. — Influence on other States . . . 13

CHAPTER II.

The War begun at the Ballot-Box. — Elections in Connecticut in 1860. — Attitude of Parties. — Secession becomes Formidable. — Discussion and Recrimination. — Our Representatives in Congress. — Their Action on Peace Propositions. — Foresight of Gov. Buckingham. — The Peace Conference. — Hon. Isaac Toucey. — Spring Election of 1861. — Connecticut declares for Coercion 29

CHAPTER III.

The Fall of Sumter. — Enthusiasm in Connecticut. — "Coercion" accepted as a Duty. — A Battle-Sunday. — Winsted and New Britain. — Sympathy for the South. — The Call for the First Regiment. — Condition of our Militia. — The Massachusetts Sixth. — The Towns moving. — The Hartford Companies. — Meriden, New Haven, Danbury, Middletown, Norwich, Derby, Willimantic, Mystic, Putnam, Danielsonville, Bridgeport, Waterbury, New London, Litchfield, Wallingford, Farmington, Salisbury. — The Old Flag . . 38

CHAPTER IV.

The Volunteers uniformed and equipped. — Response of Wealthy Men and Institutions. — Patriotic Work of the Women. — Another Revolutionary Sunday. — Call for Second and Third Regiments. — The Troops at Rendezvous. — Outfit completed. — In Camp. — Rations and Beds. — Contributions flow in. — Drill and Discipline. — Sage Advice. — Departure of the Three Regiments . . . 56

CHAPTER V.

Capt. Dan Tyler. — Henry B. Norton. — Cassius M. Clay Guard. — The Fourth Regiment. — Towns represented. — Departure. — Colt's Revolving Rifles. — It becomes the Fifth Connecticut. — Towns represented. — Home Guard. — Yale College. — The General Assembly. — Message of the Governor. — War Legislation. — The Constitutional Amendment. — Great Unanimity of Feeling. — Independence Day 70

CHAPTER VI.

The First and Second Regiments in Washington. — Welcome Reception. — Camp at Glenwood. — Joined by the Third. — Death of Col. Ellsworth. — Ellsworth of Connecticut Stock. — "Invasion" of Virginia. — Ambush at Vienna. — Holding the Advanced Post. — Death of Theodore Winthrop. — Sketch of his Life and Character. — Death of Capt. James H. Ward. — An Advance. — Blackburn's Ford. — Bull Run. — Gen. Tyler begins the Battle. — The Army betrayed. — Behavior of Connecticut Troops. — The Last on the Field. — They act as Rear-Guard in the Retreat. — Good Order maintained. — They bring off Public Property. — Home, and Muster-out . . . 83

CHAPTER VII.

PAGE

The Effect of the Defeat at Bull Run. — Second Uprising. — The Fifth Regiment goes to Harper's Ferry. — Six Regiments begun. — A Squadron of Cavalry. — Peace-Flags and Peace-Meetings. — Seymour's Resolutions. — Concurrent Action. — Goshen, Bloomfield, Darien, Easton, Cornwall, Sharon, Prospect, North Guilford, Stonington. — A New Saybrook Platform. — New Fairfield. — The Bridgeport Farmer. — How Stepney stopped the War. — The Farmer Office sacked. — Gov. Buckingham's Proclamation. — Life and Character of Gen. Lyon. — His Bravery and Decision. — His Heroic Death 101

CHAPTER VIII.

The Fourth in Maryland. — Dissatisfaction and Insubordination. — The Fifth on the Potomac. — Recruiting active. — The Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth. — Towns represented. — Departure. — Sixth and Seventh at Washington and Annapolis. — Eighth on Long Island. — "The Sons of Connecticut." — Ninth Regiment organized. — "All Full Companies" accepted. — The Tenth. — Towns represented. — Eighth and Tenth at Annapolis. — Meetings and Social Intercourse. — The Eleventh. — Recruiting. — Towns represented. — The Regiment embarks for Annapolis. — Port-Royal Expedition. — Landing of the Sixth and Seventh. — First Union Troops in South Carolina. — Tyler appointed Colonel of the Fourth. — The New Discipline. — Exposure and Privations of the Fifth 117

CHAPTER IX.

Extra Session of the Legislature. — Governor's Message. — A Carte Blanche. — More Regiments authorized. — Gen. Butler and the Twelfth. — A Light Battery and a Battalion of Cavalry. — At Meriden. — Off for the War. — The Ninth badly equipped. — Twelfth in Camp at Hartford. — Thirteenth in Barracks at New Haven. — Ninth and Twelfth at Ship Island. — Blockading. — The "Stone Fleet." — Effect on the Harbors of the South 135

CHAPTER X.

Patriotic Benevolence. — The Regiments in the Field supplied. — Sewing and Knitting. — Thanksgiving Day. — Soldiers'-aid Societies. — Systematic Effort. — Alfred Walker. — Thirteenth at New Haven. — A "Dandy Regiment." — Off for Ship Island. — The Ninth. — Dash at Biloxi and Pass Christian. — Victory. — Trophies and Thanks of Gen. Butler. — Capture of New Orleans 148

CHAPTER XI.

The Eighth, Tenth, and Eleventh leave Annapolis. — Storm off Hatteras. — Suffering and Depression. — Battle and Capture of Roanoke Island. — Death of Col. Charles L. Russell. — Another Movement. — Battle of Newberne. — Death of Col. A. W. Drake. — Incidents. — Siege of Fort Macon 162

CHAPTER XII.

The Connecticut Chaplains'-aid Commission. — Chapel Tents and Regimental Libraries furnished. — Medical Examining Board. — Spring Election of 1862. — The War Spirit predominant. — Governor's Message. — Legislative Action. — Special December Session. — Party Spirit Rising. — Cornelius S. Bushnell builds the Monitor . . . 182

CHAPTER XIII.

The Sixth embarks for Florida. — Return to Hilton Head. — The Seventh goes to Tibee Island to besiege Fort Pulaski. — Labor of getting the Heavy Mortars in Position. — A Case of Insanity. — Sixth goes to Dawfuskie Island to cut off the Approaches from Savannah. — Seventh mans the Mortar Batteries. — A Connecticut Affair. — The Battle. — Surrender of the Fort. — The Sixth and Seventh and the First Connecticut Battery at James Island. — Assault on Lamar's Battery. — Severe Fighting. — Repulse and Withdrawal. — Bad Management by Gen. Benham. — Casualties . . . 191

CHAPTER XIV.

The Fourth becomes the First Connecticut Heavy Artillery. — Recruits. — Goes with McClellan to the Peninsula. — "Siege" of Yorktown. — The Heavy Batteries. — "Ready." — Magruder falls back. — Detached as Infantry. — The Seven-days' Battles. — Malvern Hill. — Back to Arlington Heights. — The Connecticut Battalion of Cavalry. — Among the Mountains of West Virginia. — After Bushwhackers. — Raids and Incidents. — Battle of McDowell. — Charge through Wordensville. — Dash into New Market. — Ambush at Harrisonburg. — Cross Keys. — Jackson Ubiquitous. — The Fifth at Winchester. — Battle and Repulse. — In Maryland again. — Slaughter at Cedar Mountain. — Bravery and Severe Losses of the Fifth. — Stone, Blake, Dutton, Smith 203

CHAPTER XV.

PAGE

The Summer of 1862. — The Fourteenth Regiment called for. — The Military Situation. — Appeal of the Executive. — Enthusiastic Response by the People. — War-Meetings and Local Effort. — Recruiting Committees. — The Fourteenth full. — New Haven raises the Fifteenth. — Hartford recruits the Sixteenth. — Seventeenth from Fairfield County. — Eighteenth from New-London County. — Nineteenth from Litchfield County. — Twentieth and Twenty-first organized. — The Second Battery goes from Bridgeport. — All assigned to the "Army of the Potomac" 222

CHAPTER XVI.

The Call for Seven Regiments of Nine-months' Men. — The second Great Uprising. — Recruiting Active. — Meetings and Bounties. — A Draft announced. — The Camps. — Exemption sought. — Skulks and Cowards. — The Surgeons besieged. — The White-liver Complaint. — Incidents. — How New Haven filled her Quota. — The Day of the Draft. — The Mountain brings forth. — All the Regiments Full. — The Twenty-second from Hartford and Tolland Counties. — Twenty-third from Fairfield and New Haven. Twenty-fourth from Middlesex. — Twenty-fifth from Hartford. — Twenty-sixth from New London and Windham. — Twenty-seventh from New Haven. — Twenty-eighth from Fairfield and Litchfield. — The Rendezvous on Long Island 240

CHAPTER XVII.

The Eighth and Eleventh near Newberne. — To Newport News. — Re-organization of the Eleventh. — To Fredericksburg. — Pope, defeated, retreats on Washington. — Col. Kingsbury in command of the Brigade. — Arrival in Washington. — Movement into Maryland. — The Fourteenth and Sixteenth join the Column. — South Mountain. — The Affair of Turner's Gap. — Choice Rebel Literature 255

CHAPTER XVIII.

Battle of Antietam. — Charge of the Eleventh. — Exploit of Capt. Gibbons. — The Contest for the Stone Bridge. — Inexplicable Conduct of Burnside. — Coolness and Efficiency of the Fourteenth. — Charge of Harland's Brigade. — Capt. Charles L. Upham's Company capture a Battery. — Great Bravery of the Eighth. — Gallant Conduct of Col. Appelman. — Fatality of the Color-Guard. — Harland assumes Command of Rodman's Division. — Severe Losses. — Sufferings of the Wounded. — Corporal Henry A. Eastman of the Eleventh. — Death of Col. Kingsbury and others. — Total Casualties of the Battle. — Death of Major-Gen. Joseph K. F. Mansfield. — Biography of Mansfield. — Retreat of Lee's Army 264

CHAPTER XIX.

Tardy Pursuit of Lee. — The Eighth, Eleventh, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers. — Gen. Burnside in Command. — March to Falmouth. — The Battle of Fredericksburg. — Gallantry of the Fourteenth and Twenty-seventh. — Gen. Harland's Official Report. — The Disastrous Repulse. — Whereabouts of the Fifth, Seventeenth, Twentieth, and Twenty-second. — Private Elias Howe, Jr. — The Army Ration. — Camp at Stafford Court House 288

CHAPTER XX.

The First Connecticut Battery and Seventh Regiment in Florida. — Capture of St. John's Bluff. — Sixth and Seventh in South Carolina. — Battle of Pocotaligo. — The Twelfth at Camp Parapet. — Yankee Enterprise. — Anecdotes of the Thirteenth. — Services and Sufferings of the Ninth at Vicksburg. — The Battle of Baton Rouge. — The La Fourche Campaign. — Battle of Georgia Landing. — Thanksgiving. — The Nine-months' Regiments leave Long Island. — The Twenty-eighth at Pensacola. — Destruction of a Rebel Gunboat 303

CHAPTER XXI.

Spring Election of 1863. — The Peace Wing of the Democracy again Demonstrative. — Buckingham *versus* Seymour. — "No more War!" — The Platforms. — Gov. Seymour's Letter. — Appeals from the Connecticut Regiments in the Field. — Sharp Extracts. — The Vote. — Eaton's Resolutions in the Assembly. — After Fredericksburg. — The Eighth, Eleventh, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Twenty-first at Newport News. — Siege of Suffolk. — Skirmishes and Reconnoissances. — Capture of Fort Huger. — Raising of the Siege. — Evacuation. — "The Blackberry Raid."

CHAPTER XXII.

PAGE

The Tenth Connecticut Volunteers at Newberne. — Expedition to the Interior. — The Tarborough Scout. — Forage and Rations. — An Incident of Slavery. — The Battle of Kinston. — The Tenth at the Front. — The Contest for the Bridge. — Complimented by Gen. Foster. — Heavy Losses. — The Railroad destroyed at Goldsborough. — Gallantry. — To St. Helena Island. — Camp and Surroundings. — The Eighteenth Connecticut Volunteers still at Baltimore. — Joins Milroy at Winchester. — The Situation. — Battle of the First Day. — The Second Day at the Intrenchments. The Evacuation. — The Charge into the Woods. — Surrender of the Eighteenth. — Casualties. — Colors saved 341

CHAPTER XXIII.

Battle of Chancellorsville. — Advance upon the Flank. — The Fifth, Fourteenth, Seventeenth, Twentieth, and Twenty-seventh Connecticut Regiments engaged. — The 11th Corps overwhelmed by Stonewall Jackson. — Terrible Battle of May 3. — Heavy Losses of the Twentieth Connecticut Volunteers. — The Twenty-seventh Regiment captured. — A New Line of Battle. — Withdrawal of the Army, and Failure of the Movement. — Losses of the Connecticut Regiments. — Prisoners of War 358

CHAPTER XXIV.

Race of the Hostile Armies Northward. — Battle of Gettysburg. — The Fifth, Fourteenth, Seventeenth, Twentieth, and Twenty-seventh Connecticut Regiments engaged. — Second Light Battery. — The Affair of July 1. — The Assault of July 2. — Attack on the Left Flank. — Terrible Fighting of July 3. — Connecticut Correspondents. — The Losses in our Regiments. — Scenes on the Battle-Field. — The "Fourth of July." — Tardy Pursuit of Lee. — Our Troops again in Virginia 378

CHAPTER XXV.

Biographical Sketch of Admiral Foote. — His Adventures, Battles, and Death. — Banks's Expedition. — Feint towards Port Hudson. — March Southward. — Battle of Irish Bend. — The Cotton-Raid up the Atchafalaya. — Investment of Port Hudson. — The Fight of May 27. — The Twelfth, Thirteenth, Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth, and Twenty-eighth Connecticut. — The Charge of June 14. — Failure and Heavy Losses. — The Twenty-fourth in the Cotton-Fort. — The Forlorn Hope. — Our Roll of Honor. — Surrender of Port Hudson 397

CHAPTER XXVI.

After the Capture of Port Hudson. — The Twelfth, Thirteenth, Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth, and Twenty-eighth Connecticut Regiments. — Casualties. — Incidents of the Battle. — The Twenty-third in Southern Louisiana. — Guarding the Railroad. — At Brashear City. — Battle and Capture. — Casualties. — Imprisonment in Texas. — Return Home of the Nine-months' Regiments 420

CHAPTER XXVII.

Sixth and Seventh in Florida. — The Advance on Charleston. — The Situation at Folly and Morris Islands. — Gen. Terry and the Tenth on James Island. — A Detachment of the Seventh the First to land on Morris Island. — Capture of the Batteries. — The Battalion of the Seventh in the First Charge on Wagner. — Fight on James Island. — The First Connecticut Battery. — Daring Charge of the Sixth on Wagner. — Three Hours in the Fort. — Heavy Casualties. — Important Service of the Seventeenth Connecticut Volunteers. — Approaches to the Fort. — The Seventh in Charge of Heavy Batteries. — Bombardment of Sumter. — Capture of Wagner and Gregg. — The Roll of Honor. — The Sixth at Hilton Head. — The Seventh at St. Helena Island. — The Seventeenth on Folly Island. — The Tenth in Florida. — Death of Col. Chatfield, 436

CHAPTER XXVIII.

More Troops wanted. — A Draft. — The Result. — Call for Seven Hundred Thousand Men. — Seven Hundred Dollars' Bounty. — Work of Recruiting. — The Twenty-ninth Regiment. — Enlistment and Departure. — Re-enlistment of Veterans. — Recruiting Rapid. — The Quota of the State full, with a Surplus. — Soldiers'-aid Societies. — Hartford, Bridgeport, New Haven, Norwich, Danbury, Derby. — The Work at Home and in the Field. — A Thanksgiving Dinner 456

CHAPTER XXIX.

Harland's Brigade near Portsmouth. — More Digging. — A Handsome Camp. — The Twenty-first on Provost-Duty in Portsmouth and Norfolk. — Raid through Dismal Swamp. — The Eleventh at Gloucester Point. — Twenty-first at Newport News. — An Expedition up the James. — Fifteenth and Sixteenth go to North Carolina. — "Accidental" Fire. — Twenty-first at Newport Barracks and Newberne. — The Sixteenth at Plymouth. — Battle and Capture by the Rebels. — Gen. Peck's Order . . 457

CHAPTER XXX.

The First Cavalry Battalion. — Demoralization. — Increased to a Regiment. — Fight in Virginia. — At Baltimore. — To the Field. — The Eighteenth Connecticut. — At Martinsburg. — Gen. Milroy on Winchester. — Prison-Life. — Officers at Libby. — Diversions. — To Macon. — Escapes. — An Interesting Adventure 489

CHAPTER XXXI.

The First and Second Artillery, Sixth, Tenth, Fourteenth, and Seventeenth, during the Winter of 1863–64. — The Second Light Battery. — The Seventh in Florida. — Battle of Olustee. — Ninth in New Orleans. — The Twelfth at New Iberia. — The Thirteenth in the Red-River Expedition. — Battle of Cane River. — Connecticut Regiments Home on Veteran Furlough. — Speeches and Banquets 504

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Sixteenth in Rebel Prisons. — The Enlisted Men at Andersonville. — Rations. — Terrible Suffering in the Stockade. — The "Dead Line." — Starvation. — Insanity. — The Patriot's Burial. — The Hospital. — Officers at Macon. — Chivalry and Bloodhounds. — The "Glorious Fourth." — In Charleston. — Efforts to escape. — Exchange . . 526

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Up the James River. — The Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Twenty-first at Bermuda Hundred. — A Reconnoissance. — The Railroad destroyed. — Battle of Drury's Bluff. — Repulse and Heavy Losses. — "Bottled up" within the Intrenchments. — Fight of the Twenty-first. — Death of Col. Arthur H. Dutton. — Losses of the Seventh. — The First Connecticut Artillery ordered to Bermuda Hundred. — The Non-Veterans mustered out 536

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Fourteenth at Stevensburg. — The Affair at Mine Run. — How to build Winter-Quarters, and how to enjoy them. — Fight at Morton's Ford. — First Connecticut Cavalry joins the Army of the Potomac. — Grant crosses the Rapidan. — Struggle of the Wilderness. — Flank March to Spottsylvania. — Terrible Fighting. — The Second Connecticut Artillery (Nineteenth) comes up. — Gen. Robert O. Tyler commands a Division. — Spirited Contest. — The First Cavalry in Front of Richmond. — To the North Anna. — Another Flank Movement. — Death of Gen. John Sedgwick. — His Character and Public Services 560

CHAPTER XXXV.

The First Connecticut Cavalry. — Severe Service. — Battle of Ashland. — Brilliant Personal Encounter. — Bravery and Losses. — Battle of Cold Harbor. — Charge of the Second Connecticut Artillery. — Terrible Losses. — Death of Col. E. S. Kellogg. — Casualties of the Fourteenth. — The Charge of June 3. — Losses of the Eighth, Eleventh, and Twenty-first Connecticut. — Death of Col. Burpee and Major Converse. — Organization of the Thirtieth Connecticut 581

CHAPTER XXXVI.

After Cold Harbor. — The First Cavalry. — To Petersburg. — Exploit of the Eighth. — Charge of the Eleventh. — The Second, Fourteenth, and Twenty-first. — The Sixth, Seventh, Ninth, and Tenth at Bermuda Hundred. — Wilson's Raid. — The First Cavalry. — Bold Ride of Capt. Whitaker. — Incidents. — First Connecticut Artillery. — Siege-Work of the Summer. — Battle of Strawberry Plains. — The Thirtieth Connecticut at the Mine. — Death of Col. Stedman and Lieut.-Col. Moegling 602

CHAPTER XXXVII.

General Assembly. — Adjourned Session in January, 1864. — Spring Session. — Governor's Message. — The Ballot given to Soldiers in the Field. — Calls for Troops. — Recruiting. — The Quotas filled. — How it was done. — Presidential Election. — The Twenty-ninth (colored) in South Carolina. — The Eighteenth Regiment. — Home on Furlough. — Advance with Sigel. — Defeat at Newmarket. — Victory at Piedmont. — Loss of Brave Men. — Pushing South. — Across the James. — Advance on Lynchburg. — Repulse and Retreat. — Early Attacks Washington. — Affair at Snicker's Ferry . . . 629

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Dead Lock at Petersburg. — Flank Movement on the Right. — The Sixth, Seventh, Tenth, Fourteenth, and Twenty-ninth Connecticut, and the First Battery, engaged. — Four-mile Run. — Battle of Deep Run. — Charge by Terry's Division. — Strawberry Plains. — Withdrawal. — Casualties. — The Fourteenth at Reams's Station. — Casualties. — Incidents along the Line 648

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Still in Front of Petersburg. — Demonstration on the Left. — The Fourteenth. — Advance of Butler. — Chaffin's Bluff. — Capture of Fort Harrison. — The Eighth and Twenty-first. — The Sixth, Seventh, Tenth, and Twenty-ninth on the Right. — Rebel Repulse. — Casualties. — Attack on Terry's Line. — Repulse. — Counter-Attack. — Death of Major H. W. Camp. — Hawley's Brigade on the Darbytown Road. — The Twenty-ninth as Skirmishers. — The Second and Fourteenth on Hatcher's Run. — Hawley's Division at New York. — The First Artillery. — Butler fails to capture Fort Fisher. — Terry takes it by Storm 664

CHAPTER XL.

The Fifth and Twentieth in Tennessee. — Guarding the Railroad. — Fight with Guerrillas. — Retaliation. — Advance of the Spring. — The Twentieth at Boyd's Trail. — Battle of Resaca. — Amusing Incidents. — The Fifth and Twentieth at Peach-tree Creek. — Sherman's Flank Movement. — Atlanta occupied. — Casualties in the Connecticut Regiments. — A Rest. — The March to the Sea. — At Savannah. — Second Connecticut Battery. — In Louisiana and at Mobile. — "The Bay Fight" 692

CHAPTER XLI.

Sheridan takes Command in the Shenandoah. — The First Connecticut Cavalry, Second Artillery, and Ninth, Twelfth, Thirteenth, and Eighteenth Infantry. — At Winchester. — Kearneysville. — Skirmishes. — Battle of Opequan Creek. — Casualties. — Spring Hill. — Cedar Creek. — Defeat and Victory. — Heavy Losses. — The Pursuit. — Roll of Honor of Yale College and Wesleyan University. — The Seventeenth in Florida. — Battles and Raids. — Successes and Disasters. — Incidents. — Casualties . . . 714

CHAPTER XLII.

Prison Experience of our Soldiers. — Testimony of a Confederate Surgeon. — Experience of Weston Ferris on Belle Isle. — Great Privation and Suffering. — Condition of Prisoners at Camp Ford, Tex. — Gen. E. M. Lee in Libby. — Capture of Major Sanford and Men of the Seventh. — Adventures of Three Officers of the Sixteenth. — Fidelity of Surgeon Nickerson. — Thrilling Narrative of Lieut. Bailey. — Deaths at Andersonville. — Incidents of Martyrdom 737

CHAPTER XLIII.

Affairs before Richmond. — Grant and Sherman of Connecticut Stock. — Genealogy. — Location and Organization of Connecticut Regiments. — The First Cavalry returns to Petersburg. — Whitaker captures Major Gilmor. — Twelfth and Eighteenth Regiments. — First Artillery. — Death of Lieut.-Col. Trumbull. — Second Artillery. — First, Second, and Third Batteries. — Sixth and Seventh. — Death of Chaplain Eaton. — Eighth, Eleventh, Twenty-first, and Twenty-ninth. — Ninth and Thirteenth. — Tenth and Fourteenth. — Sherman's Great March Northward. — The Fifth and Twentieth. — Incidents of the Campaign. — Battles and Victories. — Casualties. — Disaster of the Fifteenth Connecticut. — The Sixteenth 755

CHAPTER XLIV.

Spring of 1865. — The Beginning of the End. — Petersburg. — Rebel Assault on Fort Stedman. — Repulse. — Service of the First Connecticut Artillery. — The Second Artillery and the Fourteenth on the Left. — The Tenth and Thirtieth. — The First Cavalry at Five Forks. — The Tenth at Fort Gregg. — Unsurpassed Gallantry. — Advance of the Whole Line. — Lee evacuates Petersburg and Richmond. — The Retreat and Pursuit. — First Cavalry at Sailor's Creek. — Lee surrounded. — The Surrender. — In North Carolina. — The Capitulation of Johnston's Army . . . 775

CHAPTER XLV.

Matters at Home. — General Assembly of 1865. — The Governor's Message. — Legislation. — Number of Soldiers sent from the State. — Our Regiments after the Close of the War. — Two Pictures from Richmond. — Terry and Hawley in Virginia. — Presentations. — Muster-out of Connecticut Regiments. — The Fourteenth. — Twentieth. — First, Second, and Third Light Batteries. — Twenty-first. — Eighteenth. — Sixteenth. — Fifteenth. — Fifth. — Seventeenth. — First Cavalry. — Sixth. — Seventh. — Twelfth. — Second Artillery. — Ninth. — Tenth. — First Artillery. — Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth. — Eighth and Eleventh. — Thirteenth. — Thanks of the Legislature . . . 798

APPENDIX.

The Sons of Connecticut residing in New York. — The Connecticut Agency in New York. The Agency in Washington. — Gen. Aiken's Visit to Washington. — Connecticut in the Navy. — The Expenses for War Purposes. — The Generals of Connecticut. — Organizations and Casualties. — Roll of Honor. — Our Martyrs at Andersonville . 833

CONNECTICUT. — COLONIAL RECORD.

CHAPTER I.

Early History of Connecticut. — The Pequot War. — First American Constitution. — Heavy Taxation. — Courage of the New-Haven Colony. — Character of the Civil Government. — The King's Officers resisted. — The Charter preserved. — Connecticut Declaration of Independence. — Putnam at Boston. — The Statue at Litchfield. — Brother Jonathan. — Connecticut Men capture the first British Flags in 1812. — The Blue-Laws. — Comparison with other Colonies. — Pre-eminence in Mechanics. — First Steamboat, Railroad, and Telegraph. — Influence on other States.

THE colonists of Connecticut organized the first republic on the Western continent. While all the other inhabitants of the coast — the Pilgrims of Plymouth, the English traders of Boston, the Dutch at New Amsterdam, and the Cavaliers and Huguenots on the distant shore of Virginia — were living wholly under royal charters, and endeavoring to maintain public order by irregular and capricious penalties, the planters of the Connecticut [1] Colony assembled at Hartford in January, 1639, and solemnly framed and adopted the first American Constitution. The promptness of her citizens in dictating statute law was equaled by their zeal in enforcing it to secure justice and promote tranquillity.

Alike in domestic and foreign wars, Connecticut has always displayed great vigor and courage. In the spring of 1637, two and a half years after the erection of the first

[1] Named after the River *Quonektacut*, — Long River, — so called by the savages.

house, she was a little confederacy of three plantations, containing about one hundred and sixty families. But the forests enveloping her embryo towns had already become the lurking-place of the jealous and vengeful Pequot; and no traveler or loiterer was safe for a moment from his cruel tomahawk, and no dwelling secure for a night against his fire-brand. Numerous murders had already been committed, with every variety of torture.

The first recorded act of the General Court[2] of that year "*Ordered*, That there shall be an offensive war against the Pequots; and there shall be ninety men levied out of the plantations of Hartford, Wethersfield, and Windsor." This was more than half of the adult males of the colony; and, after they went, those remaining at home were placed on short allowance of food, — not the first time, nor the last, — and there were not enough men left for the detail of sentries kept up night and day. "What we plant," wrote one of them, "is before our own doors; little anywhere else."

Foreseeing all this, the little army in one week set sail, under command of the sturdy Capt. John Mason, and, evincing both strategy and courage, surprised the Indian fort at Mystic, killed five or six hundred[3] of the hostile tribe, ruined its proud chief, Sassacus, and returned home in time to plant corn for that year.[4]

The activity and stern valor in war thus early exhibited by the planters in no wise surpassed their wisdom in civil affairs. Two years later, in general convention assembled, they declared, "We do therefore associate and conjoin ourselves together to be as one public State or Commonwealth." They thereupon proceeded to frame an elaborate code of

[2] Fifteen members, — six magistrates and nine committee-men.

[3] Trumbull's Colonial Records.

[4] Capt. Mason was subsequently offered a commission as major-general in Cromwell's army, but refused it. Major John Desborough of New Haven actually returned to England, and held that position; while his brother Samuel also went back to fight against Charles, and became Lord-Chancellor of Scotland under Cromwell. At the same time, Gov. Hopkins of New Haven was appointed to the high office of commissioner of the English navy; and Gov. Eaton, also of New Haven, was shortly thereafter made the king's ambassador at the court of Denmark.

government, "the first written constitution of the New World, — one that was the type of all that came after it, even that of the Republic itself." [5] Of this constitution, Mr. Bancroft has written, —

"Nearly two centuries have elapsed; the world has been made wiser by various experience; political institutions have become the theme on which the most powerful and cultivated minds have been employed; dynasties of kings have been dethroned, recalled, dethroned again; and so many constitutions have been framed or re-formed, stifled or subverted, that memory may despair of a complete catalogue: but the people of Connecticut have found no reason to deviate essentially from the government established by their fathers. They who judge of men by their influence on public happiness, and by the services they render to the human race, will never cease to honor the memory of Hooker and Haynes." [6]

Of such prowess and intellectual force were the founders of our commonwealth. Sternly self-defended, and wisely self-governed, they and their children grew to a wholesome relish of public order, and an invincible love of freedom. They were quick to see the practical advantage of co-operation for mutual defense against Indians, Dutch, and French; and earnestly urged the alliance of the New-England colonies, formed in 1643, to that end.

Then followed years of anxiety, vigilance, and war, — the latter waged mostly in behalf of sister colonies. In 1675, Major Treat led a hundred Connecticut men into Western Massachusetts, and rescued the garrison at Northfield beleaguered by King Philip's warriors, saved the day at Bloody Brook, and averted a massacre at Springfield. Later, the same officer, with three hundred men, marched into Eastern Massachusetts against the great fort of the Narragansetts; and, after the troops of that colony had made a brave but unsuccessful attack, forced an entrance by a persistent and bloody assault. Four out of five captains, and more than eighty men, fell in the victorious onset.

[5] Rev. Horace Bushnell's Historic Estimate.

[6] Rev. Thomas Hooker, the eloquent pastor of the Hartford Church, and John Haynes, first governor elected in the colony.

Major Treat was the acknowledged hero of King Philip's War, and the next spring was elected governor.[7]

During three years of this Indian war, the colonists uncomplainingly paid an annual tax of eleven pence on a pound; and for two years thereafter, in order the more speedily to free themselves from a heavy debt, they increased it to nineteen pence on a pound. This amounted, in the five years, to about thirty cents on each dollar of taxable property.

Meanwhile the Protector had died, and a Stuart had returned to the throne of England. The New-Haven colonists were anxious to conciliate the new king; but, at the very beginning of his reign, it became apparent that they loved justice more than they feared Charles Stuart. Though fully aware that the king's personal vengeance was roused against the regicides who had been the judges of his royal father, yet, when the pursuers came to New Haven to search for and seize the fugitives, Gov. Leete interposed every obstacle except violence; brave old Davenport preached to his people with impressive eloquence from the text, "Make thy shadow as the night in the midst of noonday, hide the outcasts, bewray not him that wandereth;" while the uneasy agents of the king were watched by eyes so reproachful and menacing, that they hurried off without their prey. The fugitives were at that moment hidden within the limits of the town. Ever thereafter, Connecticut was a safe refuge for the oppressed of every clime, — a sure "covert to them that flee from the face of the spoiler."

The Hartford colonists more shrewdly improved the early and pliant days of the second Charles to fortify their precious liberties, by the guaranty of his own signature, against any future usurpation or exaction. Through Gov. Winthrop, the most gifted New-Englander of his time, they obtained a charter more liberal than was ever before granted to

[7] Dr. Bushnell, in Work and Play, says of the early colony, "There never was a spark of chivalry in her leaders; and yet there was never a coward among them. They knew nothing of fighting without an object; and, when they had one, they went to work bravely, simply because it was sound economy to fight well."

any colony by an English king; and under it they were able to re-enact, with royal sanction, their constitution and laws.

The colonists of New Haven were, much to their surprise, and against their inclination, included, by this charter, within the jurisdiction of Connecticut. In the Hartford Colony, none but church-members were eligible to the office of governor; but all orderly freemen, on receiving a majority vote of the town, were electors. In the New-Haven Colony, no person could be a voter unless he was a member of the church in full communion.[8] Under their devout leader, Rev. John Davenport, the people had vested civil government in the Church, and apprehended that religious and moral laxity might follow the proposed compromise. After serious discussion, obvious geographical reasons and the necessity of a closer defensive league prevailed over these fears; and, in 1665, the two colonies became one, with John Winthrop for governor.

The sagacity of the colonists, in anticipating that a Stuart once in power might become whimsical and tyrannical, was proved in 1674, when Charles gave a new patent to his brother, the Duke of York, transferring Connecticut to him, to be re-organized with the New Netherlands under the name of New York. Sir Edmund Andros was sent to lay claim to "all of Connecticut west of the river," and set out for Saybrook Fort to enforce his authority. Landing there, he was confronted by the militia drawn up in good order. Andros, a little disturbed, directed his clerk to read his commission as governor. The officer in command, having specific instructions from Gov. Winthrop, commanded him, with stern bluntness, to "forbear!" — "Go on!" said Andros. "Forbear, sir!" shouted the captain, with an uplifting of the sword so ominous as to check the frightened clerk with ludicrous suddenness. Sir Edmund was intimidated and perplexed, but, after a moment's pause, asked the captain

[8] This was also the rule in the Plymouth and other colonies; and it was the established law of England, even down to the present generation.

his name. "My name is Bull, sir," was the reply. "Bull!" repeated Andros: "it is a pity your horns are not tipped with silver;" and, covering his chagrin with this bit of unmeaning pleasantry, he re-embarked.

Every schoolboy knows how, twelve years later, another treacherous attempt was made to extinguish the sturdy colony; how this same petty tyrant appeared at Hartford, and, in the name of the king, demanded the cherished charter; how, in the chamber of deliberation, the candles suddenly went out, and the charter mysteriously vanished; how the colony maintained its rights; how the precious parchment was ultimately found in a hollow oak; how the venerable tree, after being visited by pilgrims for two centuries, still lives in a thousand keepsakes and mementoes, while loving hands cherish the charter which no longer needs a defender.

Once more, in a colonial capacity, Connecticut obstinately asserted the chartered rights of the colony against "the inherent rights of the king," when, in 1693, he conferred the command of the Connecticut militia on Gov. Fletcher of New York; and that functionary, coming to Hartford to assume command, was silenced by Capt. Wadsworth's drums and muskets, and returned, baffled and sullen, to his home. The king, humoring this willful people, never again sought to muster Connecticut militia under royal officers; but, whenever he wanted men or money, made formal requisitions on their governor, which were responded to with cheerful alacrity. Well did the stubborn colony earn her reputation as the land

> "Where none kneel, save when to Heaven they pray;
> Nor even then, unless in their own way."

Connecticut had already shed the first blood of the French and Indian War in the gallant but unavailing defense of Schenectady; and thenceforward, to the close of the last French and Indian War in 1763, her citizens were almost constantly engaged in campaigns or preparations. A care-

ful investigation shows that the colony furnished proportionately a far greater number of soldiers than any other,[9] though the frontiers of New York and Massachusetts were much more exposed.

In these wars, Connecticut expended from her scanty treasury more than five hundred thousand pounds above the trifling sum repaid by the Home Government. England made many fair promises, but, after the close of the war, reimbursed not a farthing of this enormous outlay. The colonists were losing respect for the mother-country, and feeling daily their growing independence.

The Connecticut General Assembly, as early as May, 1764, entered a calm but vigorous and searching protest against the threatened Stamp Act. In the spirit of those who sent him, Mr. Jared Ingersoll, the special envoy of the colony to England, assured the secretary of the king's treasury that "any supposable scheme" of taxation by parliament "would go down with the people like chopped hay;" and that any plan for enforcing such acts would involve an expense bearing a ratio to the profits, not unlike "burning a barn to roast an egg." The remonstrance secured a brief delay; but the law was passed.

The governor and his council, the envoy and many of the leading men, with sad but loyal hearts, advised submission to the law of the realm. Not so Trumbull, Putnam, Durkee, the veteran soldiers and sturdy yeomen. In town-meetings assembled, they repeatedly resolved that "business shall proceed as usual" without stamped paper; and the Sons of Liberty, vigilant and resolute, rode in armed bands, destroying stamped material, and compelling the stamp-officer to resign.

The substitute Revenue Act and the Boston Port Bill evoked a day of fasting and prayer, a refurnishing of munitions and supplies, the formation of an artillery company, and a thorough re-organization of the militia.

[9] Hollister's History, vol. ii. p. 118.

Thus the colonists of Connecticut were unconsciously but fully prepared for revolution.

In September, 1774, a premature alarm was sounded throughout the colony; and, in sixty hours, more than ten thousand armed men started to the relief of Boston. This promptness but foreshadowed the alacrity with which they afterwards responded to the actual call.

Eighteen hours after tidings of the engagement at Lexington reached him, fiery Putnam, gray-haired, and verging on sixty, had visited and received orders from Gov. Trumbull; and, riding all night, he dashed into Concord at sunrise. Troops pushed on after him by squads and companies, until more than three thousand Connecticut soldiers confronted the enemy at Boston. These were pronounced the best equipped, drilled, and officered of the troops there collected.

The retaliatory expedition against Ticonderoga was planned immediately after, by Connecticut men, during the session of the General Assembly at Hartford. It was led by residents or natives of Connecticut, was achieved in part by her soldiers, and paid for in full from her treasury. The capture of this fort was the first victory, and the first aggressive stroke, of the war; and the armament and munitions thus obtained were essential to the success of the patriot army before Boston.

By the end of April, Connecticut had issued bills of credit to the amount of a hundred thousand pounds; and, by early summer, had twenty-two regiments organized and equipped for the field.

Putnam was the most ardent and belligerent member of the council of war near Boston. The Massachusetts Committee of Safety and the officers in command were hesitating and irresolute. Putnam insisted on the immediate occupation of Bunker Hill, and made a bold statement of the situation, ending with words which embodied his own stern purpose: "At the worst, suppose us surrounded, and no retreat, we will set our country an example of which it shall not be ashamed, and teach mercenaries what *men* can

do determined to live or die free." This impetuous outburst overbore all opposition; and Putnam was directed to make the intrenchment. In the battle which resulted, Putnam had command of the American forces. The terse orders of the day were his: "Aim at their waistbands! Pick off the officers! Reserve your fire till you see the whites of their eyes; then fire low!" Re-enforcements or powder, both of which were denied to Putnam by his misjudging commander Gen. Ward, might have made the conflict, instead of a glorious defeat, the bloodiest victory of the Revolution.

The high estimate placed upon Putnam by Washington is indicated by the fact, that, bringing with him from the Congress at Philadelphia the commissions of four major-generals in the Continental army, he handed to Putnam his commission several days before delivering the others, in order thus to rank him as second in command.

On the 14th of June, 1776, in advance of any tidings of congressional action, Connecticut pronounced for independence in these words: —

"*Resolved unanimously by this Assembly*, That the delegates of this colony, in General Congress, be, and they are, hereby instructed to propose to that respectable body to declare the United American Colonies *free and independent States*, absolved from all allegiance to the King of Great Britain, and to give the assent of this colony to such declarations."

Connecticut, with her practical turn of mind, made the equestrian statue of King George, in New York, useful to rebels against his authority. On the 11th of July, seven days after the declaration of the Continental Congress, this statue of gilded lead was visited by the Sons of Liberty, rudely toppled over, and hurried away the wondering Tories knew not whither. But any well-known patriot who visited the shed half hidden in the apple-orchard of Gen. Wolcott, in Litchfield, would have found his son Frederick chopping up the royal image with a hatchet into suitable lumps; and before the glowing coals in the huge kitchen fire-place, wife

and daughter, with neighboring matrons and maids, fusing the lumps into bullets with many a shrug and jest. It was so fitting that the hirelings of the king should have "melted majesty fired at them."

Immediately after the British were forced from Boston, Putnam was ordered by Washington to the command at New York; and the militia of Connecticut west of the river rallied there in obedience to his summons, while those east hurried to the defense of New London. Upon sending forward to New York additional volunteers to join the five Connecticut regiments already there, Trumbull thus exhorted the young men: "Be roused and alarmed to stand forth in our just and glorious cause. Join yourselves to some one or other of the companies of the militia now ordered to New York; or form yourselves into distinct companies, and choose captains forthwith. March on. This shall be our warrant: Play the man for God, and for the cities of our God. May the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, be your leader!" The young farmers rose up from their half-gathered harvests, and forming themselves in nine regiments, self-equipped, marched to New York just in time to meet the advance of the British. Not less than twenty thousand of our citizens were then in actual service; and, up to this time, "Connecticut had furnished and kept in the field full one-half the American army commanded by Washington." [10]

Putnam selected West Point; and Gen. Parsons, with a Connecticut brigade camped there in 1778, without tents, and in snow two feet deep erected the fort, then and now impregnable, over which no flag but the stars and stripes has ever waved.

At no time during the Revolution could Connecticut number more than forty thousand fighting men; but she put 31,959 in the field. Her population was but *eight* per cent of the entire population of the colonies; but she furnished *fourteen* per cent of the Continental troops, — a larger ratio than any

[10] Hollister's History of Connecticut, vol. ii. p. 273.

other colony.[11] Massachusetts alone surpassed her in actual numbers; though New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and the two Carolinas, were also larger in population. Moreover, many Massachusetts troops enlisted for nine months, and were recounted at each re-enlistment; so that it is asserted [12] that "Connecticut furnished for the Continental ranks, and kept in actual service, more men than any other State in the Confederacy."

Of the quality of these men, their conduct bore witness; but Gen. Root declared, that, in his brigade alone, there were seven ministers who had taken the field as captains of their own congregations.

Upon no man in civil life in America did Washington so much depend for wise counsel and prompt aid in every emergency as upon Jonathan Trumbull, the bold but prudent Governor of Connecticut, — the only governor on the continent, when the war began, who was not appointed by the king. His co-operation was so constant and so valuable, that the most intimate relations sprang up between him and Washington; and the latter, in seasons of unusual perplexity, was wont to remark playfully, yet with serious purpose, "We must consult Brother Jonathan." And it is now well known [13] that this affectionate *sobriquet* for Trumbull, passing from officer to soldier and from soldier to citizen, was made a popular catch-word, first applied to the State he represented, and finally becoming a synonym for the colossal young Republic.

Before the Revolution, a tract of country seven hundred miles long and seventy broad, extending from the Delaware to the Mississippi, and embracing fifty thousand square miles, was a part of the Colony of Connecticut. In 1774, it was attached, for judicial purposes, to Litchfield County, under the name of Westmoreland; and in 1776 was erected into a sepa-

[11] According to the first census (1790), the total population of the States was 3,929,827; the population of Connecticut, 238,141. The total of the Continental army was 231,701, of which Connecticut furnished 31,959.

[12] Hollister's History of Connecticut.

[13] Stuart, 697; Hollister, 426.

rate county by that name. Throughout the struggle that followed, this vast area was deemed a part of Connecticut; but in 1782, by the unjust decree at Trenton, it was wrenched from our jurisdiction, and subjected to Pennsylvania. Thus the State which had been the very keystone of the Union during the conflict, which had met every crisis with the utmost vigor and made every sacrifice for the establishment of the Republic, now suffered the mortification of seeing her laws nullified, her territory violated, and her rank in the Union reduced.

During the conflict, Washington personally applauded the valor of Connecticut's soldiers: and the nation gratefully remembers the services of her heroes, — Putnam, Ethan Allen, Warner, Silliman, Waterbury, Wolcott; and the devotion of her martyrs, — Wooster, Knowlton, Ledyard, and Nathan Hale.

In the war of 1812, she was one of the first to defy and assail the hereditary foe; and in the first month of the conflict, both on land and sea, the first two British flags struck were surrendered to sons of Connecticut, as was the first British flag and the first British guns captured in the Revolution.

It is a fact equally noticeable, that Connecticut has always defended herself against her foes single-handed; and that, notwithstanding her exposed position, no soldiers from any other colony or state ever fought upon the soil of Connecticut in her defense, though thousands of her own troops went to the aid of New York and Boston.

There is no State in the world whose early statutes were more liberal and enlightened than those of Connecticut. To the epithet of "blue-laws," now used only by the ignorant, or by others in playful derision, our citizens are no longer sensitive; for well-informed people have learned that no such laws were ever on our statute-books. The absurd "code" which has been attributed to our infant colony was the invention of "the Tory renegade, Rev. Samuel Peters, who, while better men were fighting the battles of their country,

was skulking in London, and getting his bread there by the stories he could fabricate about Connecticut." How this ridiculous forgery could have obtained currency and credence, it is difficult to understand.[14]

It is true that some of the early statutes are severe against the Baptists and Quakers, as in Massachusetts, New York, and Virginia; but there were no Quakers in the colony, and it does not appear that the penalties against the Baptists were ever enforced. Nor does it appear that the persecutions for witchcraft were so frequent or so severe as in other colonies or beyond the sea. The English statute against witchcraft stood unrepealed down to 1736; and women have been hanged in Europe within a hundred years for "selling their souls to the Devil."

The Episcopal Church was tolerated here by public act, when there were not in the State seventy families of that denomination, and at the very time when two Presbyterian clergymen were imprisoned for months at New York, and fined five hundred pounds sterling, for the offense of preaching a sermon and baptizing a child.

It is true, that, for a short time, church-going was commanded by law in Connecticut; but Virginia passed a law in 1718 requiring every person to attend church on Sundays, on penalty of imprisonment for one night, and service of the colony as a slave for one week. And it was in force during this century. It cannot be denied, that, about 1644, Connecticut passed a law, ordering "that no man within this colonye shall take any tobacko publiquely in the streett, highwayes, or any barne yardes, or uppon training dayes, in any open places, under penaltye," &c. Those who deem this an unwarrantable infringement of personal liberty

[14] Guthrie's Grammar, published in London about 1775, had this paragraph: —

"CONNECTICUT. — The men of this country, in general, are robust, stout, and tall. The greatest care is taken with the limbs and bodies of infants, which are kept straight by means of a board, — a practice learnt of the Indian women, who abhor all crooked people, — so that deformity is a rarity. The women are fair, handsome, and genteel, and modest and reserved in their manner and behavior. They are not permitted to read plays; nor can they converse about whist, quadrilles, or operas: but it is said they will talk freely upon other subjects, of history, geography, and other literary topics."

may remember that Boston has a kindred prohibition to-day.

These comparisons are cited only to show that Connecticut, sometimes sneered at for "blue-laws" never enacted, was, in fact, ahead of the fashions of her time. "Her only reproach in the whole matter is," says Dr. Bushnell, "that she was not farther in advance of the civilized world by another half-century."

But a complete vindication is the Colonial Constitution itself, which gave a tangible and original shape to the republican instinct of New England. It organized an annually elective government; required deputies to be inhabitants of communities represented; gave the elective franchise to any man admitted by a majority vote of his town. All these were novel and radical changes, — a bold advance beyond the outposts of any existing government. At this very time, they were endeavoring in Massachusetts to comfort the "hereditary gentlemen" by erecting them into a kind of American House of Lords called the "Standing Council for Life." Their officers stood upon the theocratic basis; and many of the principal men insisted, that, the governor once elected, his office became a vested right, of which he could never properly be deprived.[15]

Citizens of Connecticut may well be proud of the remarkable fact, that in the constitution of the little republic of "Hartford, Wethersfield, and Windsor," no mention whatever is made of either king or parliament, or of allegiance owed to either; but it is expressly declared, with an impulse which could have sprung only from a consciousness of the divine right of the people, that in the General Court, under God, "shall exist the SUPREME POWER of the Commonwealth." Under this free-written constitution, Connecticut learned her lessons of liberty; and she was the only one of all the thirteen colonies whose people never submitted to be ruled by a royal governor, and whose capital was never infested by a royal court.

[15] *Vide* Bushnell's Historic Estimate.

The first law-school of the nation was the celebrated school of Judge Reeve at Litchfield, and Kirby's Connecticut Reports were the first American reports published. Chief Justice Ellsworth, Judges Smith, Gould, Kent, Walworth, and many of the most distinguished jurists of the country, were sons of Connecticut. "Judge Ellsworth was chairman of the committee of Congress that prepared the Judiciary Act, by which the Supreme Court of the nation was organized; and it will be found that some of the provisions of that act that are most peculiar are copied, *verbatim*, from the statutes of Connecticut. The practice of the Supreme Court is often said to resemble the practice of Connecticut more than that of any other State."[16]

In this brief rehearsal of the former heroism of our State, as a background for recent achievements, it is hardly necessary to refer to her established pre-eminence in manufactures and mechanical skill.

In our State, John Fitch made the first steamboat; Eli Whitney invented the cotton-gin that doubled the cotton-crop of the South; Samuel F. B. Morse devised and constructed the first electric telegraph; and Dr. Kinsley invented and exhibited, in the streets of Hartford, the first steam-locomotive ever built.

Religion and popular education were inseparably blended in the minds of the colonists. Laws were to be enacted "according to the word of God." As early as 1650, the General Court directed the selectmen to "see to it" that "no family in the colony should permit such *barbarism*" as not to send their children and apprentices to school. But to those who acknowledge the supremacy of God, and who believe that intelligence is an efficient handmaid of righteousness and good order, a tendency to such enactments should scarcely seem a legitimate mark for derision.

The result of the early school-discipline of the State is, that, in the legislative bodies of the West, the sons of Connecticut are in a large majority, compared with the emigrants from any other State. In the Constitutional Con-

[16] Bushnell's Historic Estimate.

vention of New York in 1821, out of one hundred and twenty-six members, thirty-two were natives of Connecticut, while only nine were natives of Massachusetts. In the Ohio Legislature of 1838–39, in the lower house of seventy-four members, twelve were from Connecticut, two from Massachusetts, two from Vermont. Hon. James Hillhouse, when in Congress, found that forty-seven of the members, or about one-fifth of the whole number in both houses, were native-born sons of Connecticut. Of the New-York representatives, sixteen, or nearly one-half, were sons, or descendants in the male line, of Connecticut. Mr. Calhoun once said that he had seen the time when the natives of Connecticut in Congress, together with all the graduates of Yale College there sitting, lacked only five of being a majority. This result is constantly repeating itself throughout the Western States.

"How beautiful is the attitude of our little State," says Dr. Bushnell, "when seen through the medium of facts like these! Unable to carry weight by numbers, she is seen marching out her sons, empowered in capacity and fortified by virtue, to take their posts of honor and influence in other States; in her behalf to be their physicians and ministers of religion, their professors and lawyers, their wise senators, their great lawyers and incorruptible judges, bulwarks of virtue, truth, and order to the Republic in all coming time. And then, when the vast area of our country between the two oceans is filled with a teeming population, when the delegates of sixty or a hundred States, from the granite shores of the East, and the alluvial plains of the South, and the golden mountains of the West, are assembled in the halls of our Congress, and little Connecticut is there represented in her own behalf by her one delegate, it will still and always be found that she is numerously represented also by her sons from other States; and her one delegate shall be himself regarded, in his person, as the symbol of that true Brother Jonathan whose name still designates the great Republic of the world."

CHAPTER II.

The War begun at the Ballot-box. — Elections in Connecticut in 1860. — Attitude of Parties. — Secession becomes Formidable. — Discussion and Recrimination. — Our Representatives in Congress. — Their Action on Peace Propositions. — Foresight of Gov. Buckingham. — The Peace Conference. — Hon. Isaac Toucey. — Spring Election of 1861. — Connecticut declares for Coercion.

THE citizens of Connecticut retain their ancestral independence of thought, and tenacity of opinion. Though conservative in tendency, they accept, without flinching, the logical consequences of their principles. This characteristic was strikingly exemplified in the elections during the year 1860. The spring election, instead of the presidential, decided the position of Connecticut upon national questions. The issues being already sharply defined, the campaign was intensely animated and vigorous, and brought out almost every elector. In the extraordinary poll of 88,375 votes, the Republican candidate received 44,458 votes; a majority of only 541.

A close and hotly-contested presidential campaign was at first expected; but the rupture of the Democratic party, and the result of the October gubernatorial elections in Pennsylvania and other States, so clearly foreshadowed the election of Mr. Lincoln, that excitement and effort subsided. The people of Connecticut quietly assembled on the 6th of November, and polled a total vote of 77,292, distributed as follows: Lincoln, 43,792; Douglas, 15,522; Breckenridge, 14,641; Bell, 1,485; Fusion, 1,852. Total opposition, 33,500. Majority for Lincoln, 10,292.

The supporters of Mr. Lincoln did not generally believe the explicit and reiterated declarations of the Southern leaders, that his election would be the signal of an immediate attempt at disunion. Those who did, decided to vote for their candidate, and abide the issue.

The leading men and journals of this State opposed to Mr. Lincoln predicted, in case of his election, a determined effort at separation by the slave States; but their fears of disunion, or objections to it, were not so serious as to heal their party dissensions, and cause them to unite to defeat the Republican candidate at the polls.

After the election, they at once avowed for themselves entire acquiescence in the decision of the people constitutionally expressed.[1]

Our people were turning with renewed energy to their usual business; but the Legislature of South Carolina, convened for the purpose on the day after the election, voted at once to call a convention for secession. Other States prepared precipitately to follow.

Action so abrupt and apparently resolute startled our people. They did not yet fear disruption by open rebellion; but they were alarmed, lest, by the unfamiliar process of secession, the dismemberment of the Union might, in spite of protesting millions, be adroitly compassed.

They began at once to examine the theory of secession and the legal and practical effect of the actual ordinance, neither of which had been much discussed at the North. Prominent supporters of Mr. Lincoln asserted that "secession is treason, and must be treated by the government as treason," and that "the government has the right and the power to compel obedience." A considerable number of Republicans, while they emphatically denied the right of secession, questioned the policy of forcibly preventing it. They held, that, if an undoubted majority of the adult

[1] "It is right that he (Lincoln) should be inaugurated, and that he should be sustained in the legitimate discharge of the executive duties of the government. Certain it is that he will not be permitted to encroach on the rights of any State. — *Hartford Times*, Nov. 7.

population of any State deliberately pronounced for separation, the rest of the States, though they might legally compel that State to remain, would do better to assemble in national convention, and acquiesce in her departure from the Union. Withdrawal under these sanctions is the only secession ever deemed valid or permissible by any number of the supporters of Mr. Lincoln. Many who had voted against him also concurred in this view.

Some of the opponents of the President elect denied the right of secession, but claimed that there was no constitutional remedy against it. The greater part held that the recusant States were theoretically if not practically right; that the United States was simply a confederation of sovereign States, any one of which possessed a constitutional right to withdraw whenever it should consider the arrangement no longer profitable. They deemed an attempt to coerce a State, in order to vindicate the supreme authority of the Federal Government and to preserve the territorial integrity of the Union, to be both illegal and useless.[2]

Though the doctrine of secession found defenders, the champions of the overt act were few. The mass of our citizens deeply deprecated disunion, as portending only grave and measureless calamity. To avert this calamity, they professed to be eager to act with "such moderation and forbearance as will draw out, strengthen, and combine the Union sentiment of the whole country." But the attempt to reduce this general expression to a more specific statement revealed a wide difference of opinion. The opponents of Mr. Lincoln accused his friends of the ulterior purpose of interfering with slavery in the States, and asserted that the Southern people had abundant provocation for their treasonable conduct. They demanded of the Republicans a repu-

[2] The Hartford Times of Nov. 7, after referring to the danger that the slave States would "form a separate confederacy, and retire peaceably from the Union," proceeds to say, "If they do so decide and act, it will be useless to attempt any coercive measures to keep them within the voluntary copartnership of States. We can never *force* sovereign States to remain in the Union when they desire to go out, without bringing upon our country the shocking evils of civil war, under which the Republic could not, of course, long exist."

diation of the distinctive principle on which the political campaign had been fought and won, and declared that the conservatives of the North would never consent to coercion; adding the not unfrequent menace, that, "if war is to be waged, that war will be fought in the North."

The Republicans replied, that no misstatement of their principles and purposes, and no threat, empty or significant, would move them a hair's-breadth; and that the intemperate language of their opponents tended rather to mislead than to undeceive the Southern people. At the same time, they avowed a sincere desire to make their real opinions and designs understood by the South, and a readiness to join in a convention of all the States and parties for mutual consultation and reconciliation; and repeatedly pledged "any sacrifice of mere feeling or interest" for harmony and union. A majority of our people, though uneasy at the portentous and expanding proportions of secession, were confident that excitement would subside, reason displace passion, and a peaceful solution of our difficulties be at length safely reached. So believing, they anxiously awaited the assembling of Congress.

Connecticut was represented in the Thirty-sixth Congress by Senators Lafayette S. Foster and James Dixon, and Representatives Dwight Loomis, John Woodruff, Alfred A. Burnham, and Orris S. Ferry.

They, like their constituents, hoped much from personal intercourse and consultation with the representatives of the South; and were resolved to omit no honorable effort to avert disunion and civil strife.

The House of Representatives, on the second day of the session, raised a committee of thirty-three — one from each State — upon "the state of the Union." Messrs. Ferry and Woodruff voted for the resolution; Messrs. Burnham and Loomis, against it. Mr. Ferry was designated as the Connecticut member of that important committee. The message of the President, and the thirty or more sets of resolutions submitted, comprised every conceivable plan of adjustment.

On the 10th of December, a resolution, raising a similar committee of thirteen on the state of the Union, was introduced in the Senate. Senator Foster favored the resolution, "as a step which may allay public excitement. It looks toward bringing back harmony and fraternal feeling to the country." [3]

Senator Dixon also, in advocating the resolution, said that he felt no desire "to threaten war in any event. The slavery question must now have a final and rightful adjustment, consented to by the people of both sections. . The first thing should be to restore fraternal spirit by cheerfully and honestly assuring to every section of the country its constitutional rights." He added, "My constituents are ready to make any sacrifice which a reasonable man can ask or an honorable man can grant."

In reply, Senator Brown of Mississippi declared, "There is but one way. The Northern people must review and reverse their whole policy on the subject of slavery. There is no such purpose, and therefore no hope of reconciliation." [4] Mr. Brown and his coadjutors in the Senate and House persisted. The Republicans refused to yield. Discussion now became obviously useless.

Major Anderson's removal from Moultrie to Sumter stirred the heart of the North; while the firing upon the Star of the West (Jan. 9) roused indignant resentment. The war-spirit began to kindle and glow.

Gov. Buckingham, watching every movement intently, felt that war was imminent, and that Connecticut should be ready. On the 17th of January, he issued a proclamation, in which he recited the traitorous and hostile acts of the South, and reminded our people, that "when reason gives way to passion, and order yields to anarchy, the civil power must fall back upon the military for support, and rest upon that arm of national defense." With clear vision and resolute purpose, he said that "the active services of the militia may

[3] Congressional Globe, Thirty-sixth Congress, second session.

[4] The committee was ordered; but neither senator from Connecticut was placed on it.

soon be required;" and urged companies to fill their ranks, inspect their arms and equipments, perfect themselves in drill, and "be ready to render such service as any exigency may demand." Then, as if foreseeing that the struggle was to be no easy one, he, on his own responsibility, quietly ordered his quartermaster to purchase equipments for five thousand men.

The opponents of the incoming administration clamored at the delay of Congress to adopt pacificatory measures. The border State men now submitted propositions which they hoped would, if adopted, satisfy the border slave States, and keep them from secession. Petitions numerously signed, praying for the adoption of these propositions, were forwarded from New Haven, Bridgeport, Fairfield, Derby, Hartford, Bethany, Westport, Seymour, New London, North Haven, Wallingford, Milford, and other towns.[5] Petitions from Hartford and some other towns, for the adoption of the Crittenden propositions, were transmitted to Congress. More were circulated, but were never sent on.

The last-named petitions were viewed by some in a partisan light, because the Democratic State Convention had, on the 6th of February, recommended in its platform the Crittenden or similar propositions.

Citizens of Mystic and neighboring towns united in a protest against any compromise involving the extension of slavery; and those of Derby and vicinity sent a petition praying Congress to stand firmly by "the Constitution as it is, the Union of the States, and the enforcement of the laws;" and pledging themselves, "separately and unitedly," to maintain "public liberty and national safety" against all enemies, abroad or at home.

Meanwhile the Peace Conference had been in session. Connecticut was represented by Ex-Gov. Roger S. Baldwin, Ex-Gov. Chauncey F. Cleveland, Hon. Charles J. McCurdy, Hon. James T. Pratt, Hon. Robbins Battell, and Amos Treat,

[5] Congressional Globe, Thirty-sixth Congress, second session, Feb. 2–27.

Esq. Ex-Gov. Baldwin,[6] eminent alike for learning and patriotism, strenuously advocated a national convention, to propose amendments to the Constitution of the United States. This proposition was rejected by a vote of eight yeas to thirteen nays, each State casting one vote. The Connecticut delegation thereafter voted against most of the propositions submitted by the select committee. Neither the Peace Conference nor the petitions of citizens availed any thing.

Our representatives in Washington became convinced that no compromise could check secession; that honor and safety alike called for decided action. On the 11th of February, Mr. Ferry offered in the House a resolution looking to such an amendment of the Constitution as "expressly to forbid the withdrawal of any State from the Union without the consent of two-thirds of both houses of Congress, the approval of the President, and the consent of all the States." Mr. Burnett of Kentucky proposing to debate the resolution, it was laid over, and never voted on.

Mr. Burnham, on the 14th of February, addressed the House. He emphatically urged every citizen of every State to enforce all laws, and pointedly called on the South to guarantee protection to citizens of free States while traveling in slave States. He entered a vigorous protest against the amendment of the Constitution, or the adoption of any compromise "under coercion of fear." He declared that the government must be maintained and the will of the people obeyed.

On the 24th, Mr. Ferry made an earnest speech, affirming that the Southern leaders demanded that the Constitution be so amended as to give protection to slave-property every-

[6] "As early as Feb. 4, Gov. Buckingham addressed the delegation in a letter, in which, after counseling a conciliatory spirit, he said, "I would suggest as of primary importance that you have special regard to measures which tend to maintain the dignity and authority of the government; so that every citizen shall feel that it is, and is to be, a shield to protect him in every proper and lawful pursuit, as well as in his property and his person.

"Also that no sanction be given to measures which shall bind the government to new guaranties for the protection of property in man,—a principle subversive of the foundations of a free government."

where in the United States, while they refused to pledge that even such an amendment, with the repeal of the Personal-liberty Bills, should constitute a final and satisfactory adjustment. "To buy transient peace, even if possible, at the price of this amendment, is to enact a dangerous precedent. Any new demand will be enforced by repeated secession. A compromise now is but the establishment of sedition as an elementary principle in our system. There is no course left but for the government to vindicate its dignity by an exhibition of its strength."

In the same spirit our entire delegation had voted in the Senate on the 11th of February, and in the House on the 20th, for a proposition to build at once seven war-steamers.

The only pacificatory measure adopted by Congress was a resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution, providing that the Constitution shall never be so amended as to give Congress the power to abolish or interfere with the domestic institutions of any State. In the Senate, Mr. Dixon voted for the resolution. Mr. Foster did not vote. In the House, our entire delegation voted against it.[7]

On the 2d of March, the House of Representatives passed a resolution censuring Hon. Isaac Toucey for the manner in which he had administered affairs as Secretary of the Navy.[8]

During the special session, Mr. Foster, on the 8th of March, moved the expulsion of Mr. Wigfall of Texas, because he had declared himself "a foreigner, and owing allegiance to the foreign State of Texas." He held that the secession of Texas in no way invalidated the right of the senator to sit in the Senate during the time for which he had been constitutionally elected; but the contemptuous language and traitorous spirit of the senator rendered his presence dangerous and insulting. The motion passed by a party vote.

Seceded States were now organized, defiant, and belli-

[7] All of our representatives had, however, voted, on the 11th of February, for a declaratory resolution of the same purport.

[8] For a detailed statement, see Appendix.

gerent. "Coercion" was the issue in the State election; and each party met it squarely. The Democrats regarded disunion as an accomplished fact, and advocated a peace policy as a means of retaining the border States, and ultimately winning back those which had already seceded. In their State Convention (Feb. 6), they *resolved* that "the pernicious doctrine of coercion" is "utterly at war with the exercise of right, mature judgment, and the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and should be strongly resisted by every lover of our common country."

The Republicans of Connecticut had kept pace with their representatives in Congress, and, on the 26th of February, had pronounced explicitly for the maintenance, by force, of "the supreme and perpetual authority of the National Government."

The canvass was spirited, and the vote large, exhibiting a total of 84,015; of which William A. Buckingham received 43,012, — a majority over James C. Loomis of 2,009.[9]

Thus the freemen of Connecticut by a majority vote decided for coercion. The stern meaning of that decision they were soon to know. Within fourteen days, the flag, — not in half a century struck to any foe, — to them the sacred emblem of resistless and protecting nationality, was hauled down in defeat, to be raised again in triumph on that spot by the hand that lowered it; but not until four years had passed in civil war, matchless in cost, in magnitude, and in valor.

[9] This vote is but little lighter than that of the spring of 1860, justly the test election; the Republican vote being less by 1,446, the Democratic by 2,931. The majority, compared with that of 1860, shows for the Republicans an apparent gain in available strength of 1,485 votes.

CHAPTER III.

The Fall of Sumter. — Enthusiasm in Connecticut. — "Coercion" accepted as a Duty. — A Battle-Sunday. — Winsted and New Britain. — Sympathy for the South. — The Call for the First Regiment. — Condition of our Militia. — The Massachusetts Sixth. — The Towns moving. — The Hartford Companies. — Meriden, New Haven, Danbury, Middletown, Norwich, Derby, Willimantic, Mystic, Putnam, Danielsonville, Bridgeport, Waterbury, New London, Litchfield, Wallingford, Farmington, Salisbury. — The Old Flag.

HE traitors are firing on Sumter!" read the dispatch: "Anderson answers gun for gun!" Men stood startled a moment, and half dismayed; then, with electric response to the echoing summons, they spoke out with indignation and courage: "Parley is ended; now re-enforce Sumter; avenge the insult; vindicate the nation's honor!"

For six months, the impatient arms of the loyal people had been bound, and their patriotic resentments suppressed; while traitors had gone on from arrogance to menace, and from assault to assault, everywhere unresisted. They had captured and occupied nineteen national forts; had taken possession of scores of Federal revenue-cutters and war-vessels; had appropriated our arsenals and mints; had stolen twelve hundred cannon and a hundred and fifty thousand muskets from the national armories; had caused the destruction of fifteen million dollars' worth of ships and ordnance-stores at Pensacola; had waged war on the government by firing upon and driving back a vessel sent to relieve a starving garrison; had assumed to wrest State after State out of the Union; and had made prisoners, through the treachery of commanders, of more than half of the regular army of the United States, —

all this without eliciting a single shot in defense of the nation. The patience of the Northern people was well-nigh exhausted. A majority of the supporters of President Lincoln believed that his policy was too timid and forbearing. They felt that the nation was weaker in April than in March; and that the president still debated what he should have decided, and paused when he ought to act. The demand that the assaulted government should defend itself had been hitherto answered only by new efforts at conciliation, and followed by still grosser insults and outrages.

From the bitterness of these humiliations, and from painful suspense and helpless inactivity, the first gun brought relief. All day Saturday the city streets were crowded, and from the country towns came riding anxious men asking for the news. The bombardment was going on; Anderson was making a brave resistance: little else was known with certainty. But this short message thrilled the State with a sort of angry exultation. The loyal people were of one mind: "Let us settle this trouble now, and not bequeath it to our children." The excitement swept across the State, kindling battle-fires in which the mortification of years was consumed. Doubt was succeeded by enthusiasm. The despairing felt that the Republic was saved. Conservatives who had grappled to the Crittenden Compromise, as the hope of the hour, were stunned by the sudden blow. Men who, by force of party habit, had justified treason in its preliminary offenses, were awed into silence now by the audacity of this act of war: while patriots thanked God, that, if war must come, it had been no longer delayed; and forthwith fell into line for the front. Business was suspended, and men prepared to meet the crisis.

The next day was a battle-Sunday all over the State. The news of the surrender of Sumter was announced in the large towns; and the event was alluded to in sermons, and responded to by congregations, in a manner worthy of Revolutionary times. Ministers prayed that the foes of the nation might be smitten down, and law maintained, and liberty given to

the captive; and urged their hearers to trust in God, and do their duty. The Hartford Daily Post, a Douglas Democratic organ, which had already pronounced heartily against treason, issued extras, and freely sold them within church-doors without rebuke. The New-Haven Palladium, an able supporter of the administration, sold that day eight thousand extras. In the evening, people throughout the State assembled in unusual numbers at their conference-meetings, and expressed their solemn purpose in address and prayer.

A war-meeting for the evening was announced from some of the pulpits of New Britain, and a great gathering was the result. Resolutions to sustain the government were passed; and a volunteer roll, headed by Frank Stanley, was opened as a nucleus of the first company. "A handsome photograph of Major Anderson, encircled with a laurel wreath, prepared by a lady of New Britain, was presented in a thrilling speech by V B. Chamberlin, Esq.; the whole audience rising to their feet with the wildest demonstrations of enthusiasm."

A similar meeting was called in West Winsted; and Camp's Hall was filled with an enthusiastic crowd. In the midst of the excitement, Roland Hitchcock, a lawyer, offered a resolution declaring that the president ought to withdraw the United-States troops from the forts within the seceded States, stop the shedding of blood, settle the difficulties honorably by further concessions, and "revive the drooping business interests." He was fiercely hissed down; and the proposition was indignantly and almost unanimously rejected. The meeting adopted a patriotic address; and one hundred young men signed an agreement to go to the war. A subscription-paper was also opened, and seven hundred dollars subscribed for the volunteers.

Preparations for volunteering were made in all the large towns. Excited crowds filled the streets, and thronged telegraph and newspaper offices.

The Hartford Times displayed a good deal of boldness in attempting to stay the rising tide. On Saturday, when

Sumter was on fire, and Anderson and his intrepid little band were tearing up their garments to make cartridges, in the midst of smoke and flames, the Times reasoned thus: —

"'But,' say the yield-not-an-inch Republicans, 'the Southerners fired the first gun.' Under what circumstances? As our fathers in the Revolution declared their independence of Great Britain, so have seven States at the South declared their independence of the Federal Government of the United States. Could that people wait until they were taken by the throat and held in subjection? Their position had been taken. That position was invaded by a powerful force, and to save themselves they acted. In the end, this controversy must be settled by treaty. The paper settlement alone will bring peace. Every battle, and every gun that is fired, complicates it. We cannot hold the South in subjection."

Great indignation was expressed against the Times, and also against the Bridgeport Farmer and New-Haven Register; the latter somewhat less emphatic in defense of "the rights of the South." There were angry controversies, and here and there personal collisions, growing out of expressions of disloyal sentiment. On Monday, the Times said, —

"The greater power lies in the States: they are sovereign. The Federal Government is subordinate to the States. South Carolina has repealed her ordinance by which she became a part of the Federal Union. Had she, a sovereign State, a right to do so? We claim she had; for the State had reserved that right, and the reservation is written in the Constitution. We have opposed the policy of fighting State against State, brother against brother; we shall oppose it: for it is that policy which will impoverish the North, and break up the Union."

The Register had just said, "Henceforth these States pass into two republics instead of one;" and, while declaring that "the flag must not be dishonored," it pledged itself to "discountenance the war-spirit."

With these politicians sympathized a considerable number of Democrats, who quietly but sullenly refused to aid in the preparations for battle. Some declaimed against "an abolition war," and, whenever they could get breath during the tumult of these days, feebly demanded that "those who had made the trouble" should constitute the army. Other

Democrats, like Henry C. Deming, Mayor of Hartford, sturdily opposed the use of force, even after Fort Sumter was taken, while the cry was, "On to Charleston!" and pronounced for war only when secession had become a gigantic revolution, threatening immediate advance on the capital, and aiming no longer at independence, but supremacy.[1]

During Monday, the people of the State had received the president's first proclamation,[2] calling out, for three months, seventy-five thousand of the militia of the several States to "repossess the forts, places, and property" which had been seized; "to maintain the perpetuity of popular government; and to redress wrongs long enough endured." This call was received with earnest satisfaction. The crisis which had come was not unlooked for, and yet it was startling in its suddenness and importance. Until within two days, many had cherished a belief that the disloyal communities would not proceed to the ultimate act of war. No people had ever been so rudely awakened from a long dream of peace. For more than eighty years, we had been devoted to a development of the industrial resources of the State. We believed that a standing army was a standing menace, an invitation to war. The forts on the Sound were dismantled, and falling to ruin. We had hardly cannon enough to usher in the Fourth of July. Not half the young men of the State knew

[1] Mr. Deming was invited to preside at the war-meeting to be held April 19. He declined in a letter, of which the following is an extract: "I am in favor of maintaining the government in Washington. I am willing to furnish it with the requisite force to defend it in the possession and occupancy of the Federal capital. I will support it in repelling invasion of the territory of any State which still adheres to the Federal Union. On the other hand, I am not willing to sustain it in a war of aggression or invasion of the seceded States. Such a war, to accomplish its avowed purpose of recapturing Fort Sumter and of continuing the occupancy of Fort Pickens, must be a war for conquering, and holding in subjugation, more than three millions of an indomitable race of men."

A week later he presented a flag to one of the regiments, and, within six months, was colonel of the Twelfth Regiment. The Times and Register also declared for the defense of the capital, but against the invasion of any seceded State.

[2] By the law of 1795, the president had power to call out the militia of the different States to suppress insurrection or rebellion, *provided* that no man should be obliged to serve more than three months, or more than thirty days after the next meeting of Congress. So President Lincoln was constrained to issue the three-months' call, and to postpone the assembling of Congress to July 4.

how to handle a musket. The venerable institution once honored in Connecticut as "Training Day" had been laughed out of existence.

Moreover, we had been for a whole generation virtually teaching our youths the wickedness of physical combat by forbidding them to defend themselves when assaulted, and instructing them that good boys ought always to run away, rather than stand and maintain their rights. We had now to prove to the world and to ourselves that our dogmas of non-resistance, added to a lifetime of tranquillity and money-getting, had not rusted out our manhood.

Connecticut had on her militia rolls fifty-one thousand able-bodied men, with two or three nominal regimental organizations. Moreover, on examination, it was found that "the military laws of the State were very defective, and of such a nature that the commander-in-chief had no legal authority to answer a requisition from the president for the single regiment of militia called for"[3] as our quota. In this dilemma, the governor promptly issued[4] a call for a regiment of volunteers, relying upon the legislature to indemnify him for assuming the authority;[5] and the patriotism of the people instantly responded to the appeal. Enlistments began at once. All other employment gave way to volunteering and equipping. Within four days, the companies of the First Regiment were at the rendezvous at New Haven; within six days, those also which were mustered in as the Second Regiment; in two weeks, the Third went into camp at Hartford; and, within three weeks, fifty-four companies had tendered their services to the governor. This was five times our quota under the call.

But patriotism and zeal could not supply the place of organization; and, to our chagrin, Massachusetts was able to send forward her militia regiments that had volunteered, in a body;

[3] Adjutant-General's Report, April, 1862.

[4] April 16, Tuesday.

[5] A law for the organization and equipment of volunteer militia was passed at the succeeding May session.

while ours, equally ardent, were assembling, but unorganized and undisciplined. On Wednesday, while our companies were concentrating at New Haven, her Sixth Regiment passed through the State for Washington, *viâ* Baltimore. Along the line of the road, the excited people had remained all night to greet them. They were delayed, but arrived at Hartford at two o'clock on the morning of Thursday the 18th. Not less than twenty-five hundred still waited at the depot as the train of nineteen crowded cars came thundering along out of the darkness. Lieut. Hawley briefly welcomed them in the name of the citizens, assuring them of constant sympathy and speedy support. Cheer after cheer emphasized the welcome. Men and women shook hands earnestly with the travelers they never saw before, and prayed for victory on their flag. Young ladies exchanged handkerchiefs with the soldiers; and old ladies, less sentimental, brought them lunches: and the train moved on with shouts of, "Burn Charleston, and sow it with salt!" mingled with, "God bless you!" and ending with a prolonged cheer, that was at once a farewell and a benediction. At Meriden and New Haven, similar receptions awaited them; though the crowds, standing since ten o'clock, began to thin out towards morning. At New Haven, where three thousand were still congregated, sandwiches and coffee were served to the soldiers; and the throng cheered the regiment, Plymouth Rock, Col. Jones, Gen. Butler, and every thing relating to the gallant Bay State.

Our people resolved to make up in dispatch what they lacked in organization. Party prejudices were renounced, personal animosities laid aside: men forgot interest, sacrificed preferences, forfeited the profits of business, and, with an earnestness and abandon witnessed but once in a century, devoted time and money to the salvation of the Republic. Thousands came forward, without looking for office or promotion, and hoping only to vindicate the authority of law, and save the imperiled country. The known horrors of battle, the unknown hardships of camp and field, and the terrors of prison, could not intimidate them. They

knew that war meant wounds and death: but the stars and stripes had been struck down, and the national honor trailed in the dust; and they sprang forward to the rescue.

From all parts of the State, and all ranks of society, they came, — young lawyers, farmers, merchants, gentlemen of education and leisure, mechanics; men worth their tens of thousands, and men worth nothing; boys from the rifle-factories; waiters from the hotels; under-graduates from Yale, Wesleyan, and Trinity Colleges, in the same ranks, shoulder to shoulder.

Upon the reception of the governor's proclamation, Joseph R. Hawley, Albert W Drake (a Democrat), and Joseph Perkins, met in the office of the Hartford Press, of which Hawley was editor, and, after discussion of the situation, signed an informal enlistment paper[6] as volunteers in the First, and issued a call in the morning paper for men to join them in a rifle-company. Before sundown, nearly the minimum had enlisted; and at a great meeting in the evening, presided over by Lieut-Gov. Catlin, the company was filled up. In this company was only one man who had ever seen service on any field, and only two who had even been in the militia. The command of the company was offered to and accepted by George H. Burnham, lieutenant-colonel of the First Connecticut Militia. Hawley became first lieutenant, and Drake second lieutenant; Perkins going into the ranks as a private.[7]

The Hartford Light Guard, Capt. J. C. Comstock, had already promptly volunteered as a company, and were not long in filling up vacancies of those who could not go; and such was the rush of volunteers from the city and adjacent towns, that a third company, Capt. Ira Wright, was immediately begun, and filled to the minimum before the first week ended. On Saturday evening, April 20, the latter was

[6] Drake had taken the initiative, and drawn up this paper in his own office early in the morning.

[7] Capt. Burnham soon became colonel of the First, and afterwards of the Twenty-second; Lieut. Hawley ultimately brigadier and brevet major-general, and afterwards governor of the State; Lieut. Drake, colonel of the Tenth (died in service); and private Perkins, colonel of a United-States colored regiment.

escorted to a position in front of the State House; and Mayor Deming presented to them, in an eloquent speech, a handsome banner, inscribed "Right and Victory," and furnished by Messrs. Case, Lockwood, & Co., book-publishers.

Meantime all the towns in the State were moving. New Britain speedily raised her militia company to a minimum, and divides with Danbury the honor of being the first company to offer its services to the State. The West Meriden company, also constructed on the basis of a militia company, was the first accepted by the governor; while Capt. Burnham's company was the first accepted composed wholly of volunteers. This priority was trivial, however, a matter of mere circumstance, and not of particular merit, as between the companies of the First Regiment. Lieut. Hawley went to Sharpe's rifle-factory on Wednesday, and engaged rifles for the company on his own personal credit. Some thirty companies were begun during this first week, almost simultaneously, at New Haven, Bridgeport, Norwich, New London, Ansonia, Norwalk, Danbury, Birmingham, Waterbury, Roxbury, Collinsville, Litchfield, Windham, Windsor, Middletown, — in almost every village.

The great Winsted meeting of Sunday resulted in a company filled and officered during the week. The first man who enlisted was Samuel B. Horne, as a private, only seventeen years old.[8] At this meeting, the town voted a bounty of five dollars to each man, — the first indication we find of the bounty system.

An immense war-meeting was held in Meriden, at which Charles Parker (Democrat) presided; and speeches exhorting to action were made by O. H. Platt, Dexter R. Wright, (Democrat), Rev. D. Henry Miller, and G. W. Wilson, afterwards captain. A company was immediately raised, and a

[8] Young Horne, who was probably the first volunteer in Connecticut, was quite small of his age; and would have been rejected, had it not been for his importunity. He served faithfully during the three-months' service; re-enlisted, and bore a musket as private for eighteen months; and was then promoted to a captaincy. He was in twenty-five battles, was wounded three times, and served at the close of the war as provost-marshal of the eighteenth army corps. Two of his uncles were officers in the English army, one of them on Wellington's staff at Waterloo.

Colt's revolver presented to each man by Charles Parker.[9] The sum of five thousand dollars was raised for equipments.

In Danbury, the citizens assembled at the Court House in large numbers in the daytime, and resolved that the administration must be supported in suppressing the Rebellion. Here, perhaps, was the first town provision made for families, in a vote to pay the wife of each volunteer three dollars per week, and each child one dollar per week, during his absence.[10] On Monday, the Wooster Guards, Capt. Wildman, an excellent company, offered its services to the governor two days in advance of his call, and was the first company to arrive at the rendezvous. Nelson L. White, a prominent lawyer of Danbury, gallantly entered the ranks as a private; but Gov. Buckingham soon promoted him to be major of the Third, and thence to be lieutenant-colonel of the Fourth.

Birmingham held a large meeting in Nathan's Hall on the 19th: Edward N. Shelton presided; William B. Wooster made a bold and powerful speech, and was followed by Thomas Burlock, Robert N. Bassett, Charles L. Russell, Dr. Ambrose Beardsley, and other citizens. Three thousand dollars were raised at the meeting, and the sum was increased next day to five thousand dollars. Nearly an entire company volunteered on the spot, and passed under the command of Capt. George D. Russell.

At New London, the city flag was raised, followed by a display of flags all over the city and on the shipping. At the Wilson Manufacturing Company's Works, all hands were summoned, and the flag saluted with repeated cheers. On the 19th, Mayor J. N. Harris received a dispatch from the Secretary of War, requesting him to furnish a company to garrison Fort Trumbull. The suggestion was immediately complied with; and the City Guards, Capt. Frankau, were put on duty there. On the same evening, "the largest and

[9] Mr. Parker remained faithful, — one of the most patriotic and liberal supporters of the war.

[10] This liberal provision was applied to two companies of three-months' men sent, and continued to them during the war in case of their re-enlistment. Edgar S. Tweedy and John W. Bacon were a committee to dispense the appropriation.

most enthusiastic meeting ever convened in the city was held inside and outside the Court House." Hon. Nathan Belcher was chairman; and Hon. Augustus Brandegee offered a resolution, declaring that political differences must be buried, and all unite to save the Republic. "Passed with a unanimous and thundering ay." Speeches were made by Messrs. A. C. Lippitt, Thomas Fitch, Augustus Brandegee, and others. An enlistment-roll was opened. A subscription-list to equip and arm the soldiers was headed by Mr. Brandegee with five hundred dollars, and followed by J. N. Harris and Williams & Barnes, each for the same amount. Ten thousand dollars was raised on the spot. Capt. N. Frankau issued a call for volunteers to fill up the ranks of his company, the City Guards, "to be ready to march at a moment's notice."

In Ansonia there was a great out-door meeting at Bradley's Hotel, presided over by D. W Plumb, for many years an earnest antislavery leader in that section of the State. Speeches were made by Dr. J. M. Colburn and Major E. S. Kellogg (State militia). A subscription and a volunteer-roll were opened, resulting in the formation of a company, which, within three weeks, joined the Fourth Regiment, with Major Kellogg as their captain.

On Saturday, the State was thrilled and enraged by the news that the Sixth Massachusetts had been assaulted, and some of its members murdered, in Baltimore; and a fierce demand went up that the next regiments should be hurled on that city.

At Mystic, a great Union meeting was held in Floral Hall; and war-speeches were made by Col. Amos Clift, Hiram Appelman, Lucius M. Slade, Rev. S. S. Griswold, and others. Chauncey D. Rice of the Pioneer was secretary. A subscription was opened; and Isaac Randall, George Greenman & Co., Silas B. Randall, and Charles Mallory & Sons, gave a thousand dollars each for the prosecution of the war. Others subscribed largely. Twenty-four young men volunteered, and became the nucleus of a company, that, three weeks later, joined the Fourth Regiment. The Mallory boys

offered their yacht, of a hundred tons' burden, to the government, free of expense during the war; and she was accepted. A flag was raised from the ramparts of Fort Rachael by the hands of Capt. Jonathan Wheeler, a veteran of fourscore, who commanded the guard on duty at the fort in 1812; and its appearance was hailed with cheers and music, and saluted with cannon.

In Windham County, the capture of Fort Sumter created a profound sensation. This county led all other counties of the State, in her prompt response with Putnam and his men, when the Revolutionary War[11] began at Lexington; and she was not behind when the Republic was assailed by internal foes. Willimantic held a large meeting, began a company, and voted five thousand dollars to equip her volunteers. On the 22d, a county mass-meeting was held at Brooklyn, Ex.-Gov. Chauncey S. Cleveland presiding. Earnest war-speeches were made by the president, Col. D. P Tyler, Col. Keach, J J. Penrose, and others. The sum of five thousand six hundred dollars was subscribed on the spot, Hon. W H. Chandler heading the paper with five hundred dollars; and a volunteer company of sixty men was raised in thirty minutes. Resolutions were adopted, declaring that the citizens of the county "would expend their last dollar, and exhaust the last drop of their blood," rather than consent to a disruption of the nation.

There was also, this first week, a meeting at Putnam, worthy of its name and the crisis. E. Wilkinson presided; and speeches were made by Rev. W C. Walker, Dr Plympton, G. W Phillips, and others. Patriotic resolutions were adopted, and thirty young men instantly volunteered. A war-meeting was held at Danielsonville (Killingly) with good effect; and Mr. Wilkinson of the Windham-county Transcript, and twelve others, joined the Buckingham Rifles

[11] Windham and New-London Counties seem also to have made the first active resistance to the British Stamp Act of 1765. In September of that year, two hundred of their sturdy yeomanry proceeded on horseback to Hartford, and thence to Wethersfield, where they found Jared Ingersoll, and compelled him to resign the office of stamp-master for the colony.

at Norwich; and many others soon followed. There was also a large meeting at Dayville, where, in less than forty minutes, fifty-six men enrolled themselves; the venerable Capt. John Day at their head. Windham had a similar meeting on the 18th, and raised two thousand dollars to equip a company; and voted to pay to all volunteers twelve dollars a month "extra," and one dollar a week for each child under the age of twelve. Canterbury made a similar liberal offer. Pomfret was even more generous, voting twenty dollars a month to each volunteer for the three-months' service, and six dollars a month to the wife, and two dollars a month to each child under fourteen.

In Bridgeport, the feeling was intense. On Saturday evening, a war-meeting was held, presided over by Mayor D. H. Sterling, at which stirring speeches were made; and resolutions offered by W H. Noble were adopted, pledging the city to stand by the government in punishing treason, and requesting the city council to make instant and ample appropriations for the equipment of volunteers and the support of their families. Seven thousand dollars was raised on the spot. On Sunday, April 21, a Massachusetts regiment and battery passed through; and the people rushed out of church, and the bells rang welcome and good speed. While firing a salute, a citizen was killed.

The war-news created the utmost excitement in Norwich. On the 18th, at ten o'clock in the morning, was held a war mass-meeting, at which H. H. Starkweather presided: J. L. Spaulding was chosen secretary. A subscription-committee of seven was authorized, consisting of Amos W Prentice, Frary M. Hale, John F. Slater, Henry Bill, John W Stedman, David Smith, and James A. Hovey. Gov. Buckingham made a patriotic speech, and headed the paper with a thousand dollars; and William P Green added a thousand dollars more. Fervid speeches and contributions followed: a subscription of five hundred dollars each was made by James M. and W H. Huntington, D. Smith, J. L. Greene, John F Slater, John W Allen, Norton Brothers, and A.

Hubbard. Other contributions swelled the amount to twenty-three thousand dollars. Among individual donors, Louis Mitchell sent his check, "payable to stars and stripes, or bearer," and "as part payment of an old debt due to the good cause." A venerable lady, who had neither cash nor coupons, sent an old-fashioned silver cup, with this note: "I have no money to give; but this old cup has been in my family through five generations. It is small, but true. May it not have passed through one revolution to help our brave boys now? I have given my younger son to his country, with regret that his elder brother cannot be with him." On April 19, Frank S. Chester, book-keeper in the Thames Bank, commenced a company, and enlisted sixty-five men before night. They took the name of the "Buckingham Rifles." Jared S. Dennis gave five able-bodied sons to the government.

John L. Chatfield, of Waterbury, promptly recruited his company, the City Guard, to the maximum, and offered it to the governor on April 19. On the 20th, it left for New Haven, being escorted to the depot by an immense crowd of citizens and civil societies, and a speech of farewell being made by Rev. Mr. Hendricken of the Catholic Church. After their departure, an enthusiastic inpromptu war-meeting was held at Hotchkiss Hall. Mayor Bradley presided; and speeches were made by E. B. Cooke, the venerable editor of the American, Lyman W Coe, Dr. P G. Rockwell, Hon. S. W Kellogg, C. H. Carter, Esq., and others; and a subscription of nineteen hundred dollars was immediately raised. The special town-meeting of the 22d appropriated ten thousand dollars to the families of volunteers. A beautiful American flag was raised over the old Catholic Church; the three hundred Catholic pupils, under direction of the Misses Slater, participating in the patriotic ceremonies. The Irish Catholics assembled, and fifty voted to volunteer. At this time, Waterbury held one hundred thousand dollars of government securities, and her banks had loaned money to the State.

Middletown moved early and vigorously. On the evening of the 19th of April, that night of national indignation, a war-meeting was held in McDonough Hall, and addressed by Mayor Samuel Warner, Lieut.-Gov. Benjamin Douglas, President Cummings of Wesleyan University, and other prominent gentlemen. While the meeting was proceeding, the members of the Mansfield Guard, militia, summoned to the armory by their resolute captain, David Dickerson, voted to go to the war; and, before morning, the company was ready, with full ranks.

The citizens of New Haven rallied in great numbers at Music Hall. Mayor Welch presided, and all parties participated. Speeches or remarks were made by Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, Rev. Dr. Cleveland, James F. Babcock, James Gallagher, Thomas H. Bond, W S. Charnley, Thomas Lawton, Charles Ives, C. S. Bushnell, Ira Merwin, and Rev. W T. Eustis; and every patriotic sentiment was cheered to the echo. Resolutions were passed recommending the common council to appropriate ten thousand dollars for the families of volunteers. The city government conformed to the recommendation, but *doubled the amount.*

At a similar meeting in Branford, Col. L. S. Parsons presided; and the people were addressed by Rev. Mr. Miller, Dr. H. V C. Holcombe, and others. Recruiting began at the meeting.

Moses Y. Beach, former proprietor of the New-York Sun, sent a patriotic letter to Wallingford, his native town, offering to loan a hundred thousand dollars to the government, and providing for a liberty-pole and flag and the equipment of Wallingford volunteers. Fifty young men enrolled at once at a war-meeting, presided over by Roderick Curtis, and addressed by Israel Harrison, Dr. B. F Harrison, and others.

Woodbury held a large meeting, and began a company. A subscription for the families of volunteers was headed by William Cothren and Daniel Carter, — five hundred dollars each. In Madison, E. C. and S. H. Scranton offered five hundred dollars each to equip the company raising in the

town. East Haddam sent twenty-five men. Torrington voted four thousand five hundred dollars for equipments and soldiers' families. Canterbury voted to raise a company, and equip it. Norwalk raised a volunteer aid-fund, from which every man was paid ten dollars on enlistment, and five dollars a month during service. In Hartford, the fund reached thirty thousand dollars by voluntary subscription before the city assumed the responsibility.

In many towns, as in Hartford, even after a liberal subscription had been commenced, it was deemed best to do the work by a regular appropriation from the town treasury. Waterbury voted ten thousand dollars; Bridgeport, ten thousand; Meriden, five thousand; Torrington, four thousand five hundred; and many other towns in a ratio equally liberal. Thus, by contribution or town vote, generous provision was everywhere made for volunteers and all dependent on them.

In Salisbury, George Coffin offered one hundred tons of iron to the government, to be made into cannon-balls; and other citizens manifested equal zeal and liberality. A large meeting was held in Litchfield on the 22d, and measures taken to assist in the prosecution of the war. In this work, Hon. John H. Hubbard took an active part. The Rockville Guard voted to go to the war, and offered themselves to the governor. Sixteen hundred dollars was raised to equip them; and the citizens went earnestly at the work. Milford, at a special town-meeting, voted a bounty of ten dollars to every unmarried, and fifteen dollars to every married volunteer; and agreed to insure the life of each to the amount of one thousand dollars. At Farmington, a meeting was held on the 23d, at which W M. Wadsworth presided; and a full company of men enlisted for the war. East Hartford voted to pay a bounty of ten dollars, and ten dollars a month to each man while in service. Woodbridge raised forty men under Capt. Farren Perkins. From Unionville, one-tenth of the legal voters volunteered. Canterbury voted to raise a company, and subscribed two thousand dol-

lars to equip it. In North Branford, the people raised a noble hickory, the gift of an old Jackson man, Capt. Jonathan Rose; and unfurled a handsome flag on the identical spot, where, in 1776, after the Sabbath service, Parson Ells called the young men of his congregation together, and led them to the war. These uprisings all over the State but illustrate the spirited resolves and earnest action of every community.

The sons of Connecticut out of the State were also prominent and active in similar patriotic demonstrations.

The great mass-meeting in Union Square, of New York, had its initial movement in a preliminary meeting at the residence of that true man and patriot, Robert H. McCurdy, formerly of Lyme, but long a merchant in New York, a brother of the well-known Judge McCurdy of our State. This gentleman sallied forth in the rain, rallying his neighbors, who assembled at his house the same evening, and there organized. A committee was appointed to issue a call to the citizens of New York. The following day, this was done; and, on the last of that week, that immense uprising of tens of thousands in Union Square was a fact accomplished and memorable. Nowhere on this continent, before or since, has there been seen such a mighty host swayed with but one earnest purpose. We find prominently associated with Mr. McCurdy the names of other true sons of our State, — Gen. Prosper M. Wetmore, William C. Gilman, S. B. Chittenden, and others to whom reference is made as we proceed in the narrative. It will be shown how they permanently organized; also the efficiency of their labors, and their great liberality and personal sacrifices and constant sympathy with the soldiers of our State.

In nearly all the cities of the West, we were represented in these uprisings. Soon after the attack on Sumter, the organization of the first Loyal League Club was formed, so far as known, at the city of Louisville, Ky.; and chief among those who organized this society, which afterwards spread over the entire North, and was not unknown in

many portions of the South, was Ledyard Bill, a citizen of Connecticut, at that time a resident of Kentucky.[12]

Already the national flag had come to have a new and strange significance. When the stars and stripes went down at Sumter, they went up in every county of our State. Every town, from Thompson to Greenwich, suddenly blossomed with banners. On forts and ships, from church-spires and flag-staffs, from hotels, store-fronts, and private balconies, "the old flag" was flung out; and everywhere it was hailed with enthusiasm; for its prose became poetry, and there were seen in it a beauty and a sacred value which it never before possessed. Loyal women wore miniature banners on their bonnets, and, with untiring ingenuity, blended the colors with almost every article of dress; and men carried the emblem in pins and countless other devices. The patchwork of white, blue, and red, which had flaunted in our faces for generations, without exciting much emotion, in a single day stirred our pulses with an imperative call to battle, and became the inspiration of national effort. All at once, it meant the Declaration of Independence; it meant Lexington; it meant Bunker Hill and Saratoga; it meant freedom; it meant the right of a majority to elect their president; it meant the honor and the life of the Republic. So a great crop of splendid banners came with the spring roses; and hundreds of youths donned the blue uniform, and advanced to the line of battle, impelled not more by a conscious hatred of treason than by the wonderful glory that had been kindled in the flag.

[12] See Abbott's Civil War, vol. i. p. 144.

CHAPTER IV.

The Volunteers uniformed and equipped. — Response of Wealthy Men and Institutions. — Patriotic Work of the Women. — Another Revolutionary Sunday. — Call for Second and Third Regiments. — The Troops at Rendezvous. — Outfit completed. — In Camp. — Rations and Beds. — Contributions flow in. — Drill and Discipline. — Sage Advice. — Departure of the Three Regiments.

HE volunteers who, in these first memorable days, rallied with patriotic impulse around the national standard, were simply men in citizen's dress. Few had either uniforms or arms.

Gov. Buckingham, as early as Jan. 17, had wisely ordered the purchase, on his own responsibility, of knapsacks, cartridge-boxes, bayonets, and every thing belonging to the full equipment of five thousand men. The State owned one thousand and twenty United-States muskets of the latest pattern, and more than two thousand percussion-muskets not very serviceable. It was thought that these would be sufficient for any temporary service, and that the rifle factories of the State could speedily furnish other weapons for five thousand men if required. For this reason, and apprehending that the purchase of muskets might create premature excitement, Gov. Buckingham did not then increase the supply of arms.

But when the actual call came, on Sunday night, April 15, he at once resolved to discard all smooth-bore weapons, and arm the troops of Connecticut with the best rifles. With this intent, he decided to go on Monday morning to the Thames Bank, and ask a loan of fifty thousand dollars, and pledge his private fortune for payment.

But others were also thinking of the money needed. E. C. Scranton, president of the Elm-city Bank in New Haven, was early at his post. Thomas B. Osborne, vice-president, came in. There was a brief consultation. Before Gov. Buckingham left his house to go to the Thames Bank, he received a telegram, tendering a loan of fifty thousand dollars, from the Elm-city Bank, for the emergency. The Thames Bank immediately offered a hundred thousand dollars. Almost simultaneously, the Pahquioque Bank, of Danbury, tendered fifty thousand dollars; Mechanics' Bank, of New Haven, twenty-five thousand dollars; Fairfield-county Bank, of Norwalk, thirty thousand dollars; Danbury Bank, fifty thousand dollars. The banks of Hartford united to offer the State a loan of five hundred thousand dollars, — one-tenth of their capital; and the New-Haven banks soon after voted the same proportion, — a total of more than a million dollars.

Of private benefactors, one of the earliest and most thoughtful was Thomas R. Trowbridge of New Haven, who, before a company was yet formed, offered five hundred dollars for the support of the families of volunteers; thus beginning a course of unstinted liberality, which he continued throughout the struggle, and initiating that great patriotic charity, which, continued by private individuals, and finally adopted by towns and the State, extended a hand to all the families of absent soldiers. David Clark of Hartford rose in the first war-meeting, and pledged himself to give two hundred and fifty dollars to every company which the city should send; and Hawley's company received his check on the spot. The next day, he offered to support one hundred families of volunteers during the war. This work was virtually taken off his hands by a vote of the town soon after; but the impulse continued active in that and similar channels, until, directly and indirectly, he had given the sum of sixty thousand dollars to the work of prosecuting the war.

With still greater ardor, the women rose up to do their share in the great work of preparation. By Friday, April

19, "within three days of the date of the governor's call," the companies for the First Regiment had been ordered to move to the regimental rendezvous at New Haven. Complete uniforms for nearly all were to be made. Wives, mothers, and sisters had no time for grief. With one heart, young and old, rich and poor, ransacked the wardrobes of their household, and the shops of the city and town, and plied shears and needles with unwearied diligence. April 21 was a second Revolutionary Sabbath. Ministers expounded the right and duty of defending the government, and dwelt with fervor on the days and the men of "'76" and the glory of our great Republic. Among favorite texts were, "In the name of God we will set up our banners;" "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one;" "Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight;" "Lift up a standard to the people;" "I come not to bring peace on earth, but a sword."

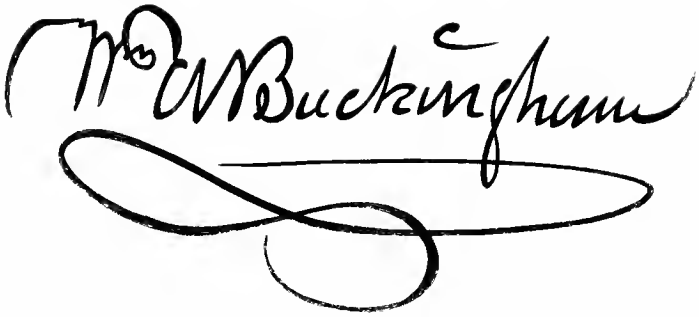
The sacredness of the day seemed but to hallow labors of love and patriotism. The Bulletin of April 22 informs us that —

"The ladies of Norwich, to the number of three hundred, assembled early at Breed Hall, where they were engaged all day in making up uniforms for the company which starts to-morrow. Flags were flying, drums beating, and troops drilling in the streets; clergymen preached war-sermons in all the churches, and left the pulpits to encourage the women in their sewing, or the volunteers in their drilling."

The Hartford Courant said, —

"A great many ladies served God yesterday by serving their country, in making uniforms for its gallant defenders. Some of them were at work at Schulye's, and some at Fisher & Co.'s. One hundred and fifty were also busy on haversacks at Griswold & Co.'s. George H. Hawk, of the Allger-house Saloon, furnished coffee and refreshments. Unknown friends sent in seven pails of lemonade."

Henry Schutze and other tailors of Hartford cut for nothing all uniforms brought. A. M. Cosgrove of Middle-


W. W. Buckingham

village sewing-circle, turning out the ready uniforms, the tricolor rosettes, the needle-books, and the thousand little tokens of patriotism and affection.

Then followed hasty farewells, tears of loved ones, and hearty cheers of "good speed;" and the companies hastened to the rendezvous.

The work in the towns continued: cloth for uniforms was purchased as quickly as possible, and generally paid for by subscription in the towns represented, and the garments made up by the ladies at voluntary bees. In some towns, the work went on, by relays, night and day. In many towns and communities, it was, for weeks, the absorbing effort of the State, overshadowing all other interests.

On their arrival at New Haven, the first companies were quartered at the various public and private buildings until the quartermaster could provide camp equipage. Company and regimental officers supplied from their private resources many pressing wants which the State found itself unable so suddenly to meet. The companies were still besieged by men begging the privilege of entering ranks already full. A score stood ready to take the place of every man rejected, while the rejected volunteer entreated to be retained. A member of the Meriden company was offered fifty dollars for his place, and rejected the offer with disdain.

Among the companies formed, there was the utmost rivalry as to which should be so fortunate as to be accepted as members of *the* regiment; for many regarded it as inconceivable that the government could require more than the levy of seventy-five thousand men. This was deemed the last chance; and in every part of the State alarmed volunteers deserted their half-formed companies, and precipitated themselves into New Haven, Hartford, and Bridgeport, that they might not be too late to join some company that was sure to go. Ten full companies were immediately assigned to the First Regiment.

Despite the utmost efforts of all, many volunteers were still in citizen's dress; and the new uniforms, mingling with

every other variety of costume, gave a curiously grotesque effect to the early company evolutions. The ladies of New Haven resolved to supply all deficiencies in uniforms, and worked by scores so diligently, that, within ten days, they had finished and distributed more than five hundred full sets. They also provided a large number of caps, shoes, and socks. In this work, Benjamin Noyes and John G. North rendered efficient aid.

Beds were now called for. To sleep on a dry floor and clean straw was a luxury to which at Falmouth, or in front of Petersburg, a brigadier-general hardly dared to aspire; but to these unseasoned volunteers, and to the citizens, it seemed intolerable hardship. Material was quickly purchased by voluntary contributions. Winchester & Davies gave the use of their sewing-machines; and several hundred ticks were prepared in two days by men and women who volunteered for the work. The ladies then carried the finished ticks to the soldiers' quarters, and filled them with straw. The first evening, they gathered at the State House. It did not once occur to them, in the plenitude of their patriotism, that a hundred ladies was a force rather stronger than necessary to put straw in the same number of beds, or that the soldiers might do so simple a thing for themselves. No straw had arrived. A patriotic meeting was at once organized by Chaplain Herbert Lancey; and songs and speeches followed in rapid succession till a late hour. With equal spontaneity, the patriotic fervor of the people broke forth in speeches and songs, at all times and in every place.

On Monday, April 22, the First Regiment went into camp at Brewster's Park. The Hartford Rifle Company (Hawley captain, *vice* Burnham, promoted) was assigned to the right of the line; the Bridgeport Rifles, Capt. John Speidal, to the extreme left. This latter company was composed wholly of Germans; while every company contained soldiers of foreign birth. The first three companies in the regiment were from Hartford. Company C, Capt. Levi N. Hillman, received its officers and fourteen men from Windsor Locks, sixteen from

Enfield, nineteen from Stafford, and nine from Simsbury; D, Capt. Marcus Coon, was from Waterbury; E, Capt. E. E. Wildman, from Danbury; F, Capt. Theodore Byxbee, from Meriden; G, Capt. F. W Hart, from New Britain, with a squad of eleven from Farmington; H, Capt. R. Fitzgibbons, from Bridgeport. Two companies were begun in New Haven for the regiment; but they waited to join the Second, together, under Col. Terry. Thirty impatient men from that city, however, obtained admission to Capt. Wright's Hartford company. Several from Manchester dropped into the first two companies.

When the boys received the plain but plentiful government rations of pork, fresh beef, soft bread, potatoes, coffee, and sugar, they knew neither how to cook, nor how to economize them. They declared them scanty, and "unfit to eat." They murmured, and almost mutinied. On the 30th of April, a number actually broke guard to "get their breakfasts." They were court-martialed before Major Chatfield and Capt. Hawley, and the non-commissioned officers reduced to the ranks, and some of the privates expelled from the regiment, begging hard to stay.

The citizens sympathized heartily with the soldiers. The daily papers defended them, and declared that it would be quite soon enough to starve the boys when they got into a hard campaign. The common council voted ten thousand dollars to supply bedding, food, and other necessaries. A soldier who could get down town on a pass was sure to eat dinner at the private table of some pitying lady, or at a hotel, at the expense of some commiserating patriot. Roast meat and fowls, pies, cake, and delicacies of every sort, found their way from city and country to the "suffering" volunteers. The sauntering boy in blue whose hunger was appeased was sure of some other favor. Did he need a pair of boots? They were his for the asking. Knives, razors, pistols, handkerchiefs, under-clothing, — all things which promised to be of service, — were urged upon the proud citizen soldiers.

All ages and classes now vied with each other in efforts to do something for the volunteers.

While the ladies of Hartford were busy making uniforms, the deaf and dumb pupils offered free use of their tailor-shop and their shoe-shop. Physicians throughout the State pledged their services gratuitously to the families of volunteers during their absence, and in most cases faithfully redeemed their pledges. One hundred little girls visited the company of Capt. Ira Wright in camp, and presented to his men one hundred red-white-and-blue rosettes made by themselves.

Mrs. Jansen of New Haven presented a red-white-and-blue work-bag to each member of Company B, Second Regiment. Four New-Haven ladies went into camp, and worked all day in lining the blankets of Capt. Hawley's company. Mrs. Sophia Butler, seventy-six years of age, who did service in the hospital in the last war with Great Britain, offered to go again to take care of the sick and wounded.

The custom of presenting swords to the young officers was early in vogue, and continued unabated through the war. Almost all men of wealth thus remembered the soldiers who were going out in their behalf; and David Clark presented thirty-four swords to as many officers,— one for each State.

Many proprietors retained the places vacated by their workmen until their return. Mechanics clubbed together, and performed the work of comrades who enlisted. The Congregational clergymen in the vicinity of Winsted in turn gratuitously supplied the pulpit of Rev. Hiram Eddy during his absence as chaplain of the Second Regiment; and his congregation gladly paid the salary to his family.

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town offered his entire stock of under-clothing to equip the Mansfield Guards. All day Saturday and Sunday, the ladies of Middletown worked upon the uniforms of this company. "Places of public worship were deserted, and the entire population seemed engaged in the great work of the hour. In those churches where service was attempted, it was only a passing prayer, that the Great Ruler of nations would shield from harm those who were about going down to the valley of battle. Banners were flying from church-spires, bands of music were on the street, and processions of citizens marching, cheering, and encouraging the volunteers. At many of our prominent residences, blue flannel was displayed by the ladies at the windows, to show that they were engaged in the same patriotic work." [1]

Of the work in Killingly the Windham-county Transcript said, —

"Hundreds of fair hands and nimble fingers are at work in furnishing an outfit for the Union Guards, Capt. Granger. The ladies of Brooklyn, Woodstock, Pomfret, and other towns in this vicinity, have urged their claims for an opportunity to perform a share of the labor. In less than six days, three hundred and fifty shirts, eighty pairs of pants, and eighty coats, have been begun and finished. The misses have prepared for each soldier a very neat and convenient arrangement to carry pins, needles, scissors, thread, &c., — little matters which will be greatly appreciated by the boys when far away from home. The energy, patriotism, and enthusiasm displayed by the ladies is the theme of great praise. . The Guards yesterday marched into the hall where the ladies were preparing the outfit. One of the ladies addressed the soldiers with great eloquence; urging them to fight manfully for their country, and to enroll themselves also under the banner of King Emanuel. The scene was very impressive, and there were few dry eyes in the hall during the delivery of the affecting appeal."

Such incidents, with only the modification of name and local circumstance, occurred in every town and neighborhood where a company had been enlisted. From every cluster of houses, too, some boys were going; and there was a never-ending repetition of the quieter but no less earnest

[1] Manuscript Record of Middletown during the War, by John M. Douglas.

village sewing-circle, turning out the ready uniforms, the tricolor rosettes, the needle-books, and the thousand little tokens of patriotism and affection.

Then followed hasty farewells, tears of loved ones, and hearty cheers of "good speed;" and the companies hastened to the rendezvous.

The work in the towns continued: cloth for uniforms was purchased as quickly as possible, and generally paid for by subscription in the towns represented, and the garments made up by the ladies at voluntary bees. In some towns, the work went on, by relays, night and day. In many towns and communities, it was, for weeks, the absorbing effort of the State, overshadowing all other interests.

On their arrival at New Haven, the first companies were quartered at the various public and private buildings until the quartermaster could provide camp equipage. Company and regimental officers supplied from their private resources many pressing wants which the State found itself unable so suddenly to meet. The companies were still besieged by men begging the privilege of entering ranks already full. A score stood ready to take the place of every man rejected, while the rejected volunteer entreated to be retained. A member of the Meriden company was offered fifty dollars for his place, and rejected the offer with disdain.

Among the companies formed, there was the utmost rivalry as to which should be so fortunate as to be accepted as members of *the* regiment; for many regarded it as inconceivable that the government could require more than the levy of seventy-five thousand men. This was deemed the last chance; and in every part of the State alarmed volunteers deserted their half-formed companies, and precipitated themselves into New Haven, Hartford, and Bridgeport, that they might not be too late to join some company that was sure to go. Ten full companies were immediately assigned to the First Regiment.

Despite the utmost efforts of all, many volunteers were still in citizen's dress; and the new uniforms, mingling with

every other variety of costume, gave a curiously grotesque effect to the early company evolutions. The ladies of New Haven resolved to supply all deficiencies in uniforms, and worked by scores so diligently, that, within ten days, they had finished and distributed more than five hundred full sets. They also provided a large number of caps, shoes, and socks. In this work, Benjamin Noyes and John G. North rendered efficient aid.

Beds were now called for. To sleep on a dry floor and clean straw was a luxury to which at Falmouth, or in front of Petersburg, a brigadier-general hardly dared to aspire; but to these unseasoned volunteers, and to the citizens, it seemed intolerable hardship. Material was quickly purchased by voluntary contributions. Winchester & Davies gave the use of their sewing-machines; and several hundred ticks were prepared in two days by men and women who volunteered for the work. The ladies then carried the finished ticks to the soldiers' quarters, and filled them with straw. The first evening, they gathered at the State House. It did not once occur to them, in the plenitude of their patriotism, that a hundred ladies was a force rather stronger than necessary to put straw in the same number of beds, or that the soldiers might do so simple a thing for themselves. No straw had arrived. A patriotic meeting was at once organized by Chaplain Herbert Lancey; and songs and speeches followed in rapid succession till a late hour. With equal spontaneity, the patriotic fervor of the people broke forth in speeches and songs, at all times and in every place.

On Monday, April 22, the First Regiment went into camp at Brewster's Park. The Hartford Rifle Company (Hawley captain, *vice* Burnham, promoted) was assigned to the right of the line; the Bridgeport Rifles, Capt. John Speidal, to the extreme left. This latter company was composed wholly of Germans; while every company contained soldiers of foreign birth. The first three companies in the regiment were from Hartford. Company C, Capt. Levi N. Hillman, received its officers and fourteen men from Windsor Locks, sixteen from

Enfield, nineteen from Stafford, and nine from Simsbury; D, Capt. Marcus Coon, was from Waterbury; E, Capt. E. E. Wildman, from Danbury; F, Capt. Theodore Byxbee, from Meriden; G, Capt. F. W Hart, from New Britain, with a squad of eleven from Farmington; H, Capt. R. Fitzgibbons, from Bridgeport. Two companies were begun in New Haven for the regiment; but they waited to join the Second, together, under Col. Terry. Thirty impatient men from that city, however, obtained admission to Capt. Wright's Hartford company. Several from Manchester dropped into the first two companies.

When the boys received the plain but plentiful government rations of pork, fresh beef, soft bread, potatoes, coffee, and sugar, they knew neither how to cook, nor how to economize them. They declared them scanty, and "unfit to eat." They murmured, and almost mutinied. On the 30th of April, a number actually broke guard to "get their breakfasts." They were court-martialed before Major Chatfield and Capt. Hawley, and the non-commissioned officers reduced to the ranks, and some of the privates expelled from the regiment, begging hard to stay.

The citizens sympathized heartily with the soldiers. The daily papers defended them, and declared that it would be quite soon enough to starve the boys when they got into a hard campaign. The common council voted ten thousand dollars to supply bedding, food, and other necessaries. A soldier who could get down town on a pass was sure to eat dinner at the private table of some pitying lady, or at a hotel, at the expense of some commiserating patriot. Roast meat and fowls, pies, cake, and delicacies of every sort, found their way from city and country to the "suffering" volunteers. The sauntering boy in blue whose hunger was appeased was sure of some other favor. Did he need a pair of boots? They were his for the asking. Knives, razors, pistols, handkerchiefs, under-clothing, — all things which promised to be of service, — were urged upon the proud citizen soldiers.

All ages and classes now vied with each other in efforts to do something for the volunteers.

While the ladies of Hartford were busy making uniforms, the deaf and dumb pupils offered free use of their tailor-shop and their shoe-shop. Physicians throughout the State pledged their services gratuitously to the families of volunteers during their absence, and in most cases faithfully redeemed their pledges. One hundred little girls visited the company of Capt. Ira Wright in camp, and presented to his men one hundred red-white-and-blue rosettes made by themselves.

Mrs. Jansen of New Haven presented a red-white-and-blue work-bag to each member of Company B, Second Regiment. Four New-Haven ladies went into camp, and worked all day in lining the blankets of Capt. Hawley's company. Mrs. Sophia Butler, seventy-six years of age, who did service in the hospital in the last war with Great Britain, offered to go again to take care of the sick and wounded.

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duced to accept two additional regiments from Connecticut. The clamor of repressed patriotism on the part of the multitude who could not find place in the First Regiment was immediately relieved by another proclamation, directing the acceptance of all full companies offering. The Second Regiment was ordered to rendezvous with the First at New Haven; the Third, to go into camp at Hartford.

On Monday, May 6, the Second Regiment joined the First at Brewster's Park in a rain that did not cease for twenty-four hours. Next day, it was mustered into the service; its colonel being Alfred H. Terry, the popular colonel of the Second Regiment of State militia. He soon won the love and respect of the men by his constant attention to their comfort, and his ability as an officer. Several of these companies, like some of those in the First, were the result of the patriotic co-operation of various contiguous towns. Capt. F S. Chester's company, of Norwich, contained six volunteers from Griswold, and twenty more from Putnam, Pomfret, Killingly, Woodstock, and elsewhere. Capt. Henry Peale's company, of the same city, had eight from Preston, and twelve or fifteen from Lisbon, Sprague, and Thompson. Capt. E. C. Chapman's New-London company contained a few volunteers from Stonington. Capt. Abram G. Kellogg's New-Hartford company contained sixteen from New Hartford, twenty-four from Winsted (Winchester), twenty-one from Canton, and six from Norfolk. Capt. James W Gore's Hartford company included men from Rocky Hill, New Britain, and other towns in the vicinity This company was under the special patronage of Mr. David Clark of Hartford. Before leaving Hartford, it had received from his hands a beautiful banner, with a charge to bear it in the face of the enemy as gallant soldiers should; and each officer had been presented by him with an expensive sword and complete equipments, and each private soldier with a revolver. Company A, Capt. David Dickerson, was from Middletown; C, Capt. E. Walter Osborn, from New Haven; D, Capt. George D. Russell, from Derby; E, Capt. S. T. Cooke, from Winsted; and F, Capt. A. B. Downs, from New Haven.

As soon as the regiments were in camp (Camp Buckingham), the rules of military life, slightly relaxed to suit the character of volunteers, were adopted and cheerfully observed. The officers applied themselves persistently, first to learning, and then to teaching, the rudiments of military science; and there was soon a marked improvement in drill and discipline.

This was due largely to the pupils of the military school of Gen. Russell. Almost every company in the first regiments was instructed in evolutions and the manual of arms by these efficient drill-masters, ranging from twelve to eighteen years of age. Officers and men alike submitted with grateful attention to the dictation of these skillful striplings.

Feeling that they would soon be face to face with a foe familiar with the use of arms, all kept closely to the work of preparing themselves for efficiency in service. Several hours of each day were devoted to the facings and marching, and a study of Hardee's "Tactics;" each man vying with his neighbor to acquire the elements of a soldier's education. The results of this discipline were apparent when they came into the field.

The camps, both at New Haven and Hartford, were constantly thronged by visitors and friends bringing all manner of gifts, useful and useless, — all varieties of pastry and delicacies, towels and soap, blankets and hammocks, handkerchiefs and needle-books, tobacco, pipes, and pills. One officer was favored with a gallon jug of molasses.

The simple suggestion that the soldiers should be supplied with reading evoked an avalanche of illustrated papers and magazines, with hundreds of books, both religious and general. The "Havelock" fever also raged. An English journal having stated, that in 1857, during the suppression of the rebellion in India, the soldiers used with advantage the "Havelock," — a white cloth-covering for the head and neck, — as a protection from sunstroke, our people went earnestly into the manufacture of these articles. Every soldier was provided with two or more; and one company received six

sets all around. Portable writing-desks, water-filterers, patent knives, and a score of other contrivances, had been invented, declared to be absolutely indispensable to health and comfort; and were provided in great numbers.

Volunteers were entreated to line their blankets with brown drilling, to carry a rubber blanket, extra shirts, an extra pair of shoes and stockings, and a variety of cooking utensils. These, with the paper and envelopes, the pocket-album, the Bible, and other good books, made with the musket and equipments, a load of from a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and fifty pounds. Most volunteers undertook to carry this burden. The veteran, content with blanket, canteen, haversack, tin cup, and jack-knife, smiles at the pack under which he perspired in those days; and he laughs outright at the advice then solemnly spoken and repeated in the ears of the men. A writer who called himself "an old soldier" told the beginners, "Let your beard grow. March always in cotton stockings, but have a pair of woollen ones to put on when you stop. Wash your whole body every day." How easy to do this on a march in Virginia or Georgia! and how invigorating in open air, after creeping out of a "dog-tent," on a December morning at Falmouth! "A veteran" urged the soldiers to "avoid *oily meat*," as if it were possible to forego pork in Uncle Sam's family. He also warned the soldiers against "strong coffee," the welcome beverage which afterwards sustained them in privation and wearisome marches, and often seemed temporarily to take the place of food and sleep.

Another thought "the soles of army-boots should be at least one-half, and, better, three-fourths of an inch in thickness;" and bade his soldier-friends to "be sure never to sit down while heated, but to stand until cool; and be very careful always to have your *food well cooked!*" The old soldier can find no more amusing reading than the newspaper files of those days; and yet, as exhibiting the profuse liberality and the absorbing affection of a people who could not devise or do enough for their citizen-soldiers, it is a record to be contemplated with gratification and pride.

The First Regiment had received Sharpe's rifles. On Wednesday, May 17, Hon. Julius Catlin, formerly lieutenant-governor, presented the colors;[2] and the next day the regiment broke camp for the seat of war. The city assembled to greet them; and, in their march down Chapel Street, they were hailed with uninterrupted cheers. Flags bloomed upon them from every portico, roof, and window. At last they embarked on the steamer Bienville, and, turning their faces from friends and home, disappeared down the harbor, bound for the still besieged capital of the nation.

Sharpe's rifles also were distributed to eight companies, and Enfield rifles[3] to two, of the Second Regiment, on the morning of the 10th; and, on the evening of the same day, they broke camp, under orders for Washington. Just before departure, the regimental colors, elaborately embroidered, were presented, in a speech of characteristic eloquence, by Hon. E. K. Foster, in behalf of the ladies of New Haven. A fine horse was also presented to Col. Terry by Arthur D. Osborne. Again the streets were filled with an enthusiastic multitude, hailing the volunteers with approving cheers and cordial farewells; and the scene was one of solemn and triumphant joy. In the evening, the regiment embarked; and, at eleven o'clock at night, the Cahawba steamed into the darkness, along the track where the First Regiment had waved its good-bys only the day before.

The same high-souled, uncalculating patriotism that had created these two regiments had also filled the ranks of the Third. It rendezvoused at Hartford, April 30; and was sheltered by the city and people, and hospitably cared for, until its camp was ready.

[2] His presentation-speech closed as follows: "Take the flag; and, when it presses closest on the foe in some hard-set contest, will some brave boy among you strike one true blow for freedom for an old man at home, whose heart and prayers go with these colors to the field?" Mr. Catlin became one of the most generous supporters of the war.

[3] The Enfield rifles were purchased by Gov. B. for seventeen dollars and thirty-five cents; and were worth, when delivered, twenty-eight dollars. The Colt rifles, nearly all purchased at twenty dollars, immediately commanded forty and fifty dollars. The Sharpe's rifles, used by the three-months' troops, were afterwards issued to the flank companies of the several regiments.

On the day of the departure of the First, the Third went into camp on the Fair Grounds, Albany Avenue, two miles from the State House, Hartford; and it was mustered into the service May 14. This regiment, like the others, was heterogeneous in character, and furnished from every part of the State. Capt. S. J. Root's New-Haven company was uniformed and equipped throughout by James Brewster, whose name they adopted. Company A, Capt. Douglass Fowler, was from Norwalk; Company B, Capt. Daniel Klein, Germans, from New Haven; Company C, Capt. J. E. Moore. from Danbury; Company D, Capt. Frederick Frye, was one half from Bridgeport, and the other half distributed among the towns of Fairfield County. Capt. G. N. Lewis's Hartford company contained squads from Wethersfield, Glastenbury, East and West Hartford, and East Windsor. Capt. Edward Harland's Norwich company represented also Sprague, Bozrah, Franklin, and Lebanon. Capt. J. R. Cook's company was from Meriden; Capt. Nelson's company, from Hartford. Capt. Albert Stevens's Stamford company had twenty volunteers from Darien, and fourteen from New Canaan. Company E, Capt. John A. Nelson, was mainly from Hartford.

The regiment was organized, at first, with Levi Woodhouse of Hartford as colonel; but, subsequently, Col. Woodhouse was transferred to the command of the Fourth, and was succeeded by John Arnold of New Haven.

During the three weeks following the rendezvous at camp, the officers and men were vigorously engaged in mastering the theory and practice of military science and the various duties of camp and field. They had a better opportunity to acquire this discipline than either of the former regiments, because they were farther removed from the distractions of the city, and had longer time in which to familiarize themselves with their new life. About a week before they went away, they received Springfield smooth-bore muskets, flint-locks altered to percussion, and were thus enabled to devote themselves for a few days to the manual of arms. On May 19, they were ordered to Washington; and next day struck

tents, and marched into Hartford. The colors were presented in front of the State House by Gov. Buckingham;[4] after which, through a surging and enthusiastic crowd of friends and neighbors, the regiment marched to the dépôt, and took cars for New Haven. There they embarked upon the steamer Cahawba, and sailed forth cheerfully upon their strange mission.

A month had passed since the nation was aroused to arms, and since one regiment was called for from Connecticut. Three regiments had gone forward, so completely equipped as to become a model for general imitation, so well disciplined as to reflect honor upon the State in the excitement and confusion of battle.

[4] The governor made a brief speech, in which he said, "No father could welcome more cordially the presence of his sons than I welcome you to-day. Let these banners be your rallying-point; and, if the hands that bear them be smitten, let your voices be heard inspiriting your fellows to their defense; and, if you fall, others shall take your places to bear them on, and they shall be the signal and emblem of your liberties vindicated and preserved."

CHAPTER V

Gen. Dan Tyler. — Henry B. Norton. — Cassius M. Clay Guard. — The Fourth Regiment. — Towns represented. — Departure. — Colt's Revolving Rifles. — It becomes the Fifth Connecticut. — Towns represented. — Home Guard. — Yale College. — The General Assembly. — Message of the Governor. — War Legislation. — The Constitutional Amendment. — Great Unanimity of Feeling. — Independence Day.

IN these early movements, Gov. Buckingham relied greatly upon Capt. Daniel Tyler of Norwich, who was burning with zeal, chivalric, high-spirited, honorable, indefatigable in his labors, and familiar with the details of organization. He was the only professional soldier in the first three regiments. He impressed upon all, both officers and men, correct views of the character of the true soldier, and taught them that it was as honorable to obey as to command. His discipline was exact; and to those who forgot that an army can not be a democracy, and that a regiment is not a town-meeting, it seemed severe. Yet is it just to say that much of the systematic, well-disciplined character of Connecticut troops, which made so many of her regiments favorites in various corps and departments, was due to the soldierly spirit infused into the three-months' troops by Col. Tyler of the First. The position of brigadier of the State militia was early offered to him by Gov. Buckingham, and accepted by him on condition that all duties should be "performed without remuneration for services rendered or expenses incurred."[1] Soon after reaching Washington with his regiment, he was made brigadier-general of volunteers at the earnest request of Gen. Scott.

[1] Gov. Buckingham's Message, 1862.

Henry B. Norton of Norwich also rendered substantial service in chartering vessels, superintending the transportation of troops, and purchasing supplies at that early period. An upright, able, and influential business-man, he left his own affairs, and gave personal attention to the wants of the State in this emergency. He cheerfully spent months of time, refusing even the re-imbursement of his expenses.

In the Cassius M. Clay Guard, which patrolled Washington in the days of alarm and peril, before the arrival of troops, Connecticut was represented by Orris S. Ferry, John Woodruff, Cornelius S. Bushnell, A. H. Byington, and William S. Chalker (captain of the first company of Wide-Awakes). The danger being passed, they were mustered out of service on May 18 by an order of the Secretary of War, expressing thanks for their faithful service day and night.

Deeming the three regiments sufficient for the emergency, the president declined the services of the twenty-four additional companies still industriously drilling in squads all over the State; and, on the 8th of May, Gov Buckingham ordered them to be disbanded. The decision was received by the men with every expression of disappointment.

The president had, however, on the 3d of May, issued a proclamation for forty-two thousand volunteers, an increase of the regular army of twenty-two thousand and sixty-eight, and for the enlistment of eighteen thousand seamen; and the disappointment was quickly forgotten in the zeal to embrace one of these opportunities. The State-call was delayed until May 11; and it is estimated that "not less than two thousand men[2] from Connecticut enlisted in other States, or the regular army or navy."

Our quota was considerably less than one regiment; but the War Department had accepted the second and third three-months' regiments from Connecticut, on condition that the State should immediately raise two other regiments for three years. Gov. Buckingham had gladly promised this, because fully convinced that the government would

[2] Adjutant-General's Report for 1861.

need them; and now issued orders for two regiments from Connecticut. Men eagerly responded; though they greatly feared, that, before they could get to the front, the three-months' regiments would inconsiderately go ahead, and finish the war.

The first full companies were accepted for the Fourth Regiment, and ordered into camp at Hartford. Levi Woodhouse, who had served with credit in Mexico, accepted the command. Company A, Capt. L. G. Hemingway, was mainly from Hartford; though twenty or thirty men were from Manchester, Farmington, and East and West Hartford. Company B, Capt. Elisha S. Kellogg, was from Derby; a few of the members hailing from Seymour, Canton, and other towns. Company C, Capt. R. S. Burbank, was officered by Suffield, which furnished about half the men; the rest going from Granby, Enfield, the Windsors, and neighboring towns. Company D, Capt. J. C. Dunford, was mainly from New London; a number of members, however, enlisting from Thompson and the various Lymes. Company E, Capt. O. A. Dennis, was mainly from New Haven; also Company F, Capt. N. S. Hallenbeck; both receiving a sprinkling of volunteers from adjacent towns. Middletown contributed the officers and fourteen privates of Company G, Capt. R. G. Williams; Killingly furnished twenty-two; Berlin, eleven; and Plainfield, Putnam, and other eastern towns, the rest. Middletown also officered Company H, Capt. C. C. Clark, and sent most of the privates; Berlin furnished sixteen; and twenty more were chiefly from Cromwell and East Haddam. Torrington contributed the officers and sixteen men to Company I, Capt. S. H. Perkins; while twenty-seven were from Plymouth, ten from Thompson, and twenty-five more from Litchfield, Waterbury, and Goshen. Company K, Capt. D. W Siprell, was from Hartford; surrounding towns supplying twenty-five, and Meriden ten. Company G was known as the Wesleyan Guard, most of its members being students in Wesleyan University. It was more than an ordinary sacrifice for them to cease their studies, discard their hopes of distinction, and offer their young lives to their country.

The regiment received careful and constant drill, and left Hartford for the front on Monday, June 10, seventeen days after the Third. At State-house Square, the regimental colors were presented by Lieut.-Gov. Benjamin Douglass[3] in an earnest speech, concluding thus: "Remember Sumter! Remember that there, for the first time in our history, this blood-bought flag of our fathers was lowered to Americans. Let this thought fire your patriotism, nerve your arm, and give strength to your determination to wipe out this gross insult from the records of our national history." The men then sought refuge from the broiling sun on board the boats. Fifteen or twenty thousand people were assembled to witness their departure; and in the midst of cannon-firing, martial music, and resounding cheers, they steamed down the pleasant river, not to Washington, but to do picket-duty along the Upper Potomac.

On the 25th of April, Col. Sam. Colt offered to raise a regiment, and arm it with revolving breach rifles of his own manufacture. His purpose was to have every man over six feet high, and a good shot, — a regiment of accomplished grenadiers; and, on May 16, he was commissioned colonel of the First Connecticut Revolving Rifles. Parts of companies rendezvoused on South Meadows, at Hartford, in accordance with this plan, under Major George D. Chapman. There was soon disagreement concerning arms, the appointment of subalterns, and other important matters; and Col. Colt's commission was revoked June 20, and the regiment, then numbering nearly seven hundred men, was disbanded.[4]

[3] Gov. Douglass, who had hitherto been known as an uncompromising foe of slavery, was henceforth distinguished, also, as being one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the war; giving freely of his time, labors, and money, first to put men in the field, and then to make them and their families comfortable.

[4] A fine company of Irishmen from Norwich was raised for the Fifth Regiment; but it

More than half the men returned to their homes; but those remaining were organized into skeleton companies, and designated as the Fifth Connecticut. Orris S. Ferry was immediately commissioned as colonel, and abandoned a lucrarative law-practice for the field. The camp was transferred to a lot on the New-Haven turnpike, a short distance out of Hartford.

Company A, Capt. H. B. Stone, was from Danbury; which town furnished its stalwart officers, and twenty of its men: fifteen were from Bethel, Redding, and Ridgefield; and the rest from other towns in the vicinity of Danbury. Hartford officered Company B, Capt. Justin H. Chapman, and furnished a dozen of the men: the rest came from Bristol (twenty), Windham (fourteen), Griswold, Southington, and Farmington. Company C, Capt. George W Corliss, was raised in New Haven; a few of the men being from adjacent towns, and ten from Norwalk. Hartford and Waterbury furnished the officers of Company D, Capt. D. F. Lane, and most of the privates. Company E, Capt. Wilson Wyant, was the result of consolidating two incomplete companies from Norwalk and Seymour; some thirty of the men, however, hailing from Westport, Weston, Woodbury, and Naugatuck. Company F, Capt. Edward P Allen, was from Tolland County; Vernon furnishing the officers and a majority of the men, others flocking in from surrounding towns. Groton contributed the captain (Warren W Packer), first lieutenant, and ten men, of Company G; Hartford the second lieutenant, and five men; and, of the remainder of the company, fourteen were from Norwalk, and twelve from Stonington. Company H, Capt. Albert S. Granger, was officered from Putnam; which also furnished thirteen of the men: Killingly sent fourteen, Plainfield thirteen, Woodstock twelve; and Thompson, Eastford, and Griswold, the rest. Hartford furnished the officers of Company I, Capt. Griffin A. Stedman, and two of the

finally joined the First New-York Artillery. Capt. Thomas Maguire became major of the regiment, and was succeeded by Capt. William A. Berry, killed in front of Petersburg. He, in turn, was succeeded by Capt. Thomas Scott of Norwich. — *Vide* Miss F. M Caulkins's History of Norwich.

men: twenty-five were from Cornwall, thirteen from Salisbury, and fifteen from Sharon and Norfolk. The captain (James Sutton) of Company K, and sixteen men, were from New London; the lieutenants, and first two sergeants, from Waterbury: of the privates, twenty-one were from Windham, and most of the others from Norwich, Sprague, and Stonington.

Systematic "recruiting" was not yet resorted to: the companies were chiefly the result of spontaneous enlistment. It is noticeable thus early that the cities or large towns monopolized most of the officers; the commissions being frequently secured by those familiar with the ways of the world, and with managing, even where country towns supplied a majority of the men. There were men from Norwalk in almost every company of the Fifth, attracted at the last moment, even after companies were organized, by the call of their popular neighbor to the command. The regiment was soon full to the maximum, having 1,102 men. Physically, they averaged the best material ever enlisted in Connecticut; and, feeling that they needed only proper discipline to make them the foremost regiment of the service, officers and men gave themselves assiduously to the drill.

Many who did not join these early regiments felt that there might be another call, or even service in the State, and began to organize home-guards. In the larger towns, companies were formed, and instructed in marching and in the manual of arms. The lessons were generally rude and unscientific; yet many volunteers for the three-years' regiments went out from these early companies, more efficient for the discipline there obtained.

The recruiting, the constant drills, the martial music, and the bustle of camp-life, greatly quickened the military spirit in New Haven. In her home-guard were enrolled more than four hundred members. Besides these, there were no less than five companies organized and regularly drilled at Yale College.

The call for troops occurred during vacation at Yale; and, when the students came back, they found themselves in camp. Many graduates promptly joined the ranks; and students left their classes for a life in the barracks and on the field. Among the first of the volunteers came "marching from Winchester down" white-haired John Boyd, of the class of 1821, — a man of social and political influence, and conspicuous hostility to slavery. The venerable volunteer was importunate, but could induce no one to pronounce him young enough for military duty, and went reluctantly home. Rev. John Pierpont,[5] a graduate of the class of 1804, also caught the war-impulse; and, at the age of seventy-six, marched into Virginia as chaplain of the Massachusetts Twenty-second.

Daily contact with soldiers, and the daily sight of the vacant places of undergraduates, tended to make the Yale students restless and uneasy. "We must be ready for the next call," they said. Each class became a military company, with frequent drills and creditable discipline. The same feeling prompted the organization of the Graduates' Guard. Students of theology, law, medicine, and philosophy, with the learned professors of the college, became, all at once, obedient and patient students in the school of the soldier. Very laugh-provoking to this day is the recurring vision of the graduates' company-drill, on those bright, summer afternoons, in the field adjoining Tutor Lane. Some of the illustrious privates of "the Guard" were by no means so youthful or agile as to enjoy rapid marching; but one day a light-footed member maliciously informed the drill-master

[5] John Pierpont was born in Litchfield, April 6, 1785. He graduated at the age of nineteen, studied law at Litchfield, practiced a short time, and had a brief mercantile career. In 1816, he published at Baltimore the Airs of Palestine, a poem in heroic measure, which attracted much attention. He then studied theology, and was ordained in Boston, in 1819, as a Unitarian pastor. His activity and zeal for the temperance, antislavery, and other reforms, brought him into a sharp and prolonged controversy with some of his parishioners, in which he was completely triumphant. For fifty years, freedom and temperance were the burden of his song. In 1861, he went with Massachusetts troops to the field, but was rescued by Senator Wilson from fatal exposure, and served in the treasury department until 1864, when he resigned, and went home to a peaceful death.

that there was a general desire to try company movements in quicker time. The wicked suggestion was accepted. Along the slope, up and down the declivity, by the right flank and the left, with an occasional bewildering "about-face," they lumbered along at a straggling double-quick. "Close up, close up!" was an order shouted and repeated in vain. Onward struggled the heavy end of the line, with visible perspiration and audible puffings; while utter exhaustion heaved in almost bursting chests, and glowed in fiery cheeks. Meantime, the lighter end of the line grew weak in the knees, and thick in the throat with irrepressible laughter at the droll display. The agony of that hour nearly proved fatal; but, after a few days, nearly all the disabled veterans returned, and the drills were cautiously continued.

These drills, though at first almost ludicrous, were far from fruitless. The older members, one by one, dropped out; but the rest drilled regularly, and with good progress. "The next call was made, and we sent to the front our full quota. Another call came, and a third. We gave our sturdiest and best, until nearly one-half the Graduates' Guard were soldiers of the Republic." [6]

The annual session of the General Assembly convened at Hartford on the first day of May, 1861.

Fortunately, many of the first men in the State had been chosen, and entered on their serious duties with a determination to do all that was possible to put down the Rebellion at once.

The House was organized by the election of Hon. Augustus Brandagee as speaker; and Cyrus Northrop, clerk. The Senate elected Hon. A. B. Mygatt president *pro tem.;* and W W Stone, clerk.

The governor, in a short message, informed the Assembly that the services of forty companies had been accepted and mostly uniformed, but none had yet departed from the State.

[6] The Patriotic Record of Yale College, by John M. Morris in Hours at Home, vol. iii. No. 2.

As if foreseeing the magnitude of the war, the governor, at that early period, recommended that a force of eight or ten thousand men be organized, armed, and equipped by the State, and drilled and disciplined, ready, when needed, to be called into active service. He discussed the critical condition of national affairs with clearness and manly courage. He suggested a modification of the Personal-liberty Bill in regard to the evidence necessary to prove a false declaration of the claimant of a negro alleged to be a slave, but recommended that the bill thus amended be retained. He said, "We are in the midst of a revolution on which all that we hold dear as a free people is staked. Never have the liberties achieved for us by our fathers through the fire and blood of a seven-years' war been in such imminent peril as now. The sceptre of authority must be upheld, and allegiance secured. It is no time to make concessions to rebels, or parley with men in arms;" and, as if speaking for the people, declared, that "we will make the battle-fields of the second war of independence, if need be, altars of patriotic sacrifice and watchwords of liberty forever."

Immediately after the organization of the House, the speaker appointed the following gentlemen the Committee upon Military Affairs: Messrs. Carpenter of Killingly (now a judge of the Supreme Court); Deming of Hartford (afterwards colonel of the Twelfth Connecticut Volunteers), in place of Thomas H. Seymour, who declined to serve; Wooster of Derby (afterwards colonel of the Twenty-ninth Connecticut Volunteers); Geer of Lyme; Cunningham of Norwalk (afterwards lieutenant-colonel of the Eighth Connecticut Volunteers); Burrall of Salisbury; Scoville of Haddam; and Pease of Somers. The Hon. Charles Briscoe of the second district was appointed senate-chairman of this committee.

On the third day of the session, a bill reported by this committee passed both Houses without opposition, which

NOTE. — The State debt on the 1st of April, 1861, was $7,709.50; a reduction during the previous year from $26,432.54. The debt in 1858 was $81,161.06.

authorized the governor to accept the services of ten thousand men for such time as he might deem expedient, they being liable at all times to be turned over to the service of the United States. All acts of the governor in raising volunteer regiments were ratified and confirmed, and all expenses incurred by him for the same purpose were ordered paid from the State treasury. The sum of ten dollars per month, as additional compensation, was appropriated to every non-commissioned officer and private who was mustered into the service under the act.

Towns and cities were authorized to vote money to aid volunteers or their families, and previous votes of this character were validated. The sum of two million dollars was appropriated to defray military expenses; and the treasurer was authorized to issue six per cent coupon bonds to that amount, payable in twenty years. The act was approved by the governor immediately, and became the basis of much of the subsequent legislation upon war-matters.

Mr. Sedgwick of Cornwall gave early notice of a bill to raise five regiments of negroes; but the project, repeatedly broached by him, met with little favor.

At this time, the patriotism of the people was glowing at a white-heat; partisan feeling was subdued;[7] and, with few exceptions, the Democratic members of the Assembly vied with those of the majority party in expressions of loyalty and devotion to the Federal Union.

Resolutions of inquiry or instruction upon the all-absorbing subject were introduced nearly every day, many of them illustrative of the crude ideas that then prevailed concerning the requirements of actual warfare.

Before the close of the session, three-years' regiments were begun; and it was deemed necessary to reduce the extra pay of ten dollars per month, except in the case of those who enlisted for three months, to thirty dollars per year, to be paid in installments of ten dollars every four months. This was

[7] At the city elections of New Haven and Norwich in June, a Union ticket was nominated by mutual agreement of parties, and elected without opposition.

continued until the close of the war. By an act approved June 27, provision was made for the payment of a bounty for the support of the family of each enlisted man.

This bounty was six dollars per month for the wife, and two dollars per month for each child, not exceeding two, under fourteen years of age. It was paid quarterly until the final muster-out; and, whenever a soldier died in the service, it was continued until the expiration of his term of enlistment; so that, in many cases, it operated as a pension for two or more years.[8]

The Corwin Constitutional Amendment was reported from the Committee on Federal Relations on the 3d of July without recommendation, and continued to the next session of the General Assembly by nearly a strict party vote. Senator E. Johnson (Dem.) was for a peaceful settlement of the difficulties, and in favor of guaranteeing the constitutional rights of the South. He should consider a vote for continuing the amendment as a vote against it. Senator O. H. Platt replied, "I wish the vote I shall give for continuance to be considered as a declaration that I will not compromise with traitors. I wish first to know whether we have a Constitution to be amended, or whether it is to be subverted. I believe that those who talk of peace now mean sympathy with traitors, and a peaceable dissolution of the Union." The amendment was not heard of again.

An act to repeal the Personal-liberty Bill was also continued to the next session by a similar vote.

The resolutions upon Federal affairs, which were presented according to custom just before the close of the session, were very conservative in their character, declaring it to be the duty of the government to resist rebellion with all its force, and against interference with slavery in the States. They were passed by the votes of Republicans and Democrats, and were opposed only by Mr. Thomas H. Seymour and a few others, who, in those early days of the war, were

[8] The bounty, in this beneficent form, was secured chiefly by the persistent efforts of William B. Wooster of Derby.

known as "peace men." A large proportion of the Democratic party in the Assembly seemed, however, at this time, to be as earnest and hearty in their support of the war-measures as the Republicans. Several of them, like Deming of Hartford, Atwater of New Haven, and Dibble of Branford, continued to act with the Republican Union party through the war. Much credit is due to the Military Committee of this Assembly for their arduous work and judicious recommendations. The principal bills relating to the conduct of the war were never repealed, and were only altered for the purpose of extending their provisions as circumstances required. The Assembly adjourned, *sine die*, on the evening of July 3.

Independence Day was celebrated with earnestness and enthusiasm. Communities which had no suitable flag-staff commemorated the day by raising the tallest and handsomest the region afforded. Others gathered around the massive and shapely poles already erected, to renew with solemn emphasis their pledges of devotion to the starry emblem, and the Republic whose majesty and power it typified.

Among the unique demonstrations was that at Wallingford, where the citizens unfurled the flag that had been presented by Moses Y. Beach. Samuel Simpson presided, and the flag was received by E. S. Ives. After a bountiful collation, a miniature model of the flag and staff, surmounting a colossal loaf of cake, adorned with flowers, was presented to Mr. Beach by six daughters of M. W Munson, who accompanied the gift with a patriotic note expressing thanks to him, and signed themselves "six sisters for the Union."

Gov. Buckingham spent the day at New Haven. In the forenoon, there was a review of the volunteer and militia companies; in the afternoon, a mass-meeting to listen to addresses and the singing of the Children's Brigade.

Some weeks before, Benjamin Jepson had issued a circular, in which he urged that all our children might and should be imbued with ineradicable love of country by early instruc-

tion in our national songs, and calling them together to rehearse a programme for the Fourth of July. In response to this call, a thousand children assembled, from time to time, for practice, and, at two o'clock on the Fourth, gathered at "The Wigwam" in Olive Street, and formed in procession in the following order: Division of boys, — Indians, representing the Boston Tea-Party; Washington Zouaves, Wide-awake Fire-engine Company with a miniature engine, Marine Guard, Infant Rifles. Division of girls, — Daughters of Columbia, Goddess of Liberty in a floral car, Young America with continental guard, Brother Jonathan in full costume, Union of States represented by thirty-four young ladies.

The costume of the children accorded with the parts assigned them: each carried a flag, and the entire procession was interspersed with banners representing the battles of the Revolution and various appropriate devices. The procession passed through the principal streets to the north portico of the State House, and were seated on the broad steps in a prescribed order, making a most picturesque and impressive tableau. Mayor Welch presided: speeches were made by his Excellency the Governor, Ex-Gov. Dutton, Prof. D. C. Gilman, Deacon George F. Smith, John G. North, and others. The speakers were warmly applauded; but the spirit and power of the singing, intensified by the effect of the decorations, elicited much enthusiasm.

The vast audience, of from fifteen to twenty thousand, stood in compact, swaying mass, without sign of weariness, for four hours, and dispersed with hearts vibrating to this stanza, sung by the children with thrilling effect: —

"Still undaunted, still united
By the fires our fathers lighted,
We will stand, we will stand,
As a noble band of brothers,
Freer, prouder, than all others
In the land, in the land;
While onward, with resistless tread,
Unconquerèd, unconquerèd,
The Union's mighty hosts are led,
Our standard waving at its head,
Unconquerèd, unconquerèd,
Against the lines of Treason."

CHAPTER VI.

The First and Second Regiments in Washington. — Welcome Reception. — Camp at Glenwood. — Joined by the Third. — Death of Col. Ellsworth. — Ellsworth of Connecticut Stock. — "Invasion" of Virginia. — Ambush at Vienna. — Holding the Advanced Post. — Death of Theodore Winthrop. — Sketch of his Life and Character. — Death of Capt. James H. Ward. — An Advance. — Blackburn's Ford. — Bull Run. — Gen. Tyler begins the Battle. — The Army betrayed. — Behavior of Connecticut Troops. — The Last on the Field. — They act as Rear-Guard in the Retreat. — Good Order maintained. — They bring off Public Property. — Home, and Muster-out.

HE destination of the First was kept a secret, even from its line officers, until the Bienville was outside New-Haven Harbor, to avoid the necessity of a hostile reception by the rebels along the Potomac. The transport made straight for the Chesapeake, and steamed along without opposition. It was the first regiment up the river; and rebel camps were seen here and there in the distance, while the strange flag of treason was flaunted at Alexandria. The regiment arrived not a day too soon; for the capital was still at the mercy of the foe, had he been resolute and dashing.

They were met on the Potomac, and cordially welcomed, by President Lincoln and his cabinet. While marching through the streets of Washington, they received much praise for their soldierly bearing and discipline, and for the perfection of their personal and camp equipage. It was the first regiment from any State thoroughly equipped; being furnished not only with tents, but with a complete baggage-train. Gen. Scott reviewed them, and exclaimed, "Thank God! we have one regiment ready to take the field." The day of their arrival, May 13, they pitched their camp about two miles north of the capital, on the pleasant grounds of the wealthy banker Corcoran, called Glenwood.

The First Connecticut Regiment was taken as a model for equipment by other States. Before its departure, agents from New York, Massachusetts, Maine, and Vermont, were in New Haven to examine it; and, when it arrived in Washington, it had more transportation than all the other regiments combined; and the government sent next day to borrow the teams to distribute rations to the other troops. Moreover, the First had provided itself with fifty thousand rounds of ammunition, and rations and forage for twenty days. Col. Tyler was prepared not merely for a battle, but for a campaign.

The steamer Cahawba, with the Second, leaving New Haven the day after the First, came to anchor under the guns of Fortress Monroe on Sunday morning; and the sturdy old Cumberland sloop-of-war, thereafter famous, manned her yards, and gave the regiment three cheers. The sail was soon continued up the Potomac; and, as the shores were occupied by the enemy, ball-cartridges were dealt out after divine service, and the companies were assigned positions for defense. Rebel sentries were visible on the Alexandria wharves, and armed traitors were grouped in the streets. The regiment reached Washington, and pitched its tents at Glenwood by the side of the First. The situation was a westward slope, covered with oaks and cedars; the ground thick with underbrush and decaying leaves. In a few days, the leaves had been swept up and burned, the stumps removed, and the inequalities of surface leveled down. The regiments built, of the evergreens, arches and arbors in front of the officers' tents, and floored them with fragrant twigs, and festooned them with running vines, until the camp looked like a pleasant picnic-scene. They gave nine hours a day to drill, evolutions, and the manual of arms; and, under diligent officers, their progress was rapid. Social religious meetings were held every evening, conducted by Rev. S. Herbert Lancey, a private in the Second, afterwards appointed by the Secretary of War to be chaplain. Feeling a strong desire for music, the members assessed themselves to pay the expenses of the Union City (Naugatuck) Brass Band, which reached the camp early in June.

On May 23, the Third Regiment arrived, and joined the First and Second, by whom they were warmly welcomed. So far as was compatible with military discipline and the rules of camp-life, the members of the three regiments improved the opportunity for social intercourse. The Third, like the First and Second, applied itself diligently to the drill. Col. Arnold, not having proved very efficient, resigned soon after arriving at Washington; and his resignation was instantly accepted. Lieut.-Col. Chatfield of the First was appointed to the command; but Lieut.-Col. Brady refused to recognize his authority, and exhibited gross insubordination in asserting his own right to the succession according to the laws of the militia. He was placed under arrest for mutiny, and so held, without trial, until the final muster-out. This folly was afterwards atoned for by patriotic service. Col. Chatfield took the place assigned him, and devoted himself with ardor to the work of transforming the raw volunteers into soldiers. A militia-officer, he was an admirable disciplinarian, — one of the very best drill-officers in the whole United-States service. A distinguished graduate of West Point said, "Worth, in his palmy days, could not handle a regiment better."

The hearts of the people went to the field with their brave boys. The daily papers were in unprecedented demand. The telegrams and letters from the front were read and re-read with the greatest avidity. Scenes and events in camp were the absorbing topic of conversation in the streets and at many firesides. The mails were loaded with newspapers, packages, and plethoric letters. Men were dispatched from all parts of the State to see "the boys," and carry them provisions and money; and were instructed to provide, at any cost, whatever they might need. Craw and Martin, two young men of New Haven, started a "Connecticut Troops' Express," leaving for Washington every Monday night, and taking parcels of every sort; guaranteeing their safe delivery to the individuals for whom they were intended. They did a thriving business.[1]

[1] The Connecticut Troops' Express was continued by J. M. Crofut as long as any of the Connecticut regiments were encamped near Washington. When the troops moved farther into the field, it was necessarily discontinued. It was for seven or eight months both convenient and profitable.

On Sunday, June 16, an accident occurred in camp, which cast a gloom over all. A member of the Third, Richard Howard of Madison, sat in his tent reading his Bible, when a companion, playing with a pistol which he supposed not to be loaded, snapped the cap at a fly on Howard's breast, and shot him through the heart. The body was sent home, and buried with a public demonstration of respect and sorrow.

On the afternoon of May 24 came the news of the death of Col. Elmer E. Ellsworth at Alexandria. Brave, enthusiastic, and rash, he had ascended to the roof of the Marshall House to tear down a rebel flag, and had been shot dead by the proprietor Jackson while descending the stairs with the trophy. The patriotic act and its result roused and enraged the North; and thousands of young men sprang forward to avenge the murder, while the name of the dead hero became the inspiration of battle and the assurance of victory.

Young Ellsworth was of Connecticut stock. His grandfather, John Ellsworth, was sexton of Center Church in Hartford for a quarter of a century; and had two sons, John and William. The former, developing considerable genius as an artist, became the *protégé* of Daniel Wadsworth, and painted for him the copy of Stuart's Washington which now hangs in the gallery at the Athenæum. William married, and emigrated at an early day to Michigan; and there Elmer was born. In the winter of 1860–61, he showed great skill in drilling Zouaves, and, at Mr. Lincoln's request, accompanied him to Washington.

Col. Ellsworth was succeeded, as commander of the Zouaves, by Col. Noah L. Farnham, a native of Connecticut, born at Haddam, June 6, 1829. In 1861, he went to Washington as a lieutenant in the New-York 7th. He soon became lieutenant-colonel of Ellsworth's Zouaves; and, at the fall of Ellsworth, he was made colonel. He rose from a sick-bed to command his regiment at Bull Run, where, after gallant conduct, he received a severe wound in the head, which shortly proved fatal. He was buried at New Haven with military and civic honors.

There were various alarms of the comfortable camp at Glenwood. On the day of Ellsworth's sacrifice, the First was

summoned by an excited orderly, and aroused by the long-roll to the defense of the threatened city. The men seized their arms, and rushed down to Long Bridge; but it was a false alarm, and they turned back disappointed. Another week passed; and at twelve o'clock, midnight, of June 1, they broke camp in earnest, and marched to re-inforce the half-dozen regiments maintaining a precarious hold on the "sacred soil," — as Virginia was now derisively termed. Followed by a long train of baggage and commissary wagons, through the deep woods the regiment wound its way into the broad streets of the capital, and silently and stealthily across Long Bridge, and over the crooked roads of Virginia clay, to Roach's Mills, on the Alexandria and Leesburg Railroad, where, at dawn, it relieved the 12th New-York, Col. Butterfield. Here a camp was established, and the routine of drill resumed.

Gen. McDowell, visiting the camp, inquired how many times the pickets had needlessly alarmed the regiment. "Never," was the reply, "except when there was a legitimate occasion." "I am glad," he rejoined, "that there is one regiment this side the Potomac that does not unnecesarily alarm itself." A prisoner was brought in within a few minutes. He was found to be a brother of the rebel general at Fairfax Court House; but, as was the rule in those easy-going days in the Union army, he was sworn, and set at liberty. On June 16, a detail of four hundred men, under Gen. Tyler and Col. Burnham, started to explore the country by railroad. They went three or four miles beyond Vienna; and, while returning, the crack of a rifle was heard, and George H. Bugbee of Hartford, a private in Company A, fell, shot through the shoulder from an ambush. The shot was probably intended for Gen. Tyler, near whom Bugbee was standing.[2] The men jumped from the cars, scoured the woods madly in all directions, and returned with a number of prisoners; but the assassin remained undiscovered; and the prisoners, after the administration of the government's favorite panacea, — the oath of allegiance, — were discharged.

During the succeeding night, the Second had orders to

[2] Young Bugbee suffered severely; and his wound was the first one received by a son of Connecticut during the war. Since the war, a man named Frank Williams has acknowledged the shooting of Bugbee: he served afterwards in Mosby's bold riders.

join the First; and they broke camp in great glee, for they had heard exaggerated rumors about battles already fought, and believed that their "invasion" of Virginia would be stoutly contested.

A description[3] of this weird midnight scene says, "About thirty wagons, drawn by four mules each, were provided for the transportation of tents and camp material. A Washington guide was to lead the column. The night was cloudy, with occasional showers. To give light for the necessary work of moving, the men set fire to the dried cedars, which had served as shades and ornaments. The effect was splendid. There was little noise, for silence had been enjoined; and the figures of the men tugging away at bundles, packing and repacking, hurrying hither and thither, and leaping over obstructions, with the images of the long-eared mules reflected on the white-covered wagons, which were alternately brilliant in the glare, or darkened in the shadow, as the flames flashed up in wreathing spires, or the smoke rolled in clouds of pitchy blackness, made altogether a scene of wildness fit for the pencil of Salvator Rosa." How many times was this goblin picture, with every conceivable variation, repeated during the war!

After a weary night-march, they arrived at Roach's Mills at sunrise, and camped again at the side of the First. Next day, both regiments marched to the relief of the Ohio volunteers surprised at Vienna; after which they occupied Falls Church, the advance post in the loyal line. That very evening,[4] two men[5] were captured while incautiously supping beyond our lines. Two days afterwards, Capt. A. G. Kellogg of the Second, while out in command of the picket-guard, was taken prisoner. He left his command to escort two ladies, the Misses Scott, to their homes near by, and was seized by the enemy lurking near the road. The captors were pursued, but not overtaken. A few days afterwards, the young women, who were believed to have betrayed him, were brought into camp; but, after a short detention, they were sent home again, after the fashion of that day.[6]

[3] By Jesse H. Lord, in Connecticut War Record. [4] Wednesday, June 17.
[5] Sergeant Austin G. Monroe and Corporal C. E. Hawkes.
[6] It was the aim of the Federal authorities to do nothing to "exasperate" the enemy; and it was some weeks before any captives were retained as prisoners of war. The oath

The location of the regiments at this time was a perilous one, — in the extreme front of the Union centre; and, night after night, the men expected to be awakened by the long-roll and the enemy's advance. They were menaced, but not attacked; and the Third Regiment immediately joined them.[7] Col. Terry, who had been left in Washington ill, rejoined his command at this time, and was received "by the cheers of the entire regiment." Private property was sacredly respected, and the men lived in the midst of luxuries they were forbidden to share. The keeper of the Oak-hill Tavern was a rebel, and refused to sell a single pig, fowl, or vegetable to "the Yanks;" yet he never complained of the loss of a cent's worth of property.[8] On April 27, Brig.-Gen. J. K. F. Mansfield, a Connecticut soldier, was placed in command of the troops in Washington.[9]

While our three regiments were holding the picket-line in Longstreet's front, one of the most brilliant sons of Connecticut, Major Theodore Winthrop, fell in the skirmish at Big Bethel, in Lower Virginia.[10] This *fiasco* was called a battle in those early days, and it excited a degree of interest far beyond its actual importance; and Winthrop's name became a watchword as Ellsworth's had been, and his heroism an example.

Theodore Winthrop, son of Francis R. Winthrop, was born in New Haven in 1828; and was a thoughtful, delicate, serious child. He entered Yale at sixteen, and was graduated at twenty, taking the Clark scholarship, and dividing with another the honor of the Berkeleian. He traveled much, making a tour of Europe, which was not the conventional one, going much of the way on foot; also to South America, California, and Oregon, Puget's Sound, and the Saskatchawan districts of British America. In 1855, he was admitted to the bar; but his roving habits, and an experience full of picturesque episodes, unfitted him for a sedentary life, and he was restive in the profession he had chosen.

of allegiance was administered even to rebels taken with arms in their hands. The first prisoners retained were committed for contumacy, they refusing to take the oath.

[7] On June 24.

[8] This circumspection and rigid regard for *meum* and *tuum* was considerably relaxed before the war was over, even among Connecticut troops.

[9] On June 26, he reported 27,846 men present for duty. [10] June 9.

He had strong administrative talent; for he sprang straight from John Winthrop, who was the first governor of Connecticut. He would have made an enterprising and dauntless explorer. He wrote short tales and magazine articles with great success; and the sketches which he contributed to the Atlantic Monthly had a certain dash and briskness of style that won instant favor. He wrote several books, but never published them, being deterred by a morbid sensitiveness, which shrank from the criticism of his own maturer self. Most of these have been published posthumously.

Winthrop was buried at New Haven, to which place large numbers of his old comrades followed his remains. In the funeral-procession were more than a thousand persons, including the veteran Grays, Governor's Foot-Guards, Emmet Guards, Russell's School Battalion, National Blues, officers of the Horse Guard, City Government, and the faculty and students of Yale.

George William Curtis, under whose auspices his books have been brought out, says of his friend, —

"A wide reader, he retained knowledge with little effort, and often surprised his friends by the variety of his information. Yet it was not strange; for he was born a scholar. His mother was the great-grand-daughter of old President Edwards; and, among his relations on the maternal side, Winthrop counted six presidents of colleges. The womanly grace of his temperament merely enhanced the unusual manliness of his character. In walking and riding, in skating and running, in games out of doors and in, no one of us all in the neighborhood was so expert, so agile, as he. Often, after writing a few hours in the morning, he stepped out of doors, and, from pure love of the fun, leaped and turned summersaults on the grass before going up to town.

"There is an impression somewhat prevalent that Winthrop planned the expedition to Great Bethel. It is incorrect. As military secretary of the commanding general, he probably made suggestions, some of which were adopted. The expedition was the first move from Fort Monroe, to which the country had been long looking in expectation. These were the reasons why he felt so peculiar a responsibility for its success; and, after the melancholy events of the earlier part of the day, he saw that its fortunes could be retrieved only by a dash of heroic enthusiasm. Fired himself, he sought to kindle others. For one moment, that brave, inspiring form is plainly visible to his whole country, rapt and calm, standing upon the log nearest the enemy's battery, the mark of their sharpshooters, the admiration of their leaders; waving his sword, cheering his fellow-soldiers with his bugle voice of victory, — young, brave, beautiful: for one

moment erect and glowing in the wild whirl of battle; the next, falling forward toward the foe, dead, but triumphant.

"On the 19th of April, 1861, he left the armory-door of the Seventh, with his hand upon a howitzer; on the 21st of June, his body lay upon the same howitzer, at the same door, wrapped in the flag for which he gladly died as the symbol of human freedom. And so, drawn by the hands of young men lately strangers to him, but of whose bravery and loyalty he had been the laureate, and who fitly mourned him who had honored them, with long, pealing dirges and muffled drums, he moved forward.

"Yet such was the electric vitality of this friend of ours, that those of us who followed him could only think of him as approving the funeral pageant, not the object of it, but still the spectator and critic of every scene in which he was a part. We did not think of him as dead. We never shall. In the moist, warm, midsummer morning, he was alert, alive, immortal."

Two weeks later, a spirited engagement took place between the defiant rebels on the right bank of the Potomac and the United-States gunboats Pawnee and Freeborn, stationed in the river. Among the losses, the Union forces had to deplore the death of Capt. Ward, the gallant commander of the Freeborn.

James Harmon Ward was the eldest son of Col. James Ward, commissary-general of our army in the war of 1812; and was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1806. He studied for two years at a military academy in Vermont, and entered the navy as a midshipman on the old frigate Constitution in 1823. He was promoted to be lieutenant in 1831, and sent to the Mediterranean, where he compiled his Manual of Naval Tactics. In 1842, he delivered a course of popular lectures in Philadelphia on Gunnery, in which he urged the establishment of an American naval school. When the school was founded at Annapolis, he became one of its professors, and shortly after published a book on Naval Ordnance and Gunnery, — a work highly esteemed. At the commencement of the Rebellion, he was summoned to Washington to aid the government by his counsel; and he soon showed his efficiency by organizing the Potomac flotilla, of which he was placed in command May 16, 1861. This was our first war-fleet, and was a terror to rebels while he directed it. On the 31st, he attacked the rebel batteries at Acquia Creek, silencing three of them; and, on June 1, resumed the cannon-

ading, burning the dépôt and all the stores. On June 27, with the Freeborn and Pawnee, he attacked the batteries at Mathias Point, and landed a party of men to burn the rebel ambush. The Freeborn kept up a constant fire to cover the landing, hotly replied to by musketry from the woods. One of the gunners was wounded; and Capt. Ward, taking his place, was shot in the breast by a musket-ball, and killed, while in the act of sighting the gun. One of his acquaintances wrote, "His death is a shock; but we have expected it. He was always at the post of danger." He was a gentleman of thorough education, and in religion a devout Catholic. He was buried from St. Patrick's in Hartford with all the honors of the Church, the State, and the Army. A eulogy was delivered by his personal friend Father O'Reilly, and the burial-service was read by Bishop McFarland. The governor, State officers, and legislature, the Fifth Regiment, and the Hartford military companies, joined in the last tribute of respect for the brave and patriotic man.

In the mean time, the three Connecticut regiments held the aggressive point, eight miles farther into Rebeldom than any Union troops had before been stationed. By either Ball's or Bailey's cross-roads, the rebels could throw a force in their rear, so that officers and men lay down in the nightly expectation of being aroused by an attempt to cut them off. Their situation was too critical to be entirely pleasant; and the question of withdrawing them was discussed earnestly in the War Department. Gen. Scott telegraphed to Tyler, "You are too far in advance. Better draw back. You will be gobbled up." Gen. Tyler replied, that Falls Church was the place that ought to be held; that there was no other point so naturally defensible; that the rebels would seize it if he should abandon it; and that he would take the responsibility of holding it. Every evening, he consulted with his officers as to the preparations for a night-attack.

During all this time, the loyal States were impatiently demanding a forward movement against the enemy. About the 4th of July, an advance on Richmond *viâ* Manassas Junction was anticipated; and from day to day thereafter the rumor assumed more defined and exact proportions, until, at dress-

parade on the afternoon of the 15th, the fact was made certain by an order for a movement the next day. The three Connecticut regiments were now brigaded with the 2d Maine, under command of Col. E. D. Keyes of the 11th regulars. The estimation in which Gen. Tyler and the Connecticut troops were held is shown by the fact that to him was assigned the command of the first and largest division, consisting of twelve thousand men; while they were made the first brigade of that division, and were thus, in regular formation, the advance of the entire force. On the afternoon of the 16th, the division left Falls Church, the Connecticut brigade ahead, and led the way past Vienna towards Centreville. He halted his division on the heights, and with Richardson's brigade pushed forward, and encountered Longstreet's division at Blackburn's Ford of Bull Run. He felt out with a battery to test the opposing strength; and the rebels showed fight with a spirit that proved an intention to contest the run. In the slight conflict that resulted, the Union losses were nineteen (official), the rebel loss sixty-eight; the former having largely the advantage of ground. The object of the reconnoissance was gained, and the ford was held during the two successive days of the tardy advance.

If this success had been immediately followed up by the attack along the whole line, which did not come until three days afterwards, it seems almost certain that the result would have been a victory; for Johnston's army of eighteen thousand had not yet stolen away from Patterson's front, and the systematic treachery at Washington, which so soon betrayed us, had not yet done its work.

Gen. Tyler advised the continuation of the battle next day. During the afternoon of the 18th, and the 19th and 20th, McDowell's whole army was grouped in the rear of Centreville, and might have been hurled on the enemy in two hours at any time; and Bull Run was fordable at all points. Tyler insisted that he could whip the rebels with his own division: and such a result was more than possible; for he had sixteen regiments and two batteries, while Beauregard had not more than ten thousand effective men during Thursday and Friday. Col. Chrisholm, aide-de-camp to Gen.

Beauregard on that day, and afterwards his chief of staff, said in a recent conversation, "Beauregard's whole forces did not exceed twelve thousand men, stationed at Lewis's, Blackburn's, and Mitchell's Fords, and at the Stone Bridge, including Holmes's brigade at the Occoquan, out of reach." And he adds, "Had the affair of the 18th been vigorously pushed, Beauregard looked for certain defeat; for not a man of Johnston's army had at that time come up." The first of them arrived on Saturday morning, and McDowell waited for his Grouchy in vain. This was the hour and this the place to strike; but McDowell halted for "five days' rations," and the men threw away their rations as the general had already thrown away his opportunity.

When, on the memorable Sunday, July 21,[11] the main column, instead of crossing at the Stone Bridge, as first threatened, made a wide *détour* to the northward, and crossed at Sudley's Church, expecting to flank and surprise the enemy, its commander was astonished, instead, to find himself confronted there by an enormous force of the rebels, with preparations to receive him. When it is remembered that traitors walked the streets of Washington unmolested; that spies, when captured within our army-lines, were discharged on taking the oath of allegiance; that secessionists remained in office, even in the War Department,[12] appointees of Jefferson Davis and Floyd, — it is not strange that the enemy had the fullest information of our position and strength, and that the plans of McDowell, a secret to the few who were to execute them, were perfectly familiar to Beauregard. The latter had even obtained possession of a copy of McDowell's map of the county, made on Friday.

The possession of this complete and minute information enabled Beauregard himself to have a plan of the pending battle. A Confederate officer present at the council of war the previous day is authority for the statement, that it was the intention of Beauregard and Johnston to make a flank

[11] By this time, Beauregard had something like thirty thousand men (Pollard, in his Southern History, says "less than thirty thousand"), and McDowell had about thirty-five thousand; a slight disparity, considering the relative positions.

[12] "Gen. Beauregard received the very earliest information from *a friend of his* in Washington, and had plenty of time to make all his preparations." — *Col. Estvan's War Pictures from the South.*

movement to the south on Centreville simultaneous with McDowell's flank movement to the north on Manassas. Agreeably to this plan, the Sudley-church Road was left unobstructed, and the main body of the enemy was massed, under Beauregard, near Stone Bridge. His original design was to make a show of fight here in the morning against our left, and when the columns of Hunter and Heintzelman should be met by Johnston's reserves, now mostly on the plains, to wheel the whole main army to the left, make Mitchell's Ford a pivot, and strike the Union army in the rear at Centreville.[13] The scheme miscarried, the rebels say, because the Mitchell's-ford Road was blocked up.

On Sunday, Gen. Tyler began the battle. At six o'clock in the morning, he fired the first gun near the Stone Bridge, having been ordered to make a feint by threatening the passage of the run in force at this point.

The Connecticut brigade, being detached to guard the Warrenton Turnpike, did not reach the stream until ten o'clock, A.M., just as Col. Tecumseh Sherman's brigade of Tyler's division had crossed to attack. Here the enemy opened on the Connecticut men with twenty or thirty rounds of shot and shell from a battery across the run, from which several were wounded. The brigade rapidly approached at double-quick, dropping flat on the ground at each discharge to allow the missiles to pass over their heads. They crossed the stream on a run, and fell into line of battle beyond Young's Brook, farther west. Col. Keyes says, —

"The order to advance was given at about ten o'clock, A.M.; and from that hour to four, P.M., my brigade was in constant activity on the field of battle. The First Regiment Connecticut Voluntcers was met by a body of cavalry and infantry, which it repelled; and, at several other encounters at different parts of the line, the enemy constantly retired before us. At about two o'clock, P.M., Gen. Tyler ordered me to take a battery on a height in front. The battery was strongly posted, and supported by infantry and riflemen, sheltered by a building, a fence, and a hedge. My order to charge was obeyed with the utmost promptness. Col. Jameson of the 2d Maine, and Col. Chatfield of the Third Connecticut Volunteers, pressed forward their regiments up the base slope about one hundred yards; when I ordered them to lie down, at a point offering a small protec-

[13] The second battle of Bull Run was fought by the rebels on precisely this plan.

tion, and load. I then ordered them to advance again, which they did, in the face of a movable battery of eight pieces and a large body of infantry, toward the top of the hill. As we moved forward, we came under the fire of other large bodies of the enemy, posted behind breastworks; and, on reaching the summit of the hill, the firing became so hot, that an exposure to it of five minutes would have annihilated my whole line."

The battery was nothing like so terrible as this; and, if the order of Gen. Tyler had been given to Gen. Keyes during the last year of the war, it probably would have been executed. But, as the enemy had retired to a height beyond, a movement by the left flank was ordered; and the brigade passed to a piece of woods, whence they were again put in motion. Our further advance caused the rebels to retire from abatis, enabling the engineers to clear it away, and bring up the guns. The brigade, attempting to turn the battery, had now reached a point below the Warrenton Road, having succeeded in pressing the enemy back, and behaving with perfect coolness and intrepidity. Nothing like defeat was dreamed of.

At this juncture, Gen. Tyler, perceiving a lull in the artillery-firing, sent Lieut. Upton to inquire the cause;[14] and was astounded to receive an order to retreat. Even then, there was no panic. Col. Keyes says, —

"Before recrossing Bull Run, and until my brigade mingled with the retreating mass, it maintained perfect freedom from panic; and at the moment I received the order to retreat, and for some time afterward, it was in as good order as in the morning on the road. Half an hour earlier, I supposed the victory to be ours."

In his official report, Col. Burnham says, —

"While halting for orders, a mounted aide rides up, and directs the two regiments to march by the right flank. The Second files by the First; and the latter regiment falls in, supposing they are to be placed in a more effective position. But those infernal guns of the rebels approach nearer and nearer; and, as the two regiments near the open plain, every thing is seen and understood. Our noble army is routed; and the whole plain is covered with fugitives, nothing apparently left in an organized state but the Connecticut regiments. Marching across the level, they reach the woods, when the enemy's cavalry come down. Facing by the rear-rank,

[14] "The tide of battle was turned in our favor by the arrival of Gen. Kirby Smith from Winchester with four thousand men of Gen. Johnston's division." — *Richmond Despatch of Aug.* 1, 1861.
Gen. E. Kirby Smith was a Connecticut man, turned traitor.

the regiments repulse them by well-directed volleys. Resuming the march, the Connecticut troops approach Cub Run, the bridge across which is crowded with the hurrying masses of disorganized troops. Without mingling with them, they ford the stream, and, forming in line, protect the rear from the rebel cavalry, which here prudently withdraw."

As Col. Keyes was a native of Vermont, he will be accepted as an impartial witness to the efficiency of Connecticut troops. We quote further from his report: —

"The gallantry with which the 2d Regiment of Maine, and the Third Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers, charged up the hill upon the enemy's artillery and infantry, was never, in my opinion, surpassed. I was with the advancing line, and closely observed the conduct of Cols. Jameson and Chatfield, which merits in this instance, and throughout the day, the highest commendation.

"I also observed throughout the day the gallantry and excellent conduct of Col. Terry's Second Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, from whom I received most zealous assistance. At one time, a portion of his regiment did great execution with their rifles from a point of our line which was thin, and where a few of our men were a little tardy in moving forward.

"Col. Terry, in his report, calls attention to the coolness, activity, and discretion of Lieut.-Col. D. Young and Major L. Colburn. The latter, with the adjutant of the regiment, Lieut. Charles L. Russell, showed conspicuous gallantry in defending their regimental colors, during the retreat this side of Bull Run, against a charge of cavalry. Col. Terry also commends the devotion of Drs. Douglas and Bacon to the wounded while under the hottest fire of artillery. Private Arnold Leach is also highly praised for having spiked three abandoned guns with a ramrod, and then bringing away two abandoned muskets."

Col. Keyes also mentioned for gallant conduct Lieut.-Col. John Speidal, Capts. J. R. Hawley and J. H. Chapman, Adjutant Theodore C. Bacon, and Lieuts. Albert W. Drake, Charles Walter, and Alexander Ely. Gen. Tyler specially commended Col. Chatfield and Col. Terry; and Col. Chatfield gave especial credit to Major Warner and Adjutant Redfield Duryee.

As the Connecticut troops fired the first shot in the morning of that memorable day, so they fired the last shot in the evening; and as they had been first in the advance, so they were last in the retreat, covering the stampede with solid columns. The rebel cavalry, after having broken through our retreating lines, and killed and captured many towards Centreville, turned back upon the Connecticut troops. Col.

Radford, in a report giving a bombastic account of his achievements, says of this, —

"Having dispersed the enemy in our front in the direction of Cub-run Bridge, I charged upon them between Cub Run and Bull Run, and soon came upon a column of infantry, about five thousand, strongly posted, and supported by a battery of three pieces. They immediately opened upon my command, throwing them into some confusion."

He then proceeds to report his killed and wounded. A less interested rebel officer says, "The fact is, no three of the cavalry could be found together after that."

We do not claim for Connecticut troops in the battle of Bull Run a degree of courage and manly bearing superior to their loyal brothers from other States; but it is known, that, in retiring from the field, they maintained a degree of persistent good order and soldierly discipline not generally exhibited by the men of any other regiments. This was due, perhaps, partly to the fact that they were near the flank, and so were not enveloped in the first bewilderment of defeat. To whatever it may be attributed, it is a fact, that they left the field without confusion, facing about, and firing a well-directed volley, whenever the foe pressed too eagerly; and, during that unparalleled stampede, they covered the rear of the army, a service which was recognized by the regiments and the press of other States.[15] They occupied their old camping-grounds the day after the battle, and, being ordered to Fort Corcoran, made their appearance there with six prisoners (many more had escaped), two pieces of abandoned artillery, one caisson, the implements of the sappers and miners, twenty horses, all their own baggage and camp equipage, and the tents and equipage of two Ohio regiments, the 2d New-York, and a company of cavalry, with their baggage-wagons and property, which had been deserted. "And," says Gen. Tyler with some pride, in concluding his report, "at seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, I saw the three Connecticut regiments, with two thousand bayonets, march under the guns of Fort Corcoran in good order, after

[15] "The Connecticut brigade was the last to leave the field of Bull Run, and, by hard fighting, had to defend itself and to protect our scattered thousands for several miles of the retreat." — *Stedman in New-York World*, July 23, 1861.

having saved us not only a large amount of public property,[16] but the mortification of having our standing camps fall into the hands of the enemy."[17]

The casualties at the battle were as follows: —

	Killed.	Wounded.	Prisoners.	Total.
First Regiment Connecticut Vols.,		8	9	17
Second " " "	2	5	9	16
Third " " "	4	13	18	35
				68

Those known to have been killed are Joseph Stokes of Norwich, James Fritz of New Haven, Sergeant John R. Marsh of Danbury, David C. Case of Norwich, and Jeremiah O. Leroy of Hartford. Rev. Hiram Eddy, the devoted chaplain of the Second, remained with the wounded on the field, a prisoner.

The missing were mostly prisoners, and were retained for four to twelve months in the rebel prisons at Richmond, Salisbury, N. C., Tuscaloosa, Ala., and other places. Two members of the New-Haven Grays, captured while aiding a wounded rebel, were released on arriving at Richmond by order of Jeff. Davis, and supported at a hotel until there was an opportunity for their return.

Col. Chatfield was presented with a new dress-uniform by Hon. James E. English, then representative in Congress, afterwards governor of the State.

After the return from Bull Run, the regiments remained at Washington a short time, and soon returned home. The First and Second were mustered out at New Haven, and the Third at Hartford. As the people had gathered to bid them good-by, they now re-assembled to welcome them. The enthusiastic regimental receptions were followed by eager and hearty local receptions in all communities to which companies returned. They were praised, petted, and feasted; and grateful citizens and proud relatives listened to the story of their exposures and services. These gatherings greatly augmented the martial spirit throughout the State.

When the Second Regiment was mustered out, Col. Terry

[16] In value, upwards of two hundred thousand dollars.

[17] "This service was performed in thirty-six hours; during which time they were entirely without food, and drenched in the tremendous rain that raged without intermission." — *N. Y Times.*

presented gold medals, for bravery on the field, to Color-Sergeant Austin P Kirkham of Derby, and Sergeant Robert Leggett of New London.

The men of these regiments re-enlisted almost without an exception, and *five hundred of them* afterwards held commissions in the army. Of these, about one hundred and eighty were from the First Regiment, two hundred from the Second, and one hundred and forty from the Third. Three became major-generals, four brigadier-generals, and more than eighty field and staff officers.

CHAPTER VII.

The Effect of the Defeat at Bull Run. — Second Uprising. —The Fifth Regiment goes to Harper's Ferry. — Six Regiments begun. — A Squadron of Cavalry. —Peace-Flags and Peace-Meetings. — Seymour's Resolutions. — Concurrent Action. — Goshen, Bloomfield, Darien, Easton, Cornwall, Sharon, Prospect, North Guilford, Stonington. — A New Saybrook Platform. — New Fairfield. — The Bridgeport Farmer. — How Stepney stopped the War. — The Farmer Office sacked. — Gov. Buckingham's Proclamation. — Life and Character of Gen. Lyon. — His Bravery and Decision. — His Heroic Death.

UR defeat at the battle of Bull Run corrected, as nothing else could have done, an extravagant estimate of our own strength. It taught us that the rebels had no respect for the national authority, except just so much as could be enforced at the point of the bayonet: it swept away our "ninety-days'" optimism, and showed us that what we had mistaken for an April shower was to be a long storm, and a hard one.[1]

The wonderful uprising which followed the fall of Sumter was repeated after our bewildered volunteers surged back upon Washington. If the second rally was less ardent than the first, it was more deliberate and determined. Instead of a brief military recreation, men felt it to be a struggle for life; and every town in the State renewed its patriotic resolution, and every neighborhood responded to the recruiting drum.[2] The Fifth Regiment, now a splendid body of men, and ably officered, left for the seat of war a week after the repulse; and, within two weeks thereafter, companies were started in more than half the towns in the State. War-meetings were held, and the enthusiasm rose to the level of

[1] The Lost Cause says, "The victory of Manassas was the greatest misfortune that could have befallen the Confederacy."

[2] Congress, the day after the battle of Bull Run, authorized the president to call out five hundred thousand men for three years.

the emergency Within a month, volunteers had poured into the recruiting centres so rapidly, that six additional regiments were begun, from the Sixth to the Eleventh inclusive.

About this time it was proposed to organize a regiment of cavalry for the regular service, to be formed of six squadrons from as many States. William H. Mallory of Bridgeport, who had served during the three-months' service in Duryea's Zouaves, received authority to recruit a squadron in Connecticut. He was aided by Thomas B. Thornett and L. H. Southard of Hartford, and Marcus Coon of Waterbury, the latter a captain in the First Regiment; and the squadron was recruited in thirteen days. Edward W Whittaker of Ashford went out in this squadron as sergeant, and was soon lieutenant. Hartford furnished thirty men; Canton, New Britain, and Berlin had ten men each; and half the towns in the State had one or two. The squadrons rendezvoused in New York; and, that State furnishing six companies, the regiment was assigned to New York as a State regiment, and became the 2d New-York or "Harris Light Cavalry."

During the passage to Washington, Sept. 8, the rebel engineer tried to throw the rear cars from the track by a high rate of speed. Sergeant E. L. Lyon, a nephew of Gen. Lyon, assisted by others, manned the brake, and, in attempting to stop the train, was thrown off and killed. William A. German of Collinsville met the same fate. Lyon was buried with all honors by the side of Gen. Lyon on Sept. 13. His brother-in-law, Harvey Copeland, took his place in the ranks immediately, though leaving a wife and five children.

The regiment went into camp on Arlington Heights, remaining for several months. Corporal Cornelius H. Bailey of Waterbury was killed by accident at Washington in October, and was buried at home with military honors. Capt. Thornett said of him, "I never saw a better soldier, or a more active and faithful man. The influence of his splendid conduct on his comrades was most beneficial."

The men who opposed resistance to the South when the war began had been awed into apparent acquiescence by

the first angry response; but as soon as the patriotic outbreak had lost its novelty, and our soldiers had met with slight reverses, this faction gathered courage again, and came forth in a series of "peace" demonstrations, in which white flags were unfurled, and speeches made demanding a withdrawal of the loyal armies from the field. Sometimes they went so far as to charge the absent soldiers with cowardice, and ridicule their officers for incapacity, while eulogizing rebel officers and exaggerating rebel success. Even the insignificant affair of Big Bethel was the occasion of exhibitions of this sort.

As early as June 22, one Andrew Palmer had raised a peace-flag at his house in Goshen. A large crowd assembled; and after considerable parleying and a slight contest, in which one peace-man was wounded, the obnoxious emblem was captured, and the star-spangled banner displayed upon the pole. Palmer swore allegiance to it, and some of his confederates were taken to jail. This was the first of a series of similar demonstrations.

The "peace" movement in Connecticut seems to have originated in the May session of the legislature at Hartford. Ex-Gov. Thomas H. Seymour had there offered a resolution urging the Crittenden Compromise, the preamble of which assumed that disunion was a fixed fact. He prefaced this with a speech, of which the following extract indicates the tone: "There seems to be a radical mistake on the part of many people. They appear to think the South can be conquered. Sir, this is impossible! You may destroy their habitations, devastate their fields, and shed the blood of their people; but you can not conquer them." The resolution received eighteen ayes, a hundred and seventy-three noes. This was the first platform of the "peace-party;" and these eighteen represented its political strength. It soon became obvious that this was part of a concerted movement. It was expected that the "Breckinridge party" of the previous fall would form the nucleus of the forces. The utterances of Breckinridge and Vallandigham in Congress supplied ammunition. Mr. Breckinridge in person opened the campaign which was to "revolutionize the North" in a speech at Balti-

more, Aug. 9. He was received by such a tumultuous outbreak of indignant patriotism, that he was deterred from a further advance, and turned across the rebel lines; but the movement had already acquired a momentum in Connecticut that carried it through the month.

The name most prominently connected with the "peace-meetings" of this period is that of William W Eaton, a successful lawyer, able debater, and prominent politician, of Hartford. A meeting was held at Bloomfield, whereat resolutions were passed "in favor of establishing a suspension of hostilities," after an argument by Mr. Eaton, and harangues by others, intended to show that the insurgents could never be conquered.

The stampede at Bull Run made the peace-party bolder and more demonstrative; but the Republicans and war Democrats were constantly alert, tearing down their flags, and gathering thousands of young men in war-meetings. One Stephen Raymond of Darien actually fired a cannon in rejoicing over the rebel victory at Bull Run; but his cannon was promptly captured, and tumbled into the river. At Ridgefield, a man who expressed his joy at the defeat was drenched at the town-pump, and compelled to take the oath of allegiance under the stars and stripes. At Easton, Cornwall, Prospect, Podunk, New Britain, North Guilford, East New London, Madison, and some other places, peace or Confederate flags were raised, but were hauled down and destroyed almost as soon as discovered. The General Assembly, at its recent session, had forbidden the raising of the hostile flag, on penalty of imprisonment for thirty days and a fine of a hundred dollars; but it does not appear that the law was ever enforced.[3] Peace meetings and displays seemed to be preconcerted throughout the State.

Aug. 8, there was a peace-meeting at Cornwall Bridge, at which resolutions were passed looking to "peaceful separation," declaring that "the American Union is forever de-

[3] This law also provided, — SECT. 3. — Such flag or device so exhibited, with the apparatus connected therewith, shall be deemed a nuisance; and any constable, or justice of the peace, of the town in which the same shall be so exhibited, or the sheriff or a deputy-sheriff of the county in which the same shall be so exhibited, taking sufficient assistance therefor, may seize and destroy the same.

stroyed," and calling on other towns to take ground "against a further continuance of this bloody spectacle."

At Sharon, a meeting (E. P. Whitney, secretary) *Resolved*, "That the cost of this unnatural war will entail upon the people a system of taxation too intolerable to be borne." Aug. 16, similar meetings were held at Canaan, William S. Marsh in the chair; and at Danbury, A. A. Heath presiding. On the same day, the Hartford Times said, "We are opposed to this war. It has already driven the border States out of the Union: it can never bring them back. It is crushing out the life-blood of New England."

There was a peace-meeting at Stonington, Aug. 9, Luther Ripley in the chair. Resolutions against the war were offered, and, to the astonishment and dismay of the signers of the call, were voted down. Finding themselves in a minority, they seized the lights, and retreated amid some confusion and violence. A Union meeting was immediately organized, George E. Palmer in the chair; and war-resolutions offered by John F Trumbull, jr., and supported by him in an eloquent speech, were adopted.

On Aug. 16, several hundred peace-men assembled at Saybrook to hoist "a Federal flag, with nineteen stars on it," indicating that fourteen slave States were out of the Union. W W Eaton was announced as the orator of the day. A pole was raised in front of Gilbert Pratt's house, and on it was tacked a handbill, headed by the device, "War is disunion." Hundreds of war-men gathered spontaneously from Saybrook and surrounding towns. They called for "the flag," and a speech from the orator of the day; but, neither appearing, the familiar flag of stars and stripes was produced, and run up. Two or three peace-men were roughly handled while defending the pole. Capt. J. R. Hawley was called out. He deprecated violence at the meeting, but made a war-speech, contending, that, in the emergency, war was the most efficient handmaid of peace; and that the thousands in loyal blue, who loved quiet and order so well that they would take the field for it, were the truest peacemakers. Capt. Morgan and John J. Doane also made stirring speeches. So the Unionists had a jubilee, and dispersed with cheers

for the flag; while many young men quietly resolved to join the next regiment, and fight for it.

A white flag had been put up in New Fairfield; and thirty or forty war-men from Danbury, attempting to take it down were attacked by a much larger number of "peace" men with spades and axes, and Andrew Knox,[4] John Allen, and Thomas Kinney, badly injured. Two of the peace-men were also dangerously wounded; but they held their ground, and the flag remained. The Danbury men re-organized for another assault the next day; but the flag was taken down and hidden by its friends.

The Bridgeport Farmer was the most outspoken and ultra champion of the anti-war doctrines; and most of the kindred demonstrations were within the range of its circulation.

It fearlessly declared that the rebels were true patriots, and openly wished them success. A quotation or two will illustrate its position. On the 5th of August, referring to Bull Run, the Farmer said, with a manifest feeling of exultation, —

"The 'grand army' marched on the 17th, as the Standard man has informed us. It also ran back on the 21st, as the Standard man did not inform us. On the 17th, the heart of the Abolition party leaped for joy at the hope of a speedy crushing-out of the life of the Southern whites and the early freedom of their negroes. On the 21st, the heart of the Abolitionists heaved with sorrow at the blasted prospects of their fanaticism, and the diminished hope of a speedy gratification of their bloody will."

This was followed up by the definite declaration, —

"The rebel soldiery, as you term them, are not fighting for money. Like our Revolutionary fathers, they are fighting for their just rights. In the Revolution of 1776, the forces of King George were the ones who fought for money: in the Revolution of 1861, the forces of the despot Lincoln are the ones who are fighting for money. Men who fought for their constitutional rights in 1776 did not want to be hired to do it; neither do the men who are fighting for their constitutional rights in 1861."

Emboldened by this disloyal attitude in a journal which they had long accepted as their political gospel, its readers of Fairfield and Litchfield Counties showed the white feather extensively, rallying in peace-meetings under their blanched

[4] Knox afterward became a captain in the First Artillery.

banner. In Hattertown (Redding), a handsome and expensive white flag was suspended across the street; but, being menaced, it was taken down, and buried by its proprietor to preserve it.

In Monroe they were bolder in the display of their banner, even if the sequence shows they were not braver in its defense. A peace mass-meeting was called at Stepney, in that town, for Aug. 24, to declare against the war. The three-months' soldiers, just mustered out of service, were in no mood to tolerate what they regarded as incipient treason, and resolved to disperse this assemblage. On the morning of the appointed day, two or three omnibus-loads of Capt. Frye's company, Third Regiment, armed with revolvers, made their way out of Bridgeport, accompanied by a long procession of citizens. There was an immense gathering of peace-men at Stepney. Families had come from all the towns around to "stop the unrighteous war." A very tall hickory pole was raised at the head of the green; and to its top were run up two flags, — one an ancient Jackson war-flag, with thirty stripes; and the other the pale emblem of their patriotism, bearing the word "PEACE" in large letters. The flags were vigorously cheered; and a multitude of armed peace-men rallied around the strange bunting, and swore to defend it against all comers and to the last dire extremity. The platform under the flags was then occupied by Ellis B. Schnable, already notorious as an opponent of the war; E. B. Goodsell, late postmaster at Bridgeport; Gen. Judson Curtis, a neighborhood celebrity; and D. H. Belden, a Newtown lawyer, who were to expound the doctrines; and Mr. Charles Smith, an intermittent preacher of the vicinity, who proceeded to ask the blessing of the Lord on the movement. He had not, however, progressed so far as this in his supplication, when he slightly opened his eyes, and beheld, to his horror, the Bridgeport omnibuses coming over the hill, garnished with Union banners, and vocal with loyal cheers. This was the signal for a panic: Bull Run, on a small scale, was re-enacted. The devout Smith, and the undelivered orators, it is alleged, took refuge in a field of corn. The procession drove straight to the pole, unresisted, the hostile crowd parting to let them

pass; and a tall man, John Platt, amid some mutterings, climbed the pole, reached the halyards, and the mongrel banners were on the ground. Some of the peace-men, rallying, drew weapons on "the invaders;" and a musket and a revolver were taken from them by soldiers at the very instant of firing. Another of the defenders fired a revolver, and was chased into the fields. Still others, waxing belligerent, were disarmed; and a number of loaded muskets, found stored in an adjacent shed, were seized. The stars and stripes were hoisted upon the pole, and wildly cheered. P T. Barnum was then taken on the shoulders of the boys in blue, and put on the platform, where he made a speech full of patriotism, spiced with the humor of the occasion. Capt. James E. Dunham also said a few words to the point. Schnable, emerging from the cornfield, gave the speaker the lie; when he was set upon by the crowd, and, says a newspaper of the day, "he was somewhat severely kicked." The Star-spangled Banner was then sung in chorus, and a series of resolutions passed, declaring that "loyal men are the rightful custodians of the peace of Connecticut." Elias Howe, jr., chairman, made his speech when the crowd threatened to shoot the speakers: "If they fire a gun, boys, burn the whole town, and I'll pay for it!" After giving the citizens wholesome advice concerning the substituted flag, and their duty to the government, the procession returned to Bridgeport, with the white flag trailing in the mud behind an omnibus. The soldiers threatened a descent on the Farmer office; but, being appealed to by the leaders in the raid on Stepney, they promised to desist. They were received at Bridgeport by approving crowds, and were greeted with continuous cheers as they passed along.

As evening fell, the crowd increased, swarming through the streets; so that the vicinity of Main and Wall was completely blocked up. Five to eight thousand were out. A glee-club, on the balcony of the Sterling House, sang patriotic songs. The Stepney affair was eagerly commented on.[5]

[5] At a meeting in the evening, a prudential committee was appointed, consisting of Hanford Lyon, Gideon Thompson, Frederick Wood, P. T. Barnum, S. B. Ferguson, Horace Nichols, A. P. Houston, B. K. Mills, Monson Hawley, Russell Tomlinson, George S. Sanford, E. P. Abernethy, William H. Noble, and Stephen Lounsbury.

The Union, the songs, and the soldiers were cheered; and the contiguous Farmer newspaper received hearty denunciation. At length, the enthusiasm of the citizens and the rage of the soldiers culminated in a descent by the latter on the establishment. Down Wall Street they rushed with the cry, "To the Farmer office!" A warm reception was anticipated; for it was believed that Messrs. Pomeroy and Morse had a large number of friends on guard: but the "watchmen" were away, and the assailants, after forcing an entrance, met no opposition. They threw every thing portable — paper, types, and machinery — out of the window; and the angry crowd below scattered them through the street. The newspaper and job presses were broken and destroyed. "A number of recently-occupied bunks, and two hundred turned clubs for defense, were found in an adjoining room." When the soldiers entered, Mr. Morse fled to the roof, whence, by neighboring buildings, he escaped. He was sheltered by political sympathizers; but after remaining in the State a few days, hooted, groaned, and insulted wherever he appeared in public, he "fled from persecution," and, *viâ* Canada, joined his fortunes to those of his rebel friends and co-laborers in Augusta, Ga.[6]

A peace-flag having been unfurled in Morris, Litchfield County, a meeting was called for Aug. 28, duly to dedicate the emblem with appropriate oratory. Mr. Eaton was expected, also the redoubtable Schnable. The former failed to arrive. Schnable made an inflammatory speech to his friends, armed to defend him. After the meeting adjourned, the orator was arrested by Deputy-Sheriff Edward O. Peck of Litchfield, delivered to United-States Marshal Carr, and by him consigned to Fort Lafayette.

In order to put an end to these collisions, Gov. Buckingham, about the 1st of September, issued the following proclamation: —

"Eleven States of the Union are now armed and in open rebellion against Federal authority. They have paralyzed the business of the nation, have involved us in civil war, and are exerting their combined energies

[6] There he edited a paper, until the insatiate Sherman thrust his sword-blade through the vitals of the Confederacy, when he again became a martyr for his principles.

to rob us of the blessings of a free government. The greatness of their crime has no parallel in the history of free governments.

"At this critical juncture, our liberties are still further imperiled by the utterance of seditious language; by a traitorous press, which excuses or justifies the Rebellion; by secret organizations, which propose to resist the execution of the laws by force; by the public exhibition of *peace-flags*, falsely so called; and by an effort to redress grievances, regardless of the forms and officers of the land.

"The very existence of our government, the future prosperity of this entire nation, and the hopes of universal freedom, demand that these outrages be suppressed.

"The Constitution guarantees liberty of speech and of the press, but holds the person and the press responsible for the evils which result from this liberty; it guarantees the protection of property, but regards no property as sacred which is used to subvert governmental authority; it guarantees the person from unreasonable seizure, but it protects no individual from arrest and punishment who gives aid and comfort to the enemies of our country; it provides by law for the punishment of offenders, but allows no grievance to be redressed by violence.

"I therefore call upon the citizens of this State to support and uphold the government, and to abstain from every act that can tend to encourage and strengthen this conspiracy; and I call upon the officers of the law to be active, diligent, and fearless in arresting, and instituting legal proceedings for the punishment of, those who disturb the public peace, of those who are guilty of sedition and treason, and of those who are embraced in combinations to obstruct the execution of the laws; so that peace may again be restored to our distracted country, and the liberties of the people be preserved."

This prompt manifesto, and the overwhelming popular sentiment, immediately put an end to public demonstrations against the war. A few irrepressible "peace" men for a while expended their surplus energy in visiting camps, and advising volunteers to desert: but even this was made perilous by a public notice from United-States Marshal Carr, that all persons detected in such attempts would "be summarily dealt with;" and the "peace" agitation entirely subsided.

These eruptions were thought, at the time, to discourage enlistments: but it now seems rather, that, acting as a counter-irritant, the movement stimulated volunteering; patriotic ardor being increased by the very means used to allay it. Certain it is, that at no other period of the war was recruiting so rapid as while Messrs. Schnable, Eaton, and Morse were appealing to the young men not to participate in "the wicked war of subjugation."

Connecticut had now two regiments in the field, both for three years. On Aug. 15, the governor called for four more regiments; and with such alacrity did volunteering go forward, that, within two weeks, the Sixth and Seventh Regiments were full; and, before another call was out, twenty-four companies offered themselves for the Eighth Regiment, and eleven for the Ninth (Irish).

On Aug. 14, the nation was thrilled and saddened to hear of the death of the heroic Brig.-Gen. Lyon, slain four days before in the battle of Wilson's Creek, Missouri. He was the first Union general killed in the war;[7] and the loyal people already looked upon him with hope and enthusiasm, as one of the stanchest of their defenders. Had he lived, he would have attained a high command; for he had the modesty and the obstinate persistence of Grant, and the dash and boldness of Sheridan.

Nathaniel Lyon was born in that part of Ashford which is now Eastford, Conn., July 14, 1818. It is not surprising that he early showed a bent for military life; for he was a grandson of Lieut. Daniel Knowlton of the Revolution, of whom Putnam said, "Such is his courage, that I could order him into the mouth of a loaded cannon." He prepared himself in the district schools for West Point, where he graduated in 1841. As lieutenant, he fought through the Seminole War; and subsequently through the Mexican War, where he was brevetted captain for gallant conduct. For four years he was stationed on the Californian frontier, an experience full of hardship and perilous adventure.

The year 1861 found Capt. Lyon in command of the arsenal in St. Louis. When it seemed possible that Fort Sumter was to be surrendered without a struggle, he wrote, —

"I would rather see the country lighted up with the flames of war, from the center to its remotest border, than that the great rights and hopes of the human race expire before the arrogance of secessionists. Of this, however, there is no danger. They are at war with nature and the human heart, and cannot succeed."

[7] It is a noticeable fact, that Connecticut furnished the first four martyrs of the war of the rank of general, colonel, major, and captain, — Lyon, Ellsworth, Winthrop, and Ward; the first four men, also, whose heroic deaths gave a marked impulse and momentum to the war-spirit of the North.

Though assigned by order to the arsenal, Capt. Lyon's vigilance included the whole State of Missouri; and outwitting the traitorous Gov. Jackson in council, and outgeneraling him in the field, the Union cause grew strong through the overmastering strength of its champion. A secession mob gathered around the arsenal to appropriate the large amount of arms and ammunition there stored: Lyon decoyed the mob away, and, placing all that was valuable on board a steamer in the night, transported it to Illinois. The rebel governor, Jackson, demanded a withdrawal of United-States troops from all territory outside of the arsenal: Lyon refused compliance. A rebel camp of instruction named after the governor, and its streets named in honor of Jefferson Davis and Beauregard, was established outside the city; and there several thousand young traitors were assembled under command of Gen. Frost, and armed with muskets stolen from Baton Rouge. Instead of waiting to be attacked, Capt. Lyon, on May 10, surrounded the camp with several thousand raw volunteers, and compelled it to surrender in thirty minutes. St. Louis, thereupon, became a furnace of rage and riotous tumult. Lyon quelled it by promptness and sternness, under which a few of the traitors lost their lives. The timid Secretary of War, thinking him too precipitate, superseded him by Gen. Harney; but one week of the one-sided "neutrality" of Harney was enough even for Cameron, and Lyon was reinstated as brigadier-general.

On June 11, Gov. Jackson and Gen. Price sought an interview with Gen. Lyon; but their attempt to inveigle him into the Harney neutrality trap was a total failure. They were crafty; but he was wise: and he not only firmly rejected their proposal that the home-guard should be dispersed, but demanded the nullification of all the recent State laws which impeded the free action of the United-States forces, or in any way qualified the loyalty of Missouri. Gov. Jackson, failing in his diplomatic treachery, now had resort to open war; and next day he issued his proclamation from the capital, exhorting "the brave-hearted Missourians," to the number of fifty thousand, to "rally to the flag of their State," and "drive out the invaders who had dared to

desecrate the soil." Lyon was the first man to respond; for the very next day he started for Jefferson City with two steamers and fifteen hundred men. The valiant governor fled at his approach, and retreated forty miles to Booneville. Lyon issued a proclamation to the people, full of kindness and dignity, but breathing his own resolute purpose. Re-inforced by five hundred men, he followed next day to Booneville, and, with two thousand men, attacked the rebel camp of not less than thirty thousand ill-armed adherents of Jackson.[8] The assault was so determined and rapid, that the rebels broke in twenty minutes, and threw away their muskets in a panic, which ended in a rout. The camp-equipage, provisions, ammunition, horses, and guns fell into Lyon's hands; and the enemy was completely dispersed.

The vigor of Lyon had restored the authority of the Union in Missouri; the rebels only appearing in the south-western corner of the State, where Price and McCulloch industriously rallied the defeated armies. As soon as he could form his trains, he marched rapidly on Springfield. The whole distance of two hundred miles, including the crossing of two swollen rivers, was accomplished in eleven days; and the last fifty miles was made in twenty-four hours, — a celerity of movement almost without parallel. Here he was re-inforced by three thousand men; but these were the last: and henceforth his little command grew weaker day by day. Meantime, the foe were gathering. Lyon resolved to defeat them in detail; and, during the next week, fell upon and dispersed large bodies of rebel troops, under Gen. Rains, at Dug Springs and at McCulloch Springs, twenty miles from Springfield. He retired again to that city, and called earnestly for re-inforcements; for the four rebel armies, under Price, McCulloch, Pierce, and McBride, were already united at Wilson's Creek, only ten miles distant, the combined forces numbering not less than twenty-three thousand men.[9] His calls were unheeded. Promises came to Lyon, but no soldiers; and he felt that

[8] *Vide* Life of Gen. Lyon.

[9] Pollard, in the Lost Cause, acknowledges only thirteen thousand.

he was left to defeat.[10] As a last desperate resort, he conceived the bold design of marching forth by night with his little army of five thousand, and surprising the rebel camp. "By striking a sudden blow, he hoped to inflict so deep a wound as to paralyze the enemy till he could be relieved by re-inforcements, or retreat in safety."[11] He left Springfield Aug. 9; and at night came in sight of the hostile fires, and rushed upon the camp at dawn, leading one column against the north side, while Sigel led another against the south. Nothing prevented the surprise from being complete and overwhelming, except the singular circumstance that McCulloch had simultaneously planned a night-attack on Springfield; and the men, with no pickets out, were sleeping on their arms. Lyon's little army was within musket-shot before it was discovered; then it plunged through the camp; and McCulloch fled from the breakfast-table, and led the bewildered rebels to the adjacent hills. But they took their arms. The ensuing conflict was one of the most skilfully-managed and resolutely-contested, not only of this war, but of any war.

The battle raged for six hours; and how terrible were the onsets may be learned from the fact that the rebels acknowledged a loss of over five hundred killed, while Lyon's loss was two hundred and fifty killed and a thousand wounded and missing.[12] Early in the engagement, Gen. Lyon's horse was shot under him, and he was three times badly wounded. The closing scene of his gallant life is graphically described by his biographer, Dr. A. Woodward: —

"Mounting another horse, he rode back to the front in order to rally the thinned and bleeding but not disheartened lines for a fresh attack. He now directed the fragments of one or two regiments to charge the enemy with the bayonet. Many of their officers were disabled, and they called for a leader. With countenance blanched from the loss of blood, and haggard from anxiety, Gen. Lyon threw himself to the head of the column, and, with hat waving, cheered it onward. Inspired with almost superhu-

[10] Gen. Frémont, in command of the Department of the North-west, was widely censured for failing to give Lyon proper support.

[11] Woodward's Life of Gen. Lyon, p. 307.

[12] Major Sturgis, in his official report of the battle, said of Surgeon Sprague (of Danielsonville, Conn.), that "he attended the wounded with as much self-possession as if no battle were raging around him, and not only took charge of the wounded brought to him, but found time to use a musket with good effect against the enemy."

man energy by the heroism of their chief, the men rushed forward, scattering the enemy like chaff. But in that charge the brave Lyon fell. Our country, in the crisis of her darkest peril, lost that hour one of her clearest heads and stoutest hearts. He placed no value upon repose, comfort, or even life, when the land that he loved with all the devotion of his generous soul demanded their sacrifice."

When he fell, the battle ended: no other leader could so inspire the soldiers. Sigel took up a reluctant retreat to Rolla; but the enemy were so badly crippled, that they could not pursue.

In the confusion of the retreat, the remains of Lyon were left behind. Mrs. Phelps, wife of Col. John S. Phelps, member of Congress for the district, and an unqualified Unionist, caused the body to be incased in a coffin hermetically closed, then concealed it in an old cellar under some straw. Finally, fearing it would be disturbed by the rebel soldiers, she had it taken out and buried in the night. When Danford Knowlton of New York, and John B. Hasler, relatives of Lyon, arrived, she assisted them to recover the body. To this lady the thanks and honors of the nation are due; for she gave her time and expended her fortune in the relief of sick and wounded Union soldiers.

Gen. Lyon's remains were brought to Connecticut, to be buried at Eastford, tenderly greeted all the way by tearful multitudes strewing the choicest flowers on the brave man's coffin. At St. Louis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, New York, and Hartford, the body lay in state. It was estimated that ten thousand attended the funeral at Eastford. From all Windham and the adjoining counties they came; for he represented the soul of the loyal North; and it was felt, that, in a season of timidity and inefficiency, he had borne aloft in his own hands the flag and the hope of the nation. The services were held in the Congregational church at Eastford, Ex-Gov. Chauncey F. Cleveland presiding. Judge Elisha Carpenter delivered an historical address, and Hon. Galusha A. Grow of Pennsylvania (both natives of Eastford) an oration, which eloquently enforced the lessons of the hour. Remarks were also made by Gov. Buckingham, Gov. Sprague, Senator Foster, Major-Gen. Casey, Mayor Deming of Hartford, and others; and the remains of the hero were affectionately consigned to earth with military honors.

In a marked and peculiar sense, Lyon was the Leonidas of the war; so able in council, and so brilliant in battle, as to extort reluctant praise even from his enemies;[13] so patriotic, that he bequeathed all his property, as has been currently reported, to the United-States Government; so daring, that he inspired raw farmer-boys to fight like veterans. He was not constitutionally courageous, but timid, yet he was as brave a soldier as ever drew a sword, and gave his life joyously to his country like a gallant knight; he was not religious, yet his honesty of purpose was proverbial, and he had a high uprightness of soul which even religion sometimes fails to confer; he was not a statesman, yet the schemes of wily traitors, outnumbering him ten to one, dissolved at his touch.

In Congress, Senator Pomeroy eulogized Lyon's heroism, and commended it as an example for emulation; and resolutions were passed, declaring that "the country to whose service he devoted his life will guard and preserve his fame as a part of its own glory."

At the dedication of a handsome monument to Gen. Lyon, by the State of Missouri, at Jefferson City, Senator Brown delivered a biographical address, and Lieut.-Gen. Sherman recalled some interesting reminiscences. He said of Lyon,—

"He did not wait till the meshes and trammels which were being plotted for him were perfected. He was the first man in this country that seized the whole question, and took the initiative, and determined to strike a blow, and not wait for the blow to be struck. That he did not succeed at Wilson's Creek was no fault of his, but the result of causes which he could not control. The act itself was as pure and god-like as any that ever characterized a soldier on the field of battle. I wish he could have lived; for he possessed many of those qualities which were needed in the first two or three years of the war, and his death imposed on the nation a penalty numbered by thousands on thousands of lives, and millions on millions of dollars."

[13] Pollard, in the Lost Cause and his Southern History, says, "Lyon was an undisguised and fanatical abolitionist.* He was, undoubtedly, an able and dangerous man, — a man of the times, who appreciated the force of audacity and the value of quick decision. No doubts or scruples unsettled his mind. A Connecticut Yankee, without a trace of chivalric feeling;† small in stature, wiry, active, of dark complexion, and brave to a fault. The fall of such a man was a serious loss to the Federals in Missouri."

* Yet he voted for Franklin Pierce.

† The rebels insisted that no man would fight against treason who was "chivalric."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Fourth in Maryland. — Dissatisfaction and Insubordination. — The Fifth on the Potomac. — Recruiting active. — The Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth. —Towns represented. — Departure. — Sixth and Seventh at Washington and Annapolis. — Eighth on Long Island. — "The Sons of Connecticut." — Ninth Regiment organized. — "All Full Companies" accepted. — The Tenth. — Towns represented. — Eighth and Tenth at Annapolis. — Meetings and Social Intercourse. — The Eleventh. — Recruiting. — Towns represented. — The Regiment embarks for Annapolis. — Port-Royal Expedition. — Landing of the Sixth and Seventh. — First Union Troops in South Carolina. — Tyler appointed Colonel of the Fourth. — The New Discipline. — Exposure and Privations of the Fifth.

N the mean time, the Fourth and Fifth Regiments were at the front. All the next day after its departure (June 10, 1861), the Fourth waited at Jersey City for transportation; then made a night-trip to Philadelphia, eating the oranges Mrs. Sigourney had thoughtfully provided; and took a pleasant morning-ride along the Valley of the Susquehanna. Next evening they arrived at Chambersburg, where, after their novel and fatiguing experience, they wrapped themselves in their blankets, and tumbled down in the clover to sleep, — their first bivouac. Here they pitched their camp, and tarried four days, brigaded with the 11th Pennsylvania and the 1st Wisconsin; the latter commanded by Col. John C. Starkweather, formerly of Norwich, and a native of Preston, Conn. The next week they made a camp at Hagerstown, Md., where they staid until July 6, behaving so well, that the citizens petitioned to have them remain.

At midnight, June 17, the long-roll was beaten; and the excited men were hurried off on the double-quick for Williamsport, "to meet the rebels, only six miles off." There were wild rumors that they had crossed the Potomac for an invasion of Pennsylvania. Forty rounds of ammunition had

been dealt out; and the men were eager to test their valor. "Now or never," they thought, "for the triumph of republican institutions!" On arriving, it appeared that the enemy had been seen across the river, but had drawn off on the approach of our troops. They then returned to the camp at Hagerstown; but, on the 4th of July, advanced again to Williamsport, relieving other regiments in holding this frontier. Here, while the antagonists were measuring each other's strength in Central Virginia, the Fourth had a quiet time, occupying a charming and comfortable camp until Aug. 16. Officers and men seem to have been great favorites with citizens wherever they were stationed.

The regiment was next encamped near Frederick City, at the White-oak Springs. Here the dissatisfaction which had been silently gathering came to a crisis. They had not been paid; their clothes were so worn in three months of service, that "scarce two men had hats or shirts alike; coats had long been discarded; and many were obliged to appear, even on dress-parade, lightly and airily attired in simple under-clothing."[1] So bitter was the discontent, that, on Aug. 23, about two hundred men, including Company K, marched out with their arms, and formed in line, facing the camp, announcing that they were going home. The colonel directed Capt. Kellogg to arrest them. "Shall I fire on them if necessary?" asked the captain. "Take your own course," was the reply. Capt. Kellogg ordered his men to load, marched them out, and formed line, facing Company K, within two rods. He bluntly ordered Company K to "shoulder arms." They sullenly refused. "You'll shoulder arms, or be shot!" growled he. "Company B, ready!" The muskets came to the shoulder before the order to fire was given; and the men were marched into camp, and the ringleaders taken to Banks's headquarters as prisoners. Active resistance was quelled; but discontent continued. Within a week, there were eighteen desertions, ten of them from Company K. A week later came pay-day.

About this time, a temperance meeting was organized, of which Lieut.-Col. White was chairman, and Sergeant

[1] Anniversary Address by Chaplain E. A. Walker.

Twining seeretary. Remarks were made by Major H. W Birge, Chaplain Walker, Capt. D. W Siprell, Lieuts. E. H. Mix, J. A. Turner, D. R. Hubbard, and George Harmon, and Sergeant H. J. Hubbard ; and a pledge was numerously signed by officers and men.

Sept. 6, the regiment was turned over to Gen. Banks, and started to report to him at Darnestown, where they met the Fifth Conneeticut. Three days later, Col. Woodhouse resigned his eommission, his eontinued ill health having long prevented him from taking a vigorous part in the drill and discipline of the regiment. There is no doubt that it was, at this time, an inefficient body of men, poorly instrueted both in evolutions and the manual of arms; and this became more apparent by contrast when they found themselves in camp with twenty-five thousand soldiers.

The Fifth left Hartford on the ears, July 29, escorted to the dépôt by a vast concourse of citizens. At New Haven, they embarked upon the Elm City for Elizabeth, N.J.; where they arrived next morning, and took the cars to Baltimore. Here they were transferred to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, for the Upper Potomae. Going westward from the monumental eity. the soldiers spent a dismal, gloomy, uncomfortable night in the freight-cars. A terrible storm broke upon them; and the darkness was relieved only by the lurid lightning, that oceasionally east a momentary pallor over their faees, and showed through the apertures that they were being whirled across a densely-wooded eountry. Most of the men were weary with two nights of travel, and dispirited with scant quantities of dry rations, and the rest so inspirited by frequent potions of Baltimore lager as to be in no very amiable mood.

At last, after much discomfort, they eame to a stop about a mile east of Harper's Ferry, where they left the ears, marehed two miles north, and made their camp on a stubble-field. They were first included in the brigade of Col. George H. Thomas, afterwards renowned in Tennessee ; and around them were twenty regiments of Banks's division. The Fifth was soon sent out on picket, in detaehments; and in this service it was kept employed, marehing and counter-marehing

in cold and rain, between Edwards' Ferry and Hancock. It had no established camp, and the men suffered greatly from the constant exposure and privations. They were frequently alarmed to meet an attack, and several men were captured while on picket. Aug. 19, Lieut. Putnam Day, of Putnam, died. He was a manly soldier, respected and esteemed by all his associates.

About the middle of August, the Fifth marched to Jefferson, crossed the mountains, and encamped for a few days at Point of Rocks, Md., on the Carroll Manor, a fine estate of thirteen thousand acres, formerly owned by Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

Aug. 15, the governor issued general orders, directing that volunteers be accepted for the Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth, three-years' regiments, a part of the quota of Connecticut under the recent call. Cols. Chatfield and Terry, efficient commanders of three-months' troops, were appointed colonels respectively of the Sixth and Seventh; and those regiments were ordered to rendezvous at New Haven. The camp was located in commodious barracks on Oyster Point; and there squads and half-formed companies already raised in different parts of the State immediately reported. Many who had been in the three-months' service joined these regiments either as officers or privates. By the same order, the Eighth Regiment was directed to rendezvous at Hartford.

The romance of soldiering had passed away, the fervor which followed the first call to arms had somewhat abated, the dream of taking Richmond without a struggle was succeeded by bloody realities, the day of large bounties had not come; yet the patriotic purpose of the people was still so earnest, that the four regiments were quickly raised. Meetings were held in the different towns, at which the citizens flocked to listen, to applaud, to encourage enlistments, and to contribute to the volunteer fund. Immense mass-meetings were held in the cities, — the largest and most excited gatherings ever seen in the State.

During the last days of August, most of the companies for

the Sixth and Seventh had arrived at the barracks. Sept. 3, a Windham-county company was mustered into the Sixth, followed next day by the Waterbury and New Britain companies. On the 5th, three more were mustered; also the Hartford, Danbury, and Norwich companies of the Seventh. The rest were added in a day or two. About this time, the first fractional companies of the Eighth began to move to their camp, — the grounds the Fifth had vacated, — just outside of Hartford. Drilling, which had generally begun at the places of original enlistment, was continued vigorously in the camps. Nearly all the officers, and some of the privates, had seen service; yet at least three-fourths were raw volunteers, who knew no difference between "reverse arms" and "right-shoulder-shift." The three-months' veterans put their awkward comrades sternly through the manual, and exercised them in company and battalion drill, morning, afternoon, and evening. Every squad made the most of the few days remaining, and instruction proceeded rapidly. The three regiments received Enfield rifles, the two flank companies of each being armed with Sharpe's; and succeeding regiments were generally furnished with the same admirable weapons, and the same proportion of each.

The field and staff officers of the Sixth Regiment, Col. John L. Chatfield, Lieut.-Col. William G. Ely, and Major John Speidal, were from New Haven, New London, and Fairfield Counties; and the regiment chiefly enlisted from the southern part of the State. Company A, Capt. Thomas K. Bates, was from the north-eastern towns of Windham County; Putnam furnishing thirty-one, Killingly twenty-three, and Thompson, Woodstock, and Plainfield the rest. Company B, Capt. Benjamin F. Prouty, was officered by Hartford; and the privates were from twenty towns. Company C, Capt. Daniel Klein, was mainly from the Germans of New Haven; twelve being from Norwich, and six from Waterbury. Company D, Capt. Lorenzo Meeker, was from Stamford; thirteen being from Greenwich. Company E, Capt. Edward P Hudson, was mainly from Waterbury and Prospect; neighboring towns contributing a few. Company F, Capt. Lewis C. Allen, was recruited in New Haven. Company G, Capt. John

M. Tracy was mainly from New Britain; New Haven furnishing a first lieutenant and four men, and twelve being from Farmington. Company H, Capt. Henry Biebel, another German company, received its officers, and fourteen men, from Bridgeport: Meriden furnished twenty-four, and New Haven twenty-three. Company I, Capt. Thomas Boudren, was mainly from Bridgeport: ten were from Trumbull, and a squad from adjoining towns. New Haven furnished the officers, and most of the men, of Company K, Capt. Henry G. Gerrish: eight were from Hamden.

The Seventh Regiment represented every county of the State. Of Company A, Capt. Daniel G. Francis, the first two officers, and ten men, were from Hartford; twenty-five men from Southington; the second lieutenant, and seven men, from New Britain; and twenty more from contiguous towns. The first two officers, and eight men, of Company B, Capt. Daniel C. Rodman, were from Hartford; the second lieutenant, and seven men, from Vernon; and the rest of the company hailed from Farmington, Middletown, Portland, Somers, Wethersfield, and Bolton. Wallingford had eight men in the Meriden company (C), Capt. Oliver S. Sanford. Company D, Capt. Benjamin F. Skinner, was from Danbury, Bethel, and Norwalk. Company E, Capt. Charles E. Palmer, was from Winsted (Winchester) and New Haven; a few men being furnished by Goshen, Norfolk, Orange, Colebrook, and Canton. Company F, Capt. Theodore Bacon, was officered in New Haven; that city also furnishing a third of the privates: the rest were from Derby, Waterbury, Woodbridge, and other towns of the county, with a little squad from North Canaan. The officers and half the men of Company G, Capt. Edwin S. Hitchcock, were from New Haven; and Salisbury and Canaan sent sixteen. In Company H, Capt. John B. Dennis, Norwich furnished the officers and twenty-three men; Windham had thirteen; Sprague, eleven; and Montville, Bozrah, Eastford, and Griswold, twenty more. The captain (Gray) and second lieutenant of Company I, and eighteen men, were from Bridgeport: Middletown was represented by a first lieutenant and eleven men; Canaan, by nine men; East Haddam, eleven; and

Colchester, six. In Company K, Capt. Tourtellotte, the captain and twenty-four men were from Killingly, the first lieutenant and nine men from Putnam, the second lieutenant and twenty-eight men from Woodstock, and eight from Thompson.

Col. Alfred H. Terry, colonel of the Second, was made colonel of the Sixth, Joseph R. Hawley lieutenant-colonel, and George F Gardiner major.

Sept. 17, amid the usual patriotic demonstrations by the assembled citizens, the Sixth took steamer for Jersey City, where it was transferred to cars for Washington. It arrived without unusual incident, and pitched its tents on the salubrious grounds at Glenwood, formerly occupied by the three-months' troops. Next day it was joined by the Seventh; and both were brigaded under Gen. H. G. Wright, a native of Clinton, New-Haven County, afterwards distinguished as the able commander of the Sixth army corps. It was understood that they were to be assigned to Gen. Thomas W Sherman's division, soon to make a descent upon the South-Carolina coast; and the officers vied with each other in a thorough discipline of their commands. They went to Annapolis, Oct. 5, there to await the assembling of troops and the mustering of the great squadron.

By Sept. 15, the Eighth was full; and, on the 21st, the Danbury, Norwich, and Stonington companies were mustered into the service, the rest being soon added. Edward Harland of Norwich, a popular captain in the Third Regiment, was made colonel, and was presented with an expensive sword by the New-London County bar. Capt. Glasson's New-Hartford company had been presented with a good library by Lucius Barbour.

Company A, Capt. Henry M. Hoyt, received two officers and nine men from Hartford, a lieutenant and eight men from Bridgeport, and the rest from East Windsor, Manchester, Naugatuck, and other towns. Company B, Capt. Patrick K. Ruth, took its officers and seventy-eight privates from Enfield, and a few from Suffield, Simsbury, and East Windsor. Company C, Capt. Charles W. Nash, was mainly from New Hartford; about twenty-five coming from Granby, Colebrook, Enfield,

Torrington, and Canton. Norwich furnished the officers and thirty-three men of Company D, Capt. John E. Ward; Lebanon, twenty-two; and Windham, fourteen. The officers and twenty-six men of Company E, Capt. Martin B. Smith, were from Waterbury; twenty from Litchfield; and the rest from Rocky Hill, Woodbury, and Cornwall. Plainfield furnished half of Company F, Capt. E. Y Smith; the other half representing Canterbury, Griswold, Brooklyn, and Sterling. In Company G, Capt. Hiram Appelman, were seventy-seven from Stonington, and fifteen from Groton. Company H, Capt. Douglass Fowler, was mainly from Norwalk; though Danbury, Ridgefield, Wilton, and Redding furnished a few. New Milford furnished twenty-nine men in Company I, Capt. F. W Jackson; and Brookfield, seventeen; Newtown, Washington, and Danbury, twenty more. Company K, Capt. Charles L. Upham, was mainly from Meriden.

The Eighth was well equipped, and an excellent regiment. It was assigned to Gen. Burnside's force, soon to depart for North Carolina; and, on Oct. 17, it left Camp Buckingham for Annapolis. As it passed towards the river, the departing soldiers were greeted with waving flags and resounding cheers from proud relatives and friends, and grateful strangers, who only knew them as a part of the grand Union army going eagerly forth to offer vicarious atonement for the sins of the nation. The regiment proceeded by boat to Jamaica, L.I., where it made a temporary camp. The tents were not at hand; and they were obliged to sleep on the ground, covered only by their blankets and the autumnal sky. Many favors were received from the hospitable citizens, among whom Ex-Gov. John A. King and Dr. Shelton are prominently named. The regiment attended church in a body. Soldiers and citizens also turned out to a lecture by Chaplain J. J. Woolly, at which a collection of forty dollars was made for a regimental library.

On Sept. 25, 1861, the citizens of Connecticut resident in New York met at the Fifth-avenue Hotel to organize for the purpose of receiving and entertaining our regiments passing through the city. Organization was effected by the

treasurer; Charles Gould, secretary One of their first acts was to visit the Eighth Connecticut in a body, and present a very handsome regimental flag. Gen. Prosper M. Wetmore made the presentation speech, briefly responded to by Col. Harland. From this time forward, during the entire war, the "Sons of Connecticut" were unremitting in vigilance and effort in extending a cordial hospitality to every soldier of this State in the city.

The Ninth Regiment, recruited at Camp English, New Haven, was composed of men of Irish birth or parentage. Col. Thomas W Cahill had been long connected with our State militia as captain of the Emmett Guards, and was a capable officer. His immediate assistants were Lieut.-Col. Richard F. Gibbons and Major Frederick Frye, both of Bridgeport. During the last week of September, seven companies were mustered in. From this until November, the time was employed in obtaining recruits, and acquiring the discipline of the service. The State and regimental colors were presented, Oct. 30, in an impressive speech by Hon. E. K. Foster. One flag was the gift of C. D. De Forest; the other, of the patriotic ladies of the city.

The regiment was recruited chiefly in the cities and large towns in the lower part of the State. Company A, Capt. John Duffy, contained sixty-seven from New Haven; while Hartford sent eight, and Danbury four. Company B, Capt. Patrick Garvey, received thirty-five from Meriden, nineteen from New Haven, and twelve from Cheshire and Middletown. Company C, Capt. Michael McCartin, had sixty-eight from New Haven, and eight from Norwich. Company D, Capt. Thomas C. Coats, received forty-nine from Bridgeport, and six from New Haven. Company E, Capt. James P Hennessey, was wholly from New Haven and Derby. Company F, Capt. John Foley, represented Waterbury alone. Company G, Capt. William Wright, had thirty from Hartford and vicinity. Company H, Capt. Silas W Sawyer, contained eighteen from Norwich. Company I, Capt. Elliott M. Curtiss, was made up in Fairfield County; and Company K, Capt. John A. Nelson, in Hartford.

The four regiments called for were organized. Enlist-

ments continued, apparently without abatement; and, accordingly, Gov. Buckingham issued orders to accept all full companies offering. By Sept. 18, the members of the Tenth had begun to arrive at Camp Buckingham, Hartford; and, on the 21st and 22d, two New-Haven companies were mustered in. Within another week, the first companies for the Eleventh had reported at Camp Lincoln, near the arsenal, Hartford. Enlistments and drilling continued through October. Capt. Charles L. Russell of Derby, who, with Pardee and Jepson of New Haven, had recruited a company for the Eighth, was offered the lieutenant-colonelcy of the Tenth, but declined it, except on the condition that his company could be transferred with him. His proposition was soon accepted by the governor; and his company exchanged places with Capt. Ruth's Enfield company of the Tenth. Gov. Buckingham sought for the colonelcy a regular army-officer; but, the position being declined by Capt. Frederick Myers, Lieut.-Col. Russell was, before the regiment left, promoted to be colonel. Col. Russell and Lieut.-Col. Albert W Drake were both thorough soldiers, good disciplinarians, and enthusiastic in their military spirit. They had choice material to deal with, and they infused their own zeal into the entire mass. Before the regiment left Hartford, its members had attracted much attention for their soldierly behavior.

Of Company A, Capt. Benjamin S. Pardee, twenty-six were from New Haven, fourteen from Derby, and the rest from most of the other towns in the county. Company B, Capt. Philip W Hudson, was from Manchester, Marlborough, Coventry, Glastenbury, and other towns in Hartford County. Company C, Capt. E. D. S. Goodyear, was a consolidation of squads from the two counties; New Haven, Branford, and Bristol furnishing a majority. Company D, Capt. Lewis Judd, was mainly from the north-western corner of the State. Company E, Capt. Henry A. Wells, hailed from Hartford County. Company F, Capt. Joseph W Branch, was mostly raised in the town of Sprague. Company G, Capt. Isaac L. Hoyt, was a union of a company of fifty from New Canaan, and one of thirty from Darien and Stamford. Company H,

pany I, Capt. Thomas R. Mead, was raised entirely in the town of Greenwich Company K, Capt. Edwin B. Munson, represented most of the towns of New-Haven County; New Haven, East Haven, and Bethany leading off.

This regiment also was assigned to Gen. Burnside's expedition. The Eighth had already arrived at Annapolis, after a tedious passage of four days; and, Oct. 31, the Tenth broke camp, with orders to proceed at once to the rendezvous. Before the departure, a beautiful State flag was presented by Thomas R. Trowbridge of New Haven, made for the regiment by his wife and daughter. Then taking the steamers Granite State and Mary Burton, and hailed by the cheers of thousands, the Tenth was fairly off for the war.

They were received at New York next morning by the Sons of Connecticut, and breakfasted at the Park Barracks. The national colors were presented by S. B. Chittenden, Arriving at the City of Brotherly Love next morning, they were again cared for with great hospitality. In due time, the regiment found itself at Annapolis, snugly in camp, about a mile and a half from the town. The Sixth and Seventh had left; but the Eighth was located near: and the two regiments cultivated each other's acquaintance, and prepared themselves, by constant drill on the same field, for that severe service they were destined to share together. Among the uncertain conveniences of the camps was the "stove," consisting of a hole in the ground, with the earthy sides pounded hard, or lined with stone, and a subterranean passage leading from the bottom of it to a pipe or rude chimney outside. These contrivances were expected to work on the plan of a tobacco-pipe, but, in some cases, persisted in drawing at the wrong end, changing the tents into smoke-houses.

There was heartiness and unity in the work of preparation for battle. Strict discipline was enforced. A school of instruction and a board of rigid examination were organized. Drills were almost constant, and the regiments steadily gained in compactness and soldierly bearing. Some officers left on account of ill health; a few were dismissed; "others," wrote an officer, "strong men physically, found themselves

entirely unfitted for the profession of arms, and bore the mortification of resigning that others might take their places. This was real patriotism and true courage."

The *morale* of the regiments was correspondingly raised. Gambling and liquor-selling were suppressed; offenders being severely punished, and their stakes and stock confiscated for the regimental fund. Profanity was rebuked. Unnecessary Sunday labor was avoided. Religious meetings were frequent; and, in the Tenth, an officers' special prayer-meeting was held at the tent of Col. Russell. Each regigiment also organized and supported a Sunday school, that of the Tenth attaining two hundred and fifty members. Companies had weekly prayer-meeting. The Eighth held a regimental prayer-meeting every Sunday night at their chapel, — "an enclosure of trees and earth, with walls six feet high, and no roof." Just before sailing, about fifty partook of the communion here. The Sunday-evening meeting of the Tenth was held in a clearing. Of these exercises, Capt. B. S. Pardee gave a vivid picture in a letter: —

"There, at the sound of the bugle, the men assemble, and engage with marked interest and solemnity in the services. The sight is picturesque, and to the Christian mind impressive, especially at night. Then the bright camp-fire throws out in strong relief the figures of chaplain and men, and writes in grotesque characters upon the dense surrounding thickets. Occasionally, a fresh log thrown on causes showers of sparks to mount in glistening eddies skywards, and fall in fading glory among the worshipers. The men are grouped about in easy postures, and their mobile features express clearly the emotions of the hour. Close on one side rushes by the heavily-laden train, jarring the earth in its passage; on the other comes from a camp the steady, monotonous drum-beat. The bayonets of our sentries glitter coldly in the moonlight; and white and frosty, as if snow-clad, shine the long lines of the encampment. Solemn prayer goes up to heaven for strength in the hour of trial, and earnest prayer for protection from temptation's power; comrades press home upon their fellows the necessity of safety in Christ; tearful eyes and softened hearts attest the fervor with which all unite in the petition for dear ones left at home. And so the hour passes almost unnoted, and men are surprised when the chaplain pronounces the benediction."

The Tenth was brigaded with Massachusetts troops, under Gen. Foster. The Eighth was brigaded with some New-York and Pennsylvania regiments, and Col. Harland com-

to assist in patrolling the city, now under martial law. All the Connecticut regiments occasionally held patriotic meetings around the camp-fire, at which songs were sung and speeches made, graced with reminiscences of the pleasant home-life, and foreshadowing the battles and victories to come.

Henry W Kingsbury of Lyme was commissioned to be colonel of the Eleventh; but he declined the position to accept a command in the 14th regulars, and was succeeded by Lieut.-Col. T. H. C. Kingsbury of the Fifth. All through October and November, recruiting for the regiment continued active. In every county of the State engaged in enlisting volunteers were embryo officers, their shoulder-straps depending on their success. Sometimes the officer made his headquarters at a tent. sometimes in his office or at a hall; while, not unfrequently, he rode in a buggy from town to town, holding impromptu war-meetings at schoolhouses or in other convenient rooms, and summoning the young farmers from the harvest to the tented field. The growth of each company was rapid or slow, according to the influence of friends, the efforts made by advertising, and the activity and popularity of the proposed officers. At last the regiment was declared full, and the activity of drill was redoubled. Charles Mathewson of Pomfret was lieutenant-colonel, and Capt. Griffin A. Stedman was transferred from the Fifth to be major.

Capt. George M. Southmayd's company (A) was from Danbury, New Fairfield furnishing sixteen. Capt. Timothy D. Johnson's company was mainly from Stafford; Ashford sending sixteen, and Ellington and the Windsors a dozen more. C, Capt. William Moegling, was recruited from the Germans of New-Haven and Fairfield Counties. D, Capt. Edwin R. Lee, contained nineteen from Hartford, nineteen more from Canterbury and Winsted, and the rest from the northern range of towns. E, Capt. John H. Dewell, received thirty-five men from Norfolk; Winsted, twelve; Salisbury, eight; Canaan, six. F, Capt. William Clapp, was made up from Killingly, Pomfret, Eastford, Brooklyn, and neighboring towns. In G, Capt. William I. Hyde, were represented Plain-

field, twenty-three; Newtown, thirteen; Thompson, eight. H, Capt. Albert E. Daniels, was raised mainly in Windham County I, Capt. John Griswold, was contributed by North Canaan and adjoining towns in Litchfield County K, Capt. Charles S. Denison, was raised mainly in the towns at the mouth of the Connecticut; Danbury furnishing ten.

The regiment left Hartford for Annapolis, Dec. 16; having also been assigned to the Burnside Expedition. They arrived at New York next morning, and partook of a substantial breakfast, provided by the liberal sons and daughters of Connecticut, residents of the city, whose organization has been mentioned. Speeches of encouragement and approbation were made by Gov. Buckingham, Gen. Wetmore, Col. John H. Almy, and others. A handsome set of regimental colors was presented in the Park during the day; and the regiment embarked on a steamer for Annapolis. While going down the bay in the evening, a revenue-cutter fired a blank shot across the bows of the crowded transport to bring her to. The captain, feeling that he was on patriotic service, failed to round to; when Fort Hamilton fired a solid shot, striking the vessel, and obliging the captain to stop and explain himself. The boys of the Eleventh were somewhat startled to find themselves attacked so soon.

On the second day they arrived at their destination, and pitched their tents. The Eighth and Tenth were still there, and had established a very picturesque camp, its streets ornamented with young pines. The soldiers shaded their tents, and constructed arches over the company-streets, in which the company-letter, shields, stars, and other devices, were neatly worked in evergreen, with red berries set among the wreaths. The Eleventh showed a spirit of emulation; and, though they had but three weeks to remain, they laid out a camp, and went vigorously at work to build a log-village after the model of the 24th Massachusetts, lying near. The Massachusetts boys also took hold, and rendered brotherly assistance. One more flag was unfurled over the soil of Maryland, borne to the breeze upon a tall, straight pine pole; and the Eleventh began to make itself at home. Here, drilling,

with fifty others, waited while Burnside mustered his fleet of war.

On Oct. 20, the Sixth and Seventh Connecticut, and fifteen regiments from other States, assembled at Annapolis, and embarked on thirty-three transports for the long-talked-of expedition to South Carolina under Sherman. There were tedious delays, and the squadron finally left Fortress Monroe Oct. 29. Two days out from Hampton Roads, there was a terrible south-east storm, in which the fleet was thoroughly scattered, and two of the vessels sunk. The ships which carried the Sixth and Seventh came only within speaking-distance, so that the men could hail each other during the storm. The squadron re-assembled off Port Royal Bar on Nov. 4. On the 7th was the brilliant naval battle by the ships under Com. Dupont, resulting in the capture of Forts Walker and Beauregard; while the troops lay two miles off watching the splendid bombardment.[2] The Connecticut troops were selected to land first. It was thought that the rebels might rally, and contest the possession. The Sixth, under Lieut.-Col. W G. Ely, was on board the steamer Winfield Scott; the Seventh, under Col. Terry, on boats in tow. Standing in near Fort Walker, the steamer ran aground: the crews of the boats rowed past; and the companies of the Seventh jumped into the water, and formed on the beach. The Sixth immediately debarked, and joined them. Lieut.-Col. Hawley, in a letter to the Press, said, —

"Our Seventh Regiment landed first, and had the honor of taking charge of Fort Walker over night. The companies of Capts. Francis and Rodman did the advanced picket-duty for the night. Friday the regiment was sent about five miles in a westerly direction, on an armed reconnoissance to Seabrook's Landing. We caught no rebels, but found a large quantity of provisions and other property. The rebels ran in the extremest fright, abandoning almost every thing but the clothing on them. It is as warm as June. I have oranges in my pocket picked at Seabrook's. The palmetto is plenty about us; the leaves are green on all the trees; the cotton-fields are white, waiting for the second picking; and sweet-potatoes are plenty. There is scarcely a white man left on the island. The negroes greet us with great pleasure, and are wonderfully hearty in crying, 'God bress you, mass'r.'"

Gov. Buckingham immediately issued a proclamation,

[2] Lieut. William S. Cogswell, of the Fifth Connectieut, eommanded a detachment of the signal corps at Port Royal; and the sueeess was so marked, that Col. Meyer mentioned it in the general orders.

congratulating the State and her soldiers that "the two regiments from Connecticut were the first to land on the hostile shore; and, after the stars and stripes, the flag of Connecticut was the first to wave above the traitorous soil of South Carolina."

The Connecticut troops also made the first advance from Hilton Head. The Sixth, under Lieut.-Col. Ely, was sent out to Graham's plantation, where it found and sent in large quantities of corn and other supplies. The Seventh made a reconnoissance to the lower end of the island, some fifteen miles off, and took possession of the rebel batteries there. These they held, unspiking the guns, and blazing away at Fort Pulaski in the distance. On the 20th, they reconnoitred to Dawfuskie Island, in the direction of Savannah. Capt. Rodman made his headquarters at a deserted plantation, while Capts. Palmer and Gray occupied the residence of Rev. Mr. Lawton. A letter of that date says, "Oysters and fish are abundant, wild hogs run in the jungles, the men sleep under shelter; and, on the whole, it is quite a jolly soldier life down there at Braddock's Point. Contrabands come over as rapidly as they can; their masters watching the coast, breaking up boats, and shooting the fugitives The negroes glorify us into saints. Let men in high places or low do what they please, and be as cowardly as they please, this army will not fight for slavery; and the war is a war for liberty."

Lieut.-Col. Ely of the Sixth, with three companies, had a skirmish with rebels on the west side of the island. The detachment brought in two fine brass howitzers, with a valuable pair of horses, seventy other horses, six mules, six wagons, two yoke of oxen, and other property, of a total value of fifty thousand dollars. "For this," says one of the company officers, "we never received a particle of credit, — not even a quartermaster's receipt." In December, the men were detailed to construct the new fortifications, and in three weeks moved their camps to the rear of them, and took turns at working the guns.

At Darnestown, during September, the Fourth received a competent commander in Col. Robert O. Tyler of the regular army, formerly from Hartford, and a nephew of Gen. Daniel Tyler. With him their true "army life" began. Of this undisciplined crowd of Connecticut boys he was to make soldiers. The vigor with which he went to the task indicated how thoroughly he meant to do it. He assisted at guard-mounting, and inspected every musket and every man. "There were no uniform coats, and few presentable pants, in the regiment; but, whenever an effort at neatness was made, the colonel's eye perceived it, and a compliment was sure to follow. Even the man who put a coat of blacking on his bare feet was thus rewarded for his pains, and, though destitute of pantaloons, marched off with the air of a major-general."[3] Within a week, new uniforms were received, and the old ones thrown away; and the regiment was marched to Washington. Oct. 9, it crossed Long Bridge, and took formal possession of Fort Richardson, pitching its tents temporarily on the slope below, near the river-bank.

Company A was detailed for the fort: the rest immediately began "stump-grubbing" about the fort, Col. White superintending with untiring energy; and this recreation was continued until ten acres was reclaimed from the wilderness of a Virginia forest, and made smooth as a parlor floor. Here a matchless camp was set, overlooking Washington and the Potomac. The rest of the winter was spent in constantly rigid discipline; but the days were without any exciting incident beyond an occasional review. Chaplain Walker, writing of this time, said, —

"Looking back over the five months spent at Fort Richardson, the mind is confused with details that struggle for expression. Time has not yet toned down these memories into their relative light and shade. We see them as in kaleidoscopic vision, — long lines of snow-white gloves, of glistening bayonets, of polished brass, and spotless uniforms, mixed up with carriage-loads of ladies, officers on horseback, flags, and cannon-smoke; and, with these, soberer bits of glass in the shape of sling-carts, statuary, and spread eagles; and again, stumps, picks, shovels, and the like, set off by mud and cold and wind; and these again relieved by gorgeous sunrises and sunsets, lovely days and nights, and the ever-changing,

[3] Anniversary Address, Chaplain Walker, p. 49.

ever-charming views from the summit of the hill. Turn the glass, and again we have the same things in different combinations. But in every scene may be detected the vigilant eye of our commander, scrutinizing every thing, approving every soldierly act or trait, and punishing with rigor each minute offense against perfect military discipline."

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press said, "It is a picturesque camp, a model of military neatness. Comfort, economy, and discipline are marked. These Yankees are a great people. They carry their good order and steady habits everywhere. In every thing, there is the precision of the regular army. I have seldom seen a finer body of men."

During these last months of 1861, the Fifth was still engaged in the most arduous and disagreeable duty known to a soldier's life, — holding a long picket-line in the face of an alert enemy, exposed to snow and sleet, without any winter-quarters, and without comfortable tents. In October, it moved from Darnestown to re-inforce Gen. Stone. Marching all night, it reached Edwards' Ferry the morning after the disastrous battle of Ball's Bluff; and was ordered to cross the river, and renew the attack. The order was countermanded, and the regiment went into temporary camp at Muddy Branch. Dec. 19, a company crossed the Potomac, and burnt the mill being used by the rebels at Dam Number Five. The regiment came near losing Col. Ferry, prostrated in Washington with fever; but he returned in three weeks, and was warmly welcomed. During the winter, we find the Fifth successively at Darnestown, Rockville, Frederick, Monocacy, Edwards' Ferry, Williamsport, Harper's Ferry, Jefferson, Hagerstown, Hancock, and in detachments at all the fords intervening. The first of December, their discomfort was materially modified by the receipt of a full set of Sibley tents. The winter was spent in ceaseless movements along the river, in which a degree of celerity was exhibited, which won for the Fifth the sobriquet of "the foot cavalry."

CHAPTER IX.

Extra Session of the Legislature. — Governor's Message. — A Carte Blanche. — More Regiments authorized. — Gen. Butler and the Twelfth. — A Light Battery and a Battalion of Cavalry. — At Meriden. — Off for the War. — The Ninth badly equipped. — Twelfth in Camp at Hartford. — Thirteenth in Barracks at New Haven. — Ninth and Twelfth at Ship Island. — Blockading. — The "Stone Fleet." — Effect on the Harbors of the South.

HEN Gov. Buckingham issued orders in September, 1861, for the formation of the Tenth Regiment, he had reached the limit set by the General Assembly at its May session. He therefore issued his proclamation on the 25th, convening the Assembly to consider what more the growing power of the Rebellion demanded from Connecticut, and to provide for the payment, by the State, of its proportion ($308,214) of the direct tax imposed by Congress at its July session.

The legislature met on the 9th of October following. Mr. Brandagee being disabled by illness, Hon. Henry C. Deming of Hartford was elected speaker *pro tem.* by acclamation; the Republican majority thus testifying their respect for a gentleman, who, elected as a Democrat, forgot all partisan feelings when he deemed his country in danger.

The message of the governor was terse and earnest. In referring to the war, he said, —

"Instead of inquiring how much we have done, shall we not inquire what more we can do? It is a privilege to live in a day like this; to take a bold and energetic part in the conflict which is now raging between law and anarchy, and during this revolution, which, in the onward progress of events, is to accomplish the wise designs of an overruling Providence, to exert an influence which shall aid in advancing this nation to such a position of strength and moral power, that every citizen may safely, fully,

and speedily enjoy the blessings of freedom. This is a high honor within our reach, a rich privilege which we may enjoy, and a solemn duty which God calls on us now to perform."

A law was passed authorizing the governor to enlist, organize, and equip, according to his discretion, an unlimited number of volunteers; and directing the treasurer to issue additional bonds of the State, to the amount of two million dollars, to meet whatever expenses might be incurred. This liberal action, in appropriating four million dollars in a single year, and intrusting its disbursement to a single man, evinced an uncalculating patriotism, and a confidence in the judgment and fidelity of the Executive almost without parallel.

Appropriations were made for the assistance of the families of those three-months' men who had been retained as prisoners; and the governor was authorized to pay the direct tax due the General Government by crediting the amount on the claims of the State.

A resolution was passed (the Republicans and one Democrat voting for it) instructing the comptroller to remove the portraits of Ex-Govs. Toucey and Seymour from their places on the walls of the senate-chamber.[1]

The assembly adjourned Oct. 16, after a session of only one week.

In September, it was announced that Gen. Butler had received authority to recruit one regiment from each New-England State for a secret expedition of great importance. He visited Hartford during the special session of the General Assembly, was presented to both houses, and received with great enthusiasm.

He counseled with the governor and prominent citizens, among them his old Democratic friend Hon. Henry C. Deming, then Speaker of the House of Representatives (elected by acclamation in a house largely Republican). Mr. Deming accepted a commission as colonel of a regiment to be raised for this service, and to be called "The Charter-oak Regiment." The other regiments were to take State

[1] The resolution provided that the comptroller might restore the portraits to their frames when he was satisfied of their loyalty. They were replaced before the meeting of the General Assembly in 1867.

appellations; as "The Pine-tree State," "The Granite State," "The Bay State," and "The Green-mountain Boys."[2]

The regiment thus decided on became, in the order of recruiting, the Twelfth Connecticut Volunteers, and was generally so designated.

About the middle of September, the Secretary of War signified to Gov. Buckingham his readiness to accept a battery of artillery and a battalion of cavalry from Connecticut. The governor immediately gave authority to proper persons to recruit for one company of cavalry in each congressional district, and to several persons in different parts of the State to enlist men for the battery. Both organizations were popular from the first, and volunteers were rapidly enrolled.

Oct. 22, the battery went into camp in West Meriden (Hanover District) with about a hundred men. On the 26th, the men were mustered into the service of the United States for three years. The same day, they elected Selden T. Porter of Andover, and John S. Cannon of New Haven, first lieutenants; and William T. Seward of Guilford, and George T. Metcalf of Hartford, second lieutenants. Guns and horses were soon furnished them for temporary use, and artillery practice at once began.

Recruiting-officers for the cavalry battalion were appointed, with the intention of raising one company in each congressional district; but the district-lines were not at all observed.

Oct. 23, the battalion, numbering about three hundred men, encamped beside the battery. The men were soon equipped and mounted, and spent the bright days of autumn in learning camp and guard duty and cavalry tactics. They were at once the kings and pets of the town. The people opened their doors and their hearts, visited the camp with admiring curiosity, and rarely failed to leave some "creature comfort" as a token of cordial interest.

Religious meetings were frequent, and well attended. A sentence from a discourse to them by Rev. E. Warriner, afterwards their esteemed chaplain, recalls a conception of battle

[2] In making up the force of Gen. Butler, the original plan was departed from, and he received several regiments from each State; from Connecticut, the Ninth, Twelfth, and Thirteenth. The Ninth and Thirteenth were not recruited with a view to this special service.

then shared by both, but which both would now smile at. It is this: "When you swing your saber over the head of a rebel, pray, 'God have mercy on your soul!' and then *strike;* and don't you pray too long either, for fear you may not hit him." The prayerful Cromwellian style of fighting was more popular in early theory than common in later practice.

The army-regulations make no provision for a chaplain to any organization smaller than a regiment; but the Legislature of Connecticut passed a special act for the commission and pay, by the State, of a chaplain to this battalion. Rev. Mr. Warriner was appointed; and he proceeded to organize a church on a simple basis of Christian brotherhood. Sects and creeds vanished. Christian faith, and a renunciation of sin, became the test of a hearty fellowship, which survived all the vicissitudes of camp and field, increased with the growth of the battalion to a regiment, and continued fresh and earnest to the final muster-out. It is, perhaps, worthy of record, that of the fourteen who originally united in the declaration of faith, though they were among the most devoted and daring men, all save two were preserved through countless perils to the end of the conflict. Capt. Elbridge Colburn and Sergeant William P Traganza died in the faith they professed.

Similar church-organizations were formed in nearly all the regiments of our State, and kept up with more or less earnestness; flourishing or decaying with the presence or absence of a chaplain, the nature of the service, and the character of officers and men.

The members of the battalion, as a rule, were men of superior intelligence and character. Still the chaplain is sorely exercised to find very soon one of those anomalous and versatile characters, occasionally met with, who "makes flaming speeches; and the next we hear of him, he is playing cards, swearing, shearing horses' tails, and then living on bread and water in the guard-tent."

Drill was industriously continued in both the battalion and battery; and recruiting went on through October and November, when the men were mustered into the service. The cavalry battalion had three hundred and forty-six men, some

from almost every town in the State. Company A, Capt. Andrew Bowen, had eleven from Woodstock, and eleven from Hartford: the rest were mostly from towns in Tolland and Windham Counties. Company B, Capt. Charles Farnsworth, was recruited in New Haven, Derby, and adjoining towns. Company C, Capt. William S. Fish, received seventeen men from Stonington, the rest from New-London and Middlesex Counties. Company D, Capt. L. A. Middlebrook, was recruited in Bridgeport, which furnished thirty; many towns in Fairfield and Litchfield Counties being represented. Major Henry Boardman, whose reputation as commander of the governor's Horse Guards had greatly accelerated the recruiting, was appointed major of the battalion. He resigned Nov. 18; and Judson M. Lyon was appointed to succeed him, on petition of the citizens of Woodstock and neighboring towns.

The battery was raised to a hundred and fifty-six men; Hebron having twenty-nine, and Guilford twenty-seven. Early in December, they received four bronze six-pounder James rifled guns. With these they learned artillery drill practically during the ample leisure of midwinter. In fact, both cavalry and artillery men found it necessary to exercise to keep warm. They were not inured to exposure, and had not yet learned how to make the best of their accommodations; so that it is not surprising, that, living in a village of tents in this high latitude, the soldiers suffered as much from cold as at any subsequent time.

They were impatient for active service; and at last the welcome order came. Jan. 13, 1862, the battery, with full ranks and equipments, complete in every particular, broke camp for the seat of war. The destination was not definitely announced until they had turned their backs upon a dismantled camp, and looked upon the receding shores of Connecticut; when they learned that they were to follow the Sixth and Seventh to the original Secessia, — the island-shore of South Carolina.

Feb. 20, the mounted men of the battalion also spoke their reluctant good-bys, and, full of spirit and hope, set out for Wheeling, Va.

Meanwhile, the Ninth Regiment, at New Haven, had been filling slowly. Recruiting for it, though carried on with the same auxiliaries, seemed to be less successful than for some other organizations. At no time did it attain the minimum number required.

The men were in camp for two months in New Haven; yet they received no muskets nor any general outfit. One suit of blue, of poor material, constituted their entire equipment. The regiment having been turned over to Gen. Butler, Gov. Buckingham considered that all further responsibility was assumed by the Federal Government. The officers prosecuted their drills, and enforced discipline, under every disadvantage; and neither officers nor men felt much of that military pride which accompanies the possession of the burnished arms and handsome uniforms that make a display possible. Feeling sorely the apparent indifference of the government, quite a number were induced by their friends to desert, leaving the regiment with little more than six hundred men.

In this condition, and with these feelings, they departed for Lowell, Mass., on Nov. 4; signalizing their progress through the State with conduct unusually boisterous and reckless. They went into camp by the side of the 26th Massachusetts, which was splendidly equipped in every particular. Here they resumed drill; but few of the expected recruits were added. No arms or uniforms were received. Their pantaloons were beginning to assume various degrees of dilapidation.

On Thanksgiving Day, the Ninth embarked, numbering about six hundred men, ragged, unarmed, and dispirited, accompanied by the 26th Massachusetts and a battery, on board the steam-transport Constitution, to do battle for the Union in the extreme South. At Fortress Monroe, Gen. Phelps was taken on board. After an uncomfortable voyage, they neared the long, low, white level of Ship Island, off the coast of Mississippi. Here they landed, Dec. 3, — the first of Butler's expedition, designed for the capture of New Orleans. Muskets and tents for the Ninth had been brought down, and were now distributed. The men were still wretchedly clad, and it was midwinter. Nearly half of them were without

shoes, and as many more without shirts. Several had no coats or blankets. Some drilled in a primitive attire of blouse and cotton drawers. The tents were hardly capacious enough to cover them. There was no straw to sleep on. They were without transportation, and were obliged to bring the wood for their fires four miles. This was made into rafts; and men almost naked, in water up to their arms, floated it down to camp. Chips were precious during the winter; and not a shaving was burned, except for necessary cooking. The 26th was equipped with warm blankets, ample tents, and two uniform suits of clothing per man; and to them the members of the Ninth furnished a contrast, which would have been amusing, if it were not humiliating. With the buoyancy of the Irish character, the men were hopeful, and, during these severe months, sent to their families not less than twenty thousand dollars, — almost their entire pay.

The Ninth were daily detailed to the performance of fatigue-duty, including the unloading of vessels, &c. One day, they came upon a stock of canvas shoes consigned to the post-sutler. These Col. Cahill immediately appropriated, receipting for them on his own account, and distributing them among his barefoot command. Gen. Phelps could find nothing in the regulations authorizing such an act; but the colonel found sufficient justification in the paramount law of necessity. In this service, and in this state of discomfort, the Ninth awaited the approach of spring.

Enlistments had continued for the Twelfth, and recruiting now assumed a thorough and systematic form. The bounty, National and State, was yet only a hundred and thirty dollars; and patriotism was still the main reliance. Individuals offered inducements to volunteers. Some towns voted small bounties. Many young men rode from house to house, in localities where they were known and esteemed, and made personal application to the young men at their homes, first rousing their martial ardor (generally an easy task), and then appealing to fathers and mothers to send forth their sons, with their parental blessing, to fight for freedom and the Union. These were the most successful recruiting-officers, and they gathered in the noblest and sturdiest volunteers.

The Twelfth was rather a favorite regiment from the first, and especially popular with the young war-Democrats, who rose up in every county to affirm, on the battle-field, that our country is not a confederacy, but a nation. Yet ten thousand men had already gone from the State within six months, and enlistments were slower. It was Nov. 18, when Company A pitched its tents about two miles east of Hartford, on a smooth field owned by Mr. Hamilton, sloping to the south-west, and affording abundant room for evolutions. Eight companies were on the ground, and mustered in by the 20th; though several were not full. By Dec. 2, the other two had taken their places. The camp was named Camp Lyon.

Company A, Capt. George N. Lewis, was designated as the Colt Guards; Company B, Capt. Samuel H. Granniss, the Peck Rifles; Company C, Capt. L. A. Dickinson, the Deming Guards; Company F, Capt. Sidney E. Clark, the Bushnell Rifles; Company G, Capt. Lester E. Braley, the Lyon Rifles; Company H, Capt. Foy, the Colburn Guards; Company I, Capt. John W De Forest, the Putnam Guards. These high-sounding titles soon fell into disuse.

The fancy of naming each company after some martyr of the war, or, oftener, after some philanthropic benefactor, prevailed in all the regiments; but, in all cases, these were soon displaced by the company-letter.

The towns which furnished the most men for Company A were as follows: Hartford, thirty-six; South Windsor, six; Glastenbury, six; Middletown, five. Company B, New Haven, forty-five; Branford, seven; Ashford and Madison, four each. Company C, Hartford, eleven; New Haven, twenty-four; Windsor Locks, eleven; Brooklyn, six. Company D, Capt. N. Frankau, New London, thirty-five; Waterford, thirteen; the Lymes, ten. Company E, Capt. Byxbee, Norwalk, thirty-eight; Danbury, ten; New Canaan and Brookfield, six each. Company F, New Haven, sixteen; Westbrook and East Haddam, twelve each; Chatham and Saybrook, six each. Company G, Windham, twenty-two; Voluntown, Sprague, and Canterbury, nine each. Company H, Canton, twenty-six; Hartford, eighteen; Simsbury and Avon, seven

each. Company I, Bridgeport, thirty-two ; Southington, twenty-three ; New Haven, thirteen. Company K, Capt. E. K. Abbott, Stonington, twenty-four ; Ledyard, ten ; Canterbury and Norwich, ten.

It was late in the fall before the organization of the Thirteenth Regiment was begun; and, on Nov. 2, Major Birge was transferred from the Fourth to its command. Within a month, at least the nucleus of every company was at the barracks (Durham & Booth's carriage-factory), corner of Chapel and Hamilton Streets, New Haven. The regiment was the last to be raised under the call for five hundred thousand men. The State had been closely canvassed by a hundred recruiting-agents, and the companies filled up slowly.

Company A, Capt. Henry L. Bidwell, entered the barracks as the Buckingham Guards ; and it was raised mainly in New Britain, Farmington furnishing fourteen. Company B, Capt. Apollos Comstock, was recruited by officers from New Canaan ; and its ranks represented almost every town in Fairfield County Company C, Capt. C. D. Blinn, was known as the Lyon Guards; and ten of the men were from Cornwall, thirty-six from Kent, seventeen from Sharon, eight from Goshen ; and Canaan, Salisbury, and New Milford made up the rest. Company D, Capt. C. E. Prindle, the Litchfield-county Rifles, had twenty-one from New Hartford ; and the rest were picked up through the central part of the State. Company E, Capt. E. Tisdale, was called the New-England Guards, and was raised in Thompson, Killingly, and adjacent towns in the eastern part of the State. Company F, Capt. J. J. McCord, known as the Catlin Rifles, was a consolidation of fractional companies from Norwich and Hartford. Company G, the Hebron Rifles, Capt. S. G. Gilbert, contained eight men from Hebron, fourteen from Marlborough, and seventeen from East Haddam. Company H, Capt. H. B. Sprague, was raised as the Welch Rifles, mainly in New Haven. Company I, Capt. H. L. Schleiter, was a consolidation of companies from New London and Litchfield. Company K, Capt. A. Mitchell, the Knowlton Rifles, was raised in New Haven and vicinity.

Gov. Buckingham made it a matter of duty to visit every regiment organized in the State, and address to its officers words of affectionate counsel respecting their duties, rights, and responsibilities. "I remember their substance well," says an officer. "After telling us what a noble band of men we had the honor to command, and of the high motives which had actuated them to leave their homes for scenes so full of hazard and suffering, he told us that we could do much both to promote their usefulness and to relieve their privations. 'Remember,' said he, 'that the government, though sorely pressed, makes ample provision for its defenders. Study well the Regulations: in them you will find your duties and your privileges clearly defined. Whatever the government provides, that your men are entitled to receive. See that they are thus provided. If, through the carelessness of officers on the higher staffs, such provision is not made, do not hesitate to make your complaints until the grievance is remedied. If you cannot get redress otherwise, then write me the facts fully, and I will apply to the highest power in the land for you.' Then, after an earnest appeal to us to seek divine guidance and protection, he bade us farewell. I saw, during my connection with the regiment, frequent evidences that the words of his Excellency were warmly remembered by many of the officers."

The Twelfth was rapidly taking shape as a first-class regiment. Its ranks were full. Officers and men were diligently exercised in drill: nothing but a severe storm was allowed to interfere. Snow was cleared away or trodden down. "Lieut.-Col. Colburn was enthusiastic in his drill. His experience in the State militia, and as major of the Second Connecticut (three-months' troops), fitted him well for his post. Sometimes he was so engaged as not to hear the recall. The privates usually did."[3]

The tents were of the James patent, like the Sibley in shape, having a vertical shaft of hollow iron in the centre, which served as a chimney: into this was fitted the pipe of a small sheet-iron stove, by which the tent was readily warmed. A board floor, rude tables and chairs, and beds

[3] Chaplain J. H. Bradford, Connecticut War Record, p. 134.

of straw, made the tents quite comfortable on pleasant days; and, though the men thought them hardly habitable, they lived to long for them again, and wonder that they had ever had such luxurious accommodations.

The winter was unusually cold and stormy, and the men were sometimes pinched and uncomfortable; but they were much healthier than the Thirteenth in the barracks at New Haven, and the hardier for their exposure. The measles had quite a run, and in two cases proved fatal.

The camp was much frequented by friends and citizens, and was complimented by military visitors for its neatness and good order. The regiment was thoroughly equipped by the United States, through Gen. Butler.

The privations in Camp Lyon were few compared with a soldier's experience in the field. The winter months came and passed, with little to disturb the ordinary routine except an occasional presentation of some equipments to an officer by friends at home. A few will recall the occasion of the presentation of an elegant sword and attachments to Lieut. Stanton Allyn by his fellow-townsmen of Ledyard. The company were drawn up in line, and the gifts presented by Ledyard Bill with an appropriate speech, which was fittingly responded to by the young officer. Similar scenes occurred at every camp throughout the State.

Feb. 24, the order for departure was promulgated; and, on the following morning, they turned from their disrobed camp to say good-by to their assembled friends. It was a clear morning, after a hard snow; and the men, in marching to the dépôt and loading their baggage, were chilled by the searching wind. At New Haven, they took the steamer Elm City; whence, on arrival at New York, they were transferred, still shivering, to the steam-transport Fulton, in whose capacious hold they found warmth and rest. Ammunition was the next day dealt out to the troops; and, about noon of March 1, the Fulton steamed down the harbor.

A quiet passage of eight days, with little sea-sickness, brought them to the low sand-beach of Ship Island. Four regiments had already arrived. There was nothing to eat except army-rations. An expedition to Horn Island prom-

ised fresh beef; but the cattle captured were so poor that they were not eaten with any relish, even by hungry men. Early in April, sixteen regiments were reviewed, and the Twelfth was especially complimented. It was unusually well drilled, and made a fine appearance.

The Confederate leaders were, at this time, obtaining their main army-supplies from their English friends by blockade-runners. In October, the government resolved on a novel plan of closing, temporarily at least, the ports of Charleston and Savannah, from which then chiefly the long, low, swift craft plied their trade.

The Navy Department, after consultation with many gentlemen familiar with shipping, committed the whole business of purchasing, loading, and sending out the vessels, to Richard H. Chappell of New London, giving him general instructions, and leaving all matters of detail to his discretion.

The first order was for twenty-five vessels, of from two hundred to four hundred tons each. Before these were loaded, twenty more were ordered; making a fleet of forty-five sail, to be dispatched at once. The entire coast of New England was traversed to find forty-five suitable vessels at prices within the limits named by the government. Mr. Chappell availed himself of the services of J. H. Bartlett & Sons of New Bedford, and Vernon H. Brown of Boston. Ships, barks, and brigs were purchased in New York, Fairhaven, New London, Mystic, Sag Harbor, New Bedford, Nantucket, Boston, Gloucester, and Portland. A large part of them were old whale-ships.

Great dispatch was required: the vessels were concentrated for needed repairs, and for the better facility of loading and clearing, at New London, New Bedford, and Boston. Large numbers of workmen were employed at these ports in stripping, loading, and rigging; and numerous teams engaged in hauling stone to the docks. The foundation-rocks of several New-England farms were speedily shipped to a Southern market. Masters, mates, and seamen eagerly accepted a chance to go down and see the edge of

the Rebellion. For a time, all was activity and bustle: even the teamsters caught the spirit of the enterprise, carried the American flag at the head of a line of teams, and sang patriotic songs in chorus. The arrangements for prompt sinking of the vessels when in the right position consisted of a large hole under the stern, made before loading, stopped by an outer and an inner plug secured by an inside screw. This screw could be instantly withdrawn, and the vessel would fill with water in a few minutes.

The first fleet of twenty-five sailed from their respective ports Nov. 21, 1861; while the second fleet of twenty followed on the 11th of December. Thirteen of these went from New London; the commodore for the cruise being the veteran Capt. John P. Rice, well known as a competent shipmaster. One or two of the fleet put back from accident; but nearly all were delivered to the naval commanders off Charleston and Savannah. A majority were used as at first designed, and, with their masts cut away, were, for a time, ugly customers for the keel of a blockade-runner to encounter as she tried to dodge in or out on a dark night. Some were used by the Navy Department as store-vessels in various places; others constituted the foundation for temporary wharves at Port Royal, or in the inlets where our navy was employed: not one, it is believed, "lived" to return.

Foreign sympathizers with the Rebellion denounced this as an act of vandalism more atrocious than the bombardment of a city In the results, the moral effect was evidently greater than the physical: the rebels and their friends were badly frightened, and this "feeling of the enemy" drew their fire. In a few months, the obstructed channels were replaced by new courses for the water; and probably, at the present day, hardly a trace of the stone fleet remains. Blockade-running was checked, driven to Wilmington and other ports, and rendered less safe and profitable. Mr. Chappell's account of disbursements was accepted by the government, and settled at once; and he was thanked for the promptness, integrity, and efficiency he had displayed.

CHAPTER X.

Patriotic Benevolence. — The Regiments in the Field supplied. — Sewing and Knitting. — Thanksgiving Day. — Soldiers'-aid Societies. — Systematic Effort. — Alfred Walker. — Thirteenth at New Haven. — A "Dandy Regiment." — Off for Ship Island. — The Ninth. — Dash at Biloxi and Pass Christian. — Victory. — Trophies, and Thanks of Gen. Butler. — Capture of New Orleans.

HE generous beneficence of our people had now subsided from the sudden flash to the steady glow. Our women, with eyes ever towards the front, were quick to discern wherein their first spasmodic exertions had been well and wherein ill directed, and went forward more thoughtfully to wiser efforts.

For the Fourth and Fifth Regiments, the proper authorities, having time to act, provided uniforms, with tolerable quarters and rations, and left little for citizens to do in these respects. That which was done in other respects for the first three regiments was done for them, less profusely, but more judiciously.

With these regiments, the making of havelocks ended; the soldiers having found that green leaves in the hat were more convenient, and quite as serviceable.

The friends of the Fourth promptly supplied the regimental hospital with every thing which affection suggested and good judgment approved; sent many boxes to the "boys" in the various companies; and in the autumn supplied. for a time, nearly all the clothing and shoes which the regiment had. The Fifth reached Harper's Ferry on Aug. 4; and by the 10th a large consignment of miscellaneous supplies had been sent by the people of Southbury and Woodbury to the Woodbury company, — enough, in fact,

distributed with a soldier's generosity, to scatter some comfort through the entire regiment, as is indicated by a grateful acknowledgment from Col. Ferry.

This was but the first of many welcome boxes and barrels from these and other towns.

The hospital of the regiment was provided with bedding of every sort; with medicines, fruits, jellies, wines, for the sick and the convalescent. The hospitals of the regiments in camp in the State were similarly provided, so far as was necessary. Those who fell sick were generally sent to their homes to recover, except in cases of contagious maladies; and the ladies promptly provided every thing they could to alleviate these cases. As soon as cold weather came on, knitting-circles were formed. Among the earliest were those at Norwalk, which met on Tuesday and Friday evenings of each week, at different houses conveniently situated. On Dec. 20, one hundred and eight were present, all busily rattling the nimble needles. A box of mittens and stockings to the Fifth Connecticut Volunteers, and another to the Eighth Connecticut Volunteers, were early fruits of their diligent labors. Many boxes followed.

Soon, in circles, or at their houses, women all over the State were knitting. This method of manifesting practical patriotism was particularly popular among the old ladies. Mrs. Abiah Cady of Plainfield, the widow of a Revolutionary soldier, then ninety-four years of age, finished, in six weeks, ten pairs of stockings for the boys from that town. Mrs. Prudence Stoddard of Norwich, then almost a century old, was almost constantly busied in the same way. She had knitted stockings for soldiers in three wars.

Hon. Henry S. Sanford of Derby, our minister at the court of Holland, and one of the most accomplished representatives of America abroad, sent home, as a present to the State, two handsome steel cannon. His patriotism was shown in similar gifts to some other States.

When Thanksgiving approached, a goodly quantity of poultry and pumpkin-pies were dispatched from various towns to the men in the Fourth and Fifth in the field, and to the Eighth and Tenth at Annapolis. The happy recipients

did their best to enjoy the day in New-England style; and the remembrance made their hearts warm and grateful, in spite of the fact, that, in many cases, the uneasy chickens and pumpkin-pies had performed a good many revolutions.

The ladies of Meriden bountifully supplied the First Cavalry and First Battery in Camp Tyler (at Hanover); the citizens of other places sent in a considerable quantity of provisions suitable to the day for troops encamped in their vicinity; while Mr. B. F. Mansfield of New Haven, then United-States commissary[1] for this State and Rhode Island, supplied deficiencies in all the camps at his own personal expense. The Thirteenth Regiment, in barracks at New Haven, passed, as a regiment, enthusiastic resolutions of thanks to Mr. Mansfield; and other regiments, through their officers, handsomely acknowledged his welcome donations.

The Sixth and Seventh Regiments had received, before their departure for Hilton Head, hospital-supplies, packages of books and papers, and a large number of boxes sent by friends to individual soldiers.

The Eighth and Tenth Regiments, which remained longer at Annapolis, received large donations of books, papers, clothing, and delicacies, both for the hospital and for general distribution, from Norwich, Mystic, Bridgeport, New Haven, Norwalk, Washington, and other towns.

The ladies of Bridgeport organized a soldiers'-aid society on the 15th day of April, and those of Middletown on the 20th, and those of a very few other towns about the same time.

But during the summer the work for soldiers was chiefly in disconnected efforts, by families or groups of families, for a soldier or squad from their own neighborhood, or in re-

[1] Mr. Mansfield, as a militia-officer, was somewhat acquainted with military methods. Col. Loomis, the United-States mustering-officer, who was a total stranger in New Haven, finding him thoroughly competent, immediately requested him to prepare the camps of the three-months' regiments, and then to provide rations and all kinds of supplies. This he performed faithfully, without compensation, until the three regiments left for the field. Col. Loomis recommended him to his successor, and also to Col. Tomkins and others in New York, who secured his permanent services as deputy commissary for Connecticut and Rhode Island. In this capacity, he supplied, besides many other troops, all the regiments raised in our State, until a regular United-States post was established at Grape-vine Point in the latter part of 1863.

He made numerous journeys to the army on business of the supply department, carrying and bringing always messages and packages by the hundred, and distributing often, at either end of his journey, much more than had been put into his hands.

sponse to some general appeal. In the latter case, the efforts of a large number of communities were sometimes directed to a single point; and superabundance and waste ensued, while suffering at other points was unrelieved. But our women, as they had learned what to send, soon began to learn how to send; and system was gradually evolved.

On the 9th of June, the Sanitary Commission was organized, and issued its first circular from Washington on the 3d of July. The response to the call was not very general or liberal.

The Commission had not yet a sure foothold in the army hospitals; and was, in face of English experience in the Crimean War, scouted and opposed by the medical department at Washington. Besides, the attention of the people was fixed on the camps and regimental hospitals. The general hospitals had yet comparatively few patients.

We find, however, that the ladies of New Haven sent, on the 5th of August, several large boxes of supplies to Miss Dix for the hospitals at Washington. There were other small contributions from individuals, and occasionally from sewing-circles. The circular issued on the 5th of October, "To the Loyal Women of America," produced a much greater impression. Supplies of value were forwarded during the month of November from Hartford, Mystic, Stonington, and other towns. Women now resolved to accumulate supplies for coming exigencies. Societies were everywhere formed for regular continued labor. The larger number of these ultimately became auxiliaries of the Sanitary Commission.

About the 10th of October, Alfred Walker of New Haven gave public notice that he would receive at his furniture store, and pack and forward, whatever the people saw fit to contribute for the Sanitary Commission.[2] Many smiled at the idea; and some sterling patriots told him that he would not get five boxes. His own estimate, though higher than that, is yet revealed by the fact that he set out to keep his records on the last leaves of an old ledger; devoting the last

[2] The effort grew out of the appointment, at an informal meeting in October, 1861, of A. C. Twining, Alfred Walker, Charles Carlisle, S. D. Pardee, Thomas R. Trowbridge, and Moses C. White, as a committee to aid in furnishing supplies for sick and wounded soldiers. The other members of the committee assisted from time to time; but the burden of care and labor was borne from the first by Mr. Walker.

two pages to the cash account, and the preceding four to the record of articles received and forwarded.

On the 17th, he collected twenty dollars from E. Salisbury, ten each from James Brewster, James M. Hoppin, and N. B. Ives, to pay for freight.

On the 19th, he sent the first box; on the 23d, the seventh; by Nov. 6, he had filled the four blank pages, ending with box No. 28, — twenty-seven bottles of wine; and, wisely writing backwards from that time, he notes, early in February, the hundredth box; and in November, 1862, his record shows that he had forwarded from eighty-six localities, including New Haven, three hundred and seventy-one boxes and barrels to the Sanitary Commission, and forty-four boxes to Connecticut regiments; the whole bearing a value, at moderate estimate, of more than twenty-five thousand dollars.

Seeing the rising tide, Mr. Walker, in November, 1861, secured free transportation by boat to New York, and thence, with government freight, to Baltimore and Washington. The records and accounts were kept gratuitously by himself and others in his store. His employés, assisted by ladies who volunteered, packed the goods free of charge. By these means, the entire cash expenditure for assorting, packing boxes, and freight, for the entire year, was but $1,242.01, of which he collected $1,232.03. The entire task was conducted by Mr. Walker with the exactness and system of his own private business.

The name of every article was four times written out, — once when received (and this time with the name of the town, and often of the individual donor), a second time for publication in the daily paper, again when packed, and a fourth time in an invoice forwarded with the box. Of the labor thus incurred, we may form some idea from the fact, that at the time of a partial report in April, when about one-third was done, 16,098 separate articles had been received.[3] These minute statements indicate the nature and value of materials sent: Box No. 3 contained twenty-nine woolen blankets, thirty-three bed-quilts, thirty-three cotton sheets, thirty-eight pillows, thirty-eight pairs of pillow-cases. Box

[3] Accompanying this report of five months' work is the tabular statement on p. 153.

No. 34 had thirty-five pairs sheets, fifty-seven pairs pillow-cases, thirty-one papers corn-starch, eight pounds crushed sugar, seven wrappers, seven bowls of jelly, nine bottles of wine, one bottle sherbet, one bottle brandy, one bottle peppermint, one bottle catchup, nineteen towels, sixteen pairs pillows, twenty-four pairs socks, six pairs cotton socks,

TABULAR VIEW OF ARTICLES FOR THE SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS; SENT THROUGH THE AGENCY AT NEW HAVEN, FROM DIFFERENT TOWNS.

NAMES OF TOWNS.	Blankets.	Comforts, Quilts, and Ticks.	Sheets.	Pillows and Cushions.	Shirts.	Wrappers.	Drawers.	Stockings and Mittens.	Bedgowns.	Towels and Handkerchiefs.	Jars of Jelly.	Bottles of Wines.	Lot of Magazines and Number of Books.	Groceries in Packages.	Miscellanies.	Cash.
New Haven	236	328	223	450	288	105	186	762	196	644	205	101	1200	126	386	$242.75
East Haven	18	22	19	73	15	..	7	45	6	115	..	5	1	2	13	2.00
West Haven.	19	32	42	62	33	4	19	12	8	18	10	1	57	2	10	3.00
North Haven.	3	..	2	..	..	..	..	6	.	10	..	.	6	..	68	5.00
Fair Haven.	5	17	32	16	110	.	15	115	8	39	10	5	160	.	5	....
Woodbridge	5	15	15	8	14		6	12	4	..	.	.	16	..	..	...
Westville.	12	9	6	13	2	3	10	22	..	8	6	6	..	3	3	....
Waterbury.	22	31	37	27	22	.	.	..	.	8	..	..	1	.	6	..
Whitneyville.	5	2	5	1	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	2	3	12	....
Wallingford	26	47	58	101	90	..	48	61	18	39	14	10	..	..	..	....
Prospect	5	7	32	42	..	..	..	5	2	19	..	2	12	2	23	2.35
Southbury	13	35	23	27	2	1	..	41	..	6	19	..	..	..	44	....
Meriden	5	11	15	27	46	..	27	45	.	36	.	..	6	4	26	....
Orange.	10	13	40	49	15	.	27	21	4	16	5	10	50	17	20	14.20
Branford	3	.	..	2	15	..	2	4	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	...
Oxford	12	6	13	16	..	1	..	8	..	4	..	..	36	5	13	....
Cheshire	15	39	63	16	30	11	14	68	12	197	28	35	150	185	125	....
Milford.	45	8	90	59	47	4	43	41	5	142	..	..	20	6	5	....
North Branford	3	21	11	41	.	1	..	34	.	13	.	10	..	.	1	....
North Guilford.	.	1	1	65	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Naugatuck.	..	26	70	24	..	7	..	26	.	10	15	11	12	41	17	....
Guilford	..	..	..	..	20	12	5	4	..	18	.	..	..	1	19	....
Durham	12	41	27	21	5	2	15	53	21	54	1	6	12	12	14	....
Seymour	18	41	47	53	3	..	12	21	3	16	14	25	420	7	11	....
Wolcott	17	22	16	19	1	2	1	6	..	13	..	.	30	5	63	2.50
Bethany	6	25	33	53	12	..	2	18	3	33		8	1	4	30	12.00
Mt. Carmel	7	26	13	14	12	8	17	38	3	..	4	6	14	.	101	1.75
South Britain	.	..	11	.	29	..	6	23	..	82	..	..	..	..	43	....
Rockville.	2	11	11	8	..	12	4	29	8	..	3	.	3	11	8	....
Woodbury	12	26	20	31	10	1	9	73	1	3	3	5	36	..	14	102.00
Huntington	13	30	52	42	..	..	12	28	1	1	..	..	4	..	34	...
Plymouth Hollow	5	36	23	6	10	9	6	13	..	24	..	4	30	24	38	...
Farmington	3	47	55	22	14	10	23	125	9	45	6	8	29	4	31	....
Northfield	..	4	10	17	16	11	16	41	3	2	..	4	6	4	8	....
Darien	14	7	2	6	6	..	5	11	..	..	..	17	18	12	2	...
Unionville	3	25	23	6	12	6	25	26	..	9	1	..	68	16	33	...
Jewett City	..	13	7	23	2	..	..	80	..	3	.	..	12	..	23	...
	574	1024	1177	1388	782	210	533	1890	320	919	344	269	2275	552	1312	$387.55

TOTAL NUMBER OF ARTICLES 13,098.

Since this table was made up, a large and valuable donation of articles has come from Essex and North Woodbury; and it is proper to add, that we are still sending an average of six boxes each week.

six skeins of yarn, two rolls linen, six rolls cotton, five bags of fruit, one pair of slippers, three cans sweetmeats, two backgammon-boards, one checker-board, needles, thread, buttons, books, cups, pans, soap, tallow, beeswax, &c. No. 232 was packed with forty-one jars of jelly; 237, with seventeen kegs of pickles; 239, with fifteen jars of currant-jelly; 295, with eighteen gallons of pickles and a box of jellies; while 314 was a half-barrel of barberry-jam. These examples are selected with a view to variety, not superiority; and are little, if at all, above the average value.

These records show, too, how this vast quantity came, unasked, by items, from the homes of soldiers' friends. The list of contributors from out-of-the-way towns with sterile soil and scanty wealth is particularly impressive. From hilly Prospect, containing hardly sixty families, are donations from fifty-five persons, nearly all ladies; from Wolcott, not much larger or richer, came offerings from sixty-seven inhabitants. From these towns came pillows, pillow-cases, blankets, feathers, old linen, bandages, sheets, towels, handkerchiefs, dried blackberries, raspberries, currants, and apples, jellies, pickles, loose gowns, woolen blankets, books, papers, music-books, quilts, stockings, cushions, grape-wine, currant-wine, flannel sheets, corn-starch, thread, needles, buttons, cotton-cloth, and yarn, with small amounts of cash; the variety showing that the houses had been searched from garret to cellar to find all that could be spared, and the quality proving that nothing was deemed too good for the soldier. And the soldier acquainted with the families in such towns reads with moistening eye the familiar names, in these dull lists, of patient wives, of well-remembered comrades killed in battle, and other names of those, who, out of deep penury, have given that which cost them great self-denial, perhaps actual suffering. These records, kept then as a matter of business-habit, will be hereafter garnered as an historic treasure.

The barracks occupied by the Thirteenth at New Haven, during the winter of 1861–2, were poorly warmed and ventilated. Small-pox made its appearance; but a knowledge

of it was kept from soldiers and citizens. The infected were quietly removed to a pest-house. It was rumored that the patients absent and unaccounted for had deserted; and so generally was this believed, that the afflicted wife of one of the nurses left her home in Norwich, and returned to her native Scotland! Before the regiment left to join Butler's expedition, ten or twelve had died of diseases engendered within the unwholesome walls. But the barracks were not always gloomy. They were in the city, and patriotic men and women constantly brought the soldiers comforts and luxuries. Quartets came and sang to them, and orators lectured in their chapel. Prayer-meetings were numerously attended. A temperance society was formed, and large numbers signed the pledge. In this connection, the soldiers mention Rev. Mr. Dudley with gratitude.

Col. Birge was a strict if not severe disciplinarian, an accurate drill-master, proud of his men, and possessed of a quick military mind. He especially enjoined neatness, cleanliness, and martial bearing. Every belt, shoe, and box must be neatly polished; every gun-barrel and bayonet must shine like a mirror; every hand must wear a glove of spotless white; every form must be erect and manly. So much attention was given to appearance, that it is related, that, while marching through New Orleans, they were amused by the frequent comment of spectators, "This regiment is composed only of *rich* men's sons!" And Parton, in his Butler in New Orleans, styles the Thirteenth "a *dandy* regiment." Col. H. B. Sprague, in his excellent history of the regiment, says, "Many prophesied that our soldiers would prove parlor-soldiers, fit only to

> 'Caper nimbly in a lady's chamber
> To the lascivious pleasing of a lute;

and that those fine clothes would never tarry to be riddled by bullets. A year or two afterwards, at the close of a hot battle, Capt. Sprague reminded Col. Birge of these predictions. 'Well,' he replied, 'I notice they didn't run away like some of those *dirty* regiments!'" Drill was very constant through the winter. The men were mustered in by

squads, at irregular intervals, from Dec. 17 to the date of departure, and the officers on Feb. 18. England was just beginning to take sides with the Confederates: so the mustering-officer, in addition to the usual oath, bound the men to serve "against England or any foreign power that may wage war against us."

Orders soon came to leave for Ship Island in the Gulf; and, on March 17, the life at the barracks ended. Mothers, brothers, wives, sisters, and "another not a sister," hastily assembled to give a farewell word of cheer and blessing, and see their loved ones march away upon a proud mission. There was a rush and a shout of eager citizens, a streaming of bright, new banners, a roll of jubilant drums, a momentary vision of blue uniforms; and the Granite State steamed down the harbor, and was gone.

While in New York, the Sons of Connecticut paid the regiment many attentions; and Col. Birge was presented with an expensive pair of pistols by Robert H. McCurdy, the constant friend of our troops.

On March 18, the regiment was transferred, in New-York Harbor, to the ship City of New York, which, after five days' waiting, weighed anchor to join Farragut and Butler at the mouth of the Mississippi. The voyage was meager of notable incident. They had evening theatricals, participated in by Sergeants Gardner of H, and Gardner of K, Corporal Devereaux Jones, and Private Charles Raffile, — all experienced actors; and songs by Jeremiah Keefe, James McAllister, William B. Bragg, and Company A's accomplished Glee Club. The ship encountered a storm off Hatteras; touched, with some peril, at Florida Keys; sighted a rakish-looking steamer, and showed fight, with Sergeant Merrill and Private Thomas Harrison at the single cannon; and, on April 13, disembarked on Ship Island, which had just been swept by a terrible storm.

Assistant Surgeon John B. Welch of the Twelfth, from Winsted, died while the regiment remained at Ship Island, after brief but faithful service.

During the latter part of March, the Ninth was relieved from the monotony of its discomfort by a raid upon the enemy. A boat with a little girl in it being found adrift, and brought to Ship Island, Gen. Butler sent it to the nearest town, Biloxi, under a flag of truce, in charge of Major Strong, his chief of staff. While returning to the island, Major Strong was fired upon from the shore, — an act of barbarism which so incensed Gen. Butler, that he ordered the Ninth to cross the sound, and burn the town if the outrage was not promptly apologized for. The force went ashore in a steam-transport, convoyed by the gunboat New London[4] and another; and the landing was the signal for the flight of rebel soldiers and citizens in great terror. Skirmishers were sent into the country, and brought back the fugitive mayor, who made atonement by declaring that the treachery of the morning was the act of straggling ruffians over whom he had no control.

Col. Cahill took possession of the town. Next day it was rumored that there were eighteen hundred rebels at Pass Christian, twenty miles farther west, and that they were about to move on Biloxi. Col. Cahill and Major Strong considered the situation, concluded that the rebels would probably leave half their force at Pass Christian, and resolved immediately to sail down and attack the place, relying on success to justify them before their commander for exceeding instructions.

They went quietly aboard at dark, and started rapidly down the coast. The transport Lewis was a small, old, rickety craft, with a wheezy engine; but she carried two smart three-inch Sawyer guns in the bow. Col. Cahill had gone on board a gunboat to arrange the plan; when just at daylight, off Mississippi City, three rebel gunboats attacked them furiously. The two gunboats replied sharply. A naval officer advised Col. Cahill to hurry to the transport, and run her into shoal water, so that, when she sunk, the men could get ashore. He started at once, and returned in an open boat through the midst of the fire. A gunboat

[4] The New London was formerly a propeller running between New London, Conn., and New York, now altered to a screw gunboat with five guns. She was commanded by Lieut. Abner Reed, and captured many blockade-runners.

was plying savagely, with shot and shell, the crowded transport. Several shots took effect. One passed through the wheelhouse; one crashed through the cabin, turning Father Mullen, the chaplain, suddenly out of his berth. The greatest excitement and confusion prevailed.

As soon as the colonel was within hailing distance, he shouted to his men to fire; and the saucy little pieces instantly replied to the enemy's guns. The rebel was now near, and broadside to. The officers of the Ninth superintended the firing. One lucky shot shattered the rebel pilot-house; another cut the tiller-rope. The Lewis had all steam on, and was backing towards shore. Soon the overmatched rebel gunboats made off, rapidly pursued by our own.

The Ninth effected a landing at Pass Christian, and passed quickly through the town. Two miles beyond, the 4th Mississippi was drawn up in line of battle. It kept up a constant fusilade as the Ninth advanced; but the latter fired one volley, and charged with an Irish "Ya-a-a-a-ah!" when the defenders of the soil broke, and ran to the woods.

The victors scattered through the comfortable camp, and made themselves at home. Capt. Lawrence O'Brien[5] found in the commander's tent a dispatch to Gen. Lovell at New Orleans: "The Federals are landing in force. I shall defend the place. Have eight hundred infantry, two companies cavalry, and two batteries." The ink was not dry when he was retreating, demoralized, in the direction of the force that had gone to recapture Biloxi.

The camp was well provided and amply furnished; the officers' quarters even possessing a piano. They abandoned tents and equipage, arms and ammunition, food, and every thing else; and the Ninth loaded the transport with as much as they could carry back to the island. Next morning, they again embarked; and, before leaving, a committee came down, and expressed the thanks of the citizens for the good conduct of the soldiers during the night. The regiment

[5] Under the name of Osborne, Capt. O'Brien appeared, in 1867, as a Fenian officer in Ireland. He was captured and confined in Clonmel jail, one of the strongest in the island, but, to the astonishment of the English, escaped the first night. He was a brave and efficient officer, and fertile in expedients.

returned to the island in high spirits, bearing among their trophies sundry wrought-iron bowie-knives (one of them marked "Yankee exterminator") and a beautiful silk flag (the colors of the 4th Mississippi), carried off in spite of the tearful protestations of the fair rebels who made it.

It was not difficult to obtain the forgiveness of Gen. Butler for acting without authority. He issued, before going to New Orleans, the following order: —

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, April 12.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 10. — The major-general commanding desires publicly to testify his appreciation of the gallant courage and good conduct of the Ninth Connecticut Volunteers, Col. Cahill commanding, and a section of the 6th Massachusetts Battery, on a recent expedition to Biloxi and Pass Christian.

Of their bravery in the field he felt assured; but another quality, more trying to the soldier, claims his admiration. After having been, for months, subjected to the privations necessarily incident to camp-life upon this island, these well-disciplined soldiers, although for many hours in full possession of two rebel villages filled with what, to them, were most desirable luxuries, abstained from the least unauthorized interference with private property, and all molestation of peaceful citizens. This behavior is worthy of all praise.

The general commanding commends the action of the men of this expedition to every soldier in this department. Let it be imitated by all in the towns and cities we shall occupy, a living witness that the United-States soldier fights only for the Union, the Constitution, and the inforcement of the laws.

By command of Major-Gen. Butler.

GEORGE C. STRONG, *Adjutant-General.*

Farragut being ready to attack the forts on the Mississippi, Butler embarked his forces, and moved up to the passes. There was difficulty in getting on board the transports; and the Twelfth went to work at the old sunken hulk of a vessel, got it afloat, and used it as a lighter. Then, taking the ship E. W Farley, it started in advance of the troops. The Ninth took the steam-transport Matanzas. The vessels proceeded up the river near the gunboats, and witnessed the first day's bombardment and the burning of the wood-work of Fort Jackson. They were ordered down the river, and lay at the head of the passes for two weeks, where they ran a gantlet of rebel fire-ships and other perils. One night, about midnight, the men of the Twelfth were startled by a terrible crash; and the ship careened so

as to throw the men out of their berths. When order was restored, it was found that the vessel had been struck by a sunken gunboat. After the forts surrendered, the Twelfth was ordered to garrison Fort Jackson, with Col. Deming in command: but the order was changed; and the regiment was the first to ascend the river, arriving off New Orleans on the evening of April 30, a day before any other troops. The 31st Massachusetts Regiment, with Gen. Butler and staff, coming up next day, heartily cheered the Twelfth Connecticut upon the Farley, that lay at anchor before the city. The first night, they bivouacked on a wharf; thereafter, in Lafayette Square. Col. Deming immediately went to Washington with dispatches from Gen. Butler.

The Ninth were huddled upon a single transport, with a company of pioneers and a battery, — in all, some eight hundred men. There was accommodation for only two hundred and sixty below decks. The men were so crowded, that they could only sleep by reliefs, — a part at a time. The Matanzas took in tow the ship Great Republic, drifting, without a rudder, with three thousand men on board, and towed her about for several days before going up the river. On arriving at New Orleans, the Ninth was ordered to Camp Parapet, an abandoned rebel camp on the left bank of the river, twelve miles above the city, where it was joined by the Twelfth and other regiments. The guns had been spiked, and the gun-carriages burned, by the women of the neighborhood. The Ninth soon proceeded to Baton Rouge. The Twelfth remained at Camp Parapet, attracting much notice for its high state of discipline. Lieut.-Col. Colburn was in command of the regiment. He mounted guns along the parapet, and thoroughly policed the old rebel camp, cleansing and renewing it throughout. He insisted upon company-drills every morning, and brigade-drills every afternoon, with frequent exercise with the light and heavy artillery.

The Thirteenth remained for three weeks on Ship Island, making itself familiar with its simple topography and geology, drinking its sulphur-water, and going through battalion movements upon its snowy expanse of sand. They heard

the cannonading and bombardment at Farragut's passage of the forts, and learned of the tame surrender of the city. May 4, they re-embarked for New Orleans.

All the way up the river, the whites glowered savagely at them, and the blacks capered with excess of joy, and shouted "Welcome! glory to God!" Arriving at the city, the second mate threw ashore the looped end of a cable. "Boy," said he to a youth of a dozen years, who wore a Confederate artillery cap, — "boy, won't you just put that 'ere rope over that post?" — "No, I'll be damned if I will!" was the instant reply. The regiment got ashore, however, and went into temporary quarters in a cotton-yard near by; but, as Col. Sprague says, "Gen. Butler's eye soon rested on it," and he assigned it the post of honor at the Custom House, — the army headquarters. It was undoubtedly a handsome regiment; and it was much admired as it passed through the streets, even when it sang "John Brown" in concert. It was declared to be "the finest-looking regiment that ever entered New Orleans."[6] Soon its ranks were filled with new recruits, loyal men of Louisiana; and a band of seventeen professional musicians was organized. About the middle of June, a gang of burglars was discovered, including a member of Company F of the Thirteenth. They went about the city robbing the people, under pretense of military authority. They were caught, and four of them tried by Gen. Butler, and hanged at the parish prison.

Col. Sprague says that "Butler, at first, tried hard to pacify the people. For about three weeks, he used his influence, and, in one instance at least, his authority, to cause fugitives to be restored to their masters." In this purpose he was constantly thwarted by the New-England soldiers gathered about him. The Thirteenth early won the reputation of "an abolition regiment;" its officers and men persistently favoring the efforts of the negroes to leave their masters.

[6] Col. Sprague's History.

CHAPTER XI.

The Eighth, Tenth, and Eleventh leave Annapolis. — Storm off Hatteras. — Suffering and Depression. — Battle and Capture of Roanoke Island. — Death of Col. Charles L. Russell. — Another Movement. — Battle of Newberne. — Death of Col. A. W. Drake. — Incidents. — Siege of Fort Macon.

HE Eighth, Tenth, and Eleventh at Annapolis waited patiently the great expedition under Burnside, in which they were to take a part; and the cold morning-air of Nov. 6, 1861, resounded with the last *réveille* at that venerable capital. Three days' meat-rations had been cooked, and ammunition distributed; and now tents were struck and rolled, and the last article of private baggage compactly stowed away.

Then the men stood in melting snow around their fires again, and waited marching-orders. At evening, orders came to embark; and wearily and tediously the companies plodded through slush and mire, huddling here and there in groups waiting their turn. The Eighth was divided; six companies taking the bark J. P Brookman, and four the steam-transport Chasseur. Eight companies of the Tenth embarked on the steamer New Brunswick. The Eleventh was stowed away in the propeller Sentinel and bark Voltigeur. Before morning, most of the regiments were on board. Each vessel was expected to carry from two hundred to a thousand men. The following extract from a letter of Lieut.-Col. Pardee of the Tenth shows the accommodations of soldiers in transports: —

"In the lower cabin were six hundred men. To accommodate all these soldiers, bunks had been built of unplaned boards, and ran in tiers, both against the sides and through the center, leaving narrow passages between.

Into one of these spaces, six feet long, thirteen inches wide, and eighteen inches high, a soldier is expected to stow himself, his knapsack, gun, and accouterments."

Companies B and I, of the Tenth, were crowded into the filthy hold of a small schooner where coal had recently been freighted, and had neither bunks nor straw.

The Eighth was no better off. There were no berths on the Brookman. The men slept in their blankets, on deck or in the hold, where the air was stifling with the odor of bilge-water. The Eleventh were huddled together in the same way. No adequate ventilation was possible, even with a windsail rigged down the forward cabin. It was supposed by the projectors of the expedition that the troops would certainly be less than a week upon these transports; and that, for so short a time, they might be able to endure, without material injury, the discomforts of the close crowding.

Nov. 9, the signal rocket gave notice for the departure of the fleet. Next day, most of the vessels rendezvoused at Fortress Monroe. Here the soldier-passengers bought fifty thousand postage-stamps, indicating that they expected to have something to write about.

Nov. 11 and 12 they put to sea, to assemble again off Hatteras. The evening showed "a golden sunset, a long, peaceful twilight, a calm sea, from which the glories faded only to give place to the mirrored stars. These bright smiles of Nature were looked upon as harbingers of a speedy voyage and brilliant triumph." But next morning, with little premonition, a fearful storm broke upon the fleet, increasing in violence from day to day. Many of the frailer craft were lost. For three weeks, the helpless fleet lay tossing in the storm on either side of Hatteras Bar; and the effect of the detention on both the health and spirits of officers and men was injurious in the extreme.

"The history of this expedition so far," wrote the same officer, after a week or more of this inaction, "may be stated in brief thus: 'Delay, misfortune.' We have been drifted, tossed, bumped, blown, sea-sicked, and so on, through all the varied exigencies of sea-service. We have long waited for the moment that should take us towards the

foe: but the bar between the inlet and Pamlico Sound has proved an insuperable object to most of the fleet; and so we still wait."[1] "Vessels are being lost every day," wrote Col. Russell of the Tenth, a little later in his diary; "and things begin to look gloomy and unsatisfactory. Little progress has been made that is visible, and all are getting low-spirited and dejected." A member of the Eleventh wrote to the Palladium, Jan. 14, "The boys feel gloomy enough, boxed up in this tub with the sick. The stench is almost suffocating."

Many in every regiment were on the sick-list; some died; and others became permanently invalids, contracting disease which only ended with death. Capt. Pardee, writing of those long weeks on the swash, said, "How can I describe them? Days of weariness and danger; no news to cheer us; disasters all around us; the skies black and unpromising; the surf beating sullenly the solemn requiem of the lost; sickness on all the vessels; epidemics rapidly extending; deaths frequent; no comforts for the sick; scanty food for the well; water, tainted with kerosene, served out in limited quantities; our expedition a seeming failure! Oh! the darkness of those days, and the gentle, uncomplaining faithfulness of those men, none can describe. I heard no murmur or regret. All looked for bright signs, and talked more hope than they felt. The noted grumblers were for the time the stanchest in their words of cheer." The days were passed with charades, concerts by Jepson's glee-club, theatricals, eucher-playing, reading, writing, songs, and frequent prayer-meetings.

During the last days of January, 1862, the vessels all passed over, seventy-two remaining afloat there out of the one hundred and twenty that had left Fortress Monroe. Bearing five hundred of the Eleventh, with Col. Kingsbury, the Voltigeur was beached near Hatteras, and no tug came to the rescue. They lay there twenty-three days in great distress, and finally got ashore, and the vessel went to pieces. Here the regiment lay, to its own great dissatisfaction, while its comrades pressed on up the sound.

[1] Capt. B. S. Pardee's Letter.

The fleet now cautiously approached Roanoke Island, held by three thousand rebels under Gen. Wise. On the 7th our gunboats attacked the rebel gunboats, and bombarded the fort. In the night, a landing was effected; Connecticut's motto of faith and fortitude, "Qui Trans. Sust.," following the flag of Massachusetts ashore. The point of debarkation was a kind of marsh, described by Lieut. H. W Camp as "soft, slimy mud, several inches deep, with pools and ditches thickly sprinkled in." Having struggled through this, the rebels falling back before them, the men spent the remainder of the night around camp-fires in the woods or the adjacent cornfield, shivering with cold, drenched with rain, and without blankets; those in the cornfield adroitly balancing themselves on the rows, to keep out of the water which filled the furrows.

Half an hour before sunrise next morning came the order to "fall in;" and, shivering from their comfortless vigils of the night, the men sprang with alacrity to their places. It still rained; but the men were full of spirit for the fight, and heartily cheered Gens. Burnside and Foster as they rode past.

The Eighth was posted on an old road leading towards the right flank of the main battery, by which the enemy might turn the left of our advancing forces. The position was one of considerable responsibility, and Gen. Burnside ordered them to hold it at all hazards; but no attack was made.

The Tenth took its place in the 1st Brigade as it moved down the beach, and, by a wide détour, into the swampy road that bisected the island and led to the rebel position. Before going a mile, the enemy's skirmishers were met, and pushed slowly back.

A letter of Capt. Pardee, written at the time, says, —

"A second mile was passed; heavy guns boomed; rifle-shots shrieked. We heard cheering. By and by, the woods showed more light. We heard balls among the leaves; we saw men hurry by with medical stores towards the front; we met men exhausted by the roadside. An aide came to us with the order, 'Advance the Tenth!' Col. Russell pressed his lips firmly together, and said, 'We are going under fire, captain. Forward, solidly, quickly!' Men came by with stretchers, carrying the brave Massachu-

setts boys, frightful with bleeding wounds. We saw the dead lying beneath the trees on either side. Surgeons were busy at their voeation. We halted on the edge of a great clearing, and deployed to the right by companies. We saw the smoke and flashes from the redoubt. At last, we were under fire.

"We had been pursuing an embowered path through the woods: suddenly it entered a broad clearing, where thick bushes (like the whortleberry) and tangled vines netted the marshes. Evergreen trees, prineipally pines, were on either side; and three hundred yards in front of us was the famous redoubt of which we had been told weeks before in Hatteras Inlet. When we debouched from the road into the cleared way, it brought us right in front of the rebel guns, and in perfeet range. They had three pieees of artillery fronting and eommanding this clearing; and large numbers of riflemen perched in trees, behind the turfed walls, and under all possible covers."

The Tenth, being ordered forward to relieve the 25th Massachusetts, advanced, and formed its first battle-line with precision and coolness, under a terrible fire. The left wing was held in reserve. The right commenced firing with a will; and it was immediately opposite this point that the rebels met their heaviest loss. "The firing on both sides was now terrific. The right wing stood up and fought nobly. They suffered severely"[2] "For an hour we fought on, not a man shrinking from his post. Other regiments were marched into the woods on our right and left; but we kept our position. Balls came thicker and faster. We were ordered to lie down under the bushes, and stop firing. Down the boys piled themselves, and sought cover of logs, stumps, and whatever else furnished protection. Col. Russell for a long time refused to lie down. A ball whizzed close to him. Capt. G. M. Coit called out, 'Colonel, that was meant for you: lie down; do lie down!' The colonel stood quietly watching for the appearance of troops on the flank of the enemy. Again Coit entreated him to lie down, and this time successfully. We had been thus covered for a few minutes, when a shot came lower than usual: it entered his shoulder, and pierced him to the heart. It was to him an instantaneous death. His body was carried to the rear, and we lay still!"[3] "Bullets and grape-shot flew thick over the men as they lay. There was a constant 'Hst, hst!' as the musket-bullets whis-

[2] Lieut.-Col. Drake's Diary. [3] Capt. Pardee's Diary.

tled past, cutting twigs from the bushes not two feet above their heads, or striking the trees behind which they were sheltered." [4]

By direction of Gen. Foster, Lieut. I. O. Close of Company I was sent forward to reconnoiter, accompanied by Private Alexander Henderson of Greenwich, whom Lieut. Camp mentioned as "one of the bravest fellows and best shots in the company." They went out to the front of the battery on their dangerous errand, came back and reported; and the general ordered an advance by the regiments in front and on both flanks. The movement was executed so rapidly and resolutely, that the rebels left their battery, and fled; while our men stormed into it with a cheer, and planted their colors on the works. There was little more fighting, though the Confederates fired a few Parthian shots into Foster's pursuing columns before the final halt and surrender.

The Tenth had borne itself nobly, and henceforth officers and men knew that they could fight. The regiment was ordered immediately forward to gain possession of the Pork-point Battery; but it was found to be abandoned.

Gen. Foster, in his general orders next day, after commending the "coolness and steadiness" of all the troops under fire, said, "The manner in which the Tenth Connecticut formed in line of battle under fire of the enemy, particularly deserves mention." "The gallant Connecticut Tenth," wrote a member of the Eighth Connecticut,[5] "was in the advance, and evinced a determination and heroism worthy of their cause and State." A correspondent of "The New-York Commercial" wrote, "The Connecticut men maintained their position with the fortitude of veteran troops." The Tenth was supposed by the rebels to belong to the regular army, on account of its superior steadiness; and this impression was strengthened by the exhibition of gray satinet overcoats, which, at that time, distinguished Connecticut regiments from those of other States.

Charles Lambert Russell was born in the year 1828, in the parish of Northfield, town of Litchfield. At the age of ten, he removed with his parents to Derby, and, at the proper

[4] Lieut. H. W Camp's Diary. [5] Rev. Jacob Eaton.

time, was apprenticed in a tack-factory, where he toiled faithfully until the breaking-out of the war. He sought every opportunity for moral and mental improvement; was a constant and active member of the village lyceum, and placed himself in reach of intellectual influences. He was first a private, and then captain of the Derby Blues, and afterwards an efficient commander of the Wide-Awakes. He was earnestly opposed to slavery, and early saw that it was menacing the nation's life. At the first cannon-roar, Russell promptly volunteered, and was selected by Col. Terry as adjutant of the Second; and he was mentioned by that officer for gallantry at the battle of Bull Run. The writer of this found Russell in Derby during the summer of '62, raising his company for the Eighth. His step was quick, and his face flushed with the work before him. "Yes, I'm going to see this thing through," he said with a serious manner. "We must defend the principles we have professed. Every young Republican ought to go to the front." Russell was moved by the same deep purpose that impelled Ellsworth: indeed, he called his company "The Ellsworth Guard." When promoted to the colonelcy for merit and military genius, he devoted himself conscientiously to the welfare of his men and the equipment of his regiment. The circumstances of his death, and the fact that he was the first regimental commander from Connecticut who fell, gave unusual prominence to his personal career, and secured marked honors to his memory. His remains were received at New Haven with public honors. His funeral, at Derby, was largely attended by public officials and military and civic organizations. In general orders, his death was lamented by his brigade and department commanders; and Fort Defiance, one of the captured redoubts, was rechristened Battery Russell in his honor. The presentation of his sword to the State, by his widow, called out a special message from the governor to the legislature, which was the occasion of eloquent eulogies in both Senate and House, subsequently published by the legislature in a pamphlet. At the time of Col. Russell's death, his father, Samuel S. Russell, then sixty-two years of age, was a musician in the Sixth. One of his

brothers was in the Tenth, and another had been a captain in the Second. The following lines* were read at the reunion of the Tenth in 1867: —

O brave and generous Russell! well we know
Thou sought no vulgar fame or poor applause:
The sword leaped to thy hand to strike a blow
For equal justice and the good old cause.
And now thy voice, as sweet as bugle-notes,
Drops clear and pleasant through the liquid skies,
Till thus we catch the message as it floats:
"The cost was nothing; for behold the prize!
Behold free nations waking into birth!
Behold the hope of tyrants tottering down!
For, lo! the cynosure of all the earth,
Our loved Republic, wears her laurel crown;
And, from the clod where crimson rivers ran,
The unchained helot rises up a man!"

Lieut. Henry M. Stillman was one of four brothers in the Union army. He had been a teacher in the Sunday school of the St. John-street Methodist Church, New Haven; and was a modest, quiet, conscientious man. "For months before the battle, he had a strong presentiment of death, and declared that he should fall in his first battle. So decided was this, that some of his brother-officers urged him not to go forward; but he refused to shirk, and did not allow his premonitions to affect his cheerfulness or efficiency."

Company A, of the Tenth, was detailed to guard the captured rebel officers — one hundred and forty in all — until they were sent to be exchanged.

The next day after the battle was Sunday, which was occupied by the soldiers, after religious services, in making themselves comfortable. An inquiry of Gen. Burnside, as he rode past them, as to their "prospects for fresh pork," was construed into a license to kill any of the hogs running at large over the island; and their indiscriminate slaughter was at once commenced. Popping rifles and dying squeals were heard on every side; until it seemed as if Pork Point covered all of Roanoke, instead of being one of its projections.

Next day, many of the men re-embarked; and for a month the fleet of transports was quiet, occasionally making feints towards Albemarle Sound, or coasting along the mainland.

* By W. A. C.

Week after week the Connecticut regiments, with the rest of Burnside's force, waited impatiently upon the transports, drifting lazily up and down Croatan Sound, along the shore of Roanoke Island. All sorts of rumors prevailed, and the weary days dragged. When the order came, March 11, for an advance on Newberne, this entry of Col. Drake of the Tenth, in his diary, doubtless expressed the general feeling: "Started in the rain down the sound, away from Roanoke Island, of which we shall ever retain, I have no doubt, very disagreeable impressions. Good-by, dirty, muddy, swampy, brackish, diseased, and deathful Roanoke!" On the 12th, the entire fleet stood down the sound, and that night anchored in the Neuse River, off the mouth of Slocum's Creek, some eighteen miles from Newberne.

"This morning, early," wrote Col. Drake on the 13th, "came the signal, 'Get ready to land!' then, almost immediately, the second signal, 'Pull for the land!' Our big iron barge and the remaining boats were loaded the first of any in the brigade or the fleet. A little tug came and took us in tow; and away we started for the shore, the shells of our gunboats showering the woods along the bank." Other regiments were similarly arranged in boats astern, like flocks of ducks. "From the transport-fleet to shore, the boats sailed in a long, graceful sweep, with flags flying, bands playing, and five thousand bayonets flashing in the sunshine that now streamed over the flotilla. The picture was really beautiful; while the solemn nature of the business before us lent to the pageant an air of grandeur peculiar to itself."[6] Casting off from the tugs when near the shore, "each little boat and launch strove first to reach the land. Nearly every boat of any size grounded within from five to twenty rods of shore; and then what jumping into water, in some places up to the waist! and all, enthusiastic, pressing for the beach."[7] Some of the boats of the Eighth landed on the wrong side of the creek, and had to return.

The land below Newberne is a level, swampy tract, thickly wooded, with occasional clearings, and small, bankrupt plantations. The road is simply a path cut through woods, with

[6] New-York-Tribune Narrative. [7] Col. Drake's Diary.

rarely a bridge, or a rod of corduroy. Along this road, soaked with spring rains, splashed the regiments. The gunboats moved up the river, abreast of the head of the column, flinging shot and shell into the woods in front, driving back in terror the rebel vedettes and pickets. These gunboats, as dreadful to the rebels as Attila, "the scourge of God," was to the Romans, were simply light-draught, stern-wheel towboats, or common ferry-boats, with a heavy gun at the bows, and sometimes another amidships.

All day long the weary men toiled on; and at eight o'clock at night, twelve miles from the point of landing, the regiments filed off into the woods, until the line was substantially parallel to the rebel work in front, and stretched from the river to the Beaufort Railroad. A picket-line was soon established, and the force was in bivouac for the night. The rain fell steadily: but fires were quickly started, and the woods were brilliant with the glaring light, and weird with moving forms; while the dense smoke, rising slowly into the thick pines, formed a lurid and ever-shifting canopy. Many weary ones sank immediately to sleep on the wet ground; others cooked a little pork and coffee, and dried first one side, then the other, at the fire, stirring at intervals the waning embers, and watching the soaring sparks; still others, wrapped in their blankets, leaned against the trees, and dozed away the dismal night. The bivouac was within range of the rebel works; but all night the rebel pickets watched the illuminated woods, and were silent.

Next morning, our troops were early astir. "Men rose from the ground, where, with faces turned towards the treetops, they had lain all night, the big, pitiless drops pelting them, the icy cold ground spread like a frozen sponge under them, and they sleeping deeply, heavily, through the long hours, till daylight roused them. I believed at least a hundred men would grace the sick-list that morning; on the contrary, not one, that I am aware of: and they uttered not a murmur." [8]

Gen. Burnside promptly ordered an advance of the entire division. A massive battery, with casemates and heavy guns,

[8] Col. Drake's Diary..

on the bank of the river, formed the left of the rebel works, which stretched across the high land southward, in breastworks, for half a mile to the railroad, and thence in rifle-pits to a swamp deemed impenetrable. In front was an irregular abatis. Behind the intrenchments were seven thousand rebels.

"Gen. Foster's brigade was ordered up the main country road to attack the enemy's left; Gen. Reno up the railroad to attack their right; and Gen. Parke to follow Gen. Foster, and attack the enemy in front, with instructions to support either or both brigades."[9] The Eleventh Connecticut formed the rear of the column; and the regiment was soon detailed to bring up the boat, howitzers, and guns which had arrived during the night.[10] After this service, it acted temporarily with Gen. Foster's brigade. "It had been quiet as the morning of a rainy New-England sabbath; and the only sounds were the low moan of the woods, the dull tramp of the weary troops, and the occasional plash, plash, plash, of a mounted aide; when the roar of a great gun close at hand startled us, and the crash of a huge limb which a rifled ball had lopped off told us that a hidden enemy was near."[11] "We took an oblique direction, and hadn't gone a hundred rods, when a loud, swift whiz went through the air, sounding as if some one had torn a thousand yards of canvas from one end to the other at a single pull."[12]

The Eighth Connecticut had deployed to the left, near the railroad; and Capts. Appelman's and Upham's companies were thrown forward, under a heavy fire, to the edge of the wood as skirmishers. The Tenth and Eleventh were farther to the right. The Tenth had been ordered to the left of the 23d Massachusetts; and the Eleventh, to the right of the same regiment, deployed upon both sides of the road. The line advanced, under a constant fire, up the slope, in plain sight of the rebel batteries, with their flaunting flags, and approached to within three hundred yards before returning the fire. Then a long line of unwavering musketry, broken here and there by howitzers, flashed and roared in angry

[9] Gen. Burnside's Report.
[10] *Vide* Gen. Parke's Report.
[11] Capt. Pardee's Letter.
[12] Lieut. Camp's Letter in the Knightly Soldier.

response. The line pressed up so close, and the fire was so well sustained and deliberate, that the rebel gunners were shot, or driven from their work at the field-pieces; and the rebel infantry only here and there showed a head above the parapet. Burnside now pressed forward the troops both on the right and left.

Col. Harland had moved the Eighth, by the flank, along the railroad, and quietly through the bushes to the open ground; and now, with a clear, shrill voice, and the emphasis of coming victory, rang the orders, "By company into line!" An advancing front of forty men appeared before the astonished rebels. "Fix bayonets!" It was done at a rapid walk. "Forward into line!" Up the embankment, and across the railroad, dashed the rear companies, coming into line within a hundred paces of the works. "Steady, guide center, forward, double quick!"

The Eleventh, which had been firing rapidly, some of the men assisting to man the howitzers, also now advanced. "The order to charge was given, when from the curtain of the woods up sprang thousands of blue-coats, — a glittering wave of steel flashing in front, — and rushed forward with loud huzzas, an invincible line." [13]

Only two other regiments mounted the ramparts as early as the Eighth and Eleventh. "The 4th Rhode-Island crossed first," says Gen. Foster in his report, "where the enemy's fire had much slackened in consequence of a steady and constant fire kept up by the 23d Massachusetts and Tenth Connecticut." "The Eighth Connecticut, 5th Rhode-Island, and Eleventh Connecticut, coming up to their support, the rebels fled with precipitation, and left us in undisputed possession." [14]

The Eighth contests the claim of the 4th Rhode-Island to having first entered the enemy's works; and it is certain that the flag of the Eighth was first displayed therein.

"We fired," wrote Col. Drake, "until they were dead silenced, — not a gun in reply. In less than ten minutes afterwards, we saw the American flag coming along the left

[13] Lieut. J. H. Converse's Letter in Hartford Press.
[14] Kettell's History of the Rebellion, p. 339.

into their battery. It went in, and was planted there. Whipped, poor traitors!" "We were still firing rapidly," wrote Lieut. Camp, "when cheering rose loud in front; and, in a moment more, our flag appeared waving from the parapet. They cheered on the right, and they cheered on the left, and they cheered before us, and we cheered, and had hardly finished cheering when the order came to resume our march." Gen. Foster, in his report of the battle, said, "I must mention in my brigade, where all behaved bravely, with particular praise, the 24th Massachusetts and the Tenth Connecticut. The latter advanced close under the enemy's fire in line of battle, fired with the most remarkable steadiness, and stood steadily up, giving and taking the most severe fire."

Our forces are ordered forward at once in pursuit of the routed army. The boys soon come upon the cosy barracks where servants are preparing dinner for the rebels, expected to return victorious. They pick up the hot corn-dodger, snatch the half-broiled steak, seize hats, swords, guns, trophies of every kind, and rejoin the column in the wild race for Newberne. The rebels are demoralized by shells from the pursuing gunboats. Many are captured. Their main body, however, impelled by fright, won the race, crossed the Trent, burned the bridges, set the city on fire, and continued their flight to the interior. By this victory, we captured forty-six heavy guns and eighteen field-pieces, a large number of small arms, two steamboats, several sailing vessels, the rebels' entire camp equipage, a large quantity of ammunition and general stores, and a city of considerable military importance.

Finding close pursuit impossible, the troops stacked arms, and rested; killed, cooked, and ate some captured beef-cattle on the south side of the Trent; and at five, P.M., the Tenth Regiment was ferried across with the 1st Brigade, and occupied a just-deserted rebel camp beyond the city, where they prepared to make themselves comfortable.

The Eighth and Eleventh, with other regiments, fell back to the snug rebel barracks, and took possession in high glee. "Here," says the correspondent of a New-York paper, "our privates strutted about in the brass-mounted uniforms of rebel

officers." They were terribly punished for their audacity. For a single afternoon they strutted in the official attire, for a single night they slept in the warm barracks; but that was enough of both. They had moved in under a misapprehension, only to find them already occupied in force by insectivorous "graybacks" left to maintain possession. And these insidious tenants renewed the attack "along the whole line," driving out the invaders in confusion. The members of the Eleventh, in much perplexity, after scratching their heads, and considering what it was best to do, established a camp above the city, on a promontory that juts out into the Trent, and thrust their white conical tents up into the green pines and cypresses that cast their long shadows on the river.

The triumph was dimmed by the loss of brave men. The Eighth had two killed and four wounded, among the latter being Capt. Upham.

The Tenth lost more heavily, having seven killed and sixteen wounded. One of the slain was Sergeant Joseph A. Lombard of Greenwich, of whom Lieut. Camp said, "He was a man of excellent Christian character, and a true soldier." The Eleventh lost six killed and fourteen wounded. Among the killed was Capt. Edwin R. Lee. He enlisted from Hartford, but was born in Plymouth, of Revolutionary stock. He was a young man of a clear head and earnest convictions, and made speeches for the election of Lincoln in 1860. He recruited a company, and led it to the war, and was struck in the abdomen by a shell as he was wheeling his company into line, and was killed almost instantly. His only words were, "Tell my brother I died at the post of duty. Good-by. Go on for your country!" His remains were buried at home with military honors.

In the early summer, the following order was issued by Gov. Buckingham: —

General Headquarters, State of Connecticut.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, HARTFORD, June 6, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 35. — It becomes the sorrowful duty of the commander-in-chief to make to the militia and the volunteers of the State now in the field the official announcement of the death of Col. Albert W Drake, of the Tenth Regiment Connecticut Volunteers.

On the breaking-out of the Rebellion, Col. Drake, impelled by a sense of

patriotic duty, abandoned a profession upon which he had just entered under favorable auspices, left his home, and served with fidelity as a lieutenant during the three-months' campaign.

At the battle of Bull Run, he exhibited the firmness and coolness of a veteran. On his discharge, he engaged in organizing a company for three years' service, was promoted to a field-officer, and went again to the scene of conflict. Upon the death of Col. Russell on the battle-field of Roanoke Island, he took command of the regiment, and for his bravery and soldier-like bearing on that occasion, as well as in the battle of Newberne, won the respect and confidence of his superior officers, and the affection of his command.

He died at his home in South Windsor, on the 5th inst., of an insidious disease, the violence of which was undoubtedly increased by his exertions in the field.

Col. Drake leaves behind him a bright record of unsullied honor and unselfish patriotism; and the State mourns the loss of a noble officer.

The commander-in-chief directs that these orders be read at the head of every Connecticut regiment.

By order of the commander-in-chief.

JOSEPH D. WILLIAMS, *Adjutant-General.*

Albert Waldo Drake was born in that part of East Windsor which is now South Windsor, in 1834. His father was a prominent man, and had often represented the town, as a Whig, in the General Assembly. No efforts were spared to obtain a good education for young Albert. Early intended for a literary life, he was sent to the best schools, where he made rapid progress, especially in mathematics and the languages. He duly presented himself at the door of Yale, and passed an excellent examination for the freshman class. Stimulated to new exertions, he studied constantly, and in three weeks presented himself for entrance as a sophomore. Being "conditioned" to three weeks' additional study, he refused it, and entered Williams as a sophomore; returning the next year, and entering the junior class of Yale. He graduated with honors, chose the profession of law, and entered the office of Richard D. Hubbard, Esq., of Hartford.

Drake was a Democrat, and in 1858 was elected to the legislature by his fellow-citizens of South Windsor, defeating his father, who ran as a Republican. Upon the first call to arms, Drake was the first man to volunteer. He drew up an enlistment-paper, and carried it to the Press, where he and Hawley started the first volunteer company that was raised in the State. He had a natural taste for a military life; and,

"Even when a child,
His heart leapt forth to hear them tell of struggles fierce and wild;"

and he besought his father to obtain for him a cadetship at West Point. He was highly esteemed and beloved by his soldiers; they would follow him anywhere; and he never shrank from danger. It is believed that the seeds of consumption were sown during his college-life. The Courant, in a discriminating sketch, said, "He had all the elements of popularity to make himself acceptable to the people, — an easy address, an intuitive sense of propriety, a genial temperament and ready wit, a whole-souled generosity which made him everywhere a favorite. He was an apt scholar; had no visionary schemes or ideas; no circumstances could disconcert or confuse him; he possessed extraordinary practical sense; and his perceptive faculties were so quick, that he seemed to comprehend every thing at a glance." His death deprived the Tenth of a gallant and accomplished commander, and the State of a citizen before whom opened a brilliant career.

Major Daniel M. Meade of Greenwich died on Oct. 26, of fever. He had been assigned, a month before, to occupy and hold, with two companies of the Tenth, a fort at Washington, N.C.; and there death found him. He was a fine specimen of the volunteer soldier. He was ever ready for duty, and was one of the best-disciplined officers in the regiment. Lieut. B. L. Graves said of him, "He was dearly loved by us all. His character was above reproach, and we shall never forget the example and counsels that his daily life held up to us all."

Dr. De Witt C. Lathrop, assistant surgeon of the Eighth, died April 18, 1862. He was born in Bozrah, and had practiced medicine ten years, — the last two in Norwich. He was an officer of the First Congregational Church of that city, and a man of great moral and professional worth. Dr. Page, United-States sanitary inspector in North Carolina, wrote, "His devotion to the sick and wounded was untiring day and night. His humane sympathies were too strong for the heavy responsibilities which fell upon him. His heart was too much in his work, and led him to sacrifice to the preser-

vation of others the strength which was necessary to his own." The men of the Eighth Regiment built a handsome monument to his memory in Windham.

At this time, Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull joined the Tenth as chaplain, most fortunately for the regiment. The New-Haven Journal said, "He is not an austere religionist, but a cheerful, social Christian, — a man to be loved and trusted." So it proved.

As soon as the country about Newberne was firmly occupied, attention was turned to Fort Macon, that still flaunted a rebel flag, and defended blockade-runners; and, within two days, Gen. Parke had faced his little brigade that way. On March 19, the Eighth left camp, proceeded down the Neuse on transports, landed again at Slocum's Creek, and marched across the country towards the coast. The men made good time to "Carolina City," thinking of theaters, restaurants, and other city facilities; and were somewhat chagrined, on arriving, to find that the entire municipality was contained in a dozen one-story houses and a few sheds.

The force consisted of the Eighth Connecticut and the 4th and 5th Rhode-Island. The trains were much delayed: there was little food, and no tents or cooking utensils. The weather became stormy, and the men dug holes in the ground, and sheltered them with boards; and here for a dreary week they lived, catching a few fish and oysters when they could. Here Col. Harland was prostrated with typhoid-fever. Two companies of the Eighth were sent over to occupy Beaufort, and others to Morehead City. Opposite was Fort Macon, on the extreme upper point of Bogue Banks, a low, sandy island, or spit, half a mile wide, stretching twenty miles south-west along the coast. Inside this island was Bogue Sound, three miles wide, with shallow water, only three or four feet deep.

The Eighth Connecticut Volunteers at once knocked together some rafts, got some flat-boats, and floated over to the Banks a detail of men; carrying across the island upon their shoulders some boats they had seized at Beaufort, and communicating with the fleet outside waiting to co-operate. Here they were immediately joined by the 4th and a battalion of the 5th Rhode-Island.

There was little shrubbery upon the Banks, except dwarf juniper and a stunted growth of the yuba; the leaves of which, resembling the box, are used for tea in North Carolina. The sand was so light and shifting, that it had formed countless sand-hillocks, some of which were six feet high. Between these, having almost perfect protection, the men advanced, pushing the rebel pickets into the fort. This was one of the strongest fortifications on the Southern coast, mounting twenty thirty-two-pounders, thirty twenty-four-pounders, six mortars, and thirty-two smaller pieces. The heavy guns were in two tiers; one in casemated bomb-proofs, and the other *en barbette*. It was occupied by five hundred troops.

The island sloped and narrowed towards the fort; being, in places, scarcely wide enough for a small regiment to march in line of battle. April 12, Gen. Parke ordered the Eighth to advance, and drive in the rebel pickets. Major Hiram Appelman, now in command, marched his regiment by the right flank up the beach, and, when within three miles of the fort, filed across the island in line of battle. Company G, Capt. James L. Russell, was thrown out as skirmishers; and the regiment waded forward knee-deep in the yielding sand. The rebel skirmishers contested the advance, but were driven steadily back; and, while they retreated, they shouted, with absurd inaptness, "Come on, you d——d Yankees! we are enough for you!" Company H, Capt. Sheffield, was now deployed to skirmish; and the captain was severely wounded in the body. The exultant rebels continued to fall back until they entered the fort; the Eighth having passed through a cedar-jungle, about a mile from the fort. The enemy had the exact range, and opened a heavy cannonading; our men concealing themselves, as well as they could, behind the sand-hills. On the 14th, the fire slackened, and the regiment was temporarily relieved by the 4th Rhode-Island.

Now the work of the siege progressed in earnest. Heavy guns and ammunition were floated over to the Banks on two-masted scows, and pushed up the island in the night, slowly into position. Bags were filled with sand, and raised for a breastwork.

The Eighth Connecticut Volunteers and 4th Rhode-Island were alternately on duty; when off duty, occupying an uncomfortable camp down the island. Rifle-pits were dug at night within two thousand feet from the fort, and constantly occupied. In front of them, in storms, the sea surged over the island. The sand was so movable, that the men were sometimes half covered. In the rear of these, half a mile from the fort, were three heavy batteries, built by the volunteers, and manned by a company of regulars.

On the evening of the 21st, Gen Parke directed the establishment of a rifle-pit at shorter range, so that the sharpshooters would be able to silence the rebel guns. Major Appelman proceeded in the darkness, with a company of volunteers under the immediate command of Lieut. Henry E. Morgan of Stonington, much nearer the fort, and began to dig near a naked brick chimney. The daring attempt was discovered; and, just as Sergeant Amos Clift was stationing the pickets, a gun opened with canister, wounding Major Appelman severely in the thigh, and Private J. H. Alexander in the body. The enterprise was abandoned.

This severe service was very trying to the men. Of the Eighth, sixty lay sick at once at Morehead City, and nearly forty died of typhoid-fever. There were only two captains present for duty, April 21; and Surgeon Melancthon Storrs was the only well man of the field and staff officers: and it was fortunate that he was an exception; for his skill and tireless devotion to the regiment rendered him of incalculable service.

The surrender of the fort was now demanded, and met a defiant refusal. Our riflemen pushed up so close as to pick off the rebel gunners. The most arduous service fell to the Eighth Connecticut; and it was the only regiment that lost in killed or wounded. On the morning of the 25th, fire was opened on the fort from the shore batteries and the three steamers moving in a circle. The latter drew off after an hour's fighting; and the siege batteries increased in energy, shaking the sandy beach, and knocking gun after gun from the fort's parapet. The Eighth was alone in the rifle-pits, between the thundering cannon, shooting the rebel gunners and infantry whenever a head was visible.

At four, P.M., after a terrific bombardment of eleven hours, the commandant of the fort asked a truce to arrange terms of capitulation. Thirteen guns had been dismounted, and the shot had torn up the glacis and ramparts very thoroughly Eight men had been killed, and twenty wounded. Firing ceased; and the Eighth, tired, hungry, worn out, begrimed with powder, was now relieved by the 5th Rhode-Island; and to this fragment of a regiment the rebel flag was given as a trophy next morning, when the formal surrender was made, and the regiment took possession of the fort. The Eighth considered itself again defrauded of its just rights; and the Tribune's narrative said, "But for the accident that the 5th Rhode-Island had relieved the Eighth Connecticut the previous evening, the captured flag would have gone to grace the legislative halls at Hartford." Gen. Parke justifies giving the preference to the Rhode-Island regiment by the fact that the Eighth Connecticut Volunteers had no field-officer present to receive the surrender.

CHAPTER XII.

The Connecticut Chaplains'-aid Commission. — Chapel Tents and Regimental Libraries furnished. — Medical Examining Board. — Spring Election of 1862. — The War Spirit predominant. — Governor's Message. — Legislative Action. — Special December Session. — Party Spirit rising. — Cornelius S. Bushnell builds the Monitor.

THE literary and religious privileges of some were sadly missed by our reading and thinking volunteers in their early camps, and the people of the State supplied their wants as best they could. As soon as the Fourth was fairly in the field, its energetic chaplain, Rev Edward A. Walker, expressed a desire to have a large tent under his own control for meetings of every sort. Mr. Alfred Walker, his father, immediately solicited contributions. Money came in from day to day in sums of one to five dollars, with one or two large donations.

The tent, strong, neat, and commodious, was purchased for two hundred and twenty-five dollars, exhibited a day or two on the New-Haven Green, and forwarded to the regiment. Officers and men united to set up and prepare the canvas meeting-house; and the chaplain shortly after wrote, —

"The Temple of Nature, sufficient in summer, is too chilly in December; and of late it has been too leaky over head, and too wet under foot, to be very inviting; and the number of worshipers has been sadly out of proportion to the accommodation. Now we have a church and divine service, and something more like a sabbath. We have our prayer-meetings and Bible-class, our lectures, temperance-meetings, and musical society. We have also a melodeon; for, when the men heard that the tent was coming, they started at once a subscription, declaring that they would now have service in style."

Almost every night, the tent was in use for social or religious purposes.

About the first of January, 1862, the Rev. Dr. L. W Bacon undertook the task of organizing an association to supply all Connecticut regiments with chapel-tents, circulating libraries, and regular newspapers, and to co-operate with the chaplains in the mental and moral welfare of the men. In response to his circulars, prominent citizens from all parts of the State assembled, and formed the Chaplains'-aid Commission, with the following officers and members, representing all denominations, and authorized to add to their numbers: —

President, Gov William A. Buckingham; Vice-President, Lieut.-Gov. Benjamin Douglass; Corresponding Secretaries, Rev. L. W Bacon, Rev. A. R. Thompson; Recording Secretary, Francis Wayland; Treasurer, Stephen D. Pardee; Members, Pres. Theodore D. Woolsey, Right Rev. John Williams, Rev. Robert Turnbull, Rev. Leonard Bacon, Rev G. W Woodruff, Rev. P S. Evans, H. M. Welch, H. B. Harrison, William H. Russell, William B. Johnson, Edward W Hatch, Richard D. Hubbard, Henry T. Blake, F. J. Kingsbury

Mr. Bacon was soon called away; and the burden of labor fell upon Mr. Wayland, who cheerfully and heartily entered into the philanthropic work. His office became the headquarters of the Commission.

Finding the duties more than he could alone perform, Mr. Wayland secured the aid of John M. Morris, who also gladly labored without compensation.

Mr. Morris presented the subject to the people of Waterbury, Stonington, Hartford, Norwich, Meriden, Bridgeport, New Britain, and Greenwich. Chaplain H. L. Hall, of the Tenth Connecticut Volunteers, also spoke for the Commission at Meriden, Norwich, Stonington, and Greenwich; and Chaplain J. J. Woolley of the Eighth (who had just resigned), in Meriden, Waterbury, Farmington, Danbury, Norwalk, South Norwalk, Madison, and New Milford. The people responded with liberality, — with funds sufficient for the need. They also sent in hundreds of excellent books, thousands of magazines, and of illustrated papers uncounted numbers.

Chapel-tents were now purchased for the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, and Thirteenth Regi-

ments. Each of the ten regiments then in the field was furnished with a library of from seventy-five to a hundred and twenty-five bound volumes. For these libraries, Mr. Wayland devised a strong portable case, with shelves, lock, and handles, so that the library was packed by simply locking it, and prepared for use by setting it up and unlocking it. Mr. Samuel Nichols, carpenter, made these cases for the cost of the materials. With each library was sent a written catalogue, with numbers, and in each book the proper regimental label.

By July, twelve hundred and eighty-four bound volumes had been forwarded, and fifty-four hundred and forty-eight magazines, with a very large number of illustrated and religious papers. The books sent were not worn out or cast off, but of high character and great variety. In order to be sure of the newest and freshest, Mr. Wayland purchased two hundred and fifty volumes of the best recent publications.

The tents and libraries were received with grateful delight by the officers and men. Every chaplain testified to their value. Chaplain Hall of the Tenth wrote, —

"It is the most convenient thing imaginable. I have constructed a long writing-desk, on which I place all the papers which you so kindly furnish me: at the end of the desk is my library of books. You will always find from ten to fifty men in the tent, reading and writing. The library is just the thing needed. The books are well assorted, and entertaining."

Of the books and pamphlets sent to the Eighth Connecticut Volunteers, Chaplain Morris wrote, "The nicely-selected stock was gone in two hours after I had opened the box. Since that time, the delivery and return of books has occupied several hours a day. Dickens has a great run. The tales by Miss Edgeworth and T. S. Arthur are very popular. The Army and Navy Melodies are hailed with delight, and 'the boys' are singing right merrily almost every night. Day before yesterday, I received a box of pamphlets from the Commission. There were half a dozen men ready to open the box, and twenty more at hand to superintend the process and share the contents. The demand for reading is four times the supply." Mr. Morris having become chaplain

of the Eighth Connecticut Volunteers, Mr. H. O. Ladd, afterwards of the Congregational church in Cromwell, rendered efficient assistance to Mr. Wayland.

After the first set of libraries had been forwarded, circulars were sent to chaplains, inquiring what else they needed, and how the Commission could aid them.

The Ninth Regiment was supplied with Catholic books and papers. A large number of local and religious journals were subscribed for, and regularly sent to each regiment. Hundreds of singing-books were provided.

No more chapel-tents were furnished, however. It was found that they could not be transported on long marches, and were liable to seizure in emergency for hospital-purposes. In this way, nearly every one disappeared within a year. Those of the Fifth, Eighth, and Eleventh, were of substantial service in sheltering the wounded upon the sanguinary field of Antietam; but they were seen by the wistful chaplains no more.

Books, magazines, and papers were repeatedly forwarded by Mr. Wayland throughout the war. By July, 1862, the tract societies were able to distribute all the religious reading that was needed, and local soldiers'-aid societies sent on magazines and papers with other supplies: so the Chaplains'-aid Commission was not kept up as an organization. But Chaplain Hall doubtless said truly, "Connecticut leads every other State, even the old Bay State, in the aid she is furnishing her chaplains."

Early in the war, Gov. Buckingham, in order to secure efficient medical officers, appointed Drs. G. W. Russell of Hartford, P A. Jewett of New Haven, and Ashbel Woodward of Franklin, an examining board. These gentlemen, at great personal inconvenience and sacrifice, met throughout the war, and considered with thoroughness the qualifications of candidates for those responsible posts. The traditions and rules of the army forbade the board to pass any applicants, except practitioners of the old school; but this duty was performed with faithful discrimination, and it is safe to say that no man was commissioned as surgeon in any Connecticut regiment who was incompetent for the position.

A board for the examination of line-officers was also instituted, and was productive of considerable good.

The State election of April, 1862, was very quiet. Party excitement had subsided; the "peace" feeling and the "white-flag" demonstrations of the previous autumn had disappeared; and the general sentiment of the people, irrespective of party, was, that the war must now be pushed with decision. The Democrats insisted that nothing could in any case be done that was not "strictly constitutional;" while Republicans avoided that question, or maintained that war was never waged "according to law," and that all statutes and constitutions must be held subordinate to the salvation of the nation's life. In their platform, however, the Republicans pledged themselves to "prosecute the war in absolute good faith, for the sole purpose of saving the Union." The Eaton-Seymour branch of the Democratic party was under a cloud, and there seemed to be general concurrence in the work of the hour.

The Democrats affirmed a willingness to permit the Republicans, with their wise and noble governor, to retain the responsibility for all acts relating to the war: so that the election went almost by default. Little effort was made, and only 70,416 votes were polled. Gov. Buckingham was re-elected by a majority of 9,148.

The Senate elected was unanimously Republican; and, in the lower House, that party had a hundred and thirty majority More than thirteen thousand men had been mustered into the service, and recruiting had ceased.

The Assembly met at New Haven on Wednesday, May 7. The Senate organized by the election of Hiram Goodwin as president *pro tem.*, and Cyrus Northrop as clerk. The House chose Josiah M. Carter of Norwalk as speaker; and Cooke Lounsbury and H. Lynde Harrison, clerks.

The message of the governor was received with favor by both parties. It appeared that the total estimated indebtedness of the State for the year was $3,163.384. Of this amount, all but half a million was due for military expenses.

Federal affairs were discussed by the governor in a dignified, humane, and patriotic manner. In boldly stating his views on a subject concerning which many were still painfully sensitive, he says, "Slavery has forced us to a civil war, but insists that we have no right to use the war-power against her interests. Slavery has repudiated her obligations to the Constitution, and yet claims protection by virtue of its provisions. Let us not be deceived by such fallacy.

Slavery, by denying her obligations to the Constitution, has opened the door for the operation of the principles of righteousness and justice which dictated that instrument; and if, in pressing those principles to their legitimate results, Slavery shall be undermined and perish, let us rejoice that the suicide is of no importance to enlarged and universal liberty."

This was almost the first declaration in the State, by one of her public men, in favor of re-establishing the Union upon the foundations of liberty, justice, and equality before the law.

With a view of testing the sentiments of the Union Republicans on this irritating subject, perhaps with the hope of producing discord in their ranks, Charles Chapman of Hartford, early in the session, introduced a resolution indorsing the proclamation of President Lincoln which annulled the order of Gen. Hunter declaring the slaves of Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida, to be free.

It was simply referred, without debate, by a yea-and-nay vote of one hundred and forty-nine to sixty-eight, to the Committee on Federal Relations. Messrs. Chapman of Hartford, and A. P Hyde of Tolland, were the Democratic leaders; but they took no other occasion to show party-feeling, and displayed no opposition to the war. The session was devoted chiefly to local matters. No new legislation concerning the war was deemed necessary.

The militia law of 1861 was repealed, and a new law enacted in its stead. James T. Pratt of Rocky Hill, a recent convert to the war-party, had been temporarily appointed major-general of the State militia; but his administration was a failure. His command consisted only of himself; and

his ideas on the subject of the militia were deemed impracticable and antiquated. He was promptly removed, and Prof. William H. Russell of the New-Haven Military School was appointed his successor.

The new law provided all the necessary machinery for a good militia; but it had not enough vigor to become effective, as it depended on the voluntary action of the young men, and held out no inducement for them to organize under it.

The Assembly would probably have adjourned by the 1st of July, had not tidings of the disasters to Gen. McClellan held them together for such action as the worst contingency might demand. New bounties were authorized; and the pay and bounties of volunteers were exempted from attachment for debt.

Three reports came from the Committee on Federal Relations at the close of the session; but, without debate, they were all indefinitely postponed; and the following resolution was passed unanimously on the last day by both branches of the legislature: —

Resolved, That the State of Connecticut will stand by the old flag, and will furnish all the men and money that are required of her to put down this infamous Rebellion.

This emphatic action, in the face of almost stunning defeat, tersely expressed the thought and temper of the people. The legislature of 1862 contained a large number of men of ability: among them were Messrs. O. H. Platt, H. K. W Welch, A. H. Byington, John B. Wright, and Charles Atwater, jr., of the Senate; and Erastus Scranton, John T. Rice, Amos A. Treat, John T. Adams, David Gallup, Cornelius S. Bushnell, Alfred Coit, Abner L. Train, Abijah Catlin, B. Bent, jr., Dr. H. A. Grant, John E. Law, David J Peck, and Erastus Day, of the House.

On the 12th of November, 1862, Gov. Buckingham issued his proclamation, convening the General Assembly in special session at New Haven for the sundry purposes specified.

In accordance with this call, the two branches met in their respective halls at New Haven on the 9th of December. The message was largely devoted to the action of the

State in military matters since the adjournment of the May session. The attention of the legislature was again called to the unorganized condition of the State militia, and also to the justice of adopting some practical method of allowing the soldiers in the field to vote.

Laws were passed authorizing towns to fund their war indebtedness in bonds, confirming the action of towns in granting bounties to volunteers after enlistment, and authorizing the State treasurer to issue and sell bonds of the State to the amount of two million of dollars. Some legislation was also had on the subject of banks.

That portion of the militia law relating to the enrollment of the inactive militia and drafting for active service was amended, and rendered much more efficient. There was no more drafting for the militia.

The judiciary committee reported a bill, drawn with great care, enabling electors of the State, in the military service of the United States, to cast their votes in the field at all State and Presidential elections.

The bill was violently opposed in the House by the Democratic members; but it was finally passed by a strict party-vote. The Republicans then submitted the whole matter to the Supreme Court, which decided that the clause in the State Constitution requiring the voters to "meet in the several towns" rendered the law unconstitutional. The legislation of 1863 and 1864 healed this defect in the organic law; so that, before the close of the war, the citizen-soldiers of the State were enabled to vote.

Amos A. Treat of Bridgeport introduced a resolution pledging the support of the State to the president in all measures he might adopt for the suppression of the Rebellion. It passed by a strict party-vote.

Already the national arms had met with defeat upon many hard-fought fields; and the opponents of the war, silent during the cheers and songs of victory, were again making their remonstrances heard.

On March 9, 1862, occurred the famous naval combat between the Monitor and Merrimack in Hampton Roads,

revolutionizing in an hour the navies of the world. Connecticut had an important part in the construction of the Monitor.

During the winter of 1861–2, Mr. C. S. Bushnell, an enterprising and public-spirited citizen of New Haven, contracted with the Navy Department for the construction of the Galena (the first iron-clad ordered by the United-States Government); and he called upon Capt. John Ericsson of New York to assure himself of the stability and buoyancy of the vessel under the stipulated weight of iron armor.

Capt. Ericsson exhibited to him the plan of the original Monitor. Mr. Bushnell was satisfied at once that Ericsson's twenty-five years of thoughtful experiment had resulted in the perfection of a plan for an impregnable war-ship. Lack of funds had prevented the construction of the vessel; and Bushnell instantly expressed a willingness to risk his entire fortune in the undertaking. A contract was signed, and the inventor gave him a *carte blanche* for the construction.

In just one hundred days, the strange vessel was launched from the yard of Thomas F Rowland, at Greenpoint, L.I. So incredulous were the Navy Board as to the value of the novel craft, that they refused to accept her until the builders had signed a guaranty that she should "prove a success."

Her arrival at Fortress Monroe was greeted with repeated cheers from fort, ships, and shore; for several of our best wooden frigates had the day before been burned, sunk, and blown up, and the rest scattered. As the Monitor immediately ran down to engage the Merrimack, the rebels on board the uncouth monster derided the insignificant "cheese-box on a raft;" but it was Goliath and David in deadly grapple again, and the giant was defeated. The Merrimack was soon after destroyed; and from that day the Confederates abandoned their pretense of a navy. The next mail carried to European nations news of a wonderful combat, involving their own destinies; and the admirals of many victories were startled to think how helpless would be their stoutest sloops of war before the iron beak.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Sixth embarks for Florida. — Return to Hilton Head. — The Seventh goes to Tibee Island to besiege Fort Pulaski. — Labor of getting the Heavy Mortars in Position. — A Case of Insanity. — Sixth goes to Dawfuskie Island to cut off the Approaches from Savannah. — Seventh mans the Mortar Batteries. — A Connecticut Affair. — The Battle. — Surrender of the Fort. — The Sixth and Seventh and the First Connecticut Battery at James Island. — Assault on Lamar's Battery. — Severe Fighting. — Repulse and Withdrawal. — Bad Management by Gen. Benham. — Casualties.

HE Sixth and Seventh Regiments remained on the island, at Hilton Head, during the early months of the winter of 1861–2, perfecting themselves in drill, and awaiting orders. About Jan. 20, the Sixth was called to take part in a secret expedition by Gen. Wright's brigade, and embarked with that intent. A storm kept the vessels in the harbor a week; when they dropped down to Warsaw Sound, with the idea of avoiding Fort Pulaski, and capturing Savannah by way of an inlet. A long experiment was made by the gunboats, while the transports lay in Warsaw Sound till Feb. 27

The soldiers of the Sixth were fed for sixteen days on salt food only; and "their drinking-water was from camphene casks, where it had been put some three months before. It was so foul, that the strongest tea could not conceal the nauseating flavor and smell, and, when poured into the sea-water, discolored it."[1] Severe sickness, in the form of spotted fever, broke out among the men in consequence, and became so aggravated, that there was an average of four or five deaths a day on board. The vessel was ordered back to Hilton Head, while the rest proceeded to take possession of the coast of Florida. The Sixth rapidly recovered health;

[1] Letter of an officer.

and Col. Hawley said in a letter, "Its appearance is a matter of just pride."

On Dec. 16, the Seventh was removed from Fort Welles, Hilton Head, to the heavy earthwork built just below, expecting to remain there; but, two days later, the men were summoned from their quarters to embark on the Marion for Tybee Island, below Savannah, to participate in the siege of Pulaski, under Gen. Gilmore and Gen. H. W Benham. On Tybee, the regiment made itself another camp, and then went vigorously at work intrenching the batteries along the side of the island, approaching obliquely nearest to the fort. The work of posting the batteries was mostly done in the night; the men of the Seventh and two companies of the 3d Rhode-Island making "burrows" and splinter-proofs near the guns for the protection of the gunners. The 46th New-York shared these labors as far as their scanty numbers and imperfect discipline enabled them. Not only must all the ordinary camp, fatigue, and picket duty be done, but ordnance of the heaviest description then known, and ordnance-stores, must be unloaded into boats, and landed (without a wharf), then dragged by hand (with no draught beasts) for from one to two and a half miles, part of the way through sand, and part over a marsh whose muddy depths were first coated with a layer of earth. Lieut. Horace Porter of the United-States Ordnance Corps, ordnance-officer of the post, after alluding in his official report to the enormous labor involved in moving the thirteen-inch mortars (twelve in number) weighing seventeen thousand pounds, and the other ordnance and ordnance-stores, adds, "I can pay no greater tribute to the patriotism of the Seventh Connecticut Volunteers, the troops generally furnished me for this duty, than to say, that when the sling carts frequently sank to their hubs in the marshes, and had to be extricated by unloading the mortar and then reloading it, they toiled night after night, often in a drenching rain, under the guns of the fort, speaking only in whispers, and directed entirely by the sound of a whistle, without uttering a murmur. When drilling the same men in the mortar-batteries, they exhibited an intelligence equaled only by their former physical endurance."

A letter of that time says, "Pulaski shoots at us occasionally: and the boys rather like it; for nobody gets hurt, and relics accumulate; earthworks slowly rise; a gun gets mounted frequently; fleas bite continually; once in a while, a mail comes in; somebody shoots an otter or an eagle; teams and mule-carts work eighteen hours a day, drawing great loads of shot and shell two miles; and the beach is strewn with all the implements of war."

Major G. F Gardiner and three companies (B, E, and I) of the Seventh were for a short time over on Dawfuskie Island, north of the fort, doing effective service. With the 48th New-York, they had cut ten thousand long poles for a causeway across the marsh on Jones Island to wheel a battery up to command the river. They carried these on their shoulders a mile; others being engaged in carrying sand in bags four miles in rowboats to make a base for Battery Venus.

During this arduous work of preparation passed January, February, March; and the warmth of a Southern spring came with April. The health of the Seventh had not been seriously impaired. There was one invalid whose case was peculiarly touching, set forth by Col. Hawley in a private letter: —

"Poor D——! Do you know the D——s, who live near you? Well, their son, who belongs to Company D, got news that his wife, two children, and sister had all died of diphtheria. How he cried, poor fellow! We comforted him all we could. I spoke pleasantly to him when we met, and hoped he was getting along well. We heard the other day that his mother was sick too. Somebody came to the supper-table last night, and called for the doctor to see a crazy man; and, soon after, the man said that D—— wanted to see me. I went to his tent. Half a dozen of his comrades were there. One dim candle, stuck in a bottle, showed me the rifles stacked around the center pole, the cartridge-boxes, bayonets, and knapsacks. The ground was covered with the splendid long moss they had pulled from the live-oaks. D—— sat squat on the ground, his face and hands very dirty, his fingers constantly picking something, his body moving, his head turning wildly from one side to the other, his eyes dreadfully swelled with weeping. 'Halloo, D——! how are you?' And he peered up toward my face. 'Col. Hawley,' said somebody. 'Yes,' said he, 'that's Col. Hawley;' and he took my hand with a tight grip. 'Col. Hawley, look at my baby, — my poor, sick baby!' He had a little pile of white moss, and in it his *cartridge-box*, carefully covered, all but one edge of it, with his blanket.

That was his baby. And he turned the blanket down as tenderly as if the cartridge-box were a delicate little baby. He spoke brokenly, and at intervals, with a quick but mournful voice, — 'Poor baby! babies both sick; sister sick (and he pointed to where he supposed they lay). Poor baby! very sick. Give baby some water.' And he leaned on one elbow, and affectionately held a leaf up to the cartridge-box as if baby would drink. He seemed to consider himself in his own home; but then he would say, 'Won't let me go home, — no, no, no (waiting a few seconds), — no, won't let me go home;' his hands constantly fidgeting. Then he considered them all dead, and he by their graves. 'Sister,' — and he laid his hand on one side, and then marked each grave, — 'baby, wife, mother!' I kept his hand ten minutes, and sat down by him, and put my hand on his shoulder, and tried to compel him to listen. I told him his babies were happy, and his mother was not dead; (is she?) and that if he would be a good boy, and sleep, he should go home. 'I've built six forts, and mounted six cannons; and I'm going to take down that one to-morrow, — Pulaski over there. Well, poor baby!' and he put trees over the graves. Tears came into all our eyes sometimes, I think. He sent for me again to-day; but he cannot confine his attention to any thing. 'Poor baby' is the burden of his talk, and still he tends his cartridge-box."

On March 20, the Sixth Connecticut was transferred from Hilton Head to Dawfuskie Island to take part in the reduction of Pulaski. The men assisted the 48th New-York to build the batteries on Mud, Jones, and Bird Islands, commanding the river, Wall's Cut, and other approaches, and completing the investment. The material for these was all brought from the mainland. The Sixth was also engaged in making reconnoissances towards Savannah, up New River, and watching the enemy in that direction.

The batteries on Tybee were now all placed and intrenched (the mortars out of sight of the fort), and every thing was ready. To the Seventh Connecticut was assigned the delicate and important duty of serving the mortars. The officers and men had been drilled only fitfully in the intervals of other severe labor; yet they went to the novel work with that quick ingenuity which is a Yankee instinct. Five of the batteries, containing fifteen heavy mortars, were manned by the Seventh.

Battery Totten on Goat's Point (nearest to the fort) was commanded by Capts. D. C. Rodman and S. H. Gray, with their companies; Battery Halleck, by Capts. O. S. Sanford and E. S. Hitchcock; Battery Sherman, by Capts. D. G. Fran-

cis and J. B. Dennis; Battery Lincoln, by Capts. C. S. Palmer and Jerome Tourtelotte; Battery Stanton, by Capts. B. F. Skinner and Theodore Bacon.

Surgeon Francis Bacon and Capt. Rodman, and a lieutenant in the regular army, accompanied by a boat's crew, went over to the fort, under flag of truce, on April 10, and demanded a surrender. The officer in command replied that he was placed there, not to surrender the fort, but to defend it. The visitors called his attention to the fact that he was "defending stolen property," and returned.

Pulaski was a huge five-sided fortress, as strong as Fort Pickens. Its walls, seven feet thick, mounted one tier of guns in embrasures, and one *en barbette*. Twenty guns bore upon the Tybee batteries, including ten 10-inch columbiads. It was built by a Connecticut man.

In fact, the whole affair now began to assume a Connecticut character. The general commanding the district, and present on Tybee (H. W Benham), was from Connecticut; a majority of the investing forces were from Connecticut; Col. Perry, of the 48th New-York, was from Ridgefield, Conn.; and one of the officers of the 3d Rhode-Island was Capt. Thomas R. Briggs, of Danielsonville, Conn. The gunboat Norwich, from Connecticut, completed the blockading west of the fort. The fort itself was constructed twenty years before by Lieut. (afterwards Major-Gen.) Mansfield of Connecticut, assisted by Lieut. Benham, assistant engineer, from Connecticut. Moreover, it was now commanded by Col. Charles H. Olmstead, a rebel, to whom Ridgefield, Conn., gave birth.

Surrender being refused, the fight began on April 10, about eight o'clock, at a signal-gun from Battery Halleck. Simultaneously, all the guns and mortars blazed and roared with an explosion that shook the island in its marshy anchorage. The response was sturdy and determined. From that hour onward, the artillery fire continued; the rebels hurling British projectiles at the island, while rifled shot and plunging shell rained in fury upon the garrison. Great clouds of smoke eclipsed the noonday sun; and the windows rattled at Port Royal and Savannah, twenty miles away. The dis-

tance between the combatants was at least a mile; yet it soon became evident that the fire from Tybee was telling. As the solid shot struck, great piles of the solid masonry gave way, and clouds of brick-dust filled the air. The Seventh worked the mortars steadily and manfully. "Sergeant Lucas Sutliffe (of Southington) made every shot tell, cutting away the staff, and bringing down the flag." Battery Sherman fired one shot every fifteen minutes during the night.

The shots from the fort plowed up the sand in close furrows; but the men soon observed the range and caliber of the various guns of the fort, so as to dodge until the missile passed. Col. Hawley wrote in a letter, —

"Sometimes we called out, 'Ten-incher!' as a certain big columbiad on the south-west angle of the fort let off; sometimes 'Pocket pistol!' or 'Little rifle!' as a small, sharp, accurate Blakeley gun on the ramparts fired. We got so that we knew where each gun was trained, and could tell by the sound where the shot was going. Soon after noon of the 11th, there were four or five holes in the fort, close together, one of them, perhaps, twelve feet in diameter. Now and then a cartload of masonry rolled down; then everybody yelled in triumph. The ditch was nearly full; and a huge gun on the ramparts apparently tottered, ready to fall into the ruin. Our fire grew furious. Captains of guns jumped on the banks, and yelled, 'No. 1, fire!' 'No. 2, fire!' 'No. 3, fire!' 'No. 4, fire!' and the black and sweaty cannoneers jumped to the muzzles to reload. Oh, it was a maddening sight and sound!"

During the forenoon of the 11th, the breach in the south-east angle of the fort was enlarged. The entire casemate next to the *pancoupé* had been opened. Half the rebel guns had been dismounted. At two, P.M., the fort hoisted a white flag; and its appearance was greeted with the craziest demonstrations of enthusiasm on Tybee.

The Seventh Connecticut had fired nine hundred and eighty-nine (989) 13-inch shells, and five hundred and eighty-eight (588) 10-inch shells, — in weight more than half that had been thrown from Union guns. These did not, however, prove so effective as the solid shots from the columbiads and the James and Parrott rifle-guns with which the Rhode-Island companies had made the breach.

The Seventh had shown superior skill, industry, and en-

durance; and these were now duly recognized. The post of honor — the fort itself — was assigned to the regiment; and to it was also awarded the rebel flag that came whirling down for the last time from the staff. The Tribune correspondent said, "The Seventh Connecticut were immediately ordered to garrison the fort, — a post of distinction which their faithful services in the erection of the works, and gallant conduct in the batteries nearest to the enemy's fire, had honorably earned, and which the rest of the troops very heartily envied them."

Gen. Benham wrote to Gov. Buckingham, "And it is a great pleasure for me to say to you that the first morning's sun of the occupation of the work by our troops gilded the banner of that State whose trust is still, as from the first, 'He who brought us over will protect us.'"

After the fall of the fort, the Sixth Connecticut was ordered to dismantle the battery erected in the marsh to command the river. By some misunderstanding, the gunboats were drawn off, so that the party were without defense. Col. Chatfield dismounted the great columbiad in the night, mounted in its place a black log, with a barrel fixed on the breech, and floated the real gun and equipments over to Pulaski on a large raft, arriving there safely next day. Meantime, the alert rebels sallied forth, and captured the "Quaker."

During the last week in May, the Sixth moved from Dawfuskie Island; and the Seventh left the fort to a New-York regiment, and went on an expedition, under Gen. Benham, to occupy James Island, at the mouth of Charleston Harbor. They crossed *viâ* North Edisto and John's Island, through mud and mire, in a drenching rain that lasted three days.

The expedition seems to have been shockingly managed. Ten thousand men were here set to make a five-days' march on three days' rations; and the sequel was, that they arrived without food, tents, or cooking utensils. The only "cooking utensil" the field and staff of the Sixth had was a gallon camphene can, with nozzle and top cut off. In this was cooked potatoes, pork, beef, coffee, tea, — food of every sort, — for three weeks.

Col. Chatfield of the Sixth commanded a brigade including his own regiment; and, on the night of June 8–9, he moved his command up the Stono River to Grimball's plantation, about four and a half miles from Charleston, where a landing was made under a severe fire. On the evening of the 10th, the enemy attacked in front, but were repulsed after a brisk skirmish. The First Connecticut Battery was here doing excellent service. A correspondent of the New-York Herald said, "Capt. Alfred P. Rockwell, with his Connecticut battery, responded to this fire, and poured percussion-shells into the rebels with great effect, and much more accuracy than they had shown. At the end of an hour from the time of attack, the rebels fled in great confusion, leaving knapsacks, muskets, and equipments behind in their haste. They retreated over two causeways, in the direction of Secessionville."

The Connecticut regiments met with no loss in this affair. After two or three days more of skirmishing, the division was pushed forward by Gen. Benham, at daylight on the 16th, to attack Lamar's rebel batteries, intrenched in front of Secessionville, near the north end of the island. This was a simple earthwork, heavily constructed, with a plain face, an obtuse angle on each side, and protected by rifle-pits and abatis in front, and flanked by creeks and marshes. The gunboats might have given effective aid, had not the assault been made at low tide.

A soldier writing to the Palladium said of the attack, —

"Marching from the woods, which had hitherto concealed our advancing column, the order, 'Forward into line!' was given, and instantly obeyed. Before us rose a large fort, with a deep moat, and heavy, strong abatis, stoutly protected by cannon of different caliber. Our Connecticut battery fired the opening shot, and immediately the action became general. The rebels were concealed by their intrenchments; but onward we pressed, firing at their heads that fringed the ramparts."

"By this time the Seventh had come into the field and formed in battalion line, and was marching at double-quick across the ridges of the cotton-fields. The line was formed

with the center opposite to the right angle of the enemy's works, with the design of taking that flank."[2] "The grape and rifle shots came in showers. When within two or three hundred yards of the earthwork, the left wing came obliquely upon an unseen ditch and morass; so that, in advancing, it must crowd by its right flank toward the center. At this moment, a terrible fire of grape and musketry opened upon us. The line was inevitably broken. The colors stood fast, protected by Capt. Palmer's company (E); Capt. Hitchcock with part of Company G, and Lieut. S. S. Atwell with part of Company C, having advanced within one hundred and thirty yards of the parapet. These and a portion of the right wing, conceiving that the time had come when the order not to fire might be waived, opened a brisk discharge upon the parapet. The men stood bravely; but the line could not be formed until the colors were brought into the open field. As soon as this was done, the regiment moved by the right flank under the heaviest fire, the wing rapidly closing up; and under your order, when well across the field toward the marsh, filed to the right, and advanced upon the enemy"[3]

Lieut.-Col. Gardner was conspicuous during the confusion spoken of in re-forming and dressing the regimental front. His coolness in getting the stragglers into line was much admired.

"An attempt was here made by the regiment to carry the left angle of the fort. The regiment marched by the flank under the heaviest fire; the companies keeping nobly together, right along the face of the enemy's works."[4] Soon after, an assault at another point failing, Gen. Stevens withdrew the regiment. "Faced by the rear rank, the battalion marched to the hedge, and lay behind it until an order from Gen. Stevens brought it back to the hedge in front of the hospital. In a few moments, the general again sent us forward to the hedge across the first field, where we lay while three pieces — two howitzers and a rifle of the First Connecticut Light Battery — came up, and carried on a rapid, and, for the most part, a very well-directed fire. Several times,

[2] Correspondent of the Press. [3] Col. Hawley's Report. [4] Letter in Press.

my men assisted with the utmost eagerness in moving the guns and giving other aid. A portion of the best marksmen were permitted to fire at the enemy's parapets." [5]

"Our Connecticut battery worked admirably, and we stood by them to the last. Using four-second fuses, they loaded and fired with the rapidity of lightning. Our New-Haven Tom Lord was down on his knees, right under the muzzle of his gun, ramming home the cartridges and sponging out his piece; never once changing his position. I saw a shell explode inside the body of a horse, scattering fragments of flesh and bones in every direction, and covering his rider with gore from head to foot." [6]

Soon the final command came to retire, and the battery and regiment drew off. "The Seventh was the only regiment that marched off the field in order. They formed their regimental line under the enemy's guns, and marched away with the precision of veterans." [7] "I saw the Seventh Connecticut Volunteers halt and dress and correct its alignment within perhaps three hundred yards of the batteries, and retire with a well-preserved battalion-front as if on parade." [8] The conduct of the battery received honorable mention in the report of Gen. Stevens; and Col. Chatfield, cool-headed and full of expedient, was complimented by Gen. Wright for the manner of leading his brigade.

Only two companies of the Sixth were engaged; the body of the regiment being on picket-duty, and held in reserve. The battle seems to have been an inexcusable blunder from beginning to end, in both its conception and execution.

Of the casualties and conduct of the Seventh, the official report further says, —

"Capt. Edwin S. Hitchcock (of New Haven), Company G, among the foremost, and enthusiastically cheering on his men, was severely wounded in the thigh. He continued to call out cheerfully, and to fire rifles handed him by his men, until he received a rifle-ball straight from the front through his upper lip. Four of his men undertook to carry him to the rear. While they were doing this, two of them — Ser-

[5] Col. Hawley's Report. [6] Letter in Palladium. [7] Chaplain Wayland.
[8] Correspondent of the N. Y. World.

geant W H. Haynes and Private J. N. Dexter — were wounded by rifle-balls; and they were obliged to leave the gallant captain dying there.

"Lieut. Thomas Horton (of Norwalk), Company D, was doing his whole duty, nobly rallying and regulating his company, when a heavy grape-shot passed entirely through his right thigh, nearly up to his body. He was carried to the rear, praising his men and urging them on; and lived but a short time. Sergeant (acting Second Lieut.) Henry Upson, jr. (of Hartford), Company F, was heroically at work when a grape-shot took off three fingers, and dashed through his right shoulder."

The staff-officers are mentioned complimentarily; and of the line-officers the report says, "At a most critical moment, when we were re-arranging the line for a second advance, nothing could have been better than the conduct of Capts. Gray. Palmer, and Skinner, and Lieuts. Chamberlain, Atwell, Thompson. Townsend, and Burdick. Surgeon Bacon and Assistant Surgeon Porter and their assistants were very industrious in bringing off the wounded; to which I attribute our small number of missing. Chaplain Wayland was also everywhere present, self-possessed and active." The regiment had lost in this brief action nineteen killed and seventy-nine wounded. The color-staff was shot in two parts in the hands of Sergeant H. H. Smith of Meriden.

The body of Capt. Hitchcock was taken home, and buried with honors at New Haven. He had been in the war from the beginning, and was a kind, skillful, and fearless soldier, as he was a patriotic man. A former employer of young Hitchcock wrote, "His impulses were always towards truth, justice, and liberty; his thoughts and words came quickly; his advocacy of the right, under all circumstances, — knowing no expediency, no policy, — might be safely emulated by many older men. Seeing in him these qualities, I loved him, and could not forbear adding this rude tribute to his memory." He set an example, in the army, of morality, purity, courtesy, and bravery; and his men followed him devotedly. A chaste and stately monument was erected to his memory by the members of his company, on a lot donated

by James M. Townsend, its untiring patron, whose patriotic benevolence seemed to increase with the burdens of the war.

Sergeant Upson died of his wounds. Col. Hawley recommended that his commission as second lieutenant be made out, and said, "Though he will not live to receive it, I should be glad to have the commission issued as recommended. The noble man deserves the honor."

Capt. Charles E. Palmer, of Winsted, shortly after died from exposure in this campaign. Gen. Terry wrote of him, "At the time of the action on James Island he was so ill, that, under ordinary circumstances, he would not have been in command of his company; but, prompted by the devotion to duty which always distinguished him, he led his company to the field, and gave to it and to the regiment a splendid example of courage and firmness under the most trying circumstances. The noble purity and uprightness of his nature, and his eminently soldierly qualities, had not only endeared him to us all, but had led us to look forward to a brilliant future for him; and we mourn his loss not only as ours and yours, but as a loss to the country which he served so faithfully."

When Gen. Hunter returned, he ordered an evacuation of the island. This soon took the Connecticut battery to Beaufort. The Sixth and Seventh, in Gen. Wright's brigade, went to Edisto, and occupied the rude camp there; but, after remaining two weeks, they returned to Hilton Head, and, in the familiar quarters of the previous winter, made themselves once more comfortable. Plethoric boxes from Connecticut were again received, and all the tender communications with home were re-established.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Fourth becomes the First Connecticut Heavy Artillery. — Recruits. — Goes with McClellan to the Peninsula. — "Siege" of Yorktown. — The Heavy Batteries. — "Ready." — Magruder falls back. — Detached as Infantry. — The Seven-days' Battles. — Malvern Hill. — Back to Arlington Heights. — The Connecticut Battalion of Cavalry. — Among the Mountains of West Virginia. — After Bushwhackers. — Raids and Incidents. — Battle of McDowell. — Charge through Wordensville. — Dash into New Market. — Ambush at Harrisonburg. — Cross Keys. — Jackson Ubiquitous. — The Fifth at Winchester. — Battle and Repulse, — In Maryland again. — Slaughter at Cedar Mountain. — Bravery and Severe Losses of the Fifth. — Stone, Blake, Dutton, Smith.

JAN. 2, 1862, the Fourth Regiment was changed, by order of the War Department, into the First Connecticut Heavy Artillery; and before spring, under Col. Robert O. Tyler, it had attained a remarkable degree of efficiency, and was soon after "ranked by military judges as the best volunteer regiment of heavy artillery in the field, and considered equal in all respects to any regiment of the same arm in the regular service."[1] It received two additional companies, and was recruited to eighteen hundred men. Company L was from Hartford County; Company M from Bridgeport and New Haven mainly. Other officers and men added at this time were largely from Norwich, Killingly, New London, Waterbury, New Haven, and Watertown.

Its splendid equipment and its high state of discipline were soon to be tested. April 2, the regiment marched out of its comfortable barracks at Fort Richardson, and joined the vast army under McClellan[2] that moved to capture Richmond through the Peninsula. The First was accompanied

[1] Adjutant-General's Report, 1863, p. 78.

[2] Gen. George B. McClellan was a son of Dr. George McClellan, formerly of Woodstock, Conn.

by a siege-train of seventy-one pieces of artillery. After a slow and tedious passage, it disembarked at Cheeseman's Landing, near Yorktown, April 12.

McClellan had a hundred thousand men. Magruder, the rebel general, in his front, had seven thousand and five hundred, which, says a Confederate authority,[3] he "adroitly extended over a distance of several miles; a regiment being posted here and there, in every gap plainly open to observation; and, on other portions of the line, the men being posted at long intervals, to give the appearance of numbers." With this absurd disparity of strength, McClellan announced that Yorktown and the line across the Peninsula were impregnable, except to a regular siege.

In this the First participated, having some of the heaviest ordnance in the service. The laborious task of getting batteries into position was at once begun. In the siege-train of seventy-one pieces were two 200-pounder Parrotts, five 100-pounder Parrotts, ten 13-inch sea-service mortars, and sixteen 10-inch sea-service mortars. To transport and mount these properly required the most arduous labor prolonged night and day, and unflagging energy. For two weeks, the work went on; the companies vying with each other in the severe task.

"The heaviest pieces placed in position in the trenches before Sebastopol by the English were the 68-pounder gun of 10,640 pounds, and the 13-inch sea-service mortar of 11,300 pounds; and by the French the cannon de fifty of 10,190 pounds, and the mortier de 32c of 9,615 pounds. The 200-pounder Parrott weighs 16,470, and the 13-inch sea-service mortar (1861) 17,120 pounds. The guns placed in position before Yorktown, therefore, exceed in weight by fifty per cent any guns that have ever before been placed in siege batteries."[4]

For the service of these guns, it was necessary to convey 17,047 projectiles, weighing, in the aggregate, four hundred and twenty-eight tons. All this carrying was done by the regiment; and, during the twenty-two days before the evacu-

[3] Pollard's Southern History of the War, p. 287.

[4] Report of Major A. Doull, 2d New-York artillery, ordnance-officer to siege-train First Connecticut.

ation, they carted seven hundred and twenty-six loads to the dépôt.

Only the battery of heavy guns was engaged during the siege. "This battery opened fire on the 1st of May, and at once drove all the rebel shipping from the wharves at Yorktown. In all, a hundred and thirty-seven rounds from the 100-pounders, and four rounds from the 200-pounder, were fired." [5] The practice was very accurate, although firing at long range. — two to three miles.

Major Doull of the 2d New-York, ordnance-officer to the siege-train of the First Connecticut, says in his report to Col. Tyler, —

"In the three weeks during which these siege-operations have been conducted, your regiment has worked with very little relief night and day. As soon as any battery has been completed, the companies to which it has been assigned have moved into camp near it, constructing such shelter from the enemy's fire as they could, and remaining with their guns; differing, in this respect, from all other troops employed in the trenches, who returned to camp out of fire as soon as their duty was finished.

"During the seven days that elapsed from the 26th of April to the evacuation of Yorktown, all the batteries have been fired at more or less continuously; and though the regiment has never before been under fire, and is, like the rest of this army, composed of troops who have not been twelve months in the service, and who would therefore be considered in any regular artillery in the world merely as recruits; and the officers have not had the advantage of that scientific military training which is usually considered necessary for this branch of military service; and although a large part of the material employed has been of a weight hitherto unknown in sieges, and has therefore necessitated the employment of carriages and platforms, usually confined to permanent works, on account of the labor, care, and accuracy required in their construction, — yet the condition of the batteries, and the accuracy with which all the platforms have been laid and the magazines arranged, give no indication whatever of these disadvantages."

Major Doull says that this siege-train was placed in battery before Yorktown as quickly as the first siege-train of smaller guns by the English before Sevastopol, though the latter had "all the resources of a powerful navy and a large regular army, skilled by constant practice;" and he concludes that "it is evident that the labors of the First Regiment Connecticut artillery will compare favorably with any thing of the kind that has been done before."

[5] Major Doull's Report.

"On the day of the evacuation, there were six batteries of forty-eight mortars and guns ready to throw one hundred and seventy-five tons of metal daily into Yorktown."[6] At the end of all this tremendous labor, the rebels fell back; Magruder having by this time been re-inforced so as to be able to check pursuit, while Lee chose his battle-ground nearer Richmond. "We worked night and day," says a young volunteer, in the War Record; "and, just as we had every thing ready, the bird had flown. Oh, how angry the men were! — all our work for nothing. Some of them almost cried for vexation." But severe service still awaited them. All the guns and the four hundred tons of projectiles were re-embarked, and transported to White House. From this point, the men marched to Old Church in a terrible thunder-storm, with the mud knee-deep. The regiment performed valuable service in reconnoissances, and completely destroyed the enemy's communications; so that he could not, at the time, cross the Pamunkey for a flank attack. Detached as infantry, the most of the regiment was at Hanover Court House in line of battle, but was not actively engaged. Soon after, the regiment formed the advance of the infantry, under Gen. McCook, that followed the rebels in Stuart's raid, and marched forty-two miles in thirty-seven hours. June 21, the disembarkation of guns and material at White House commenced; and some of the heavy guns were got in position in three days, in charge of Capts. E. C. Dorr, G. B. Cook, and A. F Brooker. They "opened with good effect upon the rebel batteries on the opposite side of the Chickahominy, doing, as reported by the signal-officer, much damage; dismounting the enemy's heaviest gun, and compelling them to remove their camps."[7]

Next day they were moved across the Chickahominy, and the batteries placed in position on Golding's Hill, where they were fought during the day under a severe fire. When the guns could be no longer useful, the companies were formed and led into the line of infantry defending the position, — service for which they were thanked by the general commanding. The pieces were afterwards brought off by hand; and Lieut.

[6] Col. Tyler's Report to Gen. Porter. [7] Ibid.

R. A. Sedgwick is especially commended for rapidly removing two 10-pounder Whitworth's, with only twenty men, a distance of two and a half miles; "the second gun being brought away when our most advanced pickets were retiring past it." On the night of the 27th, the guns under command of Major Kellogg were successfully retired behind White-oak Swamp, where they joined the remainder of the siege-train of the First, which had been in position in front of Sumner's corps, under command of Major Hemingway, in the immediate charge of Capts. T. S. Gilbert, T. H. Rockwood, D. R. Hubbard, and George Ager. By the great exertions of these officers, the guns were successfully brought off after the repeated attacks upon our rear. During the night of June 30, fourteen guns with ammunition were dragged up the steep ascent of Malvern Hill by Companies B, D, F, K, and I, working all night after their tedious marches of the week. The guns occupied the highest ground on Malvern Hill; were served with great rapidity and accuracy; and caused much destruction to the enemy's advancing column. Col. Tyler says in his report, —

"The companies, after working all the night of the 30th to place these guns in position, and fighting them during the whole day on the 1st of July, spent that night in retiring the siege-train to the present dépôt near Westover Landing: the guns, the ammunition of which had been expended, were also retired to Harrison's Bar, under Lieut.-Col. White. I would respectfully call your attention to the fact, that all the ammunition used at Malvern Hill had been transported, by way of Gaines's Mill, Savage's Station, and White-oak Swamp, to that place; and that the officers and men with the guns had been almost constantly laboring day and night from the 22d of June; and to the fact, that, out of twenty-six heavy guns, twenty-five arrived safely at their destination. This was accomplished under almost unheard-of difficulties, — with mule-teams constantly breaking down, driven by frightened citizen teamsters, who deserted whenever the fire became heavy: frequently teams had to be pressed into the service to replace those which had been exhausted by the labor of drawing the guns; and sometimes, for miles, the guns were drawn by hand by the different companies of the regiment."

In the whole Peninsular campaign, though present at several of the battles, and on duty night and day, the regiment lost only three killed and four wounded. Its services, however, were acknowledged by an order directing the names,

"Siege of Yorktown, Hanover Court House, Chickahominy, Gaines's Mill, and Malvern," to be emblazoned on its colors.

At the withdrawal of the army, the regiment resumed its place in the forts opposite Washington; its jurisdiction being soon enlarged, so that it garrisoned Forts Richardson, Scott, Berry, Barnard, Reynolds, Garesche, and Ward, stretching along Arlington Heights, and commanding all the westward approaches to the capital. This assignment to a position of supreme importance shows in what estimation the regiment was held.

Gen. McClellan, in fact, just before the battle of Antietam, had such confidence in the First Connecticut artillery, that he insisted that "the troops in the forts" would be sufficient to check any probable rebel approach on Washington from the west if the two corps supporting them should be withdrawn to re-inforce him.[8]

As early as Feb 24, the Connecticut battalion of cavalry encamped on an island in the Ohio River, opposite Wheeling, Va.; while Major Lyon reported to Gen. Rosecrans for duty. Here a camp was quickly made, and a month was spent in sword-exercise and battalion-movements; and, on the 27th of March, the battalion moved to report to Gen. Schenck at Moorfield.

Moorfield, the court-town of Hardy County, is on the south branch of the Upper Potomac, here running parallel to the Shenandoah; and nestles in one of the many narrow, broken valleys formed by isolated peaks and abrupt spurs of the Alleghanies and the Branch Mountains. The winding roads and countless convenient hiding-places of that wild though fertile region swarmed with guerrillas. These partisans of slavery and rebellion gathered everywhere in small squads to persecute Union citizens, annoy our soldiers, capture our scouts and carriers, and shoot our pickets; and, when followed by a superior force, the bands dissolved into innocent-looking farmers. To destroy these roving rascals was to be the task of the force at Moorfield, consisting of the 55th

[8] See dispatch to Gen. Halleck, Sept. 11, 1862.

and 82d Ohio infantry, a section of Beck's battery, and our cavalry battalion.

The battalion arrived at sundown of March 30, and began its first scouting-expedition at sunrise of the 31st. Day and night thereafter, in detachments of ten, thirty, rarely a hundred men, they scoured every road and by-path for many miles, capturing these unorganized traitors with arms and supplies. Thus, hunting human game in squads, the mettle, good nature, endurance, tact, and energy of every man was tested. Each day brought fresh scenes, varied perils, and individual achievements.

On April 3, Capt. Charles Farnsworth of Norwich, in an attempt to open communication with Romney to the north, was ambushed in a rocky ravine, and he and one of his men severely wounded. Two days afterwards, Capt. Middlebrook went out with a larger force, and cleared the road. This was the first blood drawn, and it roused the members of the battalion to more determined if more cautious exertions. Springing upon the rebel plunderers at unusual hours and in almost inaccessible places, they killed, captured, or scattered them, and made themselves seem to their frightened foes a full brigade.

Chaplain Warriner wrote of this time, "The history of the dashing, scouting, bushwhacker-hunting Connecticut cavalry has never been written. No one has a correct and vivid understanding of the part they performed in the campaign of the mountain department, except the boys themselves, or those who have heard them relate the story of their bold exploits. Risks were run, hardships endured, and achievements performed, which have never been widely heralded, because they did not occur in connection with any great popular movement, or under the eye of any professional reporter."

Capt. William S. Fish, a tireless rider and a vigorous commander, led many brilliant and successful dashes among the mountains. The harassed rebels are said to have set a price on his head, which only made him and his command the more active and relentless.

Another phase of cavalry life and adventure is illustrated by another class of incidents. Capt. Middlebrook, like nearly

all officers, had his favorite tactical movements and commands. At all irregularities of marching, he was sure to shout, "Guide left!" It happened, that on the 13th of April, while escorting a bearer of dispatches to Gen. Milroy at Monterey, he and his detachment found it necessary to ford the Potomac at Petersburg. The captain's horse was carried from his feet by the swollen current. The rider slipped off, and seizing the horse by the tail, and swimming behind, kept the animal headed toward the opposite shore. The boys, by this time nearly all safely on the land, viewing the amusing spectacle, shouted, "Guide left!" Coming safe to shore, the captain, though quaking with cold, joined in the laugh, and doubtless still enjoys the joke. While the battalion was at Moorfield, Company A, Capt. E. Blakeslee, was chosen as the body-guard of Gen. Schenck, serving to his great satisfaction.

"To all the marches and sudden expeditions of this time," writes Chaplain Warriner, "the indescribable grandeur of the scenery, the roughness of the mountain-roads, and the terrific depth of the swollen streams through which we often plunged, lent the charm of romantic adventure. The bushwhackers' bullets whistled through the pines in wild harmony with the mountain-breeze, and the big guns roared like the voice of a mountain tempest as they echoed from hill-top to hill-top at the battle of McDowell."

In April, the rebels, thoroughly alarmed for the safety of Richmond, resolved on a diversion up the valley, "to prevent re-inforcements for McClellan, or perhaps draw off divisions from him;"[9] and forthwith strengthened the command of Gen. T. J. ("Stonewall") Jackson. Jackson immediately sent Gen. E. Johnson, with a strong detachment, against Gen. Milroy, near Staunton. Milroy fell back, and Gen. Schenck promptly started (May 2) to his relief. Schenck had no pontoon-trains, and the streams were swift and deep. The cavalry and battery crossed first; then the wagons were dragged into the stream to make a bridge for the infantry.

Milroy halted at McDowell on the 7th, in his retreat. The Connecticut battalion, marching forty-three miles in twenty-

[9] Letter of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston to Jackson, May 27, 1862.

four hours, were the first re-inforcements to reach him (May 8). There was a prolonged artillery duel, and a short, sharp fight with infantry; when Milroy, finding himself outnumbered, withdrew, and continued his retreat to Franklin. The rebels followed closely, and bushwhackers skulked in the ravines and woods all along the flanks. The cavalry battalion covered the retreat with sleepless energy and intrepidity, checking the rebels at every point. Frémont's main body had arrived at Franklin; and now the rebels retreated, and the Union forces pursued across the Alleghanies to intercept Jackson in the Shenandoah.

Our cavalry battalion was in the advance, and at noon it arrived on the summit of the mountains. Suspecting that Jackson was advancing on Moorfield, Frémont sent the battalion twenty-one miles to Wordensville to reconnoiter. It was sundown when they started, and very dark as they felt their way silently through the mountains. On their return, four miles from town, they were met with orders to go back to Wordensville, brought by a detachment which swelled their numbers to eighty, under Capts. Middlebrook and Blakeslee.

A member of the battalion writes, "Just as we were re-entering the town, the adjutant having command of the advance-guard was startled by the command to 'Halt!' and 'Who comes there?' followed quickly by the crack of a carbine. He guessed in a moment the town was occupied by rebel cavalry, and the order was given to charge. Every man slung his saber to his waist by his sword-knot, drew pistol, put spurs to his horse, and dashed on. The ball from the gun of the rebel picket passed through the neck of the horse of the man next to the adjutant.

"We found the rebel cavalry drawn up in line to receive us; but we came upon them with such impetuosity, that they did not wait for a hand-to-hand conflict, but, after one discharge from their carbines, broke, and fled in every direction. A more complete rout I never expect to see. Blankets, canteens, and the trappings of horsemen, strewed the street, from one end of the village to the other. I regret to say that we took no prisoners. They had splendid horses for the retreat. We contented ourselves with clearing the town

of the vermin. We learned of the citizens that their force was seventy. Ours was eighty, — not so great a disparity when we reflect that one Southerner can whip with perfect ease five Yankees."

Col. Zagonyi characterized the affair as "a brilliant little dash." The battalion occupied the town until the main army came up.

Frémont pushed on his column, and, finding that the wary foe had eluded him, fell on his rear to embarrass his retreat. By this time, on account of the illness of ranking officers, Capt. L. A. Middlebrook was in command of the battalion. He dashed through New Market on June 5, driving out the enemy's pickets.

Next day the battalion was deployed as advance skirmishers, and about noon formed a part of a force ordered to charge through the village of Harrisonburg. Rebel cavalry and infantry were posted in the edge of the village; and, as the battalion approached, it rushed into a deadly ambush of several well-posted regiments of infantry. The companies were badly cut up, and made their way rapidly back in disorder, obliquing through the woods. After retiring to the rear, the men rallied and re-formed.

In the new line of battle, the battalion's standard was in the advance. After a spirited fight, in which the noted rebel Ashby was killed, the rebels fled precipitately, leaving their camp and stores.

Pursuit was immediately resumed next morning; and the cavalry overtook the vanguard of the enemy at ten o'clock at Cross Keys, but were withdrawn, and held in reserve; while Frémont pushed on, and vigorously assailed Jackson in his strong position. The enemy held his ground, and the result was a drawn battle; but Jackson slipped away in the night, and in the morning fell upon and crushed the forces under Gen. Tyler at Port Republic, and escaped to Charlotteville, and thence, by a rapid march, struck McClellan a fearful blow on his flank at Gaines's Mills.

During the last night at Cross Keys, Sergeant John B. Morehouse and four men, sent to reconnoiter close to the enemy's lines, were captured. Morehouse (of Fairfield) was

a sober, solid man, near middle life, and possessed of considerable wealth. He returned from California in order to enter the army, and enlisted in the first company he met, which chanced to be in the cavalry battalion. Attracting attention at once for his promptness and enthusiasm, he was offered a commission, but refused it, conscientiously regarding himself as unqualified. He studied tactics and practiced sword exercise constantly. Through four years of sturdy service, he rose steadily to a major's commission; never better earned by living soldier.

The Union cavalry now fell leisurely back, without definite object, except to renew their supplies; and we find the battalion on June 10 at Harrisonburg, 11 at New Market, 12 at Mount Jackson, 19 at Woodstock, 20 at Strasburg, 24 at Middletown, July 7 at Front Royal, 8 at Milford, 9 at Luray, 10 at Sperryville.

At Milford, Major Lyon remained sick; and Capt. Middlebrook again commanded the battalion. Major Lyon, finding that his ill health unfitted him for active service, soon after resigned. The battalion crossed the Blue Ridge, and on July 28 joined Col. Cluseret at Madison Court House; scouting in that vicinity while Banks's corps moved up to Culpeper.

The Fifth Regiment had not been enervated by luxury during the winter. It had probably done as much marching as any other regiment in the service from any State. In midwinter it made a forced march from Darnestown, and back again; and of this, Major Henry B. Stone wrote to a friend, "When I tell you that the snow was driving all day, and ankle-deep; that the men had just marched one hundred and thirty miles with scarcely two days' rest; that their feet were sore and blistered, many of them without shoes, and using handkerchiefs and old rags to tie up their feet and keep them out of the snow, — you may appreciate the march, and the indomitable perseverance of our men to accomplish it. Some of the boys were compelled to fall out from exhaustion; and the poor fellows wept bitterly because they were unable to stand up longer."

Before the keenness of the winter air was gone, the regiment received orders to move across the Potomac, and occupy the Shenandoah Valley. Col. Ferry issued the following regimental order: —

HEADQUARTERS, FIFTH REGIMENT CONN. VOLS.,
Camp near Hancock, Md., Feb. 25, 1862.

We are about to cross the Potomac. We go to liberate the loyal people of Virginia from the despotism of a wicked rebellion. Our enemies are those who are *in arms* against the government. The persons and property of citizens not in arms are to be sacredly respected. They have been told by their tyrants that we come to pillage, to ravish, and to destroy. Let us prove by our conduct that we come to establish rights, to maintain law, to restore order.

To this end, it is ordered, —

First, All injuries to private property, without authority of the regimental commander, are expressly forbidden.

Second, Whoever shall maltreat any citizen not in the service of the enemy shall be punished by drum-head court-martial.

Third, Whoever shall maltreat or abuse any woman shall be shot.

Soldiers of the Fifth, — I rely upon you, not only for courage in the face of the enemy, but for good order in the enemy's country.

O. S. FERRY,
Colonel Fifth Regt. Conn. Vols.

On March 1, the Fifth crossed the Potomac at Williamsport; advanced into Virginia; drove the enemy from Winchester, and occupied the place. The regiment was ordered to Manassas on the 18th; but, when one day's march from Winchester, it was recalled to participate in the defense of the place against the rebel attack of the 22d and the subsequent pursuit of Jackson beyond Harrisonburg. The regiment took possession of an old press at Winchester, and printed four or five numbers of a newspaper under the title of "The Connecticut Fifth." Curtis B. Wells and William Patch were the chief movers in this enterprise.

Col. Ferry, having been appointed a brigadier-general, took command of the brigade under Gen. Shields, whose division was now ordered to join McDowell. On the 1st of May, the Fifth was living quietly in camp near Strasburg. "It seemed," wrote an officer,[10] "as if the war was over. We put on our new clothes, donned our white vests, and sat in the shade discussing the chances of being mustered out in a month or two. Soon there were rumors of an advance by

[10] Adjutant Edward F. Blake.

Jackson; and all at once the Union regiments faced towards Winchester, the band playing 'Oh, dear! what can the matter be?' The regiment was ordered to leave knapsacks in a pile by the roadside; and, the rebels soon pressing along the road, the guard was obliged to heap rails upon them, and fire the pile. These contained, among other things, new clothes, daguerreotypes, portfolios, diaries, money, and some watches; all burnt up grimly"

Banks, left with only five thousand men, was obliged to fall back before Jackson's superior force; and on May 25 there was a severe and well-fought battle at Winchester for the possession of the valley. The Fifth was under fire for the first time, facing the 28th North-Carolina.

Lieut.-Col. George D. Chapman was in command of the regiment, and, in his official report, says, —

"About five o'clock Sunday morning, as the men were rising from their sleep and heating their coffee in a field which we entered late the night before, a shell suddenly fell among them. This was followed by others in rapid succession. The men quickly seized their muskets, and fell calmly into line. The inquiry was sent back, whether we should hold the spot, or advance. Before receiving a reply, I ordered the regiment to a hollow in the field next to the rear; which was done, 'by the right of companies to the rear,' in good order. The enemy's infantry soon appeared on the hill in front, charging directly upon us. Companies A and F immediately moved forward, and delivered their fire with effect upon the enemy, now within a few rods. The whole battalion moved up to their line, and, delivering three well-directed volleys, mowed down the enemy by scores, shooting away their flag each time. At the third volley, Companies I and B, by half wheeling to the right, delivered a cross-fire. At this the enemy broke, and ran in confusion. The order then came from the colonel for the regiment to fall back to a line of stone wall in the rear of the field next behind. During this movement, Company D deployed as skirmishers to hold the line we were leaving. A fog settled down; and, for half an hour, firing ceased. As it lifted, I saw at some distance a large force of the enemy moving by the right flank to turn our left. Our skirmishers fired upon them; but the movement remained unchecked till a few shells from our artillery forced them back. After this, their infantry paid but little attention to us; but their artillery on the right and left poured a heavy shower of shells about us as we lay behind the wall."

The result was, that Banks was largely outnumbered, and the army fell back to the Potomac. The Fifth made a forced march of forty-three miles in fourteen hours, cross-

ing at Dennis Ferry at midnight. Major E. F Blake, in a letter, thus describes the retreat of the regiment: "The left wing struck off across lots, at first for Berryville, but afterwards changed its course for Martinsburg. It was well that we took a new direction; for we afterwards learned of a force of five thousand rebels at Berryville to cut us off. Our retreat was most fatiguing. The enemy having gone down the pike ahead of us (in pursuit of the regiments that had fallen back first), we were cut off in that direction. Indeed, every one thought we were gone for good; and Gen. Banks, at Williamsport, ordered some of our men who went with the wagons to report to Col. Knipe of the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania, 'as the Fifth Connecticut had been surrounded and captured.' But, providentially, we met a guide, a refugee, when we were at Muddy Branch, who took us a zigzag through the woods, across lots, in gullies, thickets, and everywhere out of sight, crossing the pike behind the enemy, and then striking northward. Late in the afternoon, we again crossed the pike; and at eleven o'clock at night we stood on the shores of the Potomac, having marched forty-three miles from Winchester. Most of the men had nothing to eat after four, A.M. Col. Donnelly grasped my hand as we crossed the river, and said, 'Blake, thank God that brigade is safe! It is the happiest moment of my life.'"

Lieut. David B. Hamilton of Waterbury, detached for duty in the quartermaster's department, won an enviable reputation by his skill and bravery in saving the baggage-train of the Fifth during this terrible retreat. He remained at Strasburg, loading the wagons, long after our forces had evacuated the place; and finally reached Hancock in safety after the rebels had cut him off from the main column at Winchester.

Capt. Edward J. Rice was detailed for duty at brigade headquarters as an adjutant-general; and, during the protracted illness of the general commanding, much of the responsibility devolved upon him. He discharged the duties of his position ably.

During the fight at Winchester, twelve of the Fifth were wounded, and seventy-five taken prisoners. Capt. James A.

Betts, wounded, Capt. D. F. Lane, and Lieut. Henry M. Dutton, were commended for gallant conduct. (It was reported at home that the regiment was captured.)

Banks being shortly re-inforced by Frémont, the Fifth, after a brief rest, recrossed the river at Williamsport during the first week in June, and rapidly advanced again to Winchester, Front Royal, and the Luray Valley. When Frémont was again driven back, after the defeat of Shields, the Fifth moved across the State, through Warrenton, in the direction of Gordonsville. The latter part of July it reached Culpeper Court House, being now in Crawford's brigade, Williams's division of Banks's corps.

On the 9th, the corps was drawn up within a mile of Cedar Mountain, Jackson's army holding the wooded fields and cleared slopes in front. During the afternoon, the rebels unmasked battery after battery along the hills in front and on the flank, until the ground between the forces was commanded by a semicircle of batteries more than two miles long. A fierce artillery-duel was the prelude to the bloodier collision of infantry.

At five o'clock, orders came to cease firing, and to charge an enfilade battery on the right front. To Crawford's brigade was assigned the duty of leading the assault; and gallantly did they respond. The ground occupied by the Fifth in this charge was a rough wheat-stubble, upon which the sheafed grain still remained, gathered in heaps small, and far between. On its farther side was the battery, with a sturdy growth of saplings in its rear; and upon its left a thicket of scrub-oaks. Down this declivity sprang the Fifth, at the word of command, into the midst of a murderous fire from every quarter. The battery in front belched grape and canister, mowing their ranks. Guns beyond the undergrowth, and upon the hills to the left towards the mountain, now hurled here their storm of shot and shell. Moreover, as the companies passed from the cover of the projecting wood into the open stubble, a terrible infantry-fire broke upon them in an incessant flash from the low thicket encircling the field upon the right.

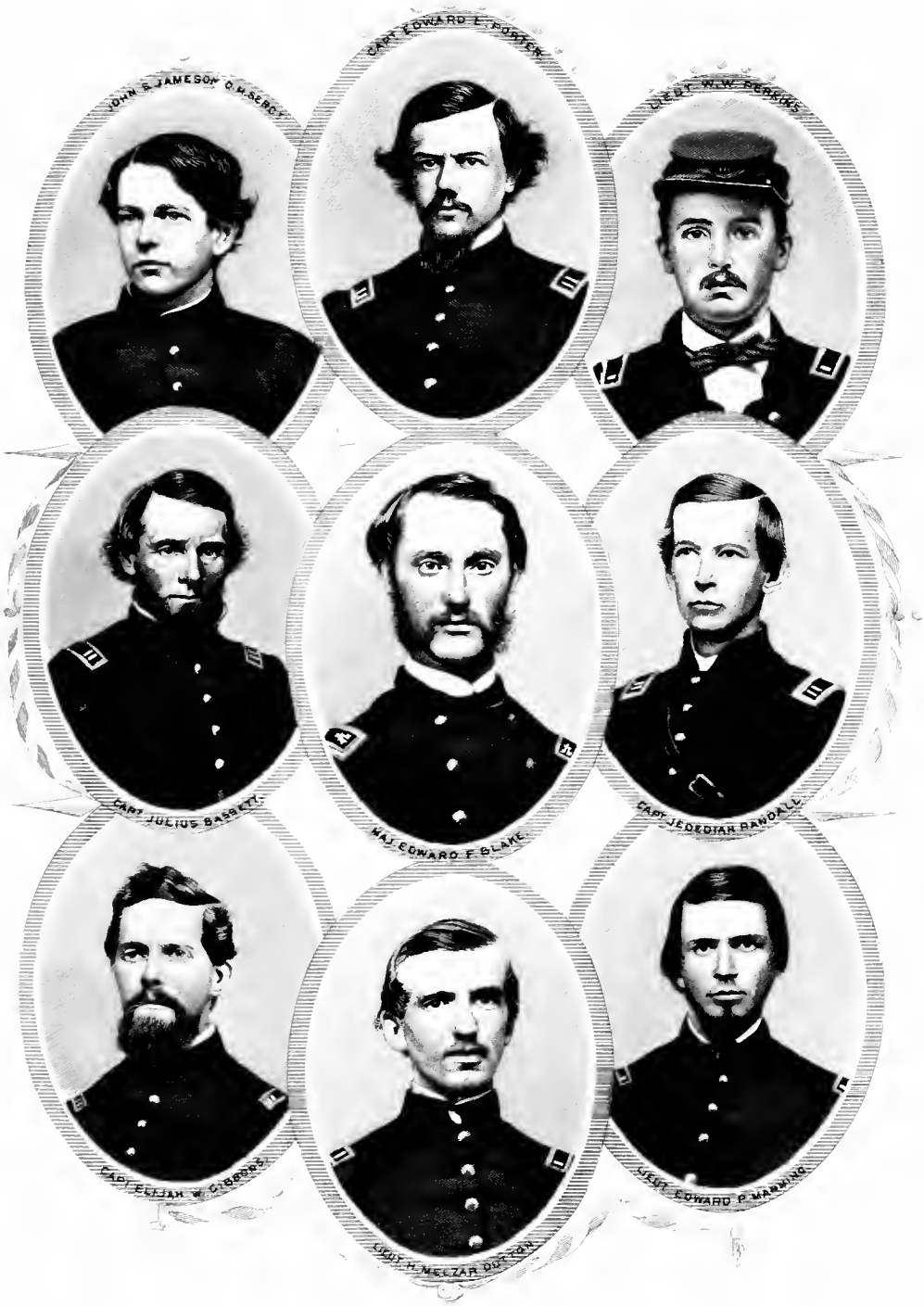
Very few times during the war was a regiment the focus of

such a fire. This narrow field was swept by all the engines of destruction. Here the Fifth Regiment was broken in pieces. It pushed bravely across the slope towards the unseen foe, and maintained something like order until reaching a small brook that flowed through the field. Here it wavered, and became scattered. Several of its best men were killed: fifty were struck down within two minutes. The wounded crept behind the rocks and wheat-stacks, where some of them were shot again and again. Most of the companies had lost their leaders, and straggled back to the wood whose protection they had left. A large number, borne forward by the impetuosity of the charge, rushed into the midst of the enemy concealed among the saplings, and were there slain or captured. All the field-officers were killed or made prisoners; and all the other officers, except five, were wounded.

Other regiments plunged into this deadly breach; but the battery was not taken, and night proclaimed a truce, the darkness illumined here and there by bursting shells. Next day, Jackson retired across the Rapidan; while Pope, Banks, and Sigel fell to debating the question, who was responsible for the useless slaughter.

The Fifth counted its dead, and tenderly gathered up its wounded. Major Blake, Adjutant Smith, Lieut. Dutton, and eighteen enlisted men, lay dead on the field. The brave Lieut.-Col. Henry B. Stone was a prisoner, and soon died of his wounds. Col. Chapman was in the hands of the enemy

Major Edward F. Blake, son of Eli W Blake of New Haven, was born in 1837 In boyhood as in manhood, he was distinguished for energy, fearlessness, ingenuity, enterprise, and strength and skill in all muscular exercises. He possessed that rare executive faculty which makes the possessor a leader trusted and followed by common consent. While in Yale, he pulled in the boat-race with Harvard. He also had excellent literary taste, and was one of the editors of the Yale Magazine. He was graduated in 1858, and in 1860 commenced the study of law in New Haven. He did not yield to the first impulse when the war broke out; but


JOHN S. JAMESON C.M. SERGT.
CAPT EDWARD L. PORTER.
LIEUT W.W. PERKINS.
CAPT JULIUS BASSETT.
MAJ EDWARD F. BLAKE.
CAPT JEDEDIAH RANDALL.
CAPT ELIJAH W. GIBBONS.
LIEUT H. MELZAR DOTTON.
LIEUT EDWARD P. MANNING.

as early as October, 1861, the governor had accepted his services, and appointed him to be adjutant of the Fifth, then near Darnestown, Md. Though a civilian, he had pursued his military studies so earnestly, that he was able at once to discharge the duties of his new position to the satisfaction of even his jealous comrades; and he was soon a great favorite in the army, as he had been at home. He was a cordial, hearty, cheerful Christian; and was not long in becoming a ready, spirited, accomplished soldier. His efficiency procured him the appointment of acting assistant adjutant-general on Gen. Crawford's staff; and in June he was made major of the regiment, again being passed over his superiors in rank. Major Blake gallantly led the left of the regiment at Cedar Mountain; and, when the little band was swept back, he was killed instantly by a rebel bullet as he had grasped the colors from the hands of dying men to bear them on. Col. Ferry said of him, "He is earnest, brave as the bravest, always ready; and by his happy temperament he is the best lightener of the cares, toils, and annoyances of military life I ever saw."

Lieut. Henry Melzar Dutton was a son of Ex-Gov. Dutton of New Haven, where he was born in 1836. He graduated at Yale in 1857; after which he studied law, and commenced a promising practice at Litchfield. At the breaking-out of the war, he was one of the young Democrats who threw themselves earnestly into the contest. Inducing scores to join him, he went to Hartford as a private in the Fifth Regiment; but he received a lieutenant's commission for his services in recruiting. Once in the field, he was popular with officers and men; being conspicuous for sociality, generosity, buoyancy of spirits, and fortitude amid discomfort. At Cedar Mountain, after Capt. Corliss was wounded, Lieut. Dutton led the company, urging them on while men were falling on every side. The color-guard were all either killed or wounded. "Lieut. Dutton is reported to have seized more than once the colors from some fallen hero, and to have borne it along to the hands of others still able to bear it aloft. During this heroic and hopeless struggle, his commanding form could not long escape unscathed;

and he fell pierced by a volley of rebel musketry." He was very kind to his men, and was much beloved.

Adjutant Heber S. Smith of Hartford was a student in Trinity College when the war broke out, of the class of 1862. He was apt to learn, and had a high appointment at the junior exhibition of that year. He made a most efficient adjutant. Prompt in the discharge of his duties, a genial companion and a true friend, he was sincerely mourned.

Lieut.-Col. Henry B. Stone was severely wounded, and taken prisoner. On Sept. 16, he wrote from Charlotteville, Va., to a friend in Danbury, "I am lying here on my back, suffering continual pain, patiently waiting for my wounds to heal. I suppose, if every thing goes on as well as usual, I shall have to lie in this position four weeks longer, when they will take my leg out of the splints, and allow me to move about more in bed. How anxious I am to hear about the regiment!" The wounded man was destined never to hear. Not having proper care, inflammation ensued, and he died, still "patiently waiting." Mr. Stone was captain of the Danbury Wide-Awakes in 1860, and showed so much spirit and skill, that, when the war broke out, he was recalled from New Jersey to command the first three-years' company. He was a handsome, frank, generous, brave man, and beloved by his command. Lieut. Edwin E. Marvin of Rockville wrote after the battle of Cedar Mountain, —

"It seemed as if the sacrifices were already prepared for their offering. Major Blake was always, at home or in camp, an earnest, devout Christian; but Lieut.-Col. Stone and Adjutant Smith had mingled in all our wild, ceaseless hilarity and revelry that absorbed many a rainy day, and almost every evening, of our early history, with great zest; but they, too, had changed. Amid and contrary to the whole tenor of surrounding influences, we well recollect that these three had long ago left all our carousals; had for the past months lived such lives, — lives of governed appetites, of sober and earnest resolution and unwavering duty, — that we could well say, as we remembered so much and more, 'Who of all of us was so well prepared as they?'"

Here fell Color-Sergeant Elijah B. Jones of Wilton, a tall, soldierly man, perfect in bravery; and Color-Corporal Daniel L. Smith of Bethel, a conscientious, prayerful, resolute soldier; both slain while bearing forward the flag. Here nobly

fell, also, Corporal Oliver G. Brady of Norwalk, Blair of North Haven, Bailey of Berlin, Thompson of Windham, and others.

After the battle, Capt. H. W Daboll of Groton, previously the eighth captain in rank, succeeded to the command of the regiment; all his superiors being either killed, captured, or disabled. He was in hospital on sick-leave before the battle.

On Aug. 18, the Fifth fell back with Pope's army to the line of the Rappahannock, and, as Jackson's movement around the right flank progressed, receded still farther; remaining to protect the baggage-trains near Bristow Station, while the rest of the army advanced to the second battle of Bull Run. When the rebel army, supported by three Federal generals, had succeeded in defeating Pope, the Fifth was withdrawn nearer Washington, thoroughly exhausted by the campaign.

CHAPTER XV.

The Summer of 1862. — The Fourteenth Regiment called for. — The Military Situation. — Appeal of the Executive. — Enthusiastic Response by the People. — War-Meetings and Local Effort. — Recruiting Committees. — The Fourteenth full. — New Haven raises the Fifteenth. — Hartford recruits the Sixteenth. — Seventeenth from Fairfield County. — Eighteenth from New-London County. — Nineteenth from Litchfield County. — Twentieth and Twenty-first organized. — The Second Battery goes from Bridgeport. — All assigned to the "Army of the Potomac."

URING the winter of 1861–2, the Union forces made constant inroads upon the Rebellion; and the magnificent prophecies of Mr. Seward seemed about to be fulfilled. The War Department issued orders, April 3, discontinuing the recruiting service in every State. Men about to enlist turned gratefully to peaceful pursuits, assured that no more soldiers would be needed. When, May 16, the Secretary of War made a requisition on Gov Buckingham for six hundred men to fill up the Eighth, Tenth, and Eleventh Regiments, it is not surprising that the response of the people was feeble. The government had justified the impression that the army was strong enough for any probable contingency. Moreover, there was a demand for labor; and wages were high. The requisition not being met, it was modified to a call for another regiment to join the fifty thousand men designed for the "camp of instruction" at Annapolis. The governor summoned volunteers for the Fourteenth: Dwight Morris of Bridgeport was commissioned to be its colonel; Dexter R. Wright of Meriden, lieutenant-colonel; and S. H. Perkins of Torrington, major. Companies were begun in Norwich, Waterbury, and Bridgeport; but the recruiting-sergeants met with little success. This state

of apathy continued, while the Army of the Potomac was experiencing strange vicissitudes.

The Federal arms had been everywhere victorious until this midsummer of 1862. The Union troops had overrun and occupied Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee; the national flag was again unfurled in New Orleans; while the Atlantic seacoast was being brought under Federal rule in accordance with Scott's "anaconda" plan. Suddenly the tide of battle seemed to turn. The repulse of the gunboats in their attack on Fort Darling was followed by the failures of McClellan; Hunter's foothold in the Carolinas became precarious; and again the enemy advanced in the West.

This loss of ground caused great public solicitude, which resulted in a letter of the loyal governors to President Lincoln, urging him "to call upon the States for such numbers of men as might, in his judgment, be necessary to garrison and hold all the numerous cities and military positions that have been captured by our armies, and to speedily crush the Rebellion." The president immediately, July 1, issued a call for three hundred thousand volunteers for three years.

The quota of this State, under this call, was fixed at seven thousand one hundred and forty-five. Gov. Buckingham immediately issued the following appeal for volunteers: —

CITIZENS OF CONNECTICUT, — You are again called upon to rally to the support of the government. In the name of our common country, I call upon you to enroll your names for the immediate formation of six or more regiments of infantry to be used in suppressing the Rebellion. Our troops may be held in check, and our sons die on the battle-field; but the cause of civil liberty must be advanced, the supremacy of the government must be maintained. Prompt and decisive action will be economy in men and money. By our delay, the safety of our armies, even of the nation, may be imperiled. The Rebellion, contending with the desperation of a hopeless and wicked cause, must be met with equal energy. Close your manufactories and workshops, turn aside from your farms and your business, leave for a while your families and your homes, meet face to face the enemies of your liberties! Haste, and you will rescue many noble men now struggling against superior numbers, and speedily secure the blessings of peace and good government.

Given under my hand and the seal of the State, at New Haven, this third day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two.

WM. A. BUCKINGHAM.

By his Excellency's command:

J. H. TRUMBULL, *Secretary of State.*

A bounty was now offered each volunteer, of a hundred dollars from the Federal Government, and ninety dollars from the State; and all the recruiting machinery was put in active operation. Authority to enlist was granted to young men in every county, accompanied with a commission as second lieutenant, to be forfeited in case of failure. All expenses incurred for subsistence, quarters, transportation, &c., prior to muster, were borne by the United States. A stirring circular letter was written by Adjutant-Gen. J. D. Williams to the selectmen of towns, appealing to them to hold local war-meetings "to set forth to the people the exigencies of the present hour," "to pledge private means to assist volunteers or their families," and to encourage enlistments in every way, and appoint men "of energetic habits and patriotic impulses to act as recruiting-officers."

The response was spontaneous and vigorous. Again party differences seemed laid aside or forgotten, and the predominant love of country asserted itself. Enlisting, and persuading others to enlist, became once more the business of the hour. Every county was thronged with recruiting-officers. Almost every town held a war-meeting, and offered an additional bounty for men. In most cases, this was made fifty dollars at first, and increased to a hundred dollars, for each man. Windsor Locks early voted a hundred and twenty-five dollars, and increased it to a hundred and fifty dollars. Bridgewater also voted a hundred and fifty dollars. Hartford and New Haven gave a hundred and seventy-five dollars bounty. Enfield gave two hundred dollars, and Bloomfield and Watertown even as high as two hundred and fifty dollars. This generous rivalry was an effective agent; but it created great confusion in determining the proper credits and quotas. Prominent citizens acted as committees to forward enlistments, so that the government had an agent in every neighborhood. Mass-meetings were held in the cities and large villages, and the newspapers of the State were full of appeals and local military news. Hartford, New Haven, Norwich, Bridgeport, and Litchfield became centers of enlistment; and the mind and heart of the State were given supremely to the work. The result was seen in the fact, that, within forty-

five days, eight thousand and thirty-six men had volunteered, and were organized into eight full regiments and one light-battery Connecticut was the first State to fill her quota under the call, and a surplus of nearly one thousand had volunteered. Gen. Daniel Tyler came home, and rendered great service in equipping these regiments, and preparing them for the field.

The lonely squads that had been drilling for weeks as the nucleus of the Fourteenth were now immediately reinforced. Large war-meetings to this end were held in Bridgeport, Norwich, Middletown, Waterbury, New Haven, New Britain, Madison, Saybrook, New London, and the towns in Tolland County; the regiment being recruited from the State at large. It rendezvoused at Camp Foote, on the New-Haven Turnpike, near Hartford, — grounds which the Fifth formerly occupied. The colors of the regiment were furnished by the State.

Towns were represented in the regiment as follows: Company A, Capt. James D. Merritt, Bridgeport, forty-six; Putnam, eight; Stratford, six; Norwalk, five; Trumbull, four. Company B. Capt. Elijah W Gibbons, Middletown, eighty-seven; Durham, six. Company C. Capt. Samuel W Carpenter, Waterbury, ninety Company D, Capt. Thomas F. Burpee, Vernon, seventy-three; Ellington, eleven. Company E, Capt. William H. Tubbs, Norwich, eighteen; Middletown, sixteen; Hartford, fourteen; and twenty from Windham County. Company F, Capt. Jarvis E. Blinn, New Britain, sixty-three; Bloomfield, fifteen; Berlin, thirteen. Company G, Capt. Samuel F. Willard, Madison, fifty-three; Old Saybrook, ten; Westbrook, eight: Clinton, twelve. Company H, Capt. Samuel H. Davis, New London, fifty-nine; Waterford, twenty; East Lyme, five. Company I, Capt. Isaac R. Bronson, New Haven, twenty; Hartford, twelve; Guilford, twenty-five. Company K, Capt. James B. Coit. Hartford, fifteen; Norwich, nineteen; Chatham, twelve; Somers, Griswold; and Ledyard, fifteen.

On Aug. 25, with a numerical strength of a thousand and fifteen officers and men, it left Hartford on the steamer City of Hartford and the propeller Dudley Buck. At New York, it was transferred to cars for Washington.

The remaining seven regiments were recruited by counties. A large and spirited meeting was held at Music Hall, New Haven, as early as the 8th of July. Com. Foote presided; and speeches were made by Gov. Buckingham, Senator Dixon, Rev. Dr. Bacon, and Charles Chapman, of Hartford. It was resolved to put a regiment (the Fifteenth) into the field immediately. A recruiting committee was appointed, of which the active men were William S. Charnley, H. M. Welch, H. B. Harrison, S. D. Pardee, William H. Russell, A. D. Osborne, P A. Pinkerman, Francis Wayland, jr., J. W King, E. S. Quintard, D. J. Peck, Lyman Cowles, Lucius R. Finch, Wyllis Bristol, C. A. Lindsley, John Woodruff, Lucius Gilbert, E. J. Sanford, Eli Whitney, B. S. Bryan, James H. Lansing, J. C. Hollister, J. D. Candee, D. H. Carr, E. Downes, C. S. Bushnell, Charles W Elliot, D. C. Gilman, Rev. William T. Eustis, John A. Porter, C. B. Rogers, John W Farren, R. S. Fellows, L. R. Smith, H. E. Pardee, Alexander McAllister, H. D. White, N. D. Sperry.

At the first meeting of the committee, it was resolved to "postpone absolutely, for the present, all topics of dispute;" and authority was received from the governor to raise a regiment, and nominate its field-officers. Recruiting began without delay. Sessions of the committee were held from day to day. The organization was called "the Lyon Regiment;" and it was voted to distribute fifteen hundred dollars as an extra bounty among the first six companies raised within four weeks to the maximum number.

A vote was passed instructing the committee about to visit Washington (Hollister, Candee, and Sperry) to request the Secretary of War to cause the arrest and confinement of all persons discouraging enlistments in New-Haven County.

The camp was located at Oyster Point, where the Seventh had rendezvoused. Oyster Point soon became, and afterwards remained, a favorite resort of the citizens; for fathers, mothers, wives, and cousins; for patriotic and tender-hearted young women, who rode down to distribute needle-books, sweet pickles, bouquets, and smiles; for patriotic but reluctant young men, who rode down to discharge their surplus

emotion at the stars and stripes, and to enjoy the delicious feeling that they were serving the country by proxy.

On July 21, the committee nominated Dexter R. Wright of the Fourteenth to be colonel; and he was accordingly commissioned. They also named Samuel Tolles of New Haven for lieutenant-colonel, and Eli W Osborne of New Haven for major; and even the sutler was designated in the person of John A. Punderford, which proved an excellent appointment. Sub-committees visited Derby, Orange, Meriden, Madison, Guilford, and other towns; and the regiment was declared full to the maximum, and ready to leave on Aug. 25.

Company A, Capt. Julius Bassett, was from Meriden. Companies B, Capt. Theodore R. Davis; C, Capt. S. S. Smith; D, Capt. Samuel Hubbard; E, Capt. George M. White; G, Capt. John D. Wheeler; and I, Capt. Frank M. Lovejoy, — were almost wholly from New-Haven City. Company F, Capt. Allen W Harvey, was from Meriden. Company H, Capt. Henry B. Peek, was a consolidation of about equal squads from Naugatuck and New Haven. Company K, Capt. Henry H. Stiles, contained fifty-two from Wallingford, thirty from North Haven, nine from North Branford. Orange had also thirty-three in this regiment, East Haven twenty-five, Milford twenty, Guilford ten, and Wallingford seven.

On Aug. 28, the regiment left for Washington, under a handsome flag made by the ladies of Meriden, and presented in an appropriate speech by O. H. Platt.

Hartford County felt that the call was imperative, and responded instantly. A great meeting was held in and about Allyn Hall on July 11. Mayor William J. Hamersley presided in the hall, assisted by W W Ellsworth, W D. Shipman, T. M. Allyn, Calvin Day, Henry Keeny, D. W Pardee, Hawley Kellogg, Austin Dunham, Horace Lord, Julius Catlin, John C. Palmer, Charles T. Howard, Charles H. Northam, Jonathan Goodwin, Elisha T. Smith, Warren Griswold, John L. Bunce, E. A. Bulkeley, Roland Mather, James P Powell, Erastus Collins, H. A. Perkins, Daniel Phillips, Mark Howard, A. N. Clark, Henry C. Robinson. The meeting was addressed

by Senator Dixon and others, and an eloquent letter was read from Com. Foote. At least five thousand people were assembled, and there was an immense outside meeting.

Most of the above-named gentlemen were active members of the citizens' committee, which assisted to recruit the Sixteenth Regiment. The names of A. E. Burr (of the Times) and Thomas H. Seymour having been read in the list of officers of the meeting, the latter published a letter in the Times, in which he said, "I could not have been induced to attend it. I will contribute in no way to the accomplishment of such bloody purposes. The monstrous fallacy of the present day," he continues for the benefit of the volunteers, "that the Union can be re-established by destroying any part of the South, is one which will burst with the shells thrown into its defenseless cities, and leave the condition of the country, after its treasures are exhausted, and its brave men on both sides consigned to hospitals and graves, a spectacle for the reproach and commiseration of mankind."

Towns were represented in the Sixteenth Regiment about as follows: Company A, Capt. Henry L. Pasco, Hartford, forty-four; Wethersfield, ten; Somers, eight; West Hartford, seven. Company B, Capt. Edward H. Mix, Hartford, thirty-five; Guilford, thirteen; East Windsor, eight; Windsor, seven. Company C, Capt. Edward E. Rankin, Hartford, forty-seven; Farmington, thirty-five; Rocky Hill, twenty. Company D, Capt. Samuel Brown, Suffield, sixty-two; Enfield, thirty-four. Company E, Capt. Charles Babcock, Canton, thirty-three; Granby, nineteen; Simsbury, nineteen. Company F, Capt. Heber W Seaver, Hartford, eighty-two. Company G, Capt. Nathaniel Hayden, Berlin, twenty-five; East Windsor, twenty; Farmington, fifteen; Hartford, thirteen. Company H, Capt. Frederick M. Barber, Manchester, forty-three; Glastenbury, seventeen; Bolton, twelve; South Windsor, eight. Company I, Capt. John L. Drake, Stafford, sixty; Avon, ten; Vernon, eleven; Willington, eight. Company H, Capt. Newton S. Manross, mostly from Bristol; Farmington, fifteen;. Burlington, eight.

Francis Beach was commissioned colonel; Frank W Che-

ney, lieutenant-colonel; and George A. Washburn, major. The regiment rendezvoused at Camp Williams.

It was made up of excellent material, — some of the oldest and best families in the county being represented in its ranks, and cherishing high expectations of its future. On Aug. 24, 1862, the regiment was mustered into the United-States service for three years with a thousand and ten officers and men; and on Friday, the 29th, left Hartford for Washington. As they marched to the wharf at the foot of Morgan Street, they were cheered by friends, from whom many were parting for the last time. They left at three, P.M., on the City of Hartford and the Collins, and had a pleasant trip to New York, where they were transferred to the steamer Kill von Kull, and received a breakfast of soup and coffee. At Elizabeth, N.J., the regiment took the cars for Baltimore *viâ* Harrisburg.

The Seventeenth was a Fairfield-county regiment, — not fifty men enlisted from outside the county. It was begun as soon as the call was issued in July: and William H. Noble was at once commissioned its colonel; Charles Walter, lieutenant-colonel; and A. G. Brady, major. Headquarters were at Bridgeport. Recruiting was active throughout July, — men being mustered as they arrived; and by the middle of August the regiment was full to the maximum, — over a thousand men. A comfortable camp was established at Seaside Park, known as "Camp Aiken." Through the patriotic efforts of Rev. Alexander R. Thompson, the regiment was furnished with a large chapel-tent, a library of five hundred volumes, checker and chess boards, and many other articles to promote the comfort or pleasure of the men. Col. Noble and Lieut.-Col. Walter were presented each with a fine horse and equipments. Bridgeport claimed to be "the banner town of the State," having furnished seventy men more than her quota, — a total of eight hundred and fifty out of an enrolled militia of sixteen hundred.

Towns were represented as follows, those which only furnished three or four to a company being omitted: Company A, Capt. Douglass Fowler, mainly from Norwalk; Wil-

ton, eighteen. Company B, Capt. Charles A. Hobbie, mostly from Stamford and Darien. Company C, Capt. James E. Moore, Danbury, fifty-eight; Bethel, sixteen; Ridgefield, twelve. Company D, Capt. William H. Lacey, Bridgeport, forty-four; Monroe, seventeen; Stratford, nine; Huntington, nine. Company E, Capt. Henry P. Burr, Westport, fifty-one; Newtown, twenty-five; Bridgeport, fourteen; Weston, ten. Company F, Capt. Enoch Wood, mostly from Norwalk; Wilton, fourteen. Company G, Capt. James E. Dunham, Ridgefield, fifty-three; Bridgeport, twenty-three; Redding, twenty. Company H, Capt. Enos Kellogg, mostly New Canaan. Company I, Capt. D. O. Benson, mostly Greenwich. Company K, Capt. John J. McCarty, Bridgeport, thirty-five; Fairfield, thirty-five.

Company F, the Lockwood Guards, was raised in three days, stimulated by the offer of a thousand dollars by Le Grand Lockwood, Esq., whose donations to the war-fund in every direction were large and constant.

The Seventeenth left for the front Sept. 3, being greeted by a salute, and the cheers of thousands assembled from all parts of the county to witness its departure. Gov. Buckingham reviewed the regiment, and gave it his parting counsel. During the firing of a salute at South Norwalk, the premature discharge of a cannon shattered the arm of Joseph Hawkins so terribly, that he died from the effect of the amputation. In New York, the regiment embarked at the foot of Twenty-third Street for South Amboy; whence it proceeded by rail to Baltimore. In its ranks, as a private, was Elias Howe, jr., the inventor of the sewing-machine, in receipt of an annual income of a quarter of a million dollars, his long hair cut tight to his head, and a musket on his shoulder. In the Westport company was Mr. E. M. Lees, postmaster, and two brothers. The regiment, tired and hungry, arrived at Baltimore late in the evening; and, finding no transportation to Washington, lay in the open street all night, and got a cold collation at the dépôt at daybreak. Here they passed another night on the floor, the colonel refusing to vacate until quarters were furnished.

New-London and Windham Counties took hold with such earnestness, that the Eighteenth Regiment, begun after several of the others, was the first to start for Washington. A county mass-meeting was held in Franklin Square, Norwich. Hon. John T. Wait presided, and made a most impressive speech, declaring that the question was, whether Americans were fit for a republic; and that its settlement would affect all nations, and all generations of men. Mr. Wait was followed by Senator Lafayette S. Foster, Gen. Daniel Tyler, Richard Busteed, Hiram Willey, and others. A war-committee was appointed, consisting of Amos W Prentice, David Smith, John F Slater, Henry Bill, F. M. Hale, James A. Hovey, and John W Stedman, who went vigorously to work. Companies were started in every large town in the district. Isaac H. Bromley, editor of the Bulletin, raised a company, and went as its captain. The camp was established on the Fair Ground, about one mile west of Norwich, on the old Salem Turnpike; and was, like that of the Seventeenth, designated Camp Aiken, after the popular quartermaster-general of the State, William A. Aiken of Norwich. Windham County, determined that no conscripts should piece out her quota, sent down company after company; and by the middle of August the regiment was declared full. Lieut.-Col. William G. Ely of the Sixth, who had begun as a private in the three-months' service, was called to the command of the Eighteenth. Monroe Nichols was made lieutenant-colonel; and Ephraim Keach, jr., major.

Five companies were from New-London County, and five from Windham; and towns were represented as follows: Company A, Capt. Henry C. Davis, Norwich seventy-three, Canterbury ten, Bozrah nine; Company B, Capt. Thomas K. Bates, Killingly fifty-two, Putnam fourteen, Brooklyn twelve, Woodstock twelve; Company C, Capt. Isaac H. Bromley, Norwich forty-eight, Lebanon thirty-one; Company D, Capt. Joseph Mathewson, Thompson sixty-two, Pomfret eighteen, Woodstock ten, Eastford eight; Company E, Capt. Isaac W Hakes, jr., Norwich twenty-eight, Colchester twenty, Salem eleven, Andover five; Company F, Capt. Henry Peale, Norwich fifty-nine, Preston twelve, Griswold thirteen; Company

G., Capt. George W Warner, Woodstock forty-four, Putnam twenty-four, Windham eight; Company H, Capt. Charles D. Bowen, Windham fifty-five, Coventry thirteen, Tolland fourteen, Chaplin ten; Company I, Capt. Samuel R. Knapp, Norwich twenty-nine, Preston eight, Lyme seventeen, Plainfield fifteen, Griswold ten, Sprague eight; Company K, Capt. Ezra J. Mathewson, Killingly seventy-seven, Plainfield fourteen.

The friends of the Windham-county men came down on an excursion-train, and visited the camp on Aug. 20. "During the whole afternoon, the vast crowd swayed hither and thither over the ground, or stood gathered in little groups, talking earnestly of the past and future. In the latter part of the day, the regiment was formed, and marched about the camp, a compact whole, the pride of the district whose gallant sons filled its ranks. And, as the setting sun threw its rays across the tented field, there were the hurried parting, the last fond embrace, the affectionate good-by, perhaps forever, tremulously spoken by wives and sisters, aged fathers and mothers; and the living current swept back, leaving alone the canvas city to the brave men who shall know no other habitation until the flag of their fathers shall float again in triumph over a re-united republic."[1]

Just before the regiment left, Col. Ely found a swindler in camp, who was selling to the soldiers "bullet-proof vests." He straightway made half a dozen bullet-holes in the tin armor, required the fellow to return the money to the dupes, and then sent him to the guard-house.

At four o'clock, P.M., of the 22d, Gov. Buckingham drove to camp, and presented the regimental colors in behalf of the ladies of Norwich. Col. Ely received the standard with a few appropriate remarks. Then the regiment formed in line, and marched to the city. Norwich had put on its holiday attire. "Finally, at seven o'clock, the huge engines started, the boat moved into the stream, a loud cheer from its precious freight, an answering shout from the crowd that filled the wharves and lined the banks, a burst of music and the roar of cannon, and the Eighteenth Regiment had gone."

The Nineteenth Regiment was from Litchfield County. A

[1] Norwich Bulletin.

county mass-convention was held at Litchfield on July 22, at which every town was represented. Seth P Beers presided. The convention resolved that a complete regiment should be furnished by Litchfield County, and unanimously recommended that Sheriff Leverett W Wessells be commissioned as its colonel. An executive committee was also appointed, consisting of G. H. Hollister, Joseph Humphrey, jr., E. W Seymour, and George A. Hickox. There was now a united effort to fill the ranks, and recruiting was rapid. Wessells was made colonel; Nathaniel Smith of Woodbury, major.

The camp was established on South Chestnut Hill, a mile east of Litchfield. The place selected was a beautiful sloping field on the farm of Cyrus Catlin; and it was named Camp Dutton, in honor of Lieut. Henry Melzar Dutton, who had fallen nobly at Cedar Mountain.

Major Elisha S. Kellogg, of the First Connecticut Volunteer Artillery, arrived at Litchfield, Aug. 20, with a commission as lieutenant-colonel. Lieut. William B. Ells, also of the First, came home to raise a company for the new regiment, and Private Charles J. Deming to go out as its adjutant. This excellent regiment had already graduated a colonel for the Thirteenth, two majors for the Fourteenth, a surgeon for the Fifteenth, a major for the Sixteenth, and a surgeon for the Twenty-first; and when Major Kellogg, Lieut. Ells, and Private Deming, received commissions in the Nineteenth, Col. Tyler is said to have exclaimed indignantly that the government seemed inclined to "make the First Artillery a d—d yeast-pot to 'raise' officers for the army."

Towns were represented in the Nineteenth as follows: Company A, Capt. William Bissell, Litchfield, sixty-three; Harwinton, ten; Morris, seven. Company B, Capt. James Hubbard, Salisbury, forty-three; Kent, twenty-four. Company C, Capt. James Q. Rice, Goshen, forty-two; Torrington, thirty-four. Company D, Capt. William B. Ells, Plymouth, fifty-three; Watertown, eighteen; Harwinton, thirteen. Company E, Capt. Jeffrey Skinner, Winchester, sixty-two; Norfolk, sixteen. Company F, Capt. Edward W Jones, New Hartford, thirty; North Canaan, nineteen; Canaan, sixteen; Colebrook, fourteen. Company G, Capt. Edward

F. Gold, Cornwall, thirty-four; Sharon, forty-one. Company H, Capt. George S. Williams, New Milford, thirty-seven; Kent, twenty-one; Washington, twenty-one. Company I, Capt. Eli Sperry, Woodbury, sixty-one. Company K, Capt. Edward O. Peck, was made up by taking men from the other companies; so that it represented every town in the county, except Cromwell and Sharon, and three towns in other counties.

On Sept. 10, the regiment was declared full; and an immense meeting was held at Litchfield, and a stand of colors eloquently presented by William Curtis Noyes on behalf of his wife, a grand-daughter of Col. Tallmadge, the bold partisan leader of the Revolution, and aide to Gen. Washington. Hon. Robbins Battell of Norfolk presented to Col. Wessells a fine blooded horse, and Hon. O. S. Seymour gave him a McClellan saddle. On the 15th, the regiment left Litchfield on a train of twenty-three cars for "the front."

On the 27th of August, the companies and squads that had been recruited for the Twentieth rendezvoused at Oyster Point, New Haven, more than a thousand men. Enough were exempted by the surgeons to bring the total down to nine hundred and eighty. Uniforms and a few old muskets for camp-guard were furnished, a camp was laid out, and a regular military life begun. Gov. Buckingham appointed Capt. Samuel Ross of the Fourteenth United-States Infantry, mustering-officer in the State, to be colonel; William B. Wooster, Esq., of Birmingham, to be lieutenant-colonel; and Philo B. Buckingham of Seymour to be major.

The regiment now made its first awkward attempts at drilling and guard-duty. "Long will our first guard-mounting be remembered as a splendid caricature. Here you would see a sentinel attempting to salute an officer. Poking out his musket perpendicularly in front with the breech nearly as high as his breast, and his face turned over his shoulder, he continues his march on his beat until he strikes the toe of his boot against some unleveled corn-hill, and finishes his salute with a headlong sprawl. Another thrusts his bayonet into the ground, and leaves his musket, because

he is tired of carrying the 'darned thing,' and thinks it just as well to walk his beat without it."[2]

Towns were represented in the regiment as follows: Company A, Capt. Timothy Guilford, Cheshire, sixty-five; Prospect, eighteen. Company B, Capt. Sanford E. Chaffee, mainly from Derby; Oxford, twelve. Company C, Capt. Henry C. Smith, Hartford, twenty-eight; East Haddam, twenty; Chester, seven; Windsor Locks, eight; Marlborough, six. Company D, Capt. Frederick A. Parker, Portland, fifty-four; Haddam, eighteen; Cromwell, eighteen. Company E, Capt. Samuel S. Woodruff, Southington, seventy-three; Farmington, ten. Company F, Capt. Henry C. Pardee, New Haven, fifty-nine; Newtown, fourteen. Company G, Capt. William W. Morse, New Haven, fifty-seven; Guilford, six. Company H, Capt. Charles S. Abbott, Seymour, twenty-three; Waterbury, twenty-one; Oxford, fourteen; Derby, fourteen; Southbury, ten. Company I, Capt. Ezra D. Dickerman, Hamdem, forty; Waterbury, eighteen; New Haven, eight. Company K, Capt. S. S. Stevens, New Britain, forty-one; Hartford, eighteen; Waterbury, fifteen; Cromwell, four.

The regiment was paid off; and at ten, A.M., of Sept. 11, 1862, the cars backed down, the bands played, the citizens cheered; and, struggling with various emotions, the men started on their three-years' campaign.

The Twenty-first was recruited from the eastern and central part of the State, and rendezvoused at Norwich, being raised by the same impulse that had filled the Eighteenth. It was a very promising regiment. Arthur H. Dutton, formerly of Wallingford, but then a lieutenant in the regular army, was chosen colonel; and so rapidly was the regiment raised in view of a threatened draft, that it was mustered into the service, Sept. 5, with nine hundred and sixty-six men. Thomas F. Burpee of Vernon was appointed lieutenant-colonel; and Hiram B. Crosby of Norwich, major.

Towns were represented in the regiment as follows: Company A, Capt. Joseph Jordan, jr., East Hartford, thirty-nine; Hartford, thirteen; Glastenbury, sixteen; Windsor, twelve. Company B, Capt. Charles T. Martin, mostly from Hartford.

[2] Lieut.-Col. P. B. Buckingham's MS. History of the Twentieth.

Company C, Capt. John E. Wood, wholly (ninety-two) from Groton. Company D, Capt. Charles G. Southworth, Mansfield, thirty-eight; Ashford, seventeen; Windham, fifteen; Willington, eight. Company E, Capt. Charles T. Stanton, jr., mostly (sixty-eight) from Stonington. Company F, Capt. William Spittle, Montville, forty-three; New London, thirty-two; Waterford, seven. Company G, Capt. James F. Brown, North Stonington, sixty; Voluntown, twenty-two. Company H, Capt. Ralph C. Foot, jr., Colchester, forty-seven; Chatham, twenty-eight; Haddam, ten. Company I, Capt. David Dickerson, Middletown, fifty-six; Norwich, fifteen. Company K, Capt. Jeremiah M. Shepard, Plainfield, forty-seven; Pomfret, fifteen; Brooklyn, twelve; Sterling, ten; Killingly, Sprague, and Lebanon, twelve.

Having been completely equipped and furnished, the regiment was ordered on board the cars Sept. 11, and, bidding adieu to friends, proceeded to the seat of war.

During these fall months, also, the Second Connecticut Light Battery had been organized, drilled, armed, and hastily prepared for the front. It was composed of portions of two batteries of State militia at Bridgeport, consolidated under Capt. John W Sterling. A quiet, unassuming man, attached to his home by family-ties and business-interests, he was filled with a martial spirit; and having, as an amateur, already made himself familiar with the theory of military tactics, he brought his command to a high state of efficiency. He was greatly assisted by his lieutenants, — Walter S. Hotchkiss, Philip B. Segee, George Munger, and Philo B. Sherman. The men were mostly (one hundred and twelve) from Bridgeport, eight from Fairfield, eight from Easton, and thirteen from Stratford. The battery was composed of the best materials, and was unsurpassed in its general equipments by any battery in the service. It was armed with four 6-pounder James's rifled guns, and two 4-pounder howitzers. The battery left Bridgeport on Oct. 15, 1862, with one hundred and fifteen men, and proceeded to Washington, where it remained two months in the artillery camp of instruction, — Camp Barry.

These troops left the State thoroughly equipped; but drills had been irregular, and the men started forth with little idea of the actual life and duties of a soldier. They were received with bountiful hospitality by "the Sons of Connecticut" in New York, co-operating with Col. John H. Almy, the State's agent, and sent forward with words of patriotic cheer. The eight regiments were assigned to the Army of the Potomac; and most of them reached Washington over the usual railroad-route, and with about the same wretched experience of travel night and day.

The Fourteenth was immediately sent across Long Bridge to occupy Camp Chase, back of Arlington Heights, where it remained the first night. Réveille was beaten at three o'clock next morning; and the men were started off for Fort Ethan Allen, opposite Chain Bridge, where a camp was pitched, and drills resumed. Cyrus C. Clark of Middletown was now major, *vice* S. H. Perkins, promoted.

The Fifteenth was kept in Washington, near the east end of Long Bridge, for a time, and was reviewed by Gen. Casey, whose headquarters were near. Some companies were detailed to guard the bridge on the Virginia side; and the men rapidly learned the trials of their new life in encountering the wounded and invalids from the disastrous second battle of Bull Run.

The Sixteenth arrived at Washington in the evening of Aug. 31, and bivouacked near the Capitol. It marched into Virginia next morning, and received a startling illustration of war, — meeting a line of ambulances a mile long, bringing dead and dying from the battle-field. The men proceeded to Fort Ward, about five miles distant, and sat in the rain all night, the tents not having come up. Here they remained for several days, while Lee was hastening northward across the State to invade the North.

The Seventeenth expected to join Sigel's corps, then held in reserve in front of Washington; but Lee had just crossed the Potomac into Maryland, and the regiment was detained for the defense of Baltimore, where Gen. Wool was still in command. They were ordered into Fort Marshall, a new earthwork on the hights across the harbor from Fort Mc-

Henry, overlooking that fortification and the city. This is the highest point of land in the city; and the sweep of vision covers a radius of five or six miles in every direction. The view was fine: but no quarters or food had been provided for the regiment; so the men lay down upon the ground, and slept like veterans. Next day, there was great excitement caused by Lee's approach; and twenty rounds of cartridges were dealt out; and the men, for a few nights, slept on their arms. Here they remained for more than a month, the post-quartermaster seeming to delight in making them uncomfortable.

The Eighteenth also stopped in Baltimore. Col. Ely reported to Gen. Morris; and the regiment was at once installed in Fort McHenry, just being vacated by a New-York three-months' regiment. Here they were soon comfortably located in a camp on a cool and shady slope running off to the waters of the bay Behind and above, the great guns of the fort frowned over the ramparts on the half-rebel city; while over all floated the stars and stripes as proudly as when, "in the dawn's early light," Francis Rodman Drake gazed anxiously across these same waters, and that grand anthem, "The Star-spangled Banner," was born. The regiment remained here a month; four companies, Capts. Peale's, Warner's, Knapp's, and Mathewson's, under Major Keach, being stationed at Havre de Grâce, guarding the railroad.

The Nineteenth arrived at Alexandria on Sept. 18, and went into camp a mile back of the city, in the brigade of Gen. Slough, military governor. Here the regiment did picket and patrol duty in and about Alexandria from this time until January, obtaining the good will of the citizens by circumspect behavior and soldierly conduct. These months were industriously improved. The regiment was daily and thoroughly drilled by Lieut.-Col. Kellogg, who was the *beau-idéal* of a soldier, and one of the best drill-masters Connecticut produced. Col. Wessells' health soon gave way, and he was but a few weeks with the regiment.

The Twentieth reached Washington at four o'clock, P.M., of Sept. 13; but, having reported to the "circumlocution

office," it was five hours before it received an order to go into camp. The men stretched themselves upon the ground of East Capitol Hill, and slept without tents. Next morning the baggage came up, and a camp was laid out; but, two days thereafter, they removed to Camp Chase, at Arlington Heights, under their new brigade-commander, — Gen. Paul. Here officers and men studied Casey's tactics, and devoted four hours a day to the drill.

The Twenty-first also reached Washington on the 13th, bivouacked near the Twentieth, and went with it to Camp Chase on the 17th.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Call for Seven Regiments of Nine-months' Men. — The second Great Uprising. — Recruiting Active. — Meetings and Bounties. — A Draft announced. — The Camps. — Exemption sought. — Skulks and Cowards. — The Surgeons besieged. — The White-liver Complaint. — Incidents. — How New Haven filled her Quota. — The Day of the Draft. — The Mountain brings forth. — All the Regiments Full. — The Twenty-second from Hartford and Tolland Counties. — Twenty-third from Fairfield and New Haven. — Twenty-fourth from Middlesex. — Twenty-fifth from Hartford. — Twenty-sixth from New London and Windham. — Twenty-seventh from New Haven. — Twenty-eighth from Fairfield and Litchfield. — The Rendezvous on Long Island.

LMOST simultaneously with the call for three hundred thousand men for three years came (Aug. 4, 1862) a call for three hundred thousand for nine months, under which the quota of the State was again 7,145. Including the last three-years' quota, still incomplete, Connecticut had already raised 21,702 soldiers; and the various branches of industry showed the drain that was being suffered. Yet the startling reverses to our arms, and the excitement and war-meetings resulting, caused a very general response to this summons. Moreover, nearly half the number now called for had been furnished in the surplus volunteering for three years; and there were many remaining whose circumstances prevented a three-years' absence, who cheerfully volunteered to go for nine months, believing that such service would carry the war past the most critical point.

Seven additional regiments were called for, from the Twenty-second to the Twenty-eighth inclusive; and volunteers poured in to the recruiting-stations. All parties participated in the new uprising. At the war-meetings of the time, Charles Chapman and Alvan P Hyde, the acknowledged leaders of the Democratic party in the House of Represen-

tatives, spoke on the same platform with prominent Republicans, urging men of all creeds and politics to enroll themselves at once for the national defense.

The last companies filled slowly; and the governor, on Aug. 21, in obedience to orders from Washington, announced a draft for Sept. 3, unless the requisition should previously be filled. The number required of different towns being estimated, they at once put forth prodigious efforts to fill the respective quotas. While nearly all the people heartily seconded recruiting, a large majority looked upon the draft as a disagreeable, if necessary, alternative: many objected to it, and a few openly opposed it.

Dr. C. H. Atwood of Woodbury objected to bounties, and called upon the educated and wealthy to enlist, and not require it of the laboring-men, who could not leave their families. As the tendency, if not the intent, of this was obvious, his eloquence was received with hisses, and only served to augment the emphasis with which the town voted the bounty of one hundred dollars. At the town-meeting in Bethlehem, an old citizen named Beecher, who had presided a year before at a Schnable peace-meeting, was "afeard the town would be ruined by paying such big bounties." His son Marshall Beecher soon took refuge in Canada. L. L. Bloss offered a resolution, providing that, if a volunteer from the town should "run off anybody's nigger," he should forfeit all his bounty

Meanwhile the enrollment for a draft was proceeding. In preparation for it, four camps were established, — Camp Halleck at Hartford, commanded by Col. George S. Burnham, and, later, by Col. George P Bissell, for Hartford and Tolland Counties; Camp Terry at New Haven, for New-Haven, Fairfield, and Litchfield Counties, commanded by Col. James M. Woodward; Camp Russell at Norwich, for New-London and Windham Counties, commanded by Col. Thomas G. Kingsley, and, later, by Col. Thomas H. C. Kingsbury; and Camp Mansfield at Middletown, for Middlesex County, commanded by Col. E. W N. Starr. Several of the last three-years' regiments, and all the nine-months' regiments, rendezvoused at these camps.

General orders were published, giving full directions as to

the manner of conducting the draft, with the classes exempt, and the provision for substitutes. It appeared that Sprague, Chaplin, Windham, Marlborough, New Hartford, Norfolk, and Saybrook had already filled their quotas. As the day approached, it became clearly impossible to prepare the corrected schedule in time; and the draft was postponed until the 10th.

During this week, the exertions of loyal men were redoubled, and the solicitude of semi-traitors and cowards increased. Every subterfuge was resorted to by these last to escape service. Section 4 of the Militia Law, passed at the May session, provided for assistants of the surgeon-general in each county, authorized to examine all applicants for exemption. Old certificates of disability suddenly became priceless. The halt, the blind, the diseased, swelled to a fabulous number.

Some surgeons seemed, from excessive good nature, or for the sake of popularity, or for the paltry twenty-five cents received for each certificate, inclined to grant almost every application. Dr. Beckwith of Litchfield was severely censured, as caring more for these than for the nation others were struggling to save; but he asserted that he did what seemed to be his duty with impartial honesty. Be this as it may, his fame spread through all surrounding towns. Men swarmed into Litchfield with haggard and ghastly countenances; stout young fellows bent over canes, and feigned excruciating rheumatism, or moaned agonizing internal and invisible maladies. Every day some one received the twenty-five cents exemption, flung away his staff, and walked off with a firm step.

The physicians generally were rigid, excusing none but those obviously unfit. A few left every county, and fled to Canada, where they were hailed as poltroons and skulks. A few who sympathized with the South maimed themselves that they might be exempt! A "peace-man" in New Fairfield cut off his right fore-finger. Another extracted his full set of sound teeth, and presented himself to Dr. Ezra P. Bennett to be examined, but subsided into a speechless rage when the doctor, disgusted with the spectacle, "passed" him,

informing him that he could "go as well as not: don't have to bite cartridges now." A cripple from Preston presented himself to Dr. Farnsworth at Norwich with a stiff leg; but the doctor, perceiving that the rigidity was voluntary, horsewhipped the creature, and then kicked him out of his office. The lame leg was restored as good as new. Dr. Welch of Winsted used to ask, "Can you work?" — "Y—es, work a lit-tle," was a common reply. "Then you can fight a little;" and the case was closed.

At this time, Litchfield County was all astir with recruiting for the Nineteenth and Twenty-eighth Regiments. Every day, Hon. John H. Hubbard, and often Edward Seymour and others, would go out to the Green, where the candidates for exemption were congregated, and depict the need and peril of the nation, and set forth the meanness of shirking duty due to the flag and the country. Almost every day, a number thoroughly ashamed of their despicable intentions banished pretended ills, stood erect in manhood, and enlisted for three years or the war.

In Barkhamsted, at the town-meeting in which a hundred dollars bounty was voted to volunteers, it was also resolved unanimously, that "whereas a most dangerous and alarming epidemic, traceable in most cases to the *pro tem.* cause of an enormous enlargement of the *white liver*, threatens the total extinction of our able-bodied white male population between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years; therefore resolved, that, as a sanitary regulation, the names and alleged reasons of all citizens of this town who apply for exemption be published in the county newspapers."

The aggregate of those who dishonestly sought exemption was, of course, very small, when compared with the whole number liable to military duty. The people generally were ready to stand the draft; and some calmly awaited the result as the decision of Providence upon their duty to go or stay. Still there was a decided repugnance to a draft, however equitable; and all, with Connecticut ideas of freedom, wished to see the ranks filled by volunteers.

Many towns filled their quota on the morning of the day of the draft. At New Haven, an immense crowd, estimated

at from three to five thousand, gathered at the north portico of the State House. A citizens' meeting was organized, with Thomas R. Trowbridge as chairman, and Edwin A. Tucker as secretary Joseph Sheldon immediately offered, on behalf of Arthur D. Osborne, fifteen dollars each for two volunteers, in addition to all bounties. James Gallagher offered fifteen dollars for one man. I. W Hine and William A. Beckley each made the same offer. William Franklin offered fifteen dollars each for ten; N. D. Sperry, fifteen dollars each for ten more; John Woodruff, fifteen dollars each for twenty; Thomas R. Trowbridge, fifteen dollars each for thirty more; J. A. Bishop, fifteen dollars each for ten men. Each announcement was greeted by loud applause. Others followed. S. T. Parmalee offered a hundred dollars, D. J. Peck fifty dollars, Hiram Camp fifteen dollars, each, for ten men. Rev. William Folsom made a short and very spirited address, offering at its close fifteen dollars each for five men. Men now enlisted rapidly. A call was made for a general contribution, to be divided equally among volunteers. Individuals began to pass up money in sums from one dollar to twenty. James Gallagher, in a patriotic and earnest speech, called for more men and money; and they were forthcoming. At noon, fifty-two men had volunteered, fifteen dollars each had been offered for eighty-eight more, and twelve hundred dollars had been contributed for equal distribution. The crowd and enthusiasm were undiminished.. The selectmen stood by the boxes, ready to commence the draft. Enlistments went on. At three o'clock and forty-five minutes, P.M., twenty-five men were needed to fill the quota. The selectmen gave notice that the draft would begin at four o'clock. They delayed half an hour more; and, at half-past four o'clock, N. C. Hall announced that the quota of New Haven was full, and that there would be no draft. Nine tremendous cheers broke forth, and all went home happy. More than one hundred men had enlisted since nine o'clock.

Similar scenes were enacted, on a smaller scale, in other towns: and, when the draft was made, one hundred and twenty-eight towns had filled their quota; thirty-four had

not. Windham County had an excess of men. New-London County needed but twenty-four. Hartford County lacked the largest number, — four hundred and seventy-seven; and of these the city of Hartford drafted for four hundred and twenty-one.

The returns from the draft show that the number drafted was thirteen hundred and three (1,303). Of these, nine hundred and thirteen (913) were exempted by selectmen or on surgeon's certificate. Seventy-nine (79) principals and one hundred and forty-two (142) substitutes were mustered into the service, and eighty-eight (88) were detailed on government work; making a total of three hundred and nine (309) accepted. Of these, again, one hundred and eighty-four (184) never reported, and eighty-one (81) deserted after being sent to camp; leaving forty-four (44) to be sent to the front. McClellan's confidence was not restored by this re-inforcement. A conditional order for another draft was soon issued; but, within three weeks, the entire quota was furnished, and the regiments full; and the supplemental draft was indefinitely postponed.

These seven being technically militia regiments, all the officers, both field and line, were chosen by election; the enlisted men designating the company-officers, and these nominating the field-officers.

Many of the members of these regiments were young farmers, who had about finished their haying, and "calculated" they should return in time to take part in the hard work of the next summer. Generally, at the rendezvous, before the 15th of September, it was understood that their term of service would expire so that they would be mustered out by the middle of the next June. This view was confirmed by the appearance, during the last of September, of Lieut. Webb, who mustered them into the United-States service as individual recruits. There were a few skulks in each regiment, who desired to spend as much of the nine months as possible in Connecticut; and who absented themselves, without leave, whenever the mustering-officer came for the purpose of accepting the regiment and send-

ing it forward. This practice left each regiment without the required complement, and departure was postponed from day to day. About the middle of November, Lieut. Webb re-appeared, and re-mustered them as regiments; informing them that their service only now commenced. There was some dissatisfaction; for the better men felt that they had been trifled with: but they were in a mood to tolerate sharp practice from a nation in such a strait as ours, and, without much murmuring, gave the extra two months of service.

The Twenty-second Regiment was recruited exclusively in Hartford and Tolland Counties, and four companies were raised in the city of Hartford. Recruiting commenced Aug. 20: and in just one month, Sept. 20, the regiment was mustered into the service at Camp Halleck, Hartford; having been full for two weeks. Again towns offered attractive bounties; and there were also striking instances of individual liberality. Charles F. Hillyer, president of the Charter-oak Bank, gave nearly one thousand dollars in bounties to enlist men for the company of Capt. Luther G. Riggs, which took the name of "The Hillyer Guards." Col. George S. Burnham, who had led the First Regiment in the field, was appointed to command the Twenty-second. Only four other officers had ever seen service; but they were patriotic, and willing to learn.

Company A, Capt. Albert Armbraster, was raised wholly in Windsor and East Windsor. Company B, Capt. John G. Root, was from Hartford; Wethersfield furnishing thirty. Company C, Capt. Luther G. Riggs, was from Hartford; East Hartford and East Windsor also slightly assisting. Company D, Capt. E. B. Root, represented West Hartford twenty-two, Bloomfield forty-two, East Windham twelve. Company E, Capt. Frank Swan, Hartford fifty, Mansfield eleven, Wethersfield six. Company F, Capt. George Clark, was wholly from Enfield. Company G, Capt. George W. Johnson, was from Suffield; Union contributing twenty-three. Company H, Capt. Charles C. Shultas, was from Hartford; Southington sending eleven, Canton eight. Company I, Capt. Charles Whittlesey, was from Hartford; Canton having

fifteen of the number. In Company K, Capt. Benjamin T. Loomis, Tolland had forty-two, Somers twenty-two.

After a few weeks of irregular drill, the regiment left Hartford for the seat of war, Oct. 2, one of the stormiest days of the season, with nine hundred men, on the Granite State. They arrived in New York, and breakfasted at the Battery Barracks; crossed by ferry-boat to Elizabeth City, and took cars; reaching Washington, *viâ* Harrisburg, on Sunday evening. Their first bivouac was on the flats near the Capitol. Next morning, the regiment became a part of the Second Provisional Brigade. After tarrying two days in Washington, they marched to Georgetown; thence up to Chain Bridge; when they crossed the Potomac, and came to rest under the barbette guns of Fort Ethan Allen. Next morning they advanced half a mile, and encamped in a beautiful peach-orchard; Col. Burnham, as senior officer, commanding the brigade of three green regiments.

The Twenty-third Regiment was raised in Fairfield and New-Haven Counties, mostly the former. Charles E. L. Holmes of Waterbury was early commissioned to be colonel. It rendezvoused at Camp Terry, New Haven. All the field and most of the line officers were connected with the active State militia, and several brought their companies bodily into the regiment.

Company A, Capt. Alfred Wells, was recruited about equal proportions in Watertown and Waterbury. Company B, Capt. James H. Jenkins, represented Danbury alone; and not a man deserted during the service. Company C, Capt. Julius Sanford, was the union of squads from Newtown (forty) and Sharon (thirty-four). Company D, Capt. Charles W Hall, had nineteen from Bridgeport, nineteen from Trumbull, and twenty-five from Huntington. Company E, Capt. George M. Godfrey, contained twenty-five from Wilton, nineteen from Weston, and thirty-six from Redding. Company F, Capt. David F. Johnson, was largely from Derby; other towns furnishing half, most of whom (twenty-nine) deserted before leaving camp. Company G, Capt. George S. Crofut, had twenty from Bethel, twelve from Danbury, six from New-

town, five from Ridgefield, and eight from Fairfield. Of Company H, Capt. A. Dwight Hopkins, Naugatuck furnished forty-three, Waterbury twenty-one, Watertown five. Company I, Capt. William H. May, had twenty-four from Bridgeport, fifty-three from Fairfield, and seven from Easton; and of these, many of whom were drafted men or substitutes, thirty-eight deserted before the company left the State. Company K, Capt. Samuel G. Bailey, was mainly from Danbury; New Fairfield contributing seventeen, and Litchfield seven.

The regiment was composed of excellent material. It was assigned to Gen. Banks's expedition, of the destination of which nothing was yet known; and on Nov. 17, with eight hundred and forty-eight men, it proceeded to the camp at Centreville (East New York), L. I.

The Twenty-fourth Regiment was mostly raised in Middlesex County; and Samuel M. Mansfield, first lieutenant in the regular army and a son of Major-Gen. Mansfield, was called to the command. Middletown contributed four companies: A, Capt. Isaac C. Gleason; D, Capt. Timothy R. Parker; F, Capt. William J. Addis; and G, Capt. Charles H. Edwards; in which, however, were twenty-two from Haddam, twenty-one from Cromwell, twelve from Clinton, and ten from Durham. Company B, Capt. H. P Johnson, was mainly from Essex; Westbrook furnishing fourteen, Old Saybrook five, and Killingworth ten. Company C, Capt. A. G. Fitch, was from Colchester and Chatham; Montville contributing six, and Lebanon eight. Company E, Capt. G. A. Denslow, was from Hartford. Company H, Capt. John J. Kealey, was from New Haven; and, of fifty-four privates, twenty-four deserted before leaving for the seat of war. Company I, Capt. Alonzo L. Mobbett, was from Hamden; and it set sail with sixteen officers and fifteen privates. Company K, Capt. Patrick Gilmore, was from New Haven and Bridgeport; and twenty-seven of the privates deserted before leaving the State. At this time, men were sorely needed; and they were accepted, and paid heavy bounties, without much regard to their character or purposes. Stimulated by the inducements

offered, bounty-jumping was practiced as a science, until it became the bane of the army and the curse of every community The catalogue of the volunteers of Connecticut clearly shows what class of citizens most resorted to this method of profiting by the misfortunes of the nation.

When the Twenty-fourth became purified by the departure of those who joined for fraudulent purposes, there remained a brave and efficient body of men, tolerably well disciplined, and thoroughly in earnest. The regiment was mustered into the service at Middletown on Nov. 18, 1862, and left immediately, assigned to Banks's expedition; arriving at Centreville, L.I., with less than six hundred men.

The Twenty-fifth, like the Twenty-second, was raised almost wholly in Hartford County, with some assistance from Tolland; several companies forming the nucleus reported at Camp Halleck, Hartford, the last week in August; and enlistments continued from Aug. 20 to Nov. 11, at which time it was formally mustered into the service. George P Bissell of Hartford was made colonel; and he exhibited an energy in drill and discipline which promised to bring his men up to a high standard of excellence. The regiment was composed almost exclusively of young men impelled by a patriotic motive; so that, except in the mixed company from Hartford and Ellington, the desertions were few.

Company A, Capt. Mason C. Weld, had twenty-one from Farmington, twenty from Hartford, fifteen from Canton, nine from Wethersfield, seven from Berlin, and a dozen more from intervening towns. In Company B, Capt. Arthur T. Hinckley, Hartford furnished thirty-four; Vernon, ten; and West Hartford, Wethersfield, Rocky Hill, and East Windsor, the rest. In Company C, Capt. S. S. Hayden, were thirty-two from Windsor Locks, five from Windsor, nineteen from East Hartford, and sixteen from Hartford. Company D, Capt. George H. Foskit, was exclusively from Stafford, — a fine company. Company E, Capt. Newton P Johnson, consisted of twenty-nine from East Granby, twenty-seven from Hartland, and nineteen from Simsbury.

Company F, Capt. George H. Napheys, was from Hartford and Ellington. Company G, Capt. Charles H. Talcott, was a consolidation of fractional companies from Glastenbury and East Windsor; and Company H, Capt. William H. Abbey, of large squads from Glastenbury, Rocky Hill, and Coventry. Company I, Capt. Barrett Darrow, from Bristol, contained eleven from Burlington. Company K, Capt. William F. Silloway, contained thirty-three men from Hartford, twenty-six from Farmington, fourteen from Avon, and twelve from Canton.

The muster-roll exhibited eight hundred and eleven men. On Nov. 14, the regiment sailed from Hartford, and, the following day, encamped on the Centreville Race-course, Long Island, laying out camp and holding dress-parade the same evening, after making the distance from Williamsburg in heavy marching order.

New-London County acted immediately and unitedly in response to the nine-months' call; and, on Sept. 5, the Twenty-sixth Regiment was ordered to rendezvous at Norwich. Col. Thomas G. Kingsley of Franklin, who had served for eight years as colonel of the Third Regiment of militia, was elected to be colonel. Some of the companies were on hand promptly; and by the 15th all were in Camp Russell. Drill was at once begun; and, as most of the officers and many of the enlisted men had seen service, the work of preparation was continued intelligently.

In this regiment, the eastern part of the State was thus represented: Company A, Capt. Jesse C. Maynard, Salem, eighteen; Montville, twenty-two; Waterford, eight; Sprague, Chester, and Lebanon. Company B, Capt. Clark Harrington, Norwich, thirty; Preston, twenty-five; Franklin, twenty. Company C, Capt. Enoch Noyes, jr., Old Lyme, East Lyme, and Lyme. Company D, Capt. Samuel T. Huntoon, Norwich, thirty-three; Ledyard, twenty-seven; Voluntown, nine; Preston, eight. Company E, Capt. Christian Goff, New London, forty-five; Waterford, six. Company F, Capt. Loren A. Gallup, Norwich, twenty-five; Lyme, twenty-one; Griswold, fifteen; Lisbon, six; East Haddam, six. Company

G, Capt. John L. Stanton, Norwich, twenty-one; Woodstock, eighteen; Pomfret, eight; Ashford, five; Scotland, seven; Sterling, ten. Company H, Capt. Daniel Champlin, Stonington, sixty Company I, Capt. William H. Bentley, New London, seventy. Company K, Capt. Jedediah Randall, Groton, eighty.

On Nov. 12 they vacated their camp, under orders to join Banks's expedition, still gathering in the vicinity of New York. Main and Shetucket Streets were thronged with friends and neighbors, who gave the regiment many words of good cheer as it marched to the wharf. At five, P.M., the cables were slipped; and the Commodore, with its freight of more than eight hundred men, swung out into the stream; while the band, to make the occasion cheerful, struck up "The Girl I left Behind Me." The afternoon and night were pleasant. At seven in the morning, the boat arrived at Williamsburg. The regiment partook of an inadequate breakfast at the wharf; but, as the men marched through South Sixth Street, the ladies and citizens poured out, and furnished them with wholesome refreshments. The camp at the Centreville Race-course was reached by one, P.M. The Twenty-sixth was the first Connecticut regiment to arrive; and Col. Kingsley assumed command of the post, naming it, with Gen. Banks's approval, "Camp Buckingham," — a designation which had by this time ceased to be original or novel, but never ceased to be popular. Every regiment named several of its stopping-places after the favorite governor, until "Camps Buckingham" were scattered over Virginia, and extended down the Atlantic coast and up the Mississippi.

The Twenty-seventh was recruited in New-Haven County; a large majority of officers and men being furnished by the city of New Haven. Richard S. Bostwick of New Haven was elected colonel; and towards the end of August the regiment went into camp at Camp Terry, and began to prepare itself for the service before it. By the last of September, all the companies were full.

Company A, Capt. James H. Coburn, was from the city.

Company B, Capt. Calvin L. Ely, represented Branford, thirty-six; Wallingford, twenty-nine; North Haven, seven; North Branford, six. Company C, Capt. A. C. Taylor, New Haven, twenty-five; Milford, twenty-seven; Norwalk, nineteen; Guilford, six. Company D, Capt. Cornelius J. Du Bois, was mostly from New Haven; Bethany adding ten. Company E, Capt. George F. Hotchkiss, was also mainly from New Haven; Woodbridge having six. Company F, Capt. Joseph R. Bradley, was the union of incomplete companies from New Haven and East Haven. Company G, Capt. Samuel T. Birdsall, was about equally from Meriden and New Haven; Orange also having thirty in this and other companies. Company H, Capt. R. P Cowles, was from New Haven. Company I, Capt. Charles M. Wilcox, was recruited in Madison. Company K, Capt. B. E. Schweizer, was raised among the Germans of New Haven.

All the field-officers and most of the company-officers had seen service; and the regiment was made up of a superior class of men. Several weeks were spent in drilling and equipping; and on Oct. 22 the regiment started for the field, numbering eight hundred and twenty-nine rank and file. The journey to Washington was uneventful. Again the inexhaustible hospitality of the "Quaker City" was tested; and the regiment took a day's rest upon the pavements of Baltimore, and arrived at its destination on the 25th; when the men pitched their tents in Lee's peach-orchard on Arlington Heights, — Camp Seward.

The Twenty-eighth Regiment was raised in Fairfield and Litchfield Counties, and also rendezvoused at Camp Terry, New Haven. It was composed of eight companies only. Samuel P Ferris of the regular army was appointed colonel.

Companies A, Capt. Francis R. Leeds, and B, Capt. Cyrus D. Jones, were entirely from Stamford. Company C, Capt. Louis R. McDonough, had fifty-seven from Westport, twenty-two from Darien, seven from Stamford. Company D, Capt. David D. Hoag, contained thirty-four from New Milford, fifteen from Bridgewater, twenty from Sherman, and sixteen

from Washington. Company E, Capt. Charles B. Landon, was wholly from Salisbury. Company F, Capt. L. B. Wheelock, was almost entirely from Winchester; Colebrook sending nine, and Torrington and Barkhamsted ten more. Company G, Capt. Theodore L. Beckwith, was from Norwalk; and Company H, Capt. George W Middleton, from Greenwich.

They were kept at New Haven two months; when, weary with the monotony of camp-life, they gladly received the summons to proceed (Nov. 17) to the rendezvous where Banks was assembling his expedition. They took a night-boat; and the evening of the next day found them hastily laying out a camp on the Centreville Race-course, Long Island, where Col. George P. Bissell was in command.

There were now at Centreville five of the Connecticut nine-months' regiments — the Twenty-third, Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth, and Twenty-eight — encamped together; a village of more than three thousand men. The arrangements were in some respects seriously defective, or at least so regarded by the volunteers just from warm beds and plentiful tables. One of them wrote, "The excessive dirt in the food, and the excessive moisture in the lodging, form frequent subjects of complaint. All experience has shown that sleeping, or trying to sleep, in three inches of water, in the midst of November, is not conducive to good health, temper, or morals."

There was one pleasant incident, however. When Thanksgiving came, the tables were spread with lavish care by the "Sons of Connecticut" in New York; and the regiments gathered about them to express their patriotic resolves, and renew the fragrant memories of life in New England. All praise, as we pass, should be given those noble and patriotic "Sons of Connecticut," before referred to, for their unwearying kindness and liberality to the troops from their State as they passed or halted in the vicinity of New York. The activity of the agent of the State, and the liberality of McCurdy, Wetmore, Gould, S. B. Chittenden, Gilman, and others, is beyond all praise, and most gratefully remembered by our troops.

Again Connecticut had achieved a giant's work. In two months, from a condition of apathy and over-confidence, she had roused to an enthusiastic war-spirit, and had raised, equipped, and sent to the field, *fifteen full regiments*, or an average of about a hundred able-bodied men from every town. She was probably not the first to fill her quota, as the Tribune and some of our own newspapers at the time announced; for the response of Iowa appears to have preceded ours: but Connecticut answered the requisition before any other Eastern State, and elicited from the Boston Traveller the comment, "Connecticut has behaved splendidly from the beginning of the war, and means to persevere in well-doing to the end. She does not brag so much as some other States; but she does much useful work. She worships the Union, and believes that work is worship."

CHAPTER XVII.

The Eighth and Eleventh near Newberne. — To Newport News. — Re-organization of the Eleventh. — To Fredericksburg. — Pope, defeated, retreats on Washington. — Col. Kingsbury in command of the Brigade. — Arrival in Washington. — Movement into Maryland. — The Fourteenth and Sixteenth join the Column. — South Mountain. — The Affair of Turner's Gap. — Choice Rebel Literature.

FTER the siege of Fort Macon, the Eighth returned to Newberne, and encamped about a mile below the city, on the west bank of the languid and beautiful Neuse. The Eleventh still remained in its pleasant camp on the Trent; and the Tenth in the open plain, just above the city. Col. Harland much of the time commanded a brigade which included the Eighth and Eleventh, and at battalion-drill was not surpassed by any officer of the division. Life at this place is still vividly remembered. Surgeon Meyer of the Eleventh wrote, "By the slow and solemn Trent stood our hospital, the ancient home of a Revolutionary general. Huge old mulberry-trees embowered it; and, opposite, a reedy peninsula stretched its green tongue far down the river. There we swung in hammocks through the long summer afternoons, reading hoary magazines that had come in the boxes of sanitary or soldiers'-aid clubs, or dreamily discussing authors and books."

June brought much bilious fever, particularly to the Eighth, which had been seriously worn down by the laborious siege. Here many men of defective constitutions died, worn out in service. Convalescents obtained furloughs to recruit in the bracing air and kind care of home. The tents were often chilly and very damp. Sometimes matches would not kindle, nor postage-stamps cling to let-

ters; and boots gathered mold. Bathing became a great luxury. The regiments had, after dress-parade, a regular bathing-call; and hundreds ran to plunge into the cooling and healthful stream, — to them almost a Siloam. This was the merriest hour of the day. Many bathed at morning also; but none were allowed to go into the water under the burning sun of mid-day.

Every day they watched for the steamer that brought the Northern mails, cheering it as it moved up the river, and waiting with patient hope, sometimes for twelve hours, pending the distribution of a huge mail for ten thousand men.

On July 2, the Eighth moved to Morehead City, and thence on the transport Admiral to Newport News, where a camp was set on an exposed sandy plain. The Eleventh followed closely. The beach of Hampton Roads, near at hand, protracted the delight of bathing. A few oysters were scattered along the clean bottom; and the boys felt out with their bare feet, dived down, and captured enough of the toothsome bivalves to break the monotony of salt pork and hard-tack.

Here died Lieut. Charles A. Breed, of Norwich, of typhoid fever. He had been in the war from the first summons, and was buried at home with public honors. He was much lamented; and his brother-officers sent their condolence to "his widowed mother, who had given two sons to sustain the cause of constitutional liberty."

The field and line of the Eleventh were here re-organized. Its lieutenant-colonel, a noble and patriotic man, but not of a military turn of mind, had resigned at Newberne; and its colonel, who had never much loved or adorned the service, here also took final leave of the regiment. Lieut. Henry W Kingsbury of the regular army, who declined the commission of colonel of the Eleventh in October previous, now accepted it; and Capt. Griffin A. Stedman of the Fifth, who had been transferred to be major of the Eleventh, now became lieutenant-colonel. The line-officers were immediately subjected to a regular drill and severe study; and, at the end of two weeks, all who failed to pass a rigid examination were requested to resign, and complied. Vacancies were filled by deserved promotions from the ranks.

The new colonel daily drilled the battalion in the strictest manner. Severe inspections also began. A spot of dirt secured a reprimand, and an unclean musket was a sure passport to extra duty or the guard-house. No man was allowed to step out of his company-street unless his coat was on, and every button buttoned. There was fierce commotion for a time, and smothered threats of mutiny; but the colonel was master, and, within the three weeks of stay at Newport News, the regiment improved beyond description. From being the most disorderly and slovenly in the division, it became, perhaps, the cleanest and most orderly. Officers and men of other regiments crowded to witness its battalion-drills; and the boys began to be proud of their colonel and themselves. Thenceforward, for three years, the Eleventh had few if any superiors.

The first of August, the men got ready and departed for the North. McClellan had been beaten, and the rebels were falling upon Pope. On the 5th, the two regiments found themselves up the Potomac, debarking at Acquia Creek. Baggage was quickly loaded into freight-cars, and many of the men clambered and clustered on the top. The track was in wretched order, the sun fierce, the smoke and cinders sickening.

The men on "the upper deck" will hardly forget the frail trestle-bridge crossed at Potomac Creek. The stream rippled a hundred and fifty feet below the track: the old bridge had been burned, and a new one was built up from the very bed of the stream in a continued trellis, with strips of three and four inch pine-scantling. At a little distance, the light structure seemed like a delicate web with which some adventurous spider had spanned the gorge; and, as they crept slowly and softly over its trembling timbers and creaking joints, those who peered into the chasm below shuddered, and shut their eyes. Not a word was spoken till the train reached firm ground, and then even the locomotive could not restrain a shrill cry of relief.

Fredericksburg was soon reached. Few will forget the march from the station on the hottest day the regiment had seen in service. The surgeons of the Eighth were all

absent or sick, and Chaplain Morris alone was left to care for the sick and weary men. More than twenty fell sunstruck. At last, the exhausted men lay down upon the ground, and slept.

At Fredericksburg was spent a pleasant month of drill and picket duty Most of the time, the Eleventh was on patrol in the city; and never was that duty more acceptably performed. The Eighth was every second day on picket far down the road towards Richmond: one company detailed for Falmouth. Of Falmouth, Lieut. Joseph H. Converse of the Eleventh graphically wrote: —

"A dirty place, with but a few streets, and these snubbed into extreme limits by fierce hills. We were much impressed on our first visit with the peculiarities of this town, primarily having an idea that it was an insane village on a maniacal march; but were led to consider that it might be a fossilized suburb slightly inebriated. Every thing looks wild and dilapidated: crazy stairs run up to outsides of as crazy old barns; chimneys reel as if with sun-stroke; fences twist themselves into exaggerated attitudes, and look blindly for aid from decrepit old posts."

While stationed here, the men had good water and plenty of wholesome food; and the health of the troops rapidly improved. At last, there was booming of cannon near Manassas. Orders came to cut down baggage to the last notch. With a sigh, officers closed their trunk-lids on the gorgeous uniforms in which they had been wont to shine at dress-parade, and sent them to Washington. The chaplain of the Eighth here bade good-by to his personal and the regimental library, and the chapel-tent, to see them no more.

The negroes, loyal first and last, shuddered at the prospect of an evacuation that would leave them to the vengeance of their masters; and, being entreated, Gen. Burnside allowed them to go to Washington with the government trains. They passed along in a continual stream, in groups, families, and singly, a motley, struggling host; every one, little and big, carrying something, from the wee pickaninny with a broken coffee-pot to the huge wench bearing half the furniture of the family on her head, — all moving towards freedom, and many beguiling the way with plaintive songs.

Battle now threatened along the whole line of the Rappahannock. The greatest vigilance was exercised. The regiments were ready to march. These were felt to be the most critical days of the war. Pope had fallen back on Washington with an army beaten and disheartened, and all available troops were called to strengthen him. On Aug. 31 the Eighth was withdrawn from picket beyond Fredericksburg, and retired through the town and across the river, greeted by the scowls and taunts of the rebel citizens, who threatened to fire upon the column from their houses. The bridges were fired; then the dépôt at Falmouth. In the blaze of these expensive fireworks, the 9th Corps took up its line of march for the menaced capital.

The Eighth and Eleventh reached Brooks's Station at one, P.M., next day. This is a place of easy defense, the road winding along between high hills. Col. Kingsbury of the Eleventh, now in command of the brigade, disposed his forces along the slopes; and a beautiful stream with a dilapidated dam afforded nearly all the men, by turns, a refreshing bath. Some families of negroes volunteered to bake hot corn dodgers till sundown for the hungry men, and joined the column, when, in the cool evening, it proceeded to Acquia Creek.

On Sept. 3, soon after mid-day, the regiments embarked, and reached Washington in the evening. They bivouacked on the public grounds south of the White House, near that patriotic abortion, the Washington Monument. Next morning, they marched through the city in their best style; and the boys of the Eighth long remembered, and repeated with a smile, the announcement in the Star next evening, that "the Eighth Regiment of United-States Regulars marched in splendid order to join the forces of McClellan." The brigade halted on Capitol Hill, and greedily received a large mail from home.

On this same day, Lee's advance, pressing boldly northward, crossed the Potomac at Edwards's Ferry, and moved directly upon Frederick, Md., which was occupied by Gen. D. H. Hill's force. On Sept. 8, McClellan moved his army northward from Washington with intent to encounter the enemy.

Here, besides the Eighth and Eleventh, the Fourteenth and Sixteenth, new Connecticut regiments, joined the army in pursuit. The Fourteenth had been mustered in just two weeks, and had been sent to Camp Chase, on Arlington Heights, to form the nucleus of a camp of instruction under Gen. Casey. Its men knew nothing about the manual of arms, or company or battalion drill; yet they received marching-orders to follow the enemy before they had received their muskets. The regiment moved along the hights; halted at Fort Ethan Allen, and found its untried arms awaiting it there. On Sept. 7, it went across Chain Bridge to report to Gen. Sumner at Rockville.

The Sixteenth left Fort Ward, below Arlington, on the same day, a week after leaving home. Like the Fourteenth, it had received no drill, no discipline, few instructions even in marching. It was little more than a crowd of earnest Connecticut boys.

The Fourteenth committed the common mistake of leaving knapsacks behind. A long march brought the regiment to Rockville, where it made its first bivouac in a rye-field, and next day was assigned by Gen. Sumner to French's division of the 2d Corps. Col. Dwight Morris of the Fourteenth, being senior, was assigned to the command of the brigade; the command of the regiment devolving upon Lieut.-Col. S. H. Perkins. Henceforth, to the close of the war, the fortunes of the regiment were cast with the 2d Corps, Army of the Potomac.

The weather was hot and dry, and the march exhausting; but the men pressed on, sleeping as they could, and eating whenever rations were to be had. The Sixteenth received shelter-tents at Leesborough, and hurried forward to join Harland's brigade, to which it was assigned.

This brigade, with the 9th Corps, was still far ahead; and, on the afternoon of Sept. 12, the column filed out of the road along a fertile ridge, which Whittier described as being

> "Fair as a garden of the Lord,"

and, facing into battle-line, saw before them

> "The clustered spires of Frederick stand
> Green-walled by the hills of Maryland."

The entire corps advanced in a long, splendid line; Harland's brigade emerging through the hospital-barracks just in time to see the last of the rebel cavalry dash out of the streets pursued by our own. Women blessed God and the soldiers, and rushed out to kiss the old flag; gray-haired men hobbled forth with radiant faces; and the young shouted their welcome; while children capered in holiday glee.

If Dame Barbara Freitchie alone had dared,

"When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,"

to set the starry flag defiantly in her attic window, thousands had kept the loved emblem; and the line had not been five minutes on the street before national banners, large and little, were flung from the windows, and draped with inspiring grace almost every threshold.

The range of hills, including South Mountain, and forming the northern spur of the Blue Ridge, now lay directly ahead; and Burnside with the right wing was sent forward to dislodge Hill's small division in possession of Turner's Gap. The 9th Corps, under Reno, was still in the advance; and it pressed on, reaching the gap before sundown of the 13th.

This pass is a deep gorge between rough, irregular hills rising a thousand feet. Early on the 14th the 9th Corps moved up on the left of the Hagerstown Pike, and by noon became warmly engaged; quickly driving the enemy halfway up the acclivity By two o'clock, the 2d Corps arrived; but the 9th kept the lead. The Eighth and Eleventh Connecticut Regiments were held in reserve, and were under fire without being engaged. At four o'clock, the whole line advanced, after a fruitless artillery contest.

It was emphatically an infantry fight. Our column, pressing resolutely forward, met with strong resistance. Now the rebel line would be driven up almost to the summit; and, before the Union cheers died away, there would be a fresh crack of musketry, and our forces would recoil, while rebel yells echoed along the rocky hillside. The Union reserve was so near, that bullets chipped the branches overhead. Often the Eighth and Eleventh were called to their feet; but, when the wave of battle receded, they lay down again.

It was now night, and the combat deepened with the darkness. Up and down surged the blazing lines, revealing the hostile hosts. The prolonged roar of musketry, undulating, tossed back from the cliffs, and crowding the whole sky with its rattling clangor; the confused rumble, betokening a fresh advance; the yells and answering shouts, drowned again by the crash of twenty thousand rifles, — this was the fight for Turner's Pass. At nine, the noise of battle ceased; the rebels fell back for the last time; the Union line advanced near the summit, within a stone's-throw of the hostile picket; and the surgeons on both sides were visible passing to and fro with lanterns among the wounded. The night sped with little sleep; and at gray of dawn the rebel pickets disappeared over the hill, the main body having noiselessly slipped away hours before.

The fight was won by soldiers of other States; the Connecticut regiments being in reserve. The 17th Michigan especially was conspicuous for heroism. For the numbers engaged, it was one of the sharpest and bloodiest fights of the war. Not less than sixteen hundred ghastly bodies of fallen rebels lay along that narrow pass. Ragged, filthy, emaciated, our troops looked on them with pity, and wondered that such skeletons could fight so stubbornly.

The haversack of a private of the 14th North-Carolina, who fell here, contained a soldier's hymn-book, printed by the South-Carolina Tract Society (the American Tract Society of New York having at last refused to obey longer the dictation of slaveholders). From this book is copied a stanza of the rebel version of "America:" —

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee, I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the *Southron's* pride:
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!"

In the hymn beginning, "Sovereign of all the worlds above," appears the following verse, which must now look to the enterprising compiler like the wreck of an unanswered prayer: —

"These Southern States at Thy command
Rose from dependence and distress;
And, stablished by Thy mighty hand,
Millions shall join Thy name to bless."

A sheet of brown Confederate note-paper, embellished with a coarse cut of a cannon, and bearing dotted lines instead of ruled, had a wretched travesty of the Star-spangled Banner, ending, —

"For the flag of my country in triumph shall wave
O'er the Southerner's home and the Southerner's grave!"[1]

[1] Still more precious for a collection of literary curiosities are two Confederate school-books which lie before us, — "The First Dixie Reader" and the "Primary Geography," both by Mrs. M. B. Moore, and published by Branson & Farrar of Raleigh, N.C. They are confessedly the result of an attempt to "render the Southern youth independent of the corrupt Yankee teachings," — a sort of literary rebellion as a counterpart of the political rebellion. The following are literal quotations from the Reader: —

"The frog hops. He can-not run like you can. He sleeps in the day, and hops at night." "It is not bad to kill the owl; for he does us harm. His wing will make a good fan." "If I were a boy or a girl, I would not eat like a pig. I would eat like a lamb, and then skip and play, and be happy." "The way to be good is to never do a thing which you would not like for your pa-rents to know." "Three cheers for the cane-mill! It is a fine time for boys and girls, and the ser-vants too enjoy it fine-ly. Some of them will have four or five gal-lons by the time the sea-son closes. Well done for the dar-kies. Ma-ny poor white peo-ple would be glad of what they leave for the hogs." "A bad wo-man can-not be a good grand-ma, because she does not know how. God is good to give us such grand-mas." "They said 'if the dog dies we will trust in God;' but the dog got well, and still lives to guard his master's house."

And here is a modest venture in astronomy: —

"The moon has a dark side and a light side, and when she turns all of her bright side to us, we have a full moon. When her dark side is to us we call it new moon."

There is an affecting story of a deluded colored wretch, who was seduced by "the Yankee army" to try the horrors of freedom, but soon returned, glad to enjoy once more the blessings of servitude. This is given twice; and the little book of eighty pages ends with the touching salutation, "Adieu — at present."

In the geography is an incredible caricature of maps of the Southern States. We quote briefly: "The people of the torrid zone are tall and dark complected." "The African or negro race is found in Africa. They know nothing of Jesus. These people are descendants of Ham, the son of Noah, who was cursed because he did not treat his father with respect. It was told him he should serve his brethren forever. This would seem a hard sentence, but it was probably done to show other children how wicked it was to treat their parents so. We cannot tell how they came to be black, and have wool on their heads." "*The United States.* — This was once the most prosperous country in the world. The people are ingenious and enterprising, and are noted for their tact in 'driving a bargain.' They are refined and intelligent on all subjects but negro slavery; on this they they are mad." "*South Carolina.* — The people of this State are noted for their chivalry. You do not understand this? Well, when any one imposes upon them their motto is to fight." The following is from the appended catechism: "Q. — What is the condition of the United States? A. — It is tumbling into ruins. Q. — What brought about this great calamity? A. — The injustice and avarice of the Yankee nation." "Q. — What is the present draw-back to our trade? A. — An unlawful blockade by the miserable and hellish Yankee nation." Happy *Mr.* Moore! Happy Southern youth!

The Episcopal churches throughout the South, immediately on the secession of the several States, conformed their church-service to the altered condition of things; reading, in place of the President of the United States, *the President of the Confederate States, &c.* During the progress of the war, a blockade-runner was captured, having among other things a quantity of Episcopal prayer-books with the above alteration duly printed in the text. These books were evidently manufactured in England, though the name of a Richmond firm appears upon the titlepage.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Battle of Antietam. — Charge of the Eleventh. — Exploit of Capt. Gibbons. — The Contest for the Stone Bridge. — Inexplicable Conduct of Burnside. — Coolness and Efficiency of the Fourteenth. — Charge of Harland's Brigade. — Capt. Charles L. Upham's Company capture a Battery. — Great Bravery of the Eighth. — Gallant Conduct of Col. Appelman. — Fatality of the Color-Guard. — Harland assumes Command of Rodman's Division. — Severe Losses. — Sufferings of the Wounded. — Corporal Henry A. Eastman of the Eleventh. — Deaths of Col. Kingsbury, Lieut. Marvin Wait, Capts. John Griswold, James E. Blinn, and N. S. Manross. — Total Casualties of the Battle. — Death of Major-Gen. Joseph K. Mansfield. — Biography of Mansfield. — Retreat of Lee's Army.

HE 2d Corps began early next morning to march by the pike over the mountain. The 9th Corps started late, and marched slowly by the county road; and by night most of the troops were in advance. About sundown it struck the pike, and began passing the regiments in bivouac on both sides of the road. Fires were now blazing; camps were all astir with men setting up shelter-tents, cooking pork and coffee, chatting, washing, singing, talking. For miles, the fields on both sides were crowded; the waning fires at least revealing in quaint light and shadow the almost countless bivouacs of a silent and sleeping host. A little past midnight, having passed through the entire right and center to the front, the Eighth and Eleventh turned into a stubble lot for sleep; while the next brigades in order filed by in the ever-moving procession.

Morning found Harland's brigade near Antietam Creek, within easy range of the rebel batteries in position on the hights beyond; and, several times during the day, shells were dropped near. Lieut. Samuel Fiske, "Dunn Browne," of the Fourteenth, wrote, "I had no disposition to run away; and, indeed, I didn't see any very favorable place to escape from

shot which fell in front, on both sides, and as much as a mile in our rear. You can calculate the probabilities as a thousand to one, or ten thousand to one, against your being struck; but, somehow, that one chance looms up rather disproportionately in your view."

Here the Sixteenth came up after a severe march, and joined Harland's brigade at dark. The wagons had not come within range, and rations were scanty. The hungry soldiers fell upon adjacent cornfields, where corn was in its prime, and made a supper of roasted ears. Green fruits added to the relish. Fences became little piles of ashes. By sundown, the land for miles was naked of every edible. No other crop thrives in the vicinity of a crop of soldiers. This pillage was necessary; and the soldier-marauders will be glad to know that the government has compensated loyal owners for losses incurred.

Harland's brigade moved up, and lay in line of battle all night behind a low ridge in rear of the Rohrbach House, and perhaps fifty rods from the creek. At sunrise of the 17th, the enemy opened on the position, which was disclosed by a crowd of curious greenhorns running to the hill to ascertain if they could "see any thing of the rebels." Having thus perfect range, the second shot, a solid 12-pound ball, crashed diagonally through the Eighth, killing three men, and frightfully wounding four, in Company D. Lieut. Marvin Wait, covered with blood and earth, rallied the men gallantly, and held them to their place. The brigade was soon moved to the left and rear, to a less-exposed position.

Lieut. J. H. Converse of the Eleventh wrote, "I can speak of time no more. The battle had begun, and the day passed like a shrieking shell. The sky was filled with unearthly sounds, — the howl of fiendish missiles, the crash of falling trees, the horrible discharge of hundreds of cannon. Along our entire front, rebel batteries were constantly discovered, till a long line of cannon could be seen through the murky canopy, panting with deadly heat." The brigade of Connecticut troops, on the extreme Union left, was soon advanced to support a battery near the creek, and came again under a sharp fire.

"Col. Kingsbury now received orders from Gen. Burnside to march his regiment to the bridge, after the batteries had shelled the works on the other side, and hold it until Gen. Rodman could march his column over. Col. Kingsbury approached the bridge through a narrow defile in the woods, thence through a cornfield, and over a plowed field adjacent to the road. Our skirmishers, advancing, were briskly engaged with the enemy on the opposite side. Col. Kingsbury gave Lieut.-Col. Stedman command of the right wing, with directions to advance, and occupy a hill between the road and the river, overlooking the bridge. Having accomplished this under a heavy fire, the right wing immediately engaged the enemy, and lost very heavily in this position; the sharpshooters of the enemy taking off our men very fast; while the enemy's main body was so concealed, that we had little to aim at. Col. Kingsbury at the same time brought up the left wing, where he was exposed to the most intense fire while attempting, as at that time supposed, to take up a position very near, if not on, the bridge."[1]

All the rebel batteries were now roaring. The air rang with whistling balls, and the ground quaked with the hard breath of artillery. "The Eleventh Connecticut descended to storm Antietam Bridge. The rebel guns were pouring in a destructive fire of grape and canister; while continuous volleys from an unseen enemy in the woods were also showered upon them."[2] Down the road leaped the Eleventh into this "valley of death."

Companies A and B, under Capt. John Griswold, were deployed as skirmishers; and they plunged into the swift stream, here some fifty feet wide and four deep, their dauntless commander taking the lead. He was shot through the breast while in mid-river, but struggled forward, and fell upon the opposite bank, among the rebels.

The left wing of the regiment was now near the bridge. Col. Kingsbury was active, inciting his soldiers to the charge by his gallant bearing and the inspiration of his voice. Many men fell. The colonel was a special mark; and he was soon shot in the foot, and immediately there-

[1] Col. Stedman's Official Report. [2] Narrative in New-York Tribune.

after in the leg; when he was at last prevailed upon to leave the field. While he was being carried off, he received a third ball in the shoulder and a fourth in the abdomen, inflicting a mortal wound.

The men were still fighting; now falling back, and again charging on the bridge. The official report says, "When he fell, the regiment felt their last hope was gone: we had lost the bravest of colonels and the best of men." Major Moegling now assumed command of the left wing, and led it gallantly; while Col. Stedman held the right wing firmly to the support of the battery. Volleys were frequent and effective.

The Eleventh fought stubbornly, for a time without support; but at last other regiments got up. It was afternoon when the 46th New-York, with a wild cheer, swept down the hill and charged across the bridge, driving the rebels back, and making a permanent lodgment on the opposite slope. The Eleventh was now relieved; and an hour was spent in gathering up the dead and caring for the wounded.

On the morning of this day, the Fourteenth, under Lieut.-Col. S. H. Perkins, had roused from its uneasy bivouac farther towards the right; at three, A.M., received extra ammunition; and at seven o'clock moved out into the road. French's three brigades were formed in column by division (Col. Dwight Morris's brigade in the center), and, marching down a slope, forded Antietam Creek; an occasional rebel shell whizzing overhead. After a march of a mile along the south-west bank, the brigades were faced to the left, forming three lines of battle; Morris's being still in the center, with Max Weber in front, and Kimball behind. Hooker was now hotly delivering battle on the right.

The order, "Double-quick!" was given; and, under a heavy fire, Max Weber pushed forward; while Morris's brigade obliqued a little to the right, and charged in that direction, Kimball diverging to the left. As the Fourteenth swept on, over hedges and ditches, and through plowed fields, the left flank, Company B of Middletown, became somewhat separated from the main body; and, in order to close up the gap, Capt. Gibbons led the company by the

right flank between the house and barn known in the history of the fray as "Roulette's." The movement was executed with such rapidity as to cut off the escape of some forty or fifty rebels who had been pouring rapid volleys into the regiment from this cover.

The prisoners were sent back under guard; and the reunited regiment pressed on, and soon found itself in a cornfield on the right, with nothing but a small open field between it and Longstreet's troops posted behind hastily-formed intrenchments. The firing now became general and constant. The Fourteenth was closely supported by old regiments; and, considering its lack of discipline, it fought remarkably well.

After an hour's engagement here, the Fourteenth advanced. Lieut. Samuel Fiske of Madison ("Dunn Browne" of the Springfield Republican) wrote, "The enemy held a very large cornfield, surrounded, on the three sides where we were obliged to attack, by a steep and difficult ravine. On the north, east, and south, we advanced to the attack; our batteries playing over our heads. Our regiment came in from the north-east to attack on the north, being the second line; the first line, a few rods before us, being composed of a Delaware and one other regiment. As we came along even with the east line of rebels, we also entered a cornfield, and at once were opened upon by a raking fire of musketry; and a good many of our men fell. The north end of our line pressed on till we came around facing the enemy on the edge of the ravine; and we opened fire upon them across the ravine, firing into the corn which concealed them from our view. After a few minutes, the troops who had tried to cross the ravine before us broke, and came running back upon us, crying out, some of them, 'Skedaddle, skedaddle!' Some of our men tried to stop them; and a few of them, it must be confessed, joined in their flight. But in the main, for green troops, I think we behaved well; the men firing with precision and deliberation, though some shut their eyes, and fired up into the air."

About noon, after several hours' fighting, advancing and retreating, carrying off the wounded, and cheering each

other on, the regiment, under orders, reported to Col. Brooks of Richardson's division, and was placed in support of a battery. It was again raked by a terrible fire; while the battery lost every horse and half of its men. Here "Fighting Dick Richardson" received his wound, and was borne from the field by the men of the Fourteenth. During the afternoon, the regiment was marched to and fro as exigencies seemed to require; and at night the men lay on their arms in a plowed field, under the constant buzz of sharpshooters' bullets.

A large detail of sharpshooters was made from the flank companies; and here, as in line, the men did their duty nobly, acquiring a practical knowledge of their new Sharpe's rifles in a few hours, which months in a "camp of instruction" would not have given them. "Finally, towards evening," wrote Lieut. Fiske from the field, "a stray general picked us up, and ordered us to hold an advanced position across a plowed field, within reach of the enemy's skirmishers, who have been practicing on us ever since." And here, under almost constant fire, the Fourteenth remained vigilant, until it had been thirty-six hours in battle, with nothing to drink, and nothing to eat but a little hard-tack. Morris's brigade had captured two rebel flags.

On the left, Burnside still waited! He had been ordered by McClellan, as early as eight o'clock in the morning, to take the bridge, move on the Shepardstown Road, and cut off the rebel retreat. Hour after hour drifted by, while the battle was raging on the right, and Burnside only pushed forward a regiment here and there to contend alone against a superior force. In the morning, the troops of Longstreet in his front had been shifted to the rebel left; leaving only one division under Gen. Jones, numbering twenty-five hundred men, to dispute the passage of the creek against the whole of the 9th Corps. Still the commander hesitated and delayed; and no advantage was taken of the amazing disparity of numbers. When at last the order to move at once became peremptory, the rebel division of A. P Hill came hurrying across the Potomac from Harper's Ferry to join the main army under Lee.

About two o'clock, Rodman's division of the 9th Corps was moved down the stream, to cross, by wading, a mile below the bridge. Two companies of the Eighth went ahead as skirmishers, and found a ford; the other eight companies supporting a battery which covered the ford while the rest of the division crossed. The regiment soon joined Harland's brigade under a hill west of the bridge, near the extreme Union left, two or three hundred yards from the creek. The cannonading had become furious. Solid shot swept the crest of the hill in front, and tore up the ground behind. Shells burst overhead, and fragments dropped among the men.

A battery was ordered up to engage the enemy, but was whirled back in three minutes, with the loss of every officer, half a dozen men, and five horses. The hill was a protection, and few were wounded at this point in the Eighth and Sixteenth. The Eleventh had been misled by a cowardly or stupid aide, and had not yet come up.

It was now four o'clock. On the right, Hooker was wounded and off the field after terrific fighting; Mansfield was dead; Sumner was leading the troops: and still the ground was being repeatedly lost and won. In the center, French's division stood firm. "At four o'clock, McClellan sent orders to Burnside to advance, and carry the batteries in his front at all hazards and at any cost."[3]

Some officers felt that all was not right. Major Lyon, Harland's aide, brought word that the rebels were crossing the Potomac, and filing down the creek on the Union left. Gen. Rodman, commanding the division, was informed. He said Burnside had provided for that by facing Cox's division to the left. The advance was ordered.

At the word of command from Col. Harland, the Eighth, which was on the right of the brigade-line, started promptly. "But," says Harland in his official report, "the Sixteenth Connecticut and the 4th Rhode-Island apparently did not hear the order. I sent an aide to order them forward. This delay on the left placed the Eighth considerably in advance of the rest of the brigade. I asked Gen. Rodman if I should

[3] Smalley's Narrative in N. Y. Tribune.

halt the Eighth, and wait for the rest of the brigade. He ordered me to advance the Eighth, and he would hurry up the Sixteenth Connecticut and 4th Rhode-Island."

The Sixteenth had moved to the support of a battery farther south on the extreme left of the line, and was lying in a cornfield. The rebels had quietly approached in force on the uncovered left flank, and were nearer than even Major Lyon had thought them. "While we were lying here," says the diary of Lieut. B. F. Blakeslee, "we were suddenly ordered to 'Attention!' when a terrible volley was fired into us from behind a stone wall about five rods in front of us. We were ordered to fix bayonets and advance. In a moment we were riddled with shot. Many necessary orders were given which were not understood. Neither the line-officers nor the men had any knowledge of regimental movements." The most helpless confusion ensued. Another regiment rushed panic-stricken past them to the rear, and vainly did they endeavor to change front so as to face the enemy.

The rebels discovered the disorder, and came down in a heavy column. The Sixteenth stood for a few minutes trying to rally, swept by a destructive cross-fire. Lieut.-Col. Frank Cheney and Major George A. Washburn were severely wounded; while three captains, a lieutenant, and forty enlisted men, were already dead. Men were falling on every hand. The survivors at last extricated themselves from the fatal field, and fled, broken and decimated, back to cover near the bridge. Col. Beach was obliged to report to Col. Harland that his regiment had never had a battalion-drill, and only one dress-parade, and hardly knew how to form in line of battle.

When Gen. Rodman ordered an advance of his division, and Harland repeated the order to his brigade, Col. Appelman led the Eighth forward in steady step up the hill. Nearly the whole corps was now charging, and the advancing line stretched far away to the right.

As they reached the crest, the rebel troops were but a few rods in front. The Union line halted, and poured in a telling volley, and again leaped forward; and the enemy broke and

fled, halting and firing as they could. A storm of shot, shell, and musketry, was sweeping through the ranks of the Eighth, now on the extreme Union left. Still farther to the left, a rebel battery rained canister. Capt. Charles L. Upham with Company K (Meriden) dashed up, and captured the battery; rejoining the regiment as it came up.

Steadily forward moves the line, now marking every yard of advance with blood of fallen men. The rebels still fall back. The 1st Brigade wavers, and slowly retires in disorder. Wilcox's division, too, is giving way farther to the right. Forward presses the Eighth, until the men can see the road whereby Lee must retreat. "The position is ours!" they shout; and a "Hurrah" goes down the line.

But already many have observed an immense force moving straight up on the left flank. "Re-inforcements," say some: but Gen. Harland knows better; and he rides rapidly to the rear to hurry forward regiments to meet this new rebel move. The 4th Rhode-Island and Sixteenth Connecticut Volunteers are already in helpless disorder, and he dashes back again to meet the emergency as best he may. The Eighth is now alone clinging to the crest. Three batteries are turned on them, and the enemy's infantry close in around.

Col. Appelman tells the standard-bearer never to leave the colors. He responds firmly. One of the color-guard falls; two; three; four; the last, and the standard goes to the ground with him. Private Charles H. Walker (of Norwich) springs forward, and seizes it amid the storm of death; strikes the staff firmly in the ground; and shakes out the flag defiantly towards the advancing foe.

No re-inforcements come. Twenty men are falling every minute. Col. Appelman is borne to the rear. John McCall falls bleeding. Eaton totters, wounded, down the hill. Wait, bullet-riddled, staggers a few rods, and sinks. Ripley stands with a shattered arm. Russell lies white and still. Morgan and Maine have fallen. Whitney Wilcox is dead. Men grow frantic. The wounded prop themselves behind the rude stone fence, and hurl leaden vengeance at the foe. Even the chaplain snatches the rifle and cartridge-box of a dead man, and fights for life.

"We must fall back," says Major John E. Ward, now in command. Some protest against what they feel is inevitable; and the hundred men still unscathed are faced to the rear, and marched back in unbroken and still formidable column down the hill. No regiment of the 9th Corps has advanced so far, or held out so long, or retired in formation so good. By their stubborn fight they have saved many others from death or capture, and by their orderly retreat they save themselves.

Rodman had fallen; and Col. Harland now took command of the division, re-forming the disorganized regiments, and placing the whole in a posture of defense. A new line of battle was soon formed. By his self-possession, intrepidity, and good judgment, the lines were steadied, and the unsupported fragment rescued from capture.

When the advance of the afternoon to this point was ordered, an aide of Gen. Rodman, sent to bring up the Eleventh Regiment, misled it through the woods, pretending to be in search of the ford. After a tedious march of four miles, Col. Stedman brought the regiment back to the bridge, crossed, and advanced rapidly towards the cornfield where the brigade was fighting. The enemy was pressing down hard upon the left and front; and he now charged upon a battery that had been advanced upon the crest in front of the Eleventh. Shot and shell rained plenteously Lieut. Converse wrote in a letter to the Hartford Press, "Twice had the Eleventh rallied for a charge. Col. Kingsbury was dead, it might be; Lieut.-Col. Stedman was wounded, and weak with the loss of blood; Major Moegling was wounded, Capt. Griswold dead. Companies were squads without officers, and officers with broken swords and battered uniforms, but without commands. Burnside called for aid. It was no time to falter; but one did falter, and refused to advance with the colors. There is a man for all emergencies; and a man was now ready to fill that black chasm of cowardice with the impersonation of courage. Corporal Henry A. Eastman of Ashford stepped forth with flashing eye, and said, 'Give me the colors!' and, with a burst of cheers, the Eleventh followed her bold color-bearer, and the battery was safe."

The Sixteenth and the 4th Rhode-Island now broke, and retired towards the bridge; and, fearing that it would be difficult to keep his men together in the face of the stampede, Lieut.-Col. Stedman, able only from excitement to stand longer upon a wounded leg, faced about, and led his regiment back. He was then borne off the field, and his men placed temporarily under command of Col. Beach of the Sixteenth; but none of the Connecticut regiments were again engaged.

Capt. William J. Roberts of the Eighth, from New Milford, had been ill during the advance to the field and through the battle, — in great pain and frequent vomiting; but he resolutely kept on with his company, and shared the fight with great fortitude.

Fresh troops were soon brought up; and the shattered third division recrossed the creek, and bivouacked above the position of the morning. The hostile picket-line crowded forward till it was posted along the ridge west of the creek. In this neutral ground were many wounded and dying. Within the rebel lines were many more. The terrible yet merciful work of the surgeons went on. Chaplains with squads of detailed men scoured the woods and fields to bring in the wounded. All the early night, at risk of life, those able to crawl worked their way into our lines; and brave men ventured down to bring off the helpless. "Even at midnight," wrote Dr. Mayer, "the chaplain of the Eighth, who had been under fire all day, recovering and bearing off the wounded, brought another squad into the barn." Yet thousands lay all night in agonizing pain on the bare ground, with no relief. Drs. Storrs, Whitcomb, Mayer, and other Connecticut surgeons, toiled till daybreak, and then rested only for an hour. Bandages failed, and the fresh leaves of corn were bound on many wounds.

The next morning, Lee's pickets retired, and ours advanced. Ambulances moved forward, and Connecticut men rushed with pails of water to succor their wounded. Scores were quickly found. One of the men of the Eighth, shot through the body, still lay on his back, just as he had fallen. The fierce sun of the day before had blistered and blackened

his face. His tongue, swollen to five times its usual size, protruded from his open mouth. He was sightless and speechless, yet breathing. Water was dropped on his parched tongue. A slight shudder convulsed his frame. A little more, and the tongue moved, and the breast heaved painfully. At last the man revived, and was borne away to the hospital. Another lies cold and stiff in the cornfield, with his teeth fastened firmly in an ear of soft corn, with which he has vainly tried to quench his raging thirst. Here is a mere lad, shot through the thigh, pale, and with closed eyes. He has bled profusely, and is very weak, but alive. Not a drop of water has he had for forty hours. The cool water touches his lips, and he starts up as if from stupor, and eagerly grasps the cup with both hands. Memories of home flit through his weary brain, as, opening his eyes, he says with a smile, "And from a *teacup* too."

The wounded cared for, they turned to bury the dead. All day went on the excavation of graves where the martyrs found a truce; and, as the shadows lengthened and faded out, the sad work was ended. The dead of the Eighth and the Sixteenth were laid side by side on the ridge just above the point where the gallant charge began, and those of the Eleventh near the edge of the open woods above the bridge. The graves were marked with pine headboards, to tell where each patriot rested.

"In passing over the hill," wrote Chaplain Morris, "we pause amazed when we reach the point where the Eighth met the enemy, and delivered their first tremendous volley at a distance of five or six rods. In a short lane running down to a little house near the road, within a space of a dozen rods, I counted one hundred and four dead rebels."

Many of our dead were stripped and plundered. The swollen fingers of some had been cut off to obtain the rings; and the wounded had received treatment ranging from kindness to cruelty and outrage.

All the Connecticut regiments had met with terrible casualties, — no less than a hundred and thirty-six being killed outright upon the field, and four hundred and sixty-six wounded. Among the latter were the lieutenant-colonels

of the Eighth, Eleventh, and Sixteenth. No battle of the war inflicted such losses upon the troops of this State.

The Eighth lost thirty-four killed and a hundred and thirty-nine wounded, eleven of whom were commissioned officers. This was nearly fifty per cent of the entire number present for duty.

Marvin Wait, son of John T. Wait of Norwich, entered Union College in the fall of 1860; and in the fall of 1861, when but eighteen years old, he enlisted as a private in the Eighth. He was soon promoted to be second lieutenant, and, being detailed, attracted attention for his skill as a signal-officer at Roanoke Island, also at the reduction of Fort Macon. He returned to his regiment in July, 1862, and was promoted to be first lieutenant. "His versatile talents, well-stored memory, vivid imagination, ready command of language, pleasing manners, and frank, generous disposition, rendered him a favorite with officers and men."[4] Resolved to excel as an officer, he set before himself an exalted standard, and pressed upward with all his native energy and enthusiasm. His qualities as a man and a soldier were especially displayed during the march of our hardy regiment from Fredericksburg to Antietam. Hardly a halt during all the weary marches in the choking dust and intense heat of those midsummer days, but his brave or mirth-provoking words made his companions for a moment forget their fatigue and discomfort. When the battle was raging hottest, on the afternoon of the 17th, and when the rebel regiments, massed in front and flank, were pressing down upon the line, Lieut. Wait fell. "Just before he was wounded, he was seen closing up the ranks of his company, and deliberately dressing them in line."[5] "If Lieut. Wait had left the battle when first hit in the arm, all would have been well; but he bravely stood to encourage his men by his example, and at last nobly fell, pierced by bullet after bullet."[6] Major Ward wrote to his father, "When first wounded, he was advised to leave, but would not; and, before consenting to do so, he received three shots. I think, however, that his mortal wound was received while being taken to the rear. The death of your son is a great loss to the regiment. No offi-

[4] Lieut. Jacob Eaton. [5] Capt. C. M. Coit. [6] Lieut. Jacob Eaton.

cer could be more popular. He had endeared himself to all."[7] His last words to Private Lewis D. King were, "Are we whipping them?" Said Lieut. Jacob Eaton, in a memorial, "A braver man than Marvin Wait never confronted a foe; a more generous heart never beat; a more unselfish patriot never fell. Connecticut may well cherish and honor the memory of such sons."

Lieut. Edwin G. Maine, from Brooklyn, was a staid, earnest man, past middle life. He was esteemed for his paternal care of his men, and his unpretending bravery and firmness. In the afternoon, while calmly leading his men, he was shot through the body. For a month he lingered in hospital, with all that the loving care of a wife could do; but he died, praying for God's blessing on the country he had so faithfully served.

Sergeant George H. Marsh of Hartford was killed by the first cannon-shot that went through the ranks, at sunrise. He was ill, but determined to be at his post; and there he died, a trusty soldier with a spotless reputation. Sergeant Whiting Wilcox was a broad-shouldered six-footer, — a model soldier. He was conspicuous in the charge; but the bravery which would have won him promotion cost him his life. Sergeant Cyprian H. Rust of New Hartford was a thoughtful, serious, almost melancholy Christian man. Service was to him a stern duty performed with rigid exactness and courage. He died as he had lived. John H. Simonds of Hartford was a bright, willing, genial man, and a universal favorite. When shot through the body, he only said, "Good-by, boys: I'm going." John A. Dixon of Thomsonville (Enfield) was lying mortally wounded, when a rebel came along, picked up a Sharpe's rifle, hid it behind the fence, and passed on after other plunder. Dixon dragged himself to it, and, having rendered it useless, laid down to die.

Here also fell Harvey E. Elmore, Elijah White, George F Booth, Charles E. Lewis, Oscar W Hewitt, David Lake, Robert Ferris, William G. Lewis, and other noble young men who had always fought in the front ranks of the Eighth.

The Eleventh had lost thirty-eight killed and ninety-seven wounded. Among the killed were two of its choicest men, —

[7] Lieut. Jacob Eaton, in Memorial, p. 12.

Kingsbury and Griswold, — both from the ancient town of Lyme.

Col. Henry W Kingsbury came to the Eleventh Regiment crowned with triumphs at West Point, and fragrant with the smoke of all the Peninsular battles. He came when he was sorely needed. The regiment was declining in appearance, in spirit, in all soldierly qualities. The gallant Major Griffin A. Stedman was about to resign in despair, and leave the regiment to his superiors; but they were wise enough to resign instead, and the regiment was saved. West Point was impressed deeply on the soul of Lieut. Kingsbury, even when he served as Tyler's aide at Bull Run. Military art possessed for him something high and ennobling; and he regarded it with the same enthusiasm with which the devotees of art and music look upon their cherished callings. He loved the right because it was the right; but he was virtuous also because he knew that vice degrades a soldier, abstemious because intemperance is fatal to military success, and manly and gentlemanly because it was impossible for him to be otherwise.

His knowledge was mainly of the useful and practical order; yet he possessed a keen appreciation of elegant culture, and delighted to listen to and join in conversations on literary or philosophical topics. He had a thoroughly military idea of what was due to his uniform, and insisted, to the smallest detail, on observances of etiquette and salutations, because he "owed it to his straps to see them honored." It was a feeling akin to that we all have for the flag. He also insisted on the boundaries between staff and line officers and between line officers and privates being strictly drawn. On the whole, there was in this man the old light of chivalry, by which he walked in his profession, and which gave life and meaning to actions, which, in many others, would have seemed mere martinetism.

Assistant Surgeon Nathan Mayer wrote, at the time when the Eleventh was provost-guard of Fredericksburg, —

"How pleasant was our social life at this time! The most brilliant conversation flashed forth at each meal. There was an elegance of manner and a refinement of expression

OUR FALLEN HEROES.

cultivated that might have graced the best circles. And so congenial were the tastes of all! Imagine the field and staff of a regiment, none of whom, with one exception, drank intoxicating liquors or used tobacco; and all of whom, with one exception (Surgeon J. B. Whitcomb), were under twenty-six years of age.

"On our march through Maryland to Antietam, it was often in the midst of some charming landscape that we were encamped. A fire in the center of a circle of shelter-tents threw its fitful light on the occupants. There was the young colonel, wrapped in his blankets, with the square, manly face, the profusion of blonde mustache and whisker, the large, earnest blue eye, and the sweet, womanly mouth that could so easily assume the expression of firmness and determination. God bless him, dear Col. Kingsbury! He made us all better and nobler; and when soon after I pressed my lips in last adieu upon that forehead cold in death, I felt, that, when I should next behold it, it would be crowned with the aureola of a hero and saint.

"When I said to Lieut.-Col. Stedman after the battle, 'The colonel has opened his eyes, and given me the sweetest smile, and then closed them forever,' he silently pressed my hand, and went to take a farewell look at him whom we all adored."

Gen. Burnside issued the following: —

"Special Order, No. 47.

"By this sad calamity, the army mourns one of the most accomplished of those young officers who in a few months have become veterans in their country's service. After serving with distinction through the campaign of the Peninsula, Col. Kingsbury was promoted to his late command; and in that office, occupying positions of great responsibility, invariably proved himself equal to the occasion, displaying always a gallantry and skill that gave high promise for the future. As a near friend of Col. Kingsbury, the commanding-general wishes to add this testimony to his private worth, to the purity of his character, and to the possession of those high qualities of mind and heart that form the sterling man as well as the finished soldier.

"By command of Major-Gen. Burnside."

Capt. John Griswold of Lyme was a graduate of Yale, of the class of 1857, and a soldier of perfect bravery. "His noble death was the appropriate solution of his noble life,"

wrote Surgeon Nathan Mayer. "He was a great-hearted gentleman, well born, liberally educated, and wonderfully retentive of all the studies in ancient and modern literature to which he had given so much of his time; but, more than this, his character was trained, and his heart disciplined." The surgeon was much of the time near the young captain on the march to Antietam. He says, "We admired the mountain-gorges through which we passed. We saw green-woods fair and orchards gay, rich fields, and well-to-do farm-houses. We quoted Horace, and discussed questions of moral philosophy, and skipped over literature, from St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei* to Hugo's *Les Miserables*, and all this time, day or night, rain or sunshine, fatigued or fresh, hungry or satiated, he would preserve the same cheerfulness of demeanor, and never forget the least of those courtesies which make life in refined circles run in such an even course. It was as if he were never out of the drawing-room; just as an Englishman is said never to leave England, no matter where he travels. He carried an imaginary 'salon' with him; and whoever approached him felt that he had entered a circle of refinement. Nor was this intended for equals alone. He was particular in extending the same courtesies to the soldiers under his command." After Griswold had received his mortal wound, Surgeon Mayer and four privates crossed the stream, and brought him back. The surgeon says, "We took him into a low shed near the bank, and laid him on the straw. The gallant fellow, sensitive as a Roman to the exhibition of pain, like a Roman had covered his face. When I removed the handkerchief, he was ashy pale, so much had he suffered.

"'Doctor,' he said, 'pardon the trouble I give you; but I am mortally wounded, I believe.' I examined. The bullet had passed through the body in the region of the stomach. 'You are, captain,' I replied. 'Then let me die quickly, and without pain, if you can,' he rejoined. 'I am perfectly happy, doctor. This is the death I have always wished to die. Not even the pains of this body can make me unhappy. But oh!'— Here another spasm of suffering came on. I gave him some morphine. He felt easier. Seeing through the

door of the shed the blue water flash in the sunshine, he repeated the first lines of one of those gems of Horace we had so often admired: —

'O Tons Bandusiæ, splendidior vitro,
Dulci digno mero, non sine floribus.'

"He then turned, and gave me directions regarding his baggage and servant. Having arranged his worldly affairs as well as he could, he added, 'And tell them at home that I died for my country' The habits of refined life hung to him still. He thanked me for my services in elegant phrase, and attracted my attention to the number of wounded that now filled the shed, intimating that he feared that he had monopolized too much of the time of so good a surgeon on the day of battle."

The end came soon. Gen. Burnside called. The sufferer told him he had insisted on being relieved from detached duty at Newberne when he heard that the Eleventh was going into active service. "I am happy, general," he added. "I die as I have ever wished to die, — for my country" "Tell my mother," he said to a comrade, "that I died at the head of my company" Tears rolled down Burnside's cheeks, as, delicately trying to suppress all symptoms of his pain, the philosophic and heroic spirit calmly passed away. In the ancient family cemetery of the Griswolds, at Black Hall in Old Lyme, stands a new monument of most expressive design and elegant finish, telling in word and sculptured symbol how the young hero lived and how he died.

Here, also, fell John R. Read, Hiram C. Roberts, Theodore S. Bates, Daniel L. Tarbox, Oliver P Ormsby, George E. Bailey, and a score of others, in the fatal charge on the bridge. Major William Moegling of Danbury was also severely wounded.

The Fourteenth had lost twenty-one killed, eighty-eight wounded, and twenty-eight prisoners.

Among the killed were Capts. James E. Blinn of New Britain, and Samuel F Willard of Madison. Before leaving the vicinity of Sharpsburg, the officers assembled and adopted resolutions, of which the following is one: —

"*Resolved*, That we their fellow-officers do but simple justice to the memory of these brave and devoted officers when we testify in this public manner to their efficiency in every public and private duty, to their watchful kindness and care over the soldiers of their respective companies, to the fraternal courtesy ever manifested by them in their intercourse with others, and to their earnestness and zeal in the patriotic cause for which they drew their swords."

Sergeant Frederick R. Eno of Bloomfield received a mortal wound in the abdomen. He refused assistance, but sent back to the front the comrades who came to help him. He walked nearly two miles to a barn used as a hospital, and died next morning. His last words were, "Tell my friends that I did my duty, and died like a man." He was universally esteemed for his many virtues.

The Sixteenth had lost more heavily still; the killed numbering forty-three, and the wounded a hundred and forty-three. Five officers were among the dead, — Capts. Samuel Brown of Enfield, Frederick M. Barber of Manchester, John L. Drake of Hartford, and Newton S. Manross and Lieut. William Horton of Stafford.

"Capt. Drake was the most gentlemanly man in the regiment," said Surgeon Mayer. "He was the very soul of courtesy and unaffected dignity of deportment." He always had a quiet care for his men when they were sick, and was a marked favorite with them, as well as with comrades in the line.

Capt. N. S. Manross of Bristol was a man of learning and varied accomplishments. In his youth an ingenious mechanic, he showed a great aptness for study, and graduated at Yale in the class of 1850. His tastes and attainments took a scientific direction. He went to Europe, attended German lectures, and made very rapid progress; taking the degree of doctor of philosophy. On his return, he devoted himself to mineralogy, publishing some able dissertations; invented a machine for the cutting of crystals from calc-spar; and at last became connected with a mining-company in New York, and prosecuted elaborate explorations in Central America and Mexico. In 1861, Dr. Manross accepted the position of Professor of Chemistry and Botany in Amherst College, where he became very popular and successful. Returning

to Bristol during a vacation, he made a patriotic speech to his fellow-citizens, who thereupon besought him to lead them to the field. He consented, saying to his wife, "You can better afford to have a country without a husband than a husband without a country." He refused the post of major in a Massachusetts regiment, preferring service with his own neighbors. He was greatly beloved by his men. His successor in command of the company after his death once said to the colonel, "Those boys care more for Manross's old shoes than for the best man in the regiment." Capt. Manross was struck in the side by a cannon-ball, which passed under his arm. He bled inwardly. A powerful anodyne was administered, and he soon became unconscious. A friend bending over him heard him murmuring, "O my poor wife, my poor wife!" Prof. James A. Dana said of him, "His death is a great loss to the scientific world." Prof. B. Silliman, jr., says, "As an explorer, Dr. Manross possessed remarkable qualifications. To a rugged constitution and great powers of endurance he united great coolness, a quiet but undaunted demeanor, the courage of a hero, and unyielding perseverance. Had he lived — but what need is there of conjecture now? The world will never know its loss; but his friends will never forget theirs."

Capt. Barber was especially noticeable for his religious character, earnest convictions, and high regard for duty His patriotism was of a sterling mould, and he was a brave and intelligent officer.

The death of Major-Gen. Joseph K. F. Mansfield, a brigadier-general in the regular army, added to the terrible losses of Connecticut at Antietam. He was born in New Haven, Dec. 22, 1806; but, his parents removing to Middletown while he was yet an infant, he was trained and educated there. He early showed a taste for military life; and his uncle, Col. Jared Mansfield, then Surveyor-General of the United States, obtained his admission as a cadet at West Point in 1820. He at once took a high position, and held it; graduating second in his class. He commenced as second lieutenant of engineers, and was at first engaged in New-York Harbor, and then in the construction of Fortress Monroe and Fort Pulaski.

Mansfield was always apt to administer a reproof and resent an insult promptly. He despised duelling, but never failed to defend his honor and himself. On one occasion, while building Fort Pulaski, he was invited to dine with a number of Southern gentlemen; and, while engaged in conversation, a hot-blooded Southern officer opposite took occasion to remark, in a tone of voice audible to all, "The Northerners are cowards, — men without any nerve." — "Do you intend that for me?" interrupted Mansfield. "I do, sir," replied the other, at the same time raising a glass of wine as if to hurl it in the face of this audacious Northerner. Mansfield seized a decanter, when the other returned the glass to the table. But Mansfield was now roused. "Bring in my pistols!" he ordered the servant. Pistols were instantly brought; and Mansfield rose, and presented one to his insolent antagonist, saying, "Now we prove who is the coward." The other diners interfered, agreed that the insult was gross, and demanded that an ample retraction and apology should be made to Mansfield. The atonement was humbly offered, and amicable relations resumed.

At the breaking-out of war with Mexico, Capt. Mansfield was chief engineer on Gen. Taylor's staff. He built Fort Brown, opposite Matamoras; and, in the absence of Gen. Taylor, had command of the American forces. The Mexicans demanded a surrender of the fort. Mansfield promptly refused. For seven days, the fort was besieged and under constant fire; but it was held, and the enemy driven away. This gallant defense won for him the golden leaf of major. Through the entire war, Taylor depended on Mansfield for his principal assistance in planning battles. On the eve of the battle of Monterey, he made a thorough reconnoissance of the enemy's works, and discovered the weak points; and, on the following day, led the first division in the grand assault. He was severely wounded in the leg, but held his place on the field until the final capitulation. The battle-field of Buena Vista was chosen by him, and the batteries stationed under his direction.

When peace was declared, Mansfield's services were recognized by a promotion to be colonel in the regular army;

and on his return the citizens of Middletown went to Meriden *en masse*, and escorted him home with every demonstration of welcome.

He was appointed inspector-general of the United-States army by President Pierce; and the Rebellion of 1860 found him inspecting the troops of the traitor Twiggs in Texas. Every offer was made Mansfield to support the Rebellion; but he spurned the offers, and for his fidelity was subjected to the indignities of the perfidious "chivalry" around him. He escaped injury only by the greatest vigilance. He passed *incognito* through New Orleans when the city was illuminated in honor of secession, and at last reached the loyal lines.

On account of age and long service, his friends besought him to retire from the army: but his prompt reply was, "I owe my country every hour that remains of my life; and, in such a struggle as is now endangering her existence, I can not and shall not refuse to answer her call." About the 15th of April, 1861, Mansfield was summoned to Washington: the city being blockaded, he reached it on horseback by a circuitous route. He was at once assigned to the command of the defenses. Scott did not quite agree to his suggestion to fortify Arlington Heights; but he went ahead on his own responsibility. All the forts around Washington were engineered by Mansfield, and built under his superintendence.[8]

Mansfield was for a time in command at Newport News, and led our forces in the capture of Norfolk. He was here when McClellan demanded that he be put in command of Banks's corps in his army. Mansfield was pleased with the transfer; and rode across the country, reaching the army before Sharpsburg the night before the battle.

After Rickett's division was repulsed next day, Mansfield led his corps gallantly forward, but soon fell mortally wounded. Internal hemorrhage ensued; and, on the evening of Sept. 17, Major-Gen. Mansfield gave his life a willing sacrifice to his country.

[8] Credit for the defenses of Washington has sometimes been given to Gen. McClellan; but they were all laid out and plans for their erection made by Mansfield while McClellan was still in West Virginia.

Lieut.-Gov. Benjamin Douglass went to the front for the remains; and all the way home they were greeted with demonstrations of patriotic regard. No man was better known or loved in Middletown than Mansfield. To religion he was early committed at the altar of his ancestral church; to law he always paid sincere regard; to education he gave liberally of his fortune; to liberty he gave his life.

The funeral was attended from the North Congregational Church of Middletown on Tuesday, Sept. 23. Brief addresses were made by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Taylor, and by his Excellency Gov. Buckingham, Ebenezer Jackson, and Senator Dixon. Military companies were present from all sections of the State, and the common councils of four cities; and to earth, with honors, were committed the remains of a sterling soldier, to whose memory generations will do homage as they read the names of those who gave their lives in the cause of liberty protected by law.

THE DEAD AT ANTIETAM.[9]

Here fell our best and bravest, — Kingsbury
The lion-hearted, Mansfield, Manross, Blinn,
Drake, Horton, Willard, Wait, (heroic boy!)
Brown, Barber, Griswold (dying like a prince
Whose chivalry had charmed the Table Round),
And all that speechless group of gallant men,
The modest martyrs of the rank and file.

Oh, rare and royal was the sacrifice!
For you and me they put their armor on;
For you and me they stood in grim array
Where death came hurtling; and for you and me
They joined the mortal struggle, and went down
Amid the mad, tumultuous whirl of flame.

And then the gentle goddess Liberty —
Whose unseen ribbon rippled on their breasts,
The pledge of knightly troth — bent tenderly,
Closed the dim eyes, and cooled the fevered hand,
And dropped a blessing into every heart,
And helped each spirit from its mould of clay;
And, as they rose to heaven, they sprinkled wide
Upon the upturned foreheads of the world
The purple drops of their vicarious love.

The sequel to the battle of this day need not be rehearsed. The soldiers of the whole army expected to move next

[9] By W. A. C.

morning, — to swoop down upon the over-matched enemy, and give him the *coup de grâce.* Instead of that, a truce was proclaimed, and the rebels permitted to bury their dead. This gracious office was neglected, and the time was occupied by them in getting the trains and guns to the rear; and the sun of Sept. 19 found Lee's army safely across the Potomac, and, with some plausibility, claiming Antietam to have been a drawn battle.

CHAPTER XIX.

Tardy Pursuit of Lee. — The Eighth, Eleventh, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers. — Gen. Burnside in Command. — March to Falmouth. — The Eighth lay the Pontoon-Bridge. — The Battle of Fredericksburg. — Gallantry of the Fourteenth and Twenty-seventh. — Gen. Harland's Official Report. — The Disastrous Repulse. — Whereabouts of the Fifth, Seventeenth, Twentieth, and Twenty-second. — Private Elias Howe, Jr. — The Army Ration. — Camp at Stafford Court House.

IX weeks after the battle of Antietam, McClellan's army began tardily to pursue Lee; moving from camp in Pleasant Valley, Md., across the river at Berlin, just below Harper's Ferry, and passing south-west on the east side of the Blue Ridge. The Eighth, Eleventh, and Sixteenth Connecticut Regiments were nearly together, and the Twenty-first now joined the brigade. Little of importance occurred to them until they reached Falmouth on Nov. 19, having made a hundred and seventy-five miles in twelve days.

The Fifteenth Connecticut, after serving in Washington as "Casey's pets" for a few weeks, moved across Long Bridge on Sept. 17, and re-occupied their former camp on Arlington Heights. Here they remained six weeks, sending a guard daily to the disagreeable duty of guarding Long Bridge. On Nov. 3 they removed to Fairfax Seminary, two miles back of Alexandria, and pitched a camp of Sibley tents. Here they dug some rifle-pits, industriously prosecuted drill, and had their first experience in picket-duty five or six miles beyond.

Col. Dexter R. Wright of the Fifteenth now commanded a brigade; and on Dec. 1 he marched it back through the city, and turned down the Maryland bank of the river. The regiments marched six miles below, and bivouacked their first

night under shelter-tents. After a four-days' march, they recrossed at Acquia Creek, and slept upon the snow, which now covered Virginia with a thin coat. Reaching Fredericksburg, the regiment was put into Harland's brigade.

After the battle of Antietam, the Fourteenth encamped in a lovely grove near the scene of Hooker's fight, where a few days were given to recuperation and an honorable burial of fallen comrades. The regiment had gone through the baptism of blood without flinching. Gen. French in his official report said of Morris's brigade, "There never was better material in any army; and in a month these splendid men will not be excelled." It is proper to say that Adjutant Theodore G. Ellis of the Fourteenth showed great efficiency in the battle. During the year before the war, he had been a member of an accomplished military company of young men in Boston; and he now brought to the brigade knowledge, skill, activity, and bravery that were of marked value.

On the 22d, the regiment marched with the 2d Corps to Harper's Ferry, fording the Potomac, waist-deep, just above the often-destroyed railroad-bridge. It was a most animated scene; the enthusiastic thousands filing across, while the splendid band of the Fourteenth poured forth the stirring strains of "John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave."[1] The regiment bivouacked on Bolivar Heights, and remained there nearly six weeks, living in a few filthy old tents dug up from the spot where they had been hastily buried by Miles's men when the place surrendered. Many attempts were made to get the baggage of officers and men left at Fort Ethan Allen; but, although Gov. Buckingham sent out a commissioner on purpose, red tape was too mighty to be prevailed against. The men had no changes of clothing, and could not keep clean. Much sickness prevailed. Marching orders were welcome; and on Oct. 30 the regiment crossed the Shenandoah, and pushed south-west through the Loudon Valley. Here the delinquent knapsacks were sent after them, but, not overtaking them, were stored in a barn; and shortly afterwards the needy rebels appropriated the whole supply.

[1] This band became one of the very best in the army.

On Nov. 9, the 2d Corps reached Warrenton; and Burnside, now assuming command of the army, pushed on, occupying Falmouth on the night of the 19th. Morris's brigade was detailed for duty at Belle Plain, where the men soon bivouaeked on the sandy soil; and the drenching rain added discomfort to the hunger and fatigue. Here they staid two weeks on guard. The Fourteenth enjoyed a good Thanksgiving dinner, mostly obtained by foraging; and ate and drank to the "good ship Mayflower." It moved back to Falmouth on Dec. 6, and encamped with the vast army now gathered there.

The Twenty-seventh Connecticut had left its camp at Langley's, and hurried down the Potomac; and now joined the 2d Corps in Hancock's division.

Burnside's army was divided into three grand divisions of two corps each; and the 2d Corps (in which was the Fourteenth) and the 9th Corps (in which was the Connecticut brigade) formed the right grand division under Gen. Sumner. The Connecticut regiments did not enjoy this period. An officer of the Eighth wrote, "We put our little 'dog-tents' upon the sticky red mud of Virginia; made smoky fires outside, of wet wood; half cooked our scanty food; warmed and dried ourselves as we could, standing by the wretched fires in the rain: then we spread our blankets on the soft mud, and slept. We slept; for we were tired out: but we awoke stiff, rheumatic, and cross. The weather was damp or rainy for several days, and few of us got our clothing dry under four days. It has rained about five days of the week."

Burnside had marched rapidly to Falmouth; but, before he was ready to cross the river, Lee, whom he had run away from at Warrenton, was in his path again, occupying intrenchments five miles long in the rear of Fredericksburg. At last, every thing was ready. Sumner and Hooker were to cross their grand divisions at Fredericksburg, and Franklin two miles down the river.

Before dawn of Dec. 11, the pontoon-boats were launched from the teams, and men hastened to build the floating bridge. As soon as the fog lifted slightly, they were opened

upon at short range by riflemen concealed in houses upon the opposite bank; and this fire became so vigorous, that, by eleven o'clock, the 57th and 66th New-York were driven from the work with a loss of a hundred and fifty men. Franklin had crossed the river below. Sumner became impatient: something effective must be done.

At this juncture, one hundred men of the Eighth Connecticut, under Capt. W P Marsh of Hartford, assisted by Lieuts. Henry E. Morgan of Stonington and Roger M. Ford of Meriden, volunteered to lay the bridge, and dashed down the slope to the work. They shouldered boards, and pushed out on the wooden pathway; when, as they reached the end, the rebel sharpshooters, who had been silenced for a time, recommenced a rapid and accurate fire; and the men were quickly recalled. After a time, the Union artillerists were able to depress their pieces sufficiently to drive the rebels from their covert, or tumble the buildings about their heads; when, at three o'clock, the 7th Michigan made a splendid dash across the river, and held the opposite bank, while the bridge was laid by the Eighth Connecticut Volunteers and other regiments. By five o'clock, our forces were in the city.

The night was spent by the soldiers in the city in pillaging and skirmishing by turns. Next morning (the 13th), many more crossed; and by noon two-thirds of the right grand division were in the streets of Fredericksburg. The chaplain of the Eighth wrote, —

"The city has suffered frightfully. There is hardly a house in the lower part which is not pierced by at least one huge shot. Many are knocked to pieces almost beyond repair. I counted twenty-seven ragged cuts and perforations in the walls of the Baptist church, — five through the steeple. Some thirty or forty buildings were burned to the ground in the business part of the city, including the Bank of Virginia. The streets are full of brick, splintered timbers, and rubbish of various kinds; and the soldiers have made the desolation complete. The houses and stores have been pillaged thoroughly. Fifty dollars' worth has been destroyed where one has been carried away for use.

"I saw men break down the doors to rooms of fine houses, enter, shatter the looking-glasses with a blow of the ax, knock the vases and lamps off the mantle-piece with a careless swing, and then lay down the ax to rummage for plunder. A cavalry man sat down at a fine rosewood piano, and drummed away till laughed at for his bungling performance; when up he started with an oath, drove his saber through the polished keys, then

knocked off the top, tore out the strings, and carried away one or two as trophies. One man entered a large parlor carpeted with a Brussels worth at least two hundred dollars. He cut out the center-piece, some four feet by six, for a saddle-blanket. I entered the finest jewelry store of the city. The large glass of the windows was all broken, the splendid plate-glass of the cases dashed to pieces, the regulating clock smashed, drawers emptied, and the contents of the shelves tumbled upon the floor and trampled to dirty fragments; and so throughout the lower part of the city. I never wish to see the like again."

There is no need to characterize such conduct as atrocious and brutal; but it would be salutary for those who wantonly invoke the demon of war to take some account of the inevitable vandalism that marches with the conqueror.

By the evening of the 12th the whole army had crossed the river, and was preparing to move next morning on the hights in the rear, where Lee was still strongly intrenching. Couch's (2d) corps occupied the town; while Wilcox's (9th) corps extended south-east towards Franklin's grand division.

The Fourteenth was the only Connecticut regiment that was warmly engaged in the battle of Fredericksburg. Longstreet held the Confederate left. His advance artillery was stationed on Marye's Heights; and two brigades of infantry were posted behind the stone walls at the foot of the declivity. Burnside opened the battle on the right by hurling French's division against this position.

The Fourteenth had slept during the night in the shelled and bullet-riddled houses of Caroline Street; and in the morning moved promptly out by the flank to the plateau back of the city, and formed in line of battle with the division that had done such noble service at Antietam. "No sooner had this division burst out on the plain than from the batteries on the hights came a frightful fire, — cross-showers of shot and shell, — opening great gaps in the ranks; but, closing up, the ever-thinning lines pressed on, and had passed over a great part of the interval, when met by volleys of musketry at short range."[2] From the semicircular crest of the hill came a direct and converging fire.

The Fourteenth crowded on to the foot of the steep, and began to mount. They were now surrounded by an artillery-fire (for the cannon in the rear were nearly as troublesome

[2] Swinton's Army of the Potomac.

as those in the front); and from the stone wall came showers of bullets. Men fell on every hand. The regiment wavered, recoiled, rallied, and again advanced; firing steadily all the while. Three separate charges were made: in the last, Lieut.-Col. Perkins fell at the head of the regiment. The men rallied around their wounded chief, and fell back with the line of the division.

Hancock now led his division to the charge; and with it, in the front ranks, steadily moved the Twenty-seventh Connecticut, — nine-months' troops. The regimental historian, Lieut. Winthrop D. Sheldon, gives the following sketch of the charge: —

"As soon as we arrived at the railroad dépôt, several rebel guns, trained upon the spot with fatal accuracy, welcomed us to the encounter. Very near this point fell Capt. Schweizer, the first of the long list of casualties. The division now advanced by the double-quick into the open field; then, after resting a few moments on the ground, at the order 'Charge!' moved by the left flank with fixed bayonets, passing French's division, which had been obliged to fall back. A second brief rest, then on again; while shot and shell plow the ground in front, burst over our heads, or make fearful gaps in the line. Yet on we rush. The wounded are left where they fall. Not a word is spoken; not a gun fired. As we approach nearer the rebel lines, all the elements of destruction that ingenuity can devise are concentrated upon the narrow space. From rows of rifle-pits, protected by a heavy stone wall, bursts a continuous roll of musketry; from neighboring houses flashes the deadly fire of sharpshooters; while batteries posted on the hights behind strong field-works, and supported by infantry, sweep the field with shot and shell, and grape and canister. Enfilading batteries on the right and left of the rebel semicircle pour in their swift discharges. The line now begins to waver, and with some disorder presses forward to a brick house, from which a brisk musketry-fire is kept up in the direction of the stone wall. At this time, the various regiments became mingled together; and the Twenty-seventh, in consequence of the confusion, separated into several fragments, advancing to the right and left of the house. The time for a sudden dash had passed; and unable longer to stem the avalanche of fire, which seemed to gather intensity as we proceeded, the charge was continued only as far as a board-fence, all full of bullet-holes and torn with shot, less than a hundred yards from the famous stone wall."

Here the Twenty-seventh remained all the afternoon, holding the advanced position; while division after division charged towards the hill, and recoiled before the terrible tempest of death.

A correspondent of the London Times, on Lee's staff, said that "no braver men ever lived than those who forced their

way up Marye's Heights that day," and that their conduct extorted praise from the rebel chieftain.

After this, similar charges were made up the impregnable slope by Howard's, Sturgis's, and Getty's divisions, and finally by the divisions of Hooker's corps, all with similar result; while Franklin, after a sturdy grapple with Jackson, had been repulsed on the left.

On the morning of this day, Col. Harland had, by order of Gen. Getty, placed his (the 2d) brigade on the bank of the river below the town, where the troops were concealed from the enemy, and sheltered from their fire. The Eleventh Connecticut, present eighteen officers and two hundred and fifty men, was detached, and moved forward to support the pickets of the 1st Brigade. Its casualties were few, and it rejoined the brigade, which had occupied its sheltered position during the day; while Burnside, in a spirit of apparent desperation, was hurling forward his troops to slaughter on the right and left.

Col. Harland says in his official report, "About five, P.M., I was ordered to move forward to the support of the 1st Brigade. I advanced the brigade in two columns, — the Twenty-first Connecticut and the 4th Rhode-Island constituting the column on the right; and the Eighth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Connecticut that on the left. On the street in front of the slaughter-house, I re-formed the line, and advanced until the right was nearly up with the 9th New-York, and the left had arrived at the foot of a steep hill about ten rods in rear of the railroad, where the Eleventh Connecticut Volunteers had been stationed during the day."

The brigade remained in this position during the night, picketing in front, and in the morning was returned to the location of Friday night. The Fifteenth Connecticut, Lieut.-Col. Samuel Tolles commanding, was detached to support a battery. Capt. Charles L. Upham with a detachment occupied the ground in front and the block-house near the railroad. On the morning of Monday the 15th, the Eighth Connecticut, under Capt. H. M. Hoyt, reported to Capt. Upham; and the picket-line was extended along the brow of the hill. At dark, the brigade, with these exceptions,

was moved about two hundred yards in rear of Gen. Wilcox's headquarters, where it spent the night. Next morning, the whole force was recalled across the Rappahannock; and, with the exception of two companies, — D under Capt. Samuel Hubbard, and I under Capt. Frank M. Lovejoy, detailed under Major Hiram B. Crosby on fatigue-duty, — Harland's brigade returned to camp near the Lacey House.

To say that the terrible battle had been a terrible failure is to speak quite inadequately of the result. The magnitude of the blunder seemed to be equaled only by the magnitude of the losses. The Union casualties numbered twelve thousand three hundred and twenty-one killed, wounded, and missing; while the Confederate loss was less than half that number. Connecticut suffered less, proportionately, than any other State that had regiments engaged. The ratio came near being reversed.

After the decisive repulse of Saturday, a return across the Rappahannock was urged by the chief commanders; but Burnside, mortified by defeat, had apparently lost his mental equipoise, and resolved to form the remaining 9th Corps in a column of attack by regiments, the Eleventh Connecticut Volunteers in advance, and lead it in person to scale the hights. He was at last dissuaded from the desperate scheme by his counselors; and the bloody and useless slaughter came to an end.

The retreat over the central pontoon-bridge was materially assisted by Major H. B. Crosby of the Twenty-first, provost-marshal of the 9th Corps. Gen. Wilcox, commanding the corps, says in his official report, "The whole body, numbering about sixteen thousand officers and men, were withdrawn noiselessly in less than two hours. The most perfect order prevailed; no confusion in the ranks; no signs of alarm or demoralization, notwithstanding many hours of passive exposure to the enemy's fire. The ease with which this remarkable withdrawal was effected was due partly to the excellent judgment of Major Crosby in carrying out the special orders of Gen. Wilcox. With a pioneer party and a cavalry patrol he paved the way smoothly and rapidly for the movement." Major Crosby muffled the bridge with dirt

about three inches deep, so as to conceal the retreat from the enemy, whose guns commanded the bridge. It was dark, cold, and stormy; while he sat on his horse, and repeated in hushed tones private orders to commanders till near daylight, by which time the army was again in camp.

The Eighth Connecticut had lost one killed and two wounded; the Eleventh had one wounded; the Fifteenth, two killed and eight wounded; the Sixteenth, one wounded; the Twenty-first, one killed and five wounded.

The Fourteenth had lost twenty-four killed, or died of wounds, and eighty-one others wounded. Among those who were killed, or died shortly of wounds, were Capt. Elijah W Gibbons of Middletown, and Lieuts. Theodore A. Stanley of New Britain, William A. Coomes of New Haven, and David E. Canfield of Middletown.

Capt. Gibbons was, before the war, a citizen of Middletown, where he had many friends. He was an active and faithful supporter of the Sunday school. When the war broke out, he went as first lieutenant in the Fourth Regiment, but resigned his commission in May, 1862, and, returning home, raised a company for the Fourteenth. Capt. Gibbons shared all the fortunes of his company, never being behind the regiment a day. In the attack on Marye's Heights, his thigh was shattered by a shot, and he was borne to the rear. He lingered a few days, and died in great suffering, but with becoming resignation.

Lieut. Stanley was one of the gallant young Stanleys from New Britain who gave their lives for the country; and Lieuts. Canfield and Coomes received their mortal wounds, as soldiers should, at the head of their men.

The Twenty-seventh had lost sixteen killed and eighty-nine wounded. Among the slain was Capt. Bernard E. Schweizer of New Haven, a brave German soldier. Among the mortally wounded was Capt. Addison C. Taylor, also of New Haven. He was a pupil and military instructor in the Commercial Institute in that city when the war broke out, and drilled Capt. Joseph R. Hawley's company in the three-months' service.

At Fredericksburg, also, fell Sergeant Richard H. Fowler of Guilford, of a patriotic family, William A. Goodwin, Thomas E. Barrett, Frank E. Alling, and George H. Mimmic. Young Alling was a student at Yale when he enlisted; and Sergeant Barrett was a much-esteemed and successful teacher at the Eaton School in that city.

While the contest for Maryland was going forward at Antietam, the Seventeenth remained at Fort Marshall, menacing the rebels of Baltimore. When the excitement subsided, Col. Noble asked of the authorities at Washington that the regiment might be permitted to join Sigel's corps according to previous understanding. Gen. Wool was much incensed; and, instead of this, it was ordered to Tenallytown, and put at work intrenching a hill that was afterwards known as Fort Kearney, in the northward defenses of Washington. For a fortnight, the men shoveled dirt here; when, Nov. 3, the regiment was sent into Virginia to report to Sigel, commanding the 11th Corps, and pressing forward beyond Manassas.

It marched during that week to Thoroughfare Gap and other points beyond Centreville, but met no enemy, and was withdrawn to a camp at Chantilly, nearer Washington. The regiment suffered considerable discomfort in snow-clad "shelters" and in long marches through Virginia mud. Not having been paid off, and the men needing money, Private Elias Howe advanced the thirteen thousand dollars due them.

The Seventeenth was not called upon to participate in the affair of Fredericksburg, but moved to the vicinity, and, after the battle, established its winter camp at Brooks's Station, south of Stafford Court House. Here the men found time to build for themselves semi-comfortable barracks, — huts of logs and mud, — made habitable by many ingenious devices. They endured the ordinary privations and exposures of military life, and passed the cheerless months in drills, parade and picket duty, song and jest,

reading and social intercourse. Capt. James E. Dunham of Company G was appointed provost-marshal of the division.

Soon after the Twenty-second took the field, in the fall of 1862, it was called upon to do picket-duty out at Langley's, on the Washington and Leesburg Turnpike. A member of the regiment confesses, that "though still in the rear of cavalry-scouts and an advanced picket, and at least fifty miles from the enemy's picket-line, our first week of outpost-duty was fraught with more thrilling events and hairbreadth escapes from death or captivity than belonged to the whole remaining period of our service."

On Oct. 22, the regiment marched to Miner's Hill, three miles from the fort, and was merged in Gen. Cowdin's brigade, already consisting of regiments from New York, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island. Within a week, the boys began to think of the coming winter, and, more ambitious than the other regiments, resolved to build for themselves a village of wooden houses, and fold their breezy tents until summer. Some of the other regiments were skeptical as to the profitableness of the job; but the Twenty-second went heartily at work clearing the land, cutting down pines, digging stumps and pulling roots, and carting them out of the way, and preparing the timber for their new habitations. So vigorously did the work proceed, that in sixteen days the whole was accomplished, and a general "moving" took place. The ground had been cleared, the logs cut, and a hundred and thirteen cabins, ten by fourteen feet, were completed and occupied, all uniform in size and style, alike provided with doors and windows, and thatched, ventilated, and comfortably warmed by means of the portable camp-stove. All was done with only the most indispensable of tools, — the saw, ax, and hammer. Subsequently, all the streets of the new city, "Camp Burnham," were corduroyed, and a large chapel was in process of erection.

Dec. 12, the day before the battle of Fredericksburg, the regiment was under marching orders, and prepared to leave

on the cars; but, after waiting two hours, the order was countermanded, and the 1st Brigade, in which was the Connecticut Twenty-seventh, was sent forward instead. Dec. 29, the regiment was aroused by the long-roll, and marched over eight miles of the worst of the roads to intercept Stuart's cavalry. After watching twenty-four hours, they marched back; that famous raider having vanished in an unexpected direction.

The regiment, during the four months of its stay here, occupied its time profitably in company and battalion drills and occasional reviews. Feb. 12, the men left their comfortable cabins, and spent two months in preparing the groundworks of Forts Craig, McDowell, and McClellan.

On Sept. 4, the Fifth once more crossed the Potomac into Washington, and with the main army proceeded slowly northward towards the fords where Lee's army was simultaneously crossing into Maryland. The regiment was halted at Frederick; and here, on familiar ground, while the battle was progressing at Antietam, it was assigned to provost-duty. It remained nearly three months mending its shattered ranks. Col. Chapman here returned to the regiment after a short experience in rebel prisons, his health seriously impaired. On Dec. 10, the regiment was assigned to the 12th Army Corps, Gen. Slocum.

The Twentieth was kept in front of Washington until Lee had retreated below Culpeper; and, Sept. 29, was ordered to proceed by cars to Frederick, Md. By some blunder, the men were directed to leave their knapsacks in Washington. All night they waited at the dépôt for transportation, starting before daybreak, and made their next bivouac near Frederick without tents or blankets. At Sandy Hook, Oct. 2, the Twentieth was brigaded with some New-York regiments, and attached to the 12th Corps, like the Fifth Connecticut Volunteers. Thenceforth their fortunes lay mainly together.

Rigid discipline was now adopted in the Twentieth; drills were required daily; schools of instruction were instituted;

and guard and picket duty regularly performed. Gen. Gordon, commanding the division, issued an order not unusual in the army, but widely at variance with the idea citizens sometimes entertain of military life. The following is the principal part:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, TWELFTH CORPS,
MARYLAND HEIGHTS, Oct. 20, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 40. — "The evil, where it exists, of commissioned officers associating with enlisted men in any other relation than an official one, is, to both officers and men, most pernicious in its effects, and must in future be totally discontinued. Hereafter no enlisted man can be permitted to visit the tent or quarters of a commissioned officer for the amusement of either party. Except for official purposes, it is highly unmilitary for officer and private to associate together."

The beautiful weeks of autumn had vanished while Lee was retreating, and McClellan had not pursued. The early winter rains were about to set in, making of the plastic Virginia clay a compound through which locomotion was almost impossible; and the army was ordered to prepare for an offensive move. Perhaps such a state of things was unavoidable; McClellan so asserted: but Lieut.-Col. Buckingham expressed the feelings of the army and the country when he wrote in his diary, "If it takes a month to recover from the effects of a victory, Heaven save us from the necessity of ever being obliged to recover from the effects of a defeat!"

About the 1st of November, the regiments north of the Potomac crossed the river, and advanced into Virginia. The Twentieth occupied Keyes Ford and Manning's Ford of the Shenandoah. Nov. 9, it moved over the mountains eastward into the Loudon Valley; and the forward movement seemed to be ended. An order was issued to the men to build huts, and make themselves comfortable for the winter.

The manuscript regimental history of the Twentieth, by Lieut.-Col. Buckingham, says, "Some of the old regiments in three or four days had nice, comfortable huts built, with doors, floors, windows, and chimneys, and then came and laughed at our awkwardness. There were in the regiment carpenters, shipbuilders, masons, wheelwrights, tinners, blacksmiths, men who could make the hair-spring to a watch or build a locomotive; but, when it came to producing log-huts without tools, they could not 'get the hang of it.' We won-

dered where the veterans obtained windows and various other fixings that added so much to their comfort, and were told that they 'drew them.' After a while, the greenness wore off from our men; and they, too, learned to 'draw things,' not always of Uncle Sam's quartermasters. Boards were afterwards sometimes 'drawn' from the side of a barn two miles from camp; windows were 'drawn' a still greater distance; and then they managed to 'draw' hay or straw for a bunk. It takes soldiers a year to learn how to keep comfortable." That confession will answer for all the regiments during their unseasoned period. Sickness prevailed as the result of the exposure and the new life; and, during the winter, more than thirty died.

On Nov. 10, Sloeum's corps moved to join the main army near Fredericksburg. The Fifth Connecticut, which had been detailed on provost duty at Frederick, now rejoined the corps.

Passing through Hillsborough, Wheatland, Leesburg, Chantilly, and Fairfax Court House, they reached Fairfax Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, on the 14th. They crossed the Occoquan next morning at Wolf-run Shoals, and pushed on through rain and mud for two days, while heavy guns were pounding away at Fredericksburg. On the 17th, Burnside having escaped from his *cul de sac*, they turned back to Fairfax Station, and began to make a winter camp.

For a time, rations were poor and scanty; and many actually suffered for food. While the 12th Corps was at Fairfax, the rebel Stuart rode with his cavalry entirely around the force, and passed out below Leesburg unmolested. The Fifth and Twentieth were under arms for a time; but there was no fight. The men built half-comfortable log-huts, and were beginning to settle down for the third time for a winter's rest, when orders came to march to Stafford Court House. Again the drudgery and toil of moving were repeated: the great wagons were loaded, and dragged on four miles a day, the corps keeping along so as to help the stalled teams out of the mud. Soldiers were most of the time on half-rations.

The full army-ration is enough for any man. It consists of meat, either fresh or salt, hard or soft bread, or flour, beans or peas, rice or hominy, coffee or tea, sugar, vinegar, candles, soap, salt, pepper, potatoes, and molasses; but after a battle, or during the prevalence of a long storm or deep mud, and very often when no sufficient reason was visible, this was diminished to suit circumstances. At Stafford Court House, the men found food, rest, and the army paymaster. Capt. Cogswell of the Fifth, and Lieut. Beardsley of the Twentieth, were detailed as brigade-inspectors; and Major Buckingham acted as assistant inspector-general of the division. Col. Chapman of the Fifth, to whom, mainly, the regiment owed its efficiency in discipline and drill, was compelled on account of ill health to resign, and was succeeded by Col. Warren W Packer of Groton, who went out as captain of Company G. A correspondent wrote the Providence Journal at this time as follows: —

"We learned a day or two since some interesting facts of the Fifth Connecticut Regiment, which, for army-life, is as anomalous as it is pleasing. Its commander, Col. Packer, we are assured, is a teetotaler; neither drinking any intoxicating liquors himself, nor allowing any to his men. Its chaplain, Rev. Mr. Welch, is declared to be the very best in the army, though never preaching a sermon; and its sutler, Mr. Randall, who acted in this capacity over two years, never sold or offered for sale a single drop of liquor."

At Stafford Court House, the men once more built themselves winter huts; and occupied them, with only the usual incidents of camp-life, until the army was thawed out in April.

CHAPTER XX.

The First Connecticut Battery and Seventh Regiment in Florida. — Capture of St. John's Bluff. — Sixth and Seventh in South Carolina. — Battle of Pocotaligo. — The Twelfth at Camp Parapet. — Yankee Enterprise. — Anecdotes of the Thirteenth. — Services and Sufferings of the Ninth at Vicksburg. — The Battle of Baton Rouge. — The La Fourche Campaign. — Battle of Georgia Landing. — Thanksgiving. — The Nine-months' Regiments leave Long Island. — The Twenty-eighth at Pensacola. — Destruction of a Rebel Gunboat.

URING the heat of the summer of 1862, the Sixth and Seventh, with the First Battery, remained at Hilton Head; while military inaction reigned, and the jurisdiction of the department contracted. The members of the Seventh named their camp "Camp Hitchcock," after their lamented comrade.

In September, an expedition was planned to capture a fort at St. John's Bluff, Fla., which had considerably annoyed the navy, but was on such high ground, that the gunboats were unable to destroy it. The Seventh Connecticut, 47th Pennsylvania, Capt. Rockwell's First Connecticut Battery, and one company of Massachusetts cavalry, were selected for the purpose. They left Hilton Head on board the steamers Ben. Deford, Boston, Cosmopolitan, and Neptune, on the thirtieth day of September, 1862, arriving off the bar at the mouth of St. John's River on the morning of Oct. 1. They went over the bar; landed at a place called Mayport Mills; traveled across the country for miles, through swamp and mire, the most of the time through mud and water knee-deep; and came across a rebel cavalry camp, charging through it, and putting the cavalry to flight with an exchange of shots, but no loss of life to either side. The fugitives left their dinner smoking hot; and the Union boys,

tired, wet, and hungry, did ample justice thereto. After a two-days' farther march, they came upon the rebel stronghold, only to find they had abandoned it in a hurry a short time before, leaving every thing behind them, — camp-kettles on the fire with their rations in them, and guns unspiked. The fort was immediately dismantled, and all the guns sent to Hilton Head. The force went up the river as far as Jacksonville, bringing away a number of white and black refugees from Rebeldom, who hailed our men as their deliverers.

In the afternoon of Oct. 21, two brigades under Connecticut officers, with Gen. Brannan in command, started on an expedition inland to burn the railroad bridges between Charleston and Savannah. Sergeant Robert Wilson, an intelligent scout from Stamford in the Sixth Connecticut, had been out with a negro examining the rivers, landings, &c.; and he now piloted the raid.

The Sixth, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Speidal, was in the 1st Brigade, under Col. Chatfield; and the Seventh in the 2d Brigade, under Gen. Terry. The Connecticut regiments had each five hundred men. The Seventh Regiment embarked on the Boston; and the whole force moved up Broad River to Mackay's Point, where they landed next morning, the 22d.

The line of march was taken up, the 1st Brigade ahead; and the force, in column by companies, moved briskly some five miles inland, where they discovered the enemy posted on rising ground beyond a marsh which was flanked by thick woods. The rebels opened with howitzers and musketry. The 1st Brigade advanced in line of battle, and soon became hotly engaged: but the rebels fled along the road before the 2d Brigade was fairly up; and our men jumped the ditch, waded through the swamp, and pursued.

Another rapid march of two or three miles, much of it at the double-quick; again the skirmishers were driven in; the enemy had taken a new position. Two field-pieces were posted on a slope beyond some sparse woods, while their infantry was stationed in the thicket, or concealed behind houses near by. The Sixth Connecticut, a New-Hampshire, and two Pennsylvania regiments, moved into the woods to dislodge the enemy. These regiments were subjected to a

galling fire of both artillery and musketry. The Sixth suffered severely at this point; Col. Chatfield and Lieut.-Col. Speidal being both struck with canister-shots while bravely leading their men. The line moved steadily forward, cut up by shot and shell, tangled by thickets, the men now standing, now lying down, now carefully advancing, pressing the enemy closer and harder in a fight of two hours; when, despite their advantage of ground, the rebels again fled, protecting their guns, however, as they dragged them sullenly to the rear. During the fight, Capts. Chamberlain's and Burdick's companies of the Seventh had also done good service as sharpshooters, and the rest of the regiment had been for a short time briskly engaged.

Again our forces pursued; but the rebels retired deliberately, our column being much harassed by guns unlimbered on commanding points in the road, and infantry firing from the fences and woods. The need of cavalry was much felt. Our troops successively charged upon and dislodged the enemy for a distance of nearly four miles; when the rebels retreated across the Pocotaligo River, burning the bridge behind them. Across this creek, which, though narrow, was deep, the enemy posted batteries; but some of our men proceeded to fell trees across for bridges. During the lull, a locomotive whistle was heard in the distance; then a train loaded with rebel soldiers thundered into the village, and was received with cheers for "South Carolina." At nightfall our forces returned to Mackay's, which they reached before daybreak, and re-embarked for Beaufort.

The Sixth had lost five killed and thirty-three wounded; Orderly Sergeant Robert B. Gage of Bridgeport, a brave man, being killed by a rifle-ball in the side. Of the wounded, Corporal David G. Shepard and Private Taylor died of their wounds. The Seventh lost in killed two, wounded twenty-seven. Five died of their wounds.

The expedition did not result in any advantage to the Union cause.

Our regiments in Louisiana were living by no means an inactive life. They had recruited their ranks to the maxi-

mum number. At periods during the summer, the Twelfth was called upon to do provost-duty at various posts. Company A was at Jefferson City in June and July. Capt. Lewis provost-marshal. Company F went to Lake Pontchartrain during the same period, and, out of seventy men, returned with only fifteen fit for duty. Capt. Nathan Frankau was provost-marshal at Carrollton, with his company for guard. A detail of ten men captured the Laurel Hill, the largest vessel at New Orleans, afterwards of great service to the government. In July, half the regiment, under Major Peck, went on an expedition to Lake Pontchartrain, having for its object the destruction of the railroad bridges and the capture of the rebel force at Pass Manchac and Pontchatoula. Two companies of the Thirteenth under Capts. Comstock and Blinn, and several companies of the Ninth under Major Frye, were also a part of the force. The expedition was but partially successful. The rebels rallied, and drove our troops back, inflicting a severe loss. Assistant Surgeon Avery of the Ninth was among the prisoners. There is a story, that, while a captive, the shrewd doctor beat the rebel commandant, Jeff. Thompson, at cards, got him drunk, challenged him to a horse-race, and came near breaking his neck among the trees.

Camp Parapet, the headquarters of the Twelfth, was one of the outer defenses of New Orleans, and there were frequent alarms.

The camp was terribly muddy; and, in the later summer, typhoid-fever made fearful havoc. Sometimes a hundred were in the hospital at once. More than forty died during those months, including Capt. Toy of Collinsville, a faithful and excellent officer. The surgeons were constantly occupied; and Dr. Fletcher of Southington, a private in Company I, on the meager pay of extra duty, devoted himself untiringly to the care of the men. Lieut. Charles W Cornwall of New Haven, provost-marshal on Gen. Phelps's staff, also fell a victim to the climate. Of him Lieut.-Col. Ledyard Colburn wrote, "In the name of the regiment, I would declare our sorrow and sadness at the untimely death of one beloved and respected by all." Lieut. Stanton Allyn, of

Company K, was for a time prostrated, and obliged to go into hospital, but subsequently, and when quite out of health, rejoined his regiment to participate in the siege of Port Hudson, where perilous labors awaited him.

More steamboats were wanted in New Orleans; and the general commanding, knowing that the Yankees could do almost any thing, and hearing that Col. Colburn of the Twelfth knew something about steamboats, applied to him in the dilemma. "The colonel, after looking about him and making inquiries, soon discovered that lumber was the important item wanted; but being of a progressive, ingenious, and go-ahead disposition, soon took his measures to obviate the difficulty. He went to Fort Pike, where he found a large raft of logs that had been placed in the Rigolets for the purpose of preventing the passing of our vessels. These were fastened together with several tons of chains, which were removed, and the logs got out. The next thing was a saw-mill; but this was soon built, and was so successful, that the necessary lumber was made from the logs obtained at the Rigolets. The engine was also built under the colonel's direction; and the result was a steamer a hundred and fifty-four feet long by forty broad over all, stanch and durable."

Col. Deming was seldom with the regiment, being appointed Mayor of New Orleans, — an office which he ably administered.

The Thirteenth remained at New Orleans. During the summer, Company A was stationed on the lake; Company E, Capt. Tisdale, was detailed as provost-guard; Company I, Capt. Schleiter, was stationed at Gen. Twiggs's house as a body-guard for Gen. Butler; Company K, Capt. Mitchell, guarded Col. Birge's headquarters.

In July, Major Holcomb of the Thirteenth was authorized to raise the 1st Regiment of white Louisiana Volunteers. Commissions were also issued to Sergeants Charles A. Tracy, Oscar F. Merrill, George A. Mayne, James T. Smith, James M. Gardner, Charles H. Grosvenor, George G. Smith, Corporal Devereaux Jones, and Private Leonidas R. Hall.

In August, Companies A and K, under Capt. Mitchell, made a successful foraging expedition up the Mississippi, and

brought back a few prisoners, and an immense number of horses, mules, cattle, sheep, swine, and poultry. On Sept. 22, Capt. Sprague with Company H went up the river a few miles on a steamboat. They found a Frenchman with four hundred cattle trying to cross the river. A pass from Dick Taylor being found on him, the cattle were confiscated; and, after hours of exciting labor, one hundred and seventy-six were driven aboard, the rest having escaped to the woods, or plunged into the river. The captain also captured eight hundred hogsheads of sugar, and landed the whole at New Orleans. He reported to Gen. Butler, who, after a brief examination of the facts, said, "Captain, you did right: 'when you're in doubt, take the trick.'"

On the last day of September, the regiment left the Custom House, and went to Camp Parapet, where it was brigaded with the Twelfth under Gen. Weitzel. Here they had Sibley tents, and were comfortable. Both regiments had now acquired an excellent discipline; and soldiers and citizens came to witness their dress-parades.

We transfer from Col. Sprague's admirable history of the Thirteenth some anecdotes showing the wit and humor of Quartermaster J. B. Bromley: —

"The principal difficulty at this time was in getting wood. Our quartermaster, never long at a loss for expedients, finally proceeded to the dépôt of the Carrollton Railroad, and commenced loading his teams. The superintendent is said to have come up, and to have held the following dialogue with Bromley: —

"'What are you going to do with that wood?'

"'Cook rations. (Go on with your loading, corporal.)'

"'Who are you?'

"'Bromley, Quartermaster of Thirteenth Connecticut Volunteeers. Allow me, sir, in turn, to inquire whom I have the distinguished honor to address.'

"'I'm superintendent of this railroad.'

"'All right. (Go on with your loading, corporal.)'

"'The wood belongs to the railroad.'

"'So I supposed.'

"'But I forbid you to take it.'

"'Put your protest in writing in red ink. Tie it with a piece of red tape. I'll approve it and forward it. You see, we've got to have wood to cook with. Can't eat beans and pork raw. *I'd* prefer 'em raw; but the men are so unreasonable they want 'em cooked.'

"'But that wood's necessary for the use of the railroad.'

"'It's necessary for the use of the Thirteenth Connecticut.'

"'I should like to know how a locomotive is going to run without wood.'

"'I've often wondered how a regiment could be run without wood.'

"'Gen. Butler orders me to run this railroad.'

"'Col. Birge orders me to run the Thirteenth Connecticut.'

"'Who's Col. Birge?'

"'Who's Col. Birge?' Why, the d—— deuse! don't you know Col. Birge? If there's one man above another that everybody knows, it's Col. Birge.'

"'Will Col. Birge pay for the wood?'

"'Col. Birge pay for the wood! Why, no! It's a reflection on your sagacity to ask such a question.'

"'Who *will* pay for it?'

"'The Quartermaster's Department. If there's one thing above another that I admire in the Quartermaster's Department, it's because they'll always pay for wood. Now, my friend of the railroad persuasion, if you'll come and see me, I'll give you receipts, and help you fix up the proper papers to present to the Quartermaster's Department.'

"'How long will it be before I get pay?'

"'It will be at some future day, — the futurest kind of a day, I'm afraid.'

"The superintendent posted off to see Col. Birge. Bromley preceded him, however, and cautioned the sentinels to admit no citizen without a pass. 'Halt!' said the sentry; and the superintendent gave up the pursuit in despair.

"The instructions which Bromley gave to Corporal Strange, a member of his staff, as he termed him, were quite significant. 'Strange, we're going on an expedition. I want my staff to be on the lookout for turkeys, geese, pigs, and sheep. Don't be the aggressor in any contest. Stand strictly on the defensive; but, if you're attacked by any of these animals, show fight, and *don't forget to bring off the enemy's dead.*'"

During the last week in June, the Ninth, with Williams's brigade, left Baton Rouge, and went up the Mississippi on the Diana, William Benton, and Sally Robinson, river steamboats. Coming in sight of batteries which the rebels had posted here and there to command the river, the infantry would go ashore and attack by land on the flank, driving the enemy from the position, and enabling the fleet to pass up. The Ninth was several times engaged in these operations, and rendered much service. The vessels went up to the very guns of Vicksburg, when the brigade was landed on the west side of the river, and advanced to Young's Station, opposite the city.

Here Commodore Farragut had already arrived, and had set large numbers of soldiers and negroes at work digging the famous canal for a new channel of the river; and the regiments of Williams's brigade at once joined enthusiastically in the excavation for the cut-off. Col. Cahill of the

Ninth was the ranking colonel, and commanded in the absence of Gen. Williams.

Here the Ninth again suffered greatly. There was nothing to eat for weeks but pork and hard-tack; no water to drink but the muddy water of the Mississippi. The swamp reeked with malaria, and the men slept upon the mud. The supply of quinine, that panacea for all the soldier's aches and ills, was exhausted: there was little medicine of any sort. Requisitions were sent as far as New Orleans; but the medical Dogberry declined to honor them on the ground of "irregularity." Almost the whole of the Ninth Regiment was at one time on the sick-list with fever caused by exposure and privation. The poor fellows died sometimes at the fearful rate of a score a week; and, out of the three hundred and fifty Connecticut members present, the State catalogue of troops shows that one hundred and fifty-three died during this season, — a mortality not equaled by any other of our regiments within a similar period.

After a month of this deadly service, the engineers discovered that the water was falling, and would not flow through their canal; and the work was abandoned. Williams's brigade returned down the river again about the 1st of August; Breckinridge pursuing along the shore. On the boat Algerine left behind were three hundred sick, in charge of Surgeon Gallagher of the Ninth, — a brave and devoted officer, and friend of the suffering men.

The Union troops, arrived at Baton Rouge, immediately took possession, and began to fortify, anticipating an attack from the rebels advancing in heavy force. Williams had seven small regiments and three batteries, which he disposed on the north-east of the town. The Ninth Connecticut and 4th Wisconsin were on the left of the line, on a hill overlooking the Bayou Gras, where was expected an attack from the rebel ram Arkansas, that had just caused such havoc in Farragut's fleet up the river. At daylight of Aug. 5, Breckinridge threw his whole force against the Union center under cover of a fog, but was met with unflinching bravery. Again and again he assailed with great vigor, but each time was driven back with heavy loss on either side.

When the battle had raged several hours, Gen. Williams fell mortally wounded; and Col. Cahill of the Ninth succeeded to the command of the Union forces, Lieut.-Col. Richard Fitz Gibbons leading the regiment. Fifty men from the Ninth were detailed as artillerists to Winn's battery, and five to Everett's battery; and the regiment was swung round to the support of the center. Col. Fitz Gibbons says in his official report, "To complete this manœuver, the regiment marched along the North Road until it came within range of the enemy's guns, when it filed across the road in the midst of a shower of grape and canister, and formed in line of battle in a cornfield, the battery opening fire from the road. The enemy at this juncture appeared directly in front, yelling, and firing volleys of musketry, which, however, did but little damage; the shot mostly going over us, owing to the proximity of the enemy, who, on delivering his fire, fell back. The left flank being exposed, we were ordered to its defense; and the regiment resumed its first position, which it retained the remainder of the day and night."

After the gallant leader was shot down, the valorous troops were skillfully led by Col. Cahill; and the enemy, having lost fearfully, finally retired in disorder, leaving the Union forces in possession of the field. Col. Cahill says, "Capt. Silas W Sawyer, Company H of the Ninth Connecticut, deserves mention for his bold reconnoissance on the morning of the 6th, going out on the Bayou-Sara Road three miles, and finding no trace of the enemy. Taking a cattle-path through the woods, he came out on the Clinton Road, beyond the original line of our pickets. He scoured the country to Bird's Plantation, in scouting round which he found one of the enemy's caissons, and, near by, three others. Crossing over to Bernard's Plantation, he found another and a damaged ambulance." Returning to headquarters, he brought them safely in.

Lieut.-Col. Fitz Gibbons mentioned Adjutant Kattensbroth and Sergeant-Major Curtis for gallant service. The regiment took twenty-four prisoners, and lost one killed and nine wounded.

The enemy fell back, but rapidly gathered re-inforcements.

The general commanding the department ordered an evacuation of the post on account of its evident insecurity; and the Union forces under Col. Cahill, acting brigadier-general, moved on transports down to Camp Parapet. Here the Ninth was again on outpost-duty, picketing the shores up and down the river.

On Sept. 7, the Ninth, Major Frye commanding, participated with three other regiments in an expedition across the river to the neighborhood of St. Charles Court House. The object was to capture or disperse a camp of two thousand rebel infantry said to be stationed there. The Ninth, with the 14th Maine, landed at daylight of the 8th at a point above Carrollton, and advanced westward; the other regiments going six miles higher up. Major Frye says in his official report, —

"The artillery shelled the woods; but, failing to dislodge the enemy, the Ninth Connecticut were thrown forward as skirmishers. After moving forward several miles through woods, swamps, bayous, and canebrakes, everywhere finding traces of a flying enemy, — abandoned haversacks, blankets, bundles, paper, &c., — it was found that the enemy, mostly cavalry, attempting to break through in this direction, had been driven back, and, abandoning their horses, saddles, and equipments, had fled into an almost impenetrable swamp. But, being surrounded on all sides, our troops killed and wounded eight, taking about forty prisoners, and bringing in upwards of two hundred horses ready equipped. This was accomplished without loss on our side."

Stores and other property were also captured; and the expedition then returned to camp at Carrollton with the booty. Though the Ninth had not recovered from the effects of the Vicksburg and Port-Hudson expeditions, we are told "not a man lagged." The regiment had earned an excellent reputation; and a correspondent of the Tribune, in giving some account of its movements, said, "I may be allowed to acknowledge the services of one of our oldest and best-disciplined regiments, the Ninth Connecticut, which was the second regiment debarked at Ship Island. Col. T. W Cahill has been for the past year an acting brigadier-general, and is still serving in that capacity." For a time, both Col. Cahill and Col. Birge commanded brigades, under Major-Gen. Beckwith, also from Connecticut.

During September, the Thirteenth lost a popular and en-

terprising officer in Lieut. Isaac F. Nettleton of Kent. "He was the first of our officers to die," says Col. Sprague. "His death caused a deep gloom and heartfelt sorrow among his associates."

On Oct. 24, Weitzel's brigade, at Carrollton, including the Twelfth and Thirteenth Connecticut, embarked, and proceeded ninety miles up the river to Donaldsonville. Next morning they moved westward, along both sides of the Bayou La Fourche, which, twenty miles from the Mississippi, courses southwardly through a district much broken by swamps and lakes, and connects with the Gulf. In order to concentrate, the enemy retired down the bayou. The Union column advanced; while negroes thronged the way, and clamored their extravagant benedictions in bad English, only too happy to "tote" musket and knapsack for the weary soldier.

On Oct. 27, the brigade came up with the rebel position at Georgia Landing, near Labadieville. There two veteran regiments occupied rifle-pits behind a stout cypress fence. To this position, from the left bank, the rebel force hurried to cut off the 8th New-Hampshire and Perkins's cavalry before relief could reach them. Weitzel divined the movement, and threw the Twelfth and Thirteenth Connecticut across on an extemporized bridge of flat-boats. The rebels opened a fierce cannonade on the frail structure; but the Twelfth dashed across, and deployed into line of battle. Again we copy from Col. Sprague's History of the Thirteenth: —

"For the first time, the Thirteenth was fairly in battle. The big solid shot were pounding upon us, and the rifled shells were whistling demoniacally over our heads. We had great confidence in Gen. Weitzel and Col. Birge, but not yet in ourselves. Would our men stand fire? Would they resist a cavalry charge? for the enemy were superior in cavalry. Would our men march straight against a bristling fence of bayonets? Such questions agitated our breasts as the enemy's shot came ripping up the ground, smashing the trees, or screaming and exploding overhead.

"We neared the opening in the levee. Our step changed to the double-quick. 'File left!' commanded Col. Birge; and the regiment at double-quick gilded down the bank and upon the bridge, with muskets at a right-shoulder shift. Our pace quickened almost to a run, while the cannon-balls were flying over us or plowing up the water under our feet. Up the steep bank on the other side, and straight out among the brambles

and trees. We reached the middle of the field. 'Battalion, halt! Front! On the center, dress!' rang out the voice of Col. Birge. A shell exploded over his head at this moment, and a large fragment dropped under his horse's feet. 'A piece of shell for you, boys,' said he, smiling. They soon came thicker than was amusing.

"The three regiments were now in *échélon* descending from the right, at about ten rods lateral and perpendicular distance between the steps; the Eighth resting on the bayou, the Thirteenth in the center, the Twelfth on the right. The Twelfth were already in motion to the front when our colonel commanded, 'Battalion, forward! Guide center! March!' Through the thick thorn-bushes and among scattering trees, over stumps and ditches, we pressed forward. It gave us real pain to see the line become wavy. There was an astonishing and somewhat shocking quantity of swearing expended to keep the ranks closed and companies even with the colors. There was, however, no lagging, except when an exhausted, sick, or wounded man fell behind. The Twelfth and Thirteenth were moving steadily forward.

"We were a little more than a quarter of a mile from the rebel line, and had not yet fired a bullet, when the enemy's infantry opened upon us with a rattle like the discharge of an endless string of fire-crackers. The invisible messengers came humming and singing in our ears, and striking a man here and there with a quick *chuck!* that sounded far uglier than the rush of the larger missiles, which can often be seen and frequently give a little warning before they strike. Here we passed the band of the Thirteenth Connecticut, and some of the drum corps, not standing up or marching to the front, blowing and drumming as if their life depended upon it, as one sees them represented in pictures, but lying flat on the ground behind stumps, and clinging fondly to mother earth.

"We passed a few rods farther, halted, dressed accurately on the center, and stood a few minutes in a line, while the hail flew over us. David Black, private of Company F, dropped dead, a bullet passing through his heart: others fell wounded. A large tree stood in touching distance of the line. A quick rush was made by a dozen soldiers and two or three officers to get behind it. 'Come out from behind that tree, and go back to your places in the ranks, or I'll blow your brains out!' exclaimed our colonel, with a succession of oaths that sounded at the time emphatic rather than profane. Weitzel came up. 'It's getting pretty warm,' said he. 'You'd better lie down.' — 'Lie down!' commanded the colonel. This order did not need to be repeated, nor did any other. We had passed through the severest test of discipline, — that which requires a soldier simply to stand straight up and be shot at, without flinching, and without returning the compliment."

"As Weitzel sat on his horse at our left, intently watching the enemy, he suddenly said, 'Rise up!' A moment after, he quietly remarked, 'Their cavalry are coming.' Bayonets were fixed; but there appeared not to be time to form square. We stood breathlessly awaiting the onset. 'You may lie down. They're not coming,' said the general: 'we must charge them. Rise up! Battalion, forward! Guide center! March!' Col. Birge again commanded. The

Twelfth were in motion the same instant, and the final grand charge began. The enemy's fire redoubled its fierceness. From their cover in the edge of the wood, and down in their rifle-pits behind the stout fence, they had a full view of the four hundred men of the Twelfth and the long line of six hundred bayonets of the Thirteenth that came steadily forward with unbroken ranks; while we could see very few of our antagonists, though the innumerable puffs of white smoke and the terrible roll of musketry and cannon fully revealed their position. With difficulty, by savage threats, we restrained our men from shooting; while the tempest of missiles was hissing past us, tearing through our colors, our clothing, and our persons. How we longed to return the fire! But our leader seemed to rely on the bayonet alone. The flanking force which the enemy had sent round might fall on our rear at any moment. Not a second was to be lost by stopping to fire even a single volley. Forward, still forward, we pressed, shoulder to shoulder; and still we were the targets of their two batteries and three infantry regiments. Our impatience to be shooting grew extreme; and I think the sweetest sound that smote upon our ears during the war was the sudden crash of the four hundred rifles of the Twelfth Connecticut on our right. Heavens, what a volley! Unable to hold back longer, the Thirteenth instantly answered with a tremendous roll of musketry. Both regiments poured in an unceasing fire, all the while marching steadily forward. The fence beneath which the first line of rebels lay was splintered, riddled, honey-combed. The excitement grew intense. Will they stand a bayonet-charge? See, the rebel line wavers! Their officers frantically brandish their swords, and in vain try to hold their men. Many are leaping out of the rifle-pits; many more are fluttering their white handkerchiefs in token of surrender."

Both regiments now rushed over the rebel position, sweeping infantry, cavalry, and artillery away. They captured two hundred prisoners, a piece of artillery, and many arms and accouterments. Gen. Weitzel addressed the regiments briefly, expressing his approbation; while Capt. Tisdale continued the pursuit to pick up stragglers. The Twelfth

lost nineteen and the Thirteenth fifteen killed and wounded. Next day they marched to Thibodeau, and unfurled the flag of Connecticut, frowned on by the whites, and hailed by thousands of negroes as the emblem of emancipation.

The battle of Georgia Landing was decisive. The rebels fled from all the region of the La Fourche, and west beyond Brashear City.

The Ninth Connecticut Volunteers was part of a co-operative force that went by rail to the crossing below Thibodeau; but it was not engaged.

Assistant Surgeon M. C. Leavenworth of the Twelfth, from Waterbury, died Nov. 16. Lieut. John T. Wheeler of the Thirteenth, from New Haven, and Lieut. Andrew T. Johnson of Montville, were instantly killed, Nov. 7, by the explosion of an ammunition-car on the railroad.

At Thibodeau, Weitzel's brigade made a camp, and called it "Camp Stevens." There was an insufficiency of food, and the soldiers were sometimes very hungry. Foraging was freely carried on; and the Twelfth and Thirteenth managed to keep in good spirits.

The last Thursday in November, 1862, was celebrated by the regiments as a grand holiday, in memory of the Connecticut Thanksgiving. There were all sorts of races and games. Col. Birge temporarily abdicated his position, and allowed the regiment to choose a colonel for the day. They selected Sergeant Ezra M. Hull of Newtown, who arrayed himself as an Indian chief, and issued a series of amusing orders founded on the rule that whoever should do any thing right during the day should be put into the guard-house. The orders were strictly enforced, and great fun resulted, though there were few offenders against the edict. Then a good dinner was provided. "The whole concluded with a sham dress-parade, in which the line-officers, in disguise, personated a band of music, and the whole regiment, attired in a style that would have broken Falstaff's heart, obeyed the standing order to do nothing right."

The nine-months' Connecticut regiments — the Twenty-third, Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth, and

Twenty-eighth — did not tarry many weeks on Long Island. On Nov 29, 1862, the Twenty-third and Twenty-eighth broke camp at Centreville; and seven companies of each marched to Atlantic Ferry, Brooklyn, and embarked on the steamer Che-Kiang (Sea-King) to join the forces of Gen. Banks, now assembling in the Gulf Department. About the same time, the Twenty-sixth and five companies of the Twenty-fifth crowded the steam-vessel Empire City; and the rest took passage later on the Mary A. Boardman and Merrimack. Col. Almy found it impossible to get adequate transportation; and the vessels were terribly overloaded, to the great injury of the health of the men.

The first sea-sickness over, the soldier-passengers did not find it difficult to amuse themselves, and several pleasant days were passed. On the evening of Dec. 5, off Hatteras, the usual storm burst upon the vessels in all its fury, threatening to ingulf them. The Che-Kiang, with its freight of a thousand men, refused to obey the helm, and wallowed helpless in the trough of the sea, shivering under the mountainous waves; while flash after flash of lurid lightning revealed the terrors of the situation. However, the vessels all weathered the storm, and at last, after touching at the Tortugas, arrived safely at the rude wharf of Ship Island, and disembarked. "This low sand-bank is the creation of the restless Mexican Gulf. It boasts but little vegetation. A few grasses, cacti, flowering herbs and shrubs, and some stunted pines, exhaust the list. Nor is the fauna more extensive than the flora. A dilapidated cow and an untimely calf, some splendid horses and refractory mules, ugly alligators, venomous spiders, and spiteful mosquitoes, would chiefly claim the attention of the naturalist. The encircling waves swarm with fish." [1]

Here the regiments rested a few days, and inhaled fresh air, after their trying confinement; then resumed their journey, and passed up the river, depositing an overgrown mail at New Orleans. The Twenty-third and Twenty-eighth landed at Camp Parapet, the northerly defense of the city, on Dec. 17, and laid out a camp.

[1] Chaplain Richard Wheatley.

Hardly had the tents been pitched, and the wearied soldiers begun to think of the night's rest, when orders came from headquarters for the Twenty-eighth to re-embark, and repair to Pensacola, Fla., to relieve the 91st New-York. In two hours, the regiment was again on board; and the transport dropped down to the city, and proceeded through the Gulf, arriving at Pensacola on the 22d; and the city appeared in sight when the vessel came over the bar ten miles off. "Its solitary church-spire, houses, and streets looked prettily enough to eyes so utterly tired of the briny deep; nor did it look less cosy and comfortable after a personal inspection. Three months were very pleasantly spent in that ancient, unenterprising city, with its singular population, gathered, apparently, out of every nation under heaven." [2]

The city had already been encircled with a barricade of strong stakes and an abatis of tree-tops; and a small fort and redoubt commanded the principal approaches. Under Gen. Neal Dow, the Twenty-eighth and two other regiments strengthened these works, added masked batteries, and made the place defensible. Chaplain Richard Wheatley, in a sketch of the regiment in the Stamford Advocate, says of the occupation of Pensacola, "Favored with good food, regular rest, clear skies, a balmy and delicious atmosphere, and an occasional scrimmage with the enemy, we should not have objected to spend the period of our enlistment there."

But it was not so ordered. By direction of Gen. Banks, the city, being of no strategic importance, was evacuated; and troops, ordnance, and *matériel* were removed to Fort Barancas and Warrington Navy-yard, eight miles west, and opposite Fort Pickens. At Pensacola died the amiable and popular Capt. Francis R. Leeds, formerly cashier of the Stamford Bank. Detained at home by typhoid fever when the regiment went away, he had not wholly recovered when he rejoined his comrades in Western Florida, and was received with general joy. In another week, he had fallen a victim to the climate of the South. There was genuine grief at his loss.

The regiment now comfortably settled in the edge of the

[2] Narrative in Stamford Advocate, by Chaplain Richard Wheatley.

pine-woods near Barancas. Seven weeks sped swiftly by while encamped on that lovely spot; the loose and yielding sand absorbing the moisture as it fell, the rustling branches of the dark old pines affording some protection against the rays of the sun, and the heat attempered by the invigorating breezes that daily came in from the bright and beautiful Gulf. The camp was neat; the tents admirably if not elegantly furnished; the culinary arrangements hardly suggesting the privations of a state of war Here the winter (1862–3) wore pleasantly away. Of course, there was picket-duty and occasional alarms, disease and occasional death. Several faithful men went to sleep under the branches of the pines, whose leaves were vocal with a perpetual dirge in memory of the unreturning brave.

The Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Regiments immediately ascended the Mississippi to Baton Rouge, landing on Dec. 17, as the rebels evacuated the town under the fire of our gunboats. Again the national flag was unfurled from the summit of the State House, and again a populous village of tents sprung up in the arsenal-grounds and the open places of the city The Thirteenth also arrived about this time from the La-Fourche Campaign, and was at first with the Twenty-fourth, and afterwards with the Twenty-fifth, in a brigade under Col. Birge. The regiments suffered less than many others during this period of acclimation.

The Twenty-sixth had remained with the Twenty-third at Camp Parapet, drilling, doing guard-duty, and on detached service. Some private soldiers died there; and their remains were generally sent home in metallic coffins, by the companies to which they belonged. Not an officer of the Twenty-sixth died while in service. On Jan. 27, 1863, Lieut. Jonah F. Clark of the Thirteenth, from New Haven, fell a victim of fever. He was mourned as a gallant officer and a true man.

The Thirteenth had left Thibodeau for Baton Rouge on Dec. 27; but the Twelfth remained with Weitzel's brigade. Lieut.-Col. Colburn was made superintendent of the railroad, and Major Peck was in command of the latter regiment. In January, 1863, the brigade went on an expedition up the Têche to destroy the gunboat J. A. Cotton.

The infantry marched overland, sleeping the first night in a cornfield near Pattersonville. Next morning, the Twelfth went on in line of battle through a field of cane; and before noon the huge boat was in plain view, and, being aground, she remained until they were quite abreast of her. After some of her men were shot by our sharpshooters along the bank, and under a terrible fire from our artillery, she backed off around a bend in the bayou. Her armament was powerful, and she used it well while she could. The obstructions prevented our gunboats approaching.

"After a few hours, her black smoke was seen at the bend in the bayou; and all eyes were turned up the river as her shot plowed up the ground around us: but our line wavered not. In a moment, the artillery opened upon her, and taught her, by many a shot crashing through her woodwork, she must be off, or sink. We slept that night in a canefield, in the extreme advance. It was bitter cold, and a moderate rain added not a little to our discomfort. Our rations that day were raw pork and hard bread; but food never tasted better. By daylight next morning, we saw the bright fire made by the burning of the saucy gunboat. She was so disabled, the rebels concluded to fire her; and she lies in the Têche a charred, unsightly mass." [3]

The brigade now returned, and regained the camp at Thibodeau. In February, the Twelfth moved to Brashear City, and remained in Camp Reno and Bayou Bœuf during the remaining weeks of the early Southern spring.

In March, Company A was detailed to go on board the gunboat Diana on a reconnoissance into Grand Lake. The rebels opened upon them so severely with artillery and musketry, that they were obliged to surrender. Lieut James L. Francis of Hartford was shot through the body. He had just returned to the regiment, having been taken prisoner at Labadieville; and, after a few weeks on corn-meal in several of the Confederate prisons, was exchanged. Thirty men of Company A were captured. One private was killed, and several wounded. Company A's revolving rifle, a present from Col. Colt of Hartford, was fired while the am-

[3] Narrative in the Connecticut War Record.

munition lasted, and then taken apart, and thrown into the bayou in different places.

"They are said to have fought with the greatest gallantry and only surrendered when surrounded by greatly superior numbers, after the boat had become disabled. After the gunners of the boat had been driven from their pieces by the enemy's sharpshooters, Lieut. William S. Buckley, with the assistance of a small boy, loaded and fired a 20-pound Parrott gun three times; the last time sending ramrod and all."[4]

[4] Official Report of Col. Frank H. Peck.

CHAPTER XXI.

Spring Election of 1863. — The Peace Wing of the Democracy again Demonstrative. — Buckingham *versus* Seymour. — "No more War!" — The Platforms. — Gov. Seymour's Letter. — Appeals from the Connecticut Regiments in the Field. — Sharp Extracts. — The Vote. — Eaton's Resolutions in the Assembly. — After Fredericksburg. — The Eighth, Eleventh, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Twenty-first at Newport News. — Siege of Suffolk. — Skirmishes and Reconnoissances. — Capture of Fort Huger. — Raising of the Siege. — Evacuation. — "The Blackberry Raid."

RECEDING the spring election of 1863, the campaign was far more exciting than the last had been. Again the Democrats resolutely contested the State, this time boldly rallying under the banner, "No more war."

Two years of conflict had not seemed to carry forward the national army. The Confederates stoutly held about all they had at first claimed; and recognition by foreign powers appeared to them nearer than ever. The Army of the Potomac, a hundred thousand strong, still struggled with Virginia mud within sight of Washington. The humiliating Peninsular campaign and Fredericksburg were behind, and Gettysburg and Vicksburg still ahead. President Lincoln, in the nation's dire strait, had just struck the Achilles heel of the Confederacy; and the Republicans were called on to defend this "unconstitutional" blow at slavery, without yet being able to point to any of the compensating advantages that had been predicted. Some of the great Middle and Western States had just given Democratic majorities; and it was plain, that, in a close State like Connecticut, even the popular incumbent, Gov. Buckingham, might be defeated.

Again the "peace men" gathered strength, increased in numbers, frankly avowed their principles; declaring that the Union could be saved only by an immediate cessation

of hostilities. The Democrats were somewhat elated, and entered the field with great spirit. Their State Convention assembled in Hartford in February; and by the shrewd management of Alfred E. Burr, editor of the Times, Hon. Thomas H. Seymour was nominated for governor. W W Eaton, the ablest and boldest advocate of the peace doctrine, reported the platform of the party

The resolutions set forth that "the United States are a confederacy of States co-equal in sovereignty and political power;" and that "the Administration has, for nearly two years, been in armed collision with the people of more than one-third of the States composing this Confederacy;" and declared, "while we denounce the heresy of secession as unwarranted by the Constitution, the time has now come when all true lovers of the Constitution are ready to abandon the 'monstrous fallacy' that the Union can be restored by the armed hand." They further called on all to unite in saving the Union by withdrawing our army from the field, and proposing a compromise.

The Republicans opened the campaign with equal earnestness; renominating Gov. Buckingham, declaring plainly for the suppression of the Rebellion by war, and avowing that "the Emancipation Proclamation has our hearty support as a measure of military necessity alike expedient and just."

Both conventions thanked the soldiers in the field for their patient endurance and courage, and both parties employed the usual weapons.

The Democratic candidate for governor had, a short time before, written an anti-war letter to a Thomas Lawrence of New York. A copy of this was found in the possession of Capt. Gladding of the rebel navy, detained at Hilton Head as a spy; and it was greedily seized and published by the Republican papers over and over. The Hartford Times accepted it in Mr. Seymour's name, and declared that it was "a splendid letter." The following are some extracts, rendered important by the fact that the epistle was made his platform: —

"Your allusion to 'constitutional liberty' suggests painful reflections. Since the inauguration of this war, the men in power at

Washington have been robbing us of our rights. The great safeguards of the citizen, protecting him against illegal arrests and false imprisonments, have been struck down by ignorant or wicked rulers.

"I abhor the whole scheme of Southern invasion, with all its horrible consequences of rapine and plunder. You cannot but see, sir, what thousands of us are beginning to see, that no Union can be got in this way. The war might have been avoided, and the Union saved. This is getting to be the prevailing opinion. And it would have been avoided, but for a frantic set of men besieging the president, and who wanted blood and plunder. They have got both, and humanity weeps over the wrecks of body and soul. Those who drive the car of war at this time have no more idea of saving the Union by their bloody sacrifices of this sort than they have of changing the course of nature. Still they go on.

"In presence of the appalling fact, which should haunt them like a ghost of the damned, that we are losing our young men at the rate of 'twenty thousand a month, aside from those who fall in battle,' — in presence of all this, they demand new levies for the hospitals, the marshes, the ditches, and the gunboat shambles.

"Depend upon it, Heaven will frown on such a cause as this: it can not and will not come to good. I would rather have the good opinion of fellow-citizens, who, like yourself, have given me their sympathy in a time of some considerable trial for one's faith, than to be first among the slayers of kindred, or wear the bloody laurels they may gather in a fratricidal war. I doubt if the Union can be restored at all: things have gone so far now, that the only possible chance will be by the adoption of a Christian policy, very different from that which prevails at Washington at the present time.

"Though I only know you, sir, by your very kind letter, I shall not soon forget that it was written, or by whom."

Dr. Crary of Hartford being among the vice-presidents of a Democratic mass-meeting in Hartford, the Press next day copied the following certificate of a birth returned to the register's office by him: —

"Father, — Leverett B. Owen; house, Main Street. Occupation, — Off South, murdering as many of our brethren there as possible"

The campaign was bitter. The passions of the State were roused; and the soldiers at the front, having no immediate fight of their own, took a hand in this. Almost every regiment of the twenty-four in the field adopted an "Appeal to the Citizens of Connecticut" to re-elect Gov. Buckingham. These ranged in length from one-half to a whole newspaper column each; and they were generally adopted by unanimous acclamation, and signed by nearly every officer on duty.

The appeal from the Twentieth came first. It was signed

by Col. Ross, and indorsed "unanimously adopted by officers and men." The following is an extract: —

"The cry of 'peace' is too old to deceive an intelligent patriot. We remember that the 'peace-men' of the Revolution fled to British men-of-war. We remember that the 'peace-men' of 1812 furnished the enemy with supplies, or sought refuge from conscription by cowardly flights to Canada. We know of no definition for 'peace-men' in time of war but enemies of the government which protects and defends them.

"Let the people of Connecticut remember that the issue is fairly before them, whether they will make a cowardly surrender of the cause of free government; whether they will basely desert the thousands who are fighting their battles to strengthen the arms and direct the bayonets of the foe; whether they will cast contumely upon the noble dead who have already fallen in this struggle, and whose headstones point the way to duty. We are willing still to bear the hardships and brave the dangers of the field: we call upon you to decide whether you will sustain us, or give comfort and strength to our enemies. To us the Southern skies are brightening with the light of hope: let not defeat at home turn back 'the shadow on the dial.'"

The following is a paragraph from the appeal of the Nineteenth: it was signed by more than four hundred officers and men, whose names were published in the Litchfield Enquirer: —

"Men of Connecticut! did you encourage us by your bounties, your banners, your words, and deeds, to leave homes, friends, every thing, to fight Southern rebels, only that we might look back, and see foes not less malignant, and not less dangerous, assailing us from behind? We pray you not to crush our resolution and palsy our arms by electing for your governor and ours a man who hopes for our defeat and humiliation."

The Connecticut regiments in the 9th Corps at Newport News sent forward an earnest address, somewhat acrimonious withal, from which the following is a quotation: —

"We may justly feel a soldier's respect for our foes on the James and the Rappahannock on account of their skill and courage; but towards the enemies of the Republic on the Thames, the Connecticut, and the Housatonic, we can have no other feelings than those of unmitigated scorn and contempt. The former are foemen worthy of our steel; for the latter we feel no such chivalrous regard."

This appeal, of a column, was signed by eighteen commissioned officers of the Eighth, eleven of the Eleventh, seventeen of the Fifteenth, eighteen of the Sixteenth, and twenty-three of the Twenty-first, — nearly all that were present.

On March 8, a soldier in the Twenty-second wrote to

the Hartford Times, that three-fourths of the regiment were Democrats. On the 10th, he wrote, that, on the previous day, they were marched out in column by company, and "the colonel told them that the officers had unanimously adopted the resolutions for Buckingham. The adjutant then read them, and put them to vote, asking all who approved to say, 'Yes,' and all who disapproved to say, 'No.' The 'Yes,'" says the correspondent, "was freely given by Republicans and Democrats together. When the dissentients were called upon to speak out, not one man dared to raise his voice. Even the boldest would not dare to record his dissentient vote whilst out here in Virginia."

The Fourteenth, in camp near Plymouth, passed similar resolutions, brief and unambiguous.

The Seventeenth, just getting ready to march to battle, unanimously wrote to Fairfield County, —

"Can it be true that any considerable number of you, fellow-citizens, will be enticed by base appeals to the meanest motives that can actuate mankind, — those of avarice and cowardice, — to be false to your professions and pledges to us, recreant to your principles, and traitors to the thousands of your gallant brothers and countrymen with us in the field? We can not believe it. Here, in the very tramp and bustle of movement to actual conflict, we, your sons, your brothers, and your friends, as the last appeal which we may make to you on earth, implore you to redeem your pledges, and be true to your duty."

The Twelfth, at Brashear City, issued an appeal of unusual eloquence, of which the following sentences are extracts: —

"We call on Connecticut citizens to be as brave by their firesides as they expect Connecticut soldiers to be on the battle-field. We call on you, across a thousand miles of hostile territory, so to decide that we can look into the eyes of our Southern friends and our Southern foes, without being ashamed of you. When we face the rebel cannon, we do not wish to see your masses behind them giving them better support than that of their own infantry. And *if Connecticut joins her voice with that of our own enemies, and the enemies of our country, we do not desire ever to tread her soil again.*

The enlisted men of the Seventh held a meeting, where they had songs and speeches, and passed, almost unanimously, resolutions concurrent in spirit with the above. The officers signed and sent home an appeal (written by Col. Hawley), of which the following is a paragraph: —

"Fellow-citizens of New-Haven County, remember your own Hitchcock who died so nobly, and your adopted citizen the lion-hearted William Kay, who, with his wounds yet unhealed, hastened to another and fatal field of battle. Citizens of Hartford County, recall to mind Upson and William Soby and Francis Brainard. Men of Litchfield County, remember Palmer, the idol of his home and of his command, and Sergeant Reynolds. People of Windham County, remember your own Hibbard and Corbin. Citizens of Fairfield County, do not forget Starr, and the brave Thomas Horton, and Holmes, dying a prisoner, and wounded, and Eaton and Cooke. Men of New-London County, remember Joab Jeffrey. Remember these, your brothers and ours, and a multitude besides; and for God's sake do not dishonor their fresh graves by declaring that they died in a fool's cause!"

Such appeals as these, signed in camp and hospital, on the hasty march and at the nightly bivouac, could not be unheeded in the canvass. The Democrats received them with the assertion that soldiers had no right to meddle in the affairs of the State, or that the dissentients had not been permitted to express themselves; and the radical peace-men, sincere in their earnest purpose, went from town to town, and from house to house, and, in the name of the Prince of Peace, besought the men who had sons or brothers at the front to stop the unholy war, and save the lives of their kinsmen.

The Republicans prosecuted the campaign with an energy that could not have been mustered a few weeks before; and the little State was rocked from end to end with the fierce and turbulent passions of partisan foes. Many soldiers came home to vote.

Yet all the agencies Republicans could bring to their aid barely saved the State, always close in contested elections. Buckingham was re-elected by a majority of 2,637 in a total vote of 79,427, — a poll of nine thousand over the total vote of 1862, and more than two thousand over the aggregate presidential vote of 1860.

The General Assembly convened at Hartford on May 6; the Democrats having eight members of the Senate, and about ninety members of the House. The Senate organized by the election of G. W Phillips as president *pro tempore;* and Erastus S. Day was chosen clerk. The House elected Hon. Chauncey F. Cleveland, speaker, and H. Lynde Harrison and William T. Elmer, clerks.

Gov. Buckingham in his message, delivered in the darkest day of the war, just after the bloody repulse at Chancellorsville, spoke the words of courage and hope. He said, —

"The conflict inaugurated at Sumter must go on until the government shall conquer or be conquered. Let no one be deceived by the artful device of securing peace by a cessation of hostilities, or by yielding the claims of our enemies. A peace thus obtained would cost a nation's birthright; while our adversaries design a perpetual separation of the United States, and proclaim from every public assembly, from every legislative hall, and from every battle-field, their determination to continue the war until their independence shall be acknowledged. Civil war is cruelty. Its fruits are desolation, sorrow, and death. Fear, hesitation, and a timid use of the forces of war to check its progress, will eventually increase the terrible sufferings. They will be diminished by courage, vigor, and severity. Humanity demands that we should endeavor to overcome the power and spirit of the enemy by assaulting his most vulnerable point, and by following up every advantage we may gain by the use of all the means which God and Nature shall place at our command. Would it not be right for the parricide to perish by the instrument which he had forged for the life of his guardian and protector?

"Whatever of trial, suffering, or privation, may be in store for us, or however long may be the controversy, firm in the faith that our nation will be preserved in its integrity, let us, in adversity as well as in prosperity, in darkness as well as in light, give the Administration our counsel, our confidence, and our support; that its power may drive those who have conspired against the liberties of the people, as vagabonds and fugitives through the earth, or inflict upon them the penalties justly due for their treason. Let the retribution be so terrible, that future generations shall not dare to repeat the crime. Then, and then only, shall the wrongs of an outraged people be avenged, human rights be vindicated, and constitutional authority be re-established."

William W Eaton, on May 13, introduced a series of resolutions known as the "Vallandigham Resolutions," which were under discussion for weeks, and created more excitement than any other political proposition ever presented to the General Assembly of Connecticut.

Clement L. Vallandigham had just been arrested, tried by court-martial, and sent beyond the Confederate lines, for inciting to rebellion by certain seditious speeches in Ohio; and the preamble set forth that his arrest was in wanton disregard of his constitutional rights, and the first resolution denounced it accordingly. The succeeding resolutions embodied, in the following cautious language, the doctrines of Calhoun, the principles whereby Jefferson Davis and his coadjutors sought to justify their treason: —

2d, That the General Assembly of Connecticut doth unequivocally express a firm resolution to maintain and defend the Constitution of the

United States and the Constitution of this State, against every aggression, either foreign or domestic; and that they will support the Federal Administration in every measure warranted by the former.

3d, That this Assembly doth explicitly and peremptorily declare that it views the powers of the Federal Government as resulting from the compact to which the States are parties; as limited by the plain sense and intention of the instrument constituting that compact; as no further valid than they are authorized by the grants enumerated therein; and that in case of a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of other powers, not granted by the said compact, the States who are parties thereto have the right, and are in duty bound, to interpose for arresting the progress of the evil, and for maintaining within their respective limits the authorities, rights, and liberties appertaining to them.

These resolutions, plainly affirming the right of any State to resist the Federal Government whenever that government goes beyond the spirit and letter of the Constitution, and making a majority of the people of any single State the sole and final judge whether the Constitution has been so violated, raised the very question which was being debated with savage emphasis by the thinking bayonets and throbbing cannon at the front, — the question, "Is the United States a nation, or a voluntary copartnership?"

Nearly every prominent member of the House spoke upon one side or the other; and the floor and galleries were daily crowded. Mr. Eaton delivered the most carefully-prepared argument in favor of the passage of the resolutions, showing great power and scholarly research; and Col. Dexter R. Wright, the recognized Republican leader, in a masterly speech of considerable length, eloquently maintained the duty of loyalty to the Federal Union, and roused the House and galleries to a high pitch of enthusiasm.

On June 24, a vote was taken; and the resolutions received the ninety-four votes of the Democrats in favor, and one hundred and twenty-seven votes of Republicans against; twelve members being absent. The effect of the discussion was to unite the Republicans more heartily in the prosecution of the war, and to commit the Democracy of the State more decidedly to the position of hostility, — an attitude which the party now seemed to have officially assumed.

Laws were enacted authorizing State banks to change to National; appropriating the interest of the Agricultural-college Fund to the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale; and,

early in the session, a bill introduced by Sherwood Sterling of Fairfield became a law, passed by a strict party-vote, enabling persons holding funds in a fiduciary capacity to invest the same in State and National bonds.

Other States had repeatedly furnished regiments of their militia, for short periods, to meet exigencies of the government; and it was felt desirable that Connecticut should be able to respond similarly. The existing militia-law having become practically a dead letter, Col. Wright, chairman of the military committee, prepared a bill which provided for a compensated volunteer force, not to exceed ten thousand men. This force was to be armed, uniformed, and equipped by the State; and the several regiments were to be drilled at an encampment one week in every year: the commutation-tax to be paid by the inactive militia to be about equal to the annual expense of the whole system; and the governor to have the power of turning over any portion of this force to the General Government for short service. The bill met with violent opposition from the Democrats, and was finally lost between the two houses. A law similar in its leading features was enacted by the stronger Republican legislature of 1864 and 1865; and under this an efficient militia was organized.

The smoke rose, and floated off from the hard-fought field of Fredericksburg; the wounded were sent home; the dead were buried; and thinned ranks answered the morning roll-call. The Twenty-first was now with the 4th Rhode-Island, the 25th New-Jersey, and the 13th New-Hampshire, in a brigade commanded by Col. Arthur H. Dutton; leaving the regiment under Lieut.-Col. Burpee. The Eighth, Eleventh, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Connecticut Regiments were still brigaded together. Burnside resolved upon another attack on the enemy's works; and the regiments that were to form the right had moved several miles up the river, when a severe and protracted storm rendered the assault impracticable. It was consequently abandoned; and the men marched back in rain and mud. The command-

ing general was soon succeeded by Hooker; and once more the picket reported, "All quiet along the Rappahannock."

After this the time passed for weeks with only the old daily routine of duty, and nothing of importance to vary the sameness of soldier-life, except that now and then the muffled drum sounded out the departure of a comrade to another life. Rations were scanty, the weather was inclement, and disease active.

At last marching-orders broke the comparative quiet. On Friday, Feb. 6 (1863), the regiments of the 9th Army Corps bade adieu to Falmouth. The Connecticut brigade evacuated Camp Mud, as they had designated their location, and took the cars for Acquia Creek. Here they embarked on transports. Precisely at noon of the 8th, the signal for departure sounded; and next morning they found themselves at Fortress Monroe. In the afternoon, they proceeded to Newport News, and pitched their tents.

Here a quiet month was passed in log-barracks, when on March 13 they went to Norfolk in transports, and thence by rail to Suffolk. The Connecticut brigade went into camp close by the town, in Gen. Peck's division. The programme was now somewhat changed; for, instead of daily drills with the musket, the men were exercised in "the manual of the shovel and the hoe," excavating rifle-pits and erecting fortifications. The Twenty-first was ordered about four miles below Suffolk, upon the Nansemond River, to build a fort. Here they laid out a splendid camp; and much ingenuity was displayed in the construction of rustic seats and chairs, and other articles of camp-furniture. They also planned a fort called Fort Connecticut, and worked upon it daily until it was nearly completed; when, the siege of Suffolk having commenced, they left it yet unfinished on the 11th of April, and proceeded to the defense of the city.

Meantime the other Connecticut regiments had sprung into line at the sound of the long-roll; and the alarm was repeated from night to night. The men slept on their arms. At last the pickets were driven in, and Longstreet began the siege of Suffolk. Gen. Getty commanded the Federal troops. During the succeeding weeks, considerable valor and

vigilance were expended on both sides over the possession of a town so utterly without strategic importance as not to be worth either capturing or defending. April 14, the regiments went into their rifle-pits; and during the night, and every subsequent night, there was more or less skirmishing between the pickets, but no battle. The works of defense were unfinished; and the alarms, watchings, and constant fatigue-duty, were very exhausting and dispiriting. It was not long before the men became pretty thoroughly disgusted, feeling (for even enlisted men frequently took that liberty) the uselessness of the work upon which they were engaged.

About this time, the Twenty-second Regiment left its camp at Arlington, and joined the forces at Suffolk. The men worked for a time on Fort Connecticut and the Nansemond sand-batteries. They also helped to construct the miles of rifle-pits, and were out on picket almost constantly Here the regiment found soldiers' fare, and suffered much from privation and exposure.

The Twenty-first picketed on the Nansemond, below the city; the rebels holding the opposite bank. At first the pickets shot at each other; but their hostility relaxed, so that they began to converse familiarly together, and in some instances they swam the river and shook hands.

A single brilliant episode relieved the dullness of the siege. It occurred on April 19, — a patriotic anniversary which might stimulate any American to deeds of valor.

The rebels had advanced cautiously to a slight elevation near the west bank of the Nansemond, and re-occupied Fort Huger, an old but unnoticed work of theirs, known to our troops as Hill's Point Battery, refitting it, and planting five new brass guns, — four 12-pounder howitzers, and one 24-pounder.

The fortification was so located at a bend as to sweep the stream for a long distance, annoying our gunboats exceedingly, and rendering all operations near that point quite perilous. It was thought best to dislodge the rebels. Late in the afternoon, six companies of the Eighth Connecticut, with six companies of the 89th New-York, in all about two hundred and eighty men, commanded by Col. John E. Ward

of the Eighth, were embarked on board the gunboat Stepping Stones. A canvas screen drawn up around the boat effectually concealed the men. The orders from Gen. Getty were, "When the boat touches land, get off at once. Do not stop to call the roll or form a line, but let each officer rally all the men he can; push right forward, and take the battery." After these orders, the gunboat steamed up the river as if to run past the battery; and the rebels made ready to fire. They waited for her to come past a small bluff which sheltered the boat for a short distance from the view and the fire of the enemy. Instead of passing, she quickly turned, and made for shore. As she struck, the gang-planks were shoved off. The boat swung round with the current, making the gang-planks useless; but the men leaped into the mud and water up to their arm-pits, rushed along the side of the friendly bluff and into a small ravine which led around past the rear of the intrenchments. The rebels, discovering the ruse, now opened a sharp fire of musketry. Companies and regiments were hopelessly interspersed and commingled. Pausing a moment, they rallied around the officers indiscriminately; then, Lieut. H. E. Morgan taking the lead, started at full run along the ravine, up the banks, over the rifle-pits, and into the enemy's works, without firing a shot. "We cave!" screamed the astonished rebels: "we cave! don't fire, don't fire!" And the boys did not; for the victory was won.

The Connecticut and New-York soldiers were side by side. Both battalions dashed into the works together; and the two old standards, torn by bullets in many battles, were planted on the breastworks.

But the task was not ended. "Work quickly, boys!" was the word. The prisoners, a hundred and twelve in number, were marched on board the gunboat; and the howitzers were rolled out of the works across a plowed field, and, within fifteen minutes, drawn to the beach.

Hardly were the prisoners secured, when the rebels were seen swarming from the adjacent woods to retake the battery. The guns just captured were ranged as by magic around the bluff, and turned upon them with deadly effect. Meanwhile

the marines had, with great labor and celerity, transferred several howitzers from the gunboat to the bank, and then dragged them up the bluff. They, too, opened on the rebels at the edge of the woods and in the woods with wonderful rapidity and accuracy

The rebels fell back. By this time, the other four companies of the Eighth were ferried over; pickets were thrown out one-fourth of a mile; and the whole remaining force were set at work vigorously digging rifle-pits in the rear of the intrenchments. The pickets were once driven in, but soon rallied, and again took their position.

To capture a strong battery with two hundred men, while thousands of rebel troops were within a mile, is no common achievement; and the men were proud of the feat.

The coolness and fearlessness of Col. Ward won for him the admiration and abiding confidence of the veterans of his regiment.

The Union position in front of Suffolk was still almost incessantly shelled. The men had been without proper rations, and those in front obtained little refreshing sleep. On April 24, the whole division moved south and west on a reconnoissance in force. The Connecticut brigade advanced southward on the Edenton Road, under Gen. Corcoran; the Eighth being left to hold the position if attacked.

The companies of Capts. Luther G. Riggs and E. B. Preston of the Twenty-second were placed in support of a Wisconsin battery that did good execution. The Sixteenth was deployed to skirmish at the head of the column, and its companies moved forward on both sides of the road. After proceeding half a mile, they encountered the enemy's pickets, and pushed them back steadily for an hour, replying rapidly to the rebel musketry-fire. The Eleventh advanced in line of battle on the right, and the Fifteenth on the left. The enemy was driven from his rifle-pits and into his batteries. At dark, the force was recalled.

On May 3, another reconnoissance in force was made to hasten the raising of the siege already begun by Longstreet. A force, including the Eleventh, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Connecticut Regiments, advanced across the Nansemond, north-

westward towards the Blackwater, along the Providence-church Road. The enemy skirmished spiritedly, still falling back, and that night departed from the front.

The Twenty-first had marched down the river, north, to Sleepy Hole, with a section of the Wisconsin battery, crossed the broad Nansemond at three in the morning, and pushed directly into the enemy's country westward. Major Hiram B. Crosby led the regiment; Col. Dutton being in command of the 3d Provisional Brigade. As they advanced, the rebels fell back to the village of Chuckatuck, and retreated through it. Major Crosby ordered Capt. William Spittle, with companies, to skirmish along the Reed's-ferry Road, while another company took the road to Everett's Bridge. On the latter, the rebels in ambush fired upon our force, killing one, and wounding two. They were soon driven off, and the regiment again advanced. When approaching the West Branch, the skirmishers, under Capts. Spittle, J. H. Shepard, and N. A. Belden, were again sharply engaged; the skirmish resulting in the capture of one rebel officer and fifteen privates.

Major Crosby tried to form a junction with the forces at the left, but found that they had all been withdrawn, and the regiment was unsupported. It then returned to the river, threw up intrenchments, and encamped behind them for the night, recrossing the river next morning. The regiment received the thanks of Gen. Getty.

During the siege, the Eighth had lost two killed and four wounded; the Eleventh, one killed and four wounded; the Fifteenth, two killed and seven wounded; the Sixteenth, six killed and twelve wounded; the Twenty-first, two killed and five wounded.

Capt. Charles A. Tennant of the Sixteenth (from Hartford) received a severe flesh-wound in the right thigh in the affair across the Nansemond. He was taken to Fortress Monroe, where he died in hospital on the 24th, of lockjaw. He went out as second lieutentant, and was one of the best officers in the regiment.

Lieut.-Col. John H. Burnham of the Sixteenth was wounded, also Capt. Randall H. Rice of the Eleventh.

An officer of the Eighth wrote, "For about two weeks

we were kept busy at making gabions [barrel-shaped baskets open at both ends, to hold the earth in the construction of forts] and building a corduroy road. Our works, unlike those attributed to good men, will not probably live after us. As we failed to feel the importance of building the road, and did not think that a reputation for great mechanical skill would be for our advantage while in the field, we took care not to earn such a reputation. The boys styled themselves, after the manner of sensational authors, 'Peck's Avengers; or, the Basket-Makers of the Nansemond.'"

On May 5, the Twenty-second Regiment went to West Point, at the head of the York River. Here it remained a month, the men working on rifle-pits, breastworks, fortifications, building military roads and bomb-proofs, and doing picket-duty. The force went on an expedition to White House, within twelve miles of Richmond, the very spot where Stonewall Jackson cut McClellan from his base of supplies a year before; and, as the peril became realized, Gen. Dix withdrew the division to Yorktown. On June 9, the troops began a reconnoissance in force, marching to Williamsburg, Fort Magruder, Barhamsville, and the Chickahominy; remaining out a week. The Twenty-second lost a colored servant killed by guerrillas, — the only man connected with the regiment who was shot by the enemy during its term of service.

About the middle of June, Gen. Getty evacuated Suffolk, and fell back north-eastward to Portsmouth, across the Elizabeth River from Norfolk, and almost within sight of Fortress Monroe, rising over the broad James only twelve miles distant. Here they occupied some incomplete fortifications, and fell at work to finish them.

During the last week in June, 1863, while the armies of Hooker and Lee were going towards Gettysburg, Gen. John A. Dix conceived the idea of moving on Richmond, up the peninsula; hoping to draw off Confederate troops from the Army of Virginia. Gen. Getty's division was immediately started from Getty's Station on transports, and moved around to Yorktown. Here the troops remained two days, the few rebels on the peninsula giving them plenty

of room. The movement was continued up to White House, where the Twenty-first Connecticut was detached for provost-duty; Col. Dutton still commanding the brigade.

At six o'clock on the morning of July 1, the force crossed the Pamunkey River at White House, on the railroad bridge. The day was extremely hot; but the column moved slowly northward, passing Lanesville and King William Court House, encountering no enemy. The Connecticut brigade bivouacked in a clover-patch of a Mr. Pemberton, while the horses were turned loose in fields of juicy oats. Mr. Pemberton was away at a meeting; and every man for miles around was absent,—"gone to mill," "gone to see his sister," gone to an indefinite meeting at some indefinite place for some indefinite purpose.

Next day the force made eleven miles more, passing still westward towards Mongohick. Chaplain Morris, in a letter to the Palladium on that day, said, "There is a general order strictly prohibiting foraging by irresponsible parties; but I regret to say that it is openly disregarded in some regiments by both officers and men. The woods resound with the crack of the rifle; and in all directions men are entering camp loaded with poultry, fresh pork, beef, and mutton. In an adjoining field, while I am writing, there lie as many as fifty sheep-skins.

"We passed just after mid-day the princely mansion of Dr. Fountain, whose wife is a daughter of Patrick Henry, and is an outspoken and zealous rebel. The planter had gone to Richmond; and the women fled in terror at our approach, leaving the splendid establishment in the hands of the blacks. When we arrived, marauders had been before us. Every chair and table was broken, marble tables and mantels, mirrors and picture-frames, smashed to fragments; one old family portrait was cut from top to bottom, and hopelessly ruined; bureaus were broken open, destroyed, and their contents torn and scattered and trampled by muddy boots; bedposts were split in twain by axes; jars of preserves were dashed against the clean white walls; a splendid library was tumbled from the shelves, and many books chopped in two and stamped to pieces. Nothing

escaped the ax, or the butt of the musket: every room was strewn thickly with fragments and tatters, bedaubed and unsightly where every thing had been costly and tasteful.

"The indignation of Gen. Getty, and of every decent man, was unbounded. A guard was immediately posted, and every effort made to detect the miscreants. Several were arrested, and tried this afternoon by a drumhead court-martial; but I regret to say the evidence was too meager to convict any of the despicable knaves. The perpetrators doubtless were professional stragglers. A majority of the soldiers, I am happy to say, condemn and execrate such men, and would deem the death-penalty inadequate punishment."

On July 3, the Connecticut brigade had the advance, the Eighth out as skirmishers. It was fiercely hot, and many fell sun-struck. Surgeon Sabin Stocking of the Eighth, and the chaplain, impressed from the plantations along the march all the horses, mules, carriages, and carts they could discover to transport the loads of sick and fainting men. It was a motley collection of carts and gigs, of colts, toothless nags, and broken-down mules, uniform only in leanness and worthlessness; but they served the purpose to the extent of their feeble ability, and were turned loose at the journey's end. At night, the force reached a point due north from Richmond, opposite Hanover Court House, on the Pamunkey

The next day, the 4th of July, was spent near the bivouac, on the plantation of Mr. John Taylor, one of three wealthy brothers, — a keen, cruel, sensual man, and a bitter rebel. Mr. Taylor was in a frame of mind to enjoy the day and the scene. Being a wily, fluent, and vehement talker, well posted in political history, and not at all backward in declaring his views, he volunteered to make a speech to the soldiers from his porch. Some of his slaves and quadroon women were peeping from the windows of the mansion. His wife had long been divorced. He spoke of the "invasion of the South," but especially of slavery, in regard to the workings of which he claimed to be well informed. He

said it was a patriarchal institution, good for the happiness of both races. He spoke freely of his kindness and gentle care of his slaves; admitted that he had to punish them occasionally, but explained that he stood in a paternal relation to them (which, in many cases, was believed to be the exact truth); that they regarded his correction as inflicted for their own good; and that they were devoted to him, and ready to do or die for him. Deluded orator! at that very instant the hiding-place of his own son, a member of Stuart's cavalry, now home on furlough, had been betrayed by some of his most trusted "servants;" and others were pointing out his secreted treasures of meat, wine, grain, and store; while every black that could hobble was gathering what he could to "tote" to the land of freedom.

In the mean time, it transpired that the Connecticut brigade had been left as a reserve to assist Mr. Taylor in a proper celebration of Independence Day; while the other regiments of the division had tried to cross the Pamunkey into Hanover for the purpose of destroying the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad. The passage of the river was successfully resisted; and, after burning a bridge or two, they returned to Taylor's next day. The expedition was substantially a failure, and the troops felt disheartened as they turned their faces again to the rear; their chagrin being modified, however, by exhilarating rumors from Pennsylvania.

Early fruits were in their prime, and the troops lived voluptuously The soldiers from the hard hills of New England had never before seen such a wealth of berries, especially of running blackberries, as now bestrewed the route of march. A man could sit upon the ground, and, without changing his position, pick as many as he could eat. An officer recalling this time says, "I picked a water-pail three-quarters full from the vines within my tent." These promoted the health of officers and men, previously inclined to dysentery; and the column returned rapidly and in good spirits, five hundred thoughtless, careless, jolly contrabands swarming upon the flanks and rear.

The return through White House, Williamsburg, and Yorktown, to Hampton, was made on foot, through a region too poor for plunder; and the division crossed the Roads next day, and again quietly encamped for rest and drill, cheering over the news from Gettysburg and Vicksburg, and resolutely subduing their feelings of pride as they rehearsed the achievements of "The Blackberry Raid."

CHAPTER XXII.

The Tenth Connecticut Volunteers at Newberne. — Expedition to the Interior. — The Tarborough Scout. — Forage and Rations. — An Incident of Slavery. — The Battle of Kinston. — The Tenth at the Front. — The Contest for the Bridge. — Complimented by Gen. Foster. — Heavy Losses. — The Railroad destroyed at Goldsborough. — Gallantry. — To St. Helena Island. — Camp and Surroundings. — The Eighteenth Connecticut Volunteers still at Baltimore. — Joins Milroy at Winchester. — The Situation. — Battle of the First Day. — The Second Day at the Intrenchments. — The Evacuation. — The Charge into the Woods. — Surrender of the Eighteenth. — Casualties. — Colors saved. — Prison Life.

EANTIME, in the summer of 1862, the Tenth staid at Newberne; recovering its strength, and attaining admirable discipline. Major Pettibone had been promoted to be colonel, and Capt. Pardee became lieutenant-colonel. The latter resigned, however, in September, and was succeeded by Major Robert Leggett. Inaction seemed not to dull the spirit, or injure the morals, of the men. Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull, who had brought to the regiment all the characteristics of an admirable chaplain, wrote, "This is a noble regiment. I do not hesitate to say that the moral standard is now as high in the camp of the Tenth as with the same class of men in any part of Connecticut. I have heard more profanity in one day in some streets of Hartford than here in any week since my arrival. Many are far more manly than when they left home."

The Tenth lost an excellent officer, Sept. 19, in Major Daniel M. Mead of Greenwich, who died of exposure to the debilitating influence of the Southern climate. He was a young man of sterling qualities, — of earnestness, bravery, integrity, — and he impressed himelf for good on all his associates. Capt. Thomas R. Mead, also of Greenwich, died

in October. He had, within the single year of army life, been promoted from second lieutenant for his efficiency.

During November, the monotony was broken by a raid to the north-west. Moving round on transports to Washington, at the confluence of the Tar and Pamlico Rivers, the regiment was put in the advance of Foster's brigade, Capts. Goodyear's and Greaves's companies out as skirmishers. Going towards Tarborough, they received the first fire of the enemy at Little Creek. Then the whole regiment forded an ugly stream after dark, under a heavy fire of musketry and grape, and drove back the enemy on the other bank. Two companies of a Massachusetts regiment were the only other infantry engaged. The rebels were pursued rapidly to Rawl's Mills, and shelled during their retreat. That night the Tenth bivouacked in the clear moonlight on the soft clay of the captured line of works. The next morning, Williamston was entered without opposition. There was a good deal of pillaging in the village; pork, beef, and poultry being knocked over, and cooked in primitive fashion at fires in the streets, with fence-palings for fuel. Houses were sacked, our troops having been fired upon in the village; and "handsome furniture, pianos, crockery-ware, and every thing was turned topsy-turvy and destroyed by our soldiers, in search of relics and valuables."[1]

Next day the column, the Tenth still in advance, pressed on, and captured Rainbow Fort on the Roanoke, and thence to Hamilton, and across the country to the suburbs of Tarborough. In two days, they returned to camp; having been absent two weeks, and marched more than a hundred miles.

Of course, negroes were everywhere encountered, whose experience furnished fresh arguments for the war. Lieut. Henry W Camp of the Tenth wrote as follows concerning this class of people: —

"I was in a negro house yesterday, and had some conversation with the inmates. I asked a gray-headed old negress if she had ever had children sold away from her. 'Sold! dey *all* sold! — chil'en an' gran'chil'en an' great gran'chil'en, — dey sell ebry one!' She clasped her bony hands over her head, and looked up at me as she spoke. 'Dere was one, — de lass one, de o'ny gran'chile I did hab lef' He neber knowed his mammy. I

[1] Letter of a member of the Massachusetts 44th.

took him when he *dat* little. I bringed him up to massa, an' I say, "Massa, dis my little gran'chile: may I keep him 'bout heah?" An' he say, "I don't care wot you do wid him." So I take him: he *dat* little. Den one mornin', wen he all rolled up in blanket 'tween my knees, Massa Green comed in an' say, "Dis boy *sold!*" and *dey take him 'way.* O Lord Jesus, help me pray!'"

In the Tenth, and in most of the other Connecticut regiments, Thanksgiving was duly observed, as far as the limited facilities would allow. On Nov. 15, Col. Pettibone resigned, and returned to Connecticut, after faithful service.

Great courage is sometimes shown in facing apparent peril, even where none actually exists. The Tenth had now an experience of this kind. Report came to Newberne that the New-York Marine Artillery Regiment, which had with some justice felt aggrieved, had mutinied at Roanoke Island, and taken possession; disobeying and defying the officers in command. Foster turned to the Tenth, — always held by him in higher regard than any other regiment, — and ordered it to Roanoke to subdue the insurgents. It started promptly; but for the first time the men were depressed in spirits. They were on a hazardous mission, — to fight their own brother-soldiers, brave men who would fight desperately, knowing that death was the penalty of their offense. But it was a false alarm. There had been no rebellion, and the Tenth was recalled.

On Dec. 11, Foster's division left Newberne for a westward expedition, to strike the Richmond and Wilmington Railroad. The force was twelve thousand strong, with fifty pieces of artillery. On the next day and the next, the advance had skirmishes with the enemy. At ten o'clock Sunday morning, the 14th, farther progress was opposed by a body of rebels well posted, with several guns, in and about an old church an eighth of a mile from Kinston Bridge on the Neuse. Our artillery wheeled into position, and replied vigorously. The Tenth, with other regiments, formed line of battle in rear of the batteries.

The enemy had great advantage in position. Col. Mallett, a rebel prisoner, said afterwards, "We had you just where we wanted you." The approach to them lay through a seemingly impassable swamp. A charge was ordered; and

the troops, throwing off encumbrances, rushed through the swamp, and halted for orders on the other side, the Tenth being held back in the third line. The regiments were now under a very heavy fire from the front.

Chaplain Trumbull thus writes of what followed, "About noon, Gen. Foster, sending for Lieut.-Col. Leggett, told him he wished the Tenth to pass over two regiments lying immediately before them, and find the enemy; not returning until they had cleared them out. Our boys were well pleased with being preferred above other regiments, old and new, for the most difficult and dangerous task of the day; and charged gallantly through a short piece of woods, under an incessant and murderous fire. Then seeing just the position of the enemy, and being within short range, the regiment opened fire, and continued it with telling effect."

The Tenth was now in the first line of battle, some parts of which were already in disorder. Soon the regiment found itself in the extreme advance, and officers and men were falling rapidly. They were taken towards the rear, and the rest stood up stoutly to the work. Both the field-officers were struck down, and many others killed or wounded.

After half an hour of incessant and close fighting, the regiment again pressed forward; when the rebels broke, and ran towards the bridge. Then the Tenth, with a shout, charged down the hill upon the flying foe. The rebels set fire to the bridge as they crossed it, severely burning some of their own wounded endeavoring to escape. At the same time another rebel force, in line in a cornfield across the river, opened a cross-fire upon the Tenth as the latter dashed upon the burning bridge, extinguished the flames, captured a hundred prisoners, and pushed across, taking a Confederate flag and the enemy's artillery. "The regiment was in line of battle on the Kinston bank before any other [Union] infantry had crossed the bridge. At the close of the battle, Gen. Foster rode to the front, and, taking off his hat, publicly thanked the gallant Tenth for its part in the action. He said it had showed itself now, as before, the bravest among the brave; and, if it would stand by him as

hitherto, he could sweep the State of North Carolina. But oh the cost of such a compliment! We went into action with three hundred and sixty-six officers and men; and, of these, one hundred and six were killed or wounded. Of these, twenty-three were killed outright, or died within four days. Five died afterwards of their wounds." [2]

"Among those who fell," says Chaplain Trumbull, "were some of our best and bravest. We sadly miss and mourn them. Our officers say that the fire of the rebels in rapidity and accuracy surpassed any thing they had met before. A number of our men were shot in two and three places at the same time. Three brothers Shepard and two brothers Zuich were in Company A; and all were wounded." Drs. Newton of Suffield, and Hart of Hartford, were tireless in caring for the men.

The Confederate flag was a lone-star banner, and was captured by Corporal Edwin D. Ayres, formerly of the Palladium office, but was afterwards stolen by some "bummers" belonging to the New-Jersey 9th.

Next morning the force pressed on towards Goldsborough; and Tuesday afternoon the flying foe made another brief stand at Whitehall, where they had burned the bridge. The action here was mostly by artillery and sharpshooters, the Confederates having both posted on the opposite bank. Again the shattered Tenth was ordered to the front, and opened fire to the left of the road. Finding no ford, Col. Leggett called for volunteers to swim the stream. Five brave boys immediately stepped forward and stripped; and on that cold December day they swam the broad river with axes on their backs, and felled tall trees on the opposite bank, while others did the same on this. In half an hour more, a bridge would have been built; but an order came to discontinue. The regiment met with no loss.

Again, on Wednesday, they pressed forward, and had sharp fighting, both morning and evening, at the railroad bridge near Goldsborough. This was burned, and the track destroyed for some distance; when the force returned to Newberne.

[2] Letter of Chaplain H. C. Trumbull.

This was perhaps the severest battle in which the Tenth was ever engaged. It had more than one-fourth of all the casualties of the expedition, notwithstanding its small numbers. Its praise was on the lips of all. A colonel of one of the Massachusetts regiments which had been walked over at Kinston said he could not look upon a man of the Tenth without feeling the highest respect for him.

Sergeant Henry E. Chitty of New London bore the colors until his right arm was shattered; and his subsequent anxiety seemed to be only for the safety of the colors. Corporal Albert F Wheaton of North Branford, one of the color-guard, was shot through the body, and died the next day. He said, "I did what I could to guard the colors: I'd stand by them to the last. Where's the regiment now?" he asked. "It has gone on to do its work," answered the chaplain. "Glory!" he cried. "If I die," he added, "tell my friends I gave my life for liberty, and I'd gladly give another."

Five officers of the Tenth had fallen to fight no more, — Capt. Henry A. Wells of Hartford, and Lieuts. John M Simms of Stamford, John C. Coffing of Hartford, William W Perkins of New London, and Theron D. Hill of Coventry.

Capt. Wells, before the war, was in the United-States marine service; and, when the call to arms came, he entered the first regiment for the three-months' service. Chaplain Trumbull says, "He was one of the bravest men we had: indeed, he was conspicuous among brave men. He was light-hearted amid the greatest dangers, and performed the severest service with a cheerful alacrity that always inspirited the men."

Lieut. Coffing was mortally wounded, and did not long survive. The enlisted men of his company resolved, "That, in his death, we have lost an officer endeared to us by all the qualities which command the respect, confidence, and affection of his subordinates;" and that he "died nobly in a cause which he devotedly loved."

Lieut. Perkins was a son of Dr. N. S. Perkins of New London; and he and his brother, Major B. R. Perkins of the 12th United States, were the first volunteers from that city in the war. The New-London Star said of him, "It is seldom that we are called upon to mourn a firmer patriot, a braver soldier, or

a truer or more genial friend, than was Lieut. Perkins. He sprang to arms with alacrity at the first call of his country, and established an enviable reputation in five hotly-contested battles; in the last of which he fell where a soldier would choose to fall, — leading the advance, — and expired amid the rattling volleys of his regiment and the loud cheers of victory." His body, like the remains of his comrades, was brought home, and buried with all honors.

Lieut. Simms went out as sergeant of Company G. He was promoted in order, and was presented with a handsome sword by the Baptist Sabbath school at Stamford, of which he had been an active member. A bullet passed into his body early in this action; but it was thought he would recover. In the hospital prayer-meeting in the evening he joined in social worship, in song and prayer. He lived some months, and died in the perfect love that casts out fear.

On Jan. 26, 1863, the Tenth left Newberne by railroad for Morehead City, and the same day went on board of a transport in Beaufort Harbor. "To Wilmington!" was the word that passed round; but, a monitor being lost, the expedition was turned to participate in the siege of Charleston.

The Tenth had left behind all camp and garrison equipage and personal baggage; but the regiment was ordered to camp on St. Helena Island, a few miles above Hilton Head. They adapted themselves as well as possible to the situation; and of shelter-tents, with palmetto-trees as an auxiliary, soon made a comfortable and attractive camp on an old sea-island cotton-field. By sundown there was a home-like air to the whole encampment. Every day they expected to move; but they kept at work, leveled the furrows, and laid out a fine parade-ground. The shelter-tents were raised on walls of logs, or banks of earth, their ends plaited with pine-boughs or rushes, or thatched with palmetto-leaves or the long gray moss that hangs from Southern trees. Cosy wigwams answered the purpose of company cook-houses.

And finally a rustic chapel was erected at the end of the officers' avenue, sided and roofed with the feathery pine. Seats were made by driving crotched sticks into the ground, and laying a stout pole across them. A cracker-box on four

sticks was the pulpit-desk, and it was prettily curtained with palmetto-leaves. Here Sunday services were held, with preaching by Chaplain Trumbull; also evening prayer-meetings, when three lanterns were pendent from the festooned rafters, and stars twinkled through the lattice.

The regiment tarried here, with daily drill and occasional dress-parade, until March 27, when it proceeded on a transport to North Edisto Inlet, and took possession of the lower part of Seabrook Island. The upper part was held by the enemy, and picket-duty was sometimes exciting.

Here were the tangled tropical undergrowth, palmetto-jungles, and low groves of live oaks. "Alligators moved lazily through the sluggish waters of the gloomy lagoon, and poisonous reptiles glided through the grass before the tread of the passing soldier."[3] There were gnats, mosquitoes, spiders, lizards, scorpions, and moccasins.

"When you hear of mosquitoes," wrote Lieut. Camp in a moment of desperate humor, "you think of a small brown insect, don't you? with legs and wings almost invisible, and a hum audible some inches from the ear? I wish you could see the animal that goes by the same name here. When *I* speak of a mosquito, I mean something that stands a little less than fourteen hands high (can't give the weight because we have no platform scales); whose wings are like Apollyon's in the Pilgrim's Progress; whose muscular legs are horribly striped with black and white; whose sting is like the dragon's which St. George slew; and whose voice is as the sound of many waters."

Here the Tenth was doomed to stay, while down upon the breeze came the thunder of heavy guns pounding away at Sumter and Wagner. Gen. Terry, promoted after Pulaski, assumed command of these troops in May; and here they waited, leading an uneventful life, until July 6, 1863, when they were ordered to participate in the advance being made on Morris Island.

When the Seventeenth left Fort Marshall in Baltimore, the Eighteenth was transferred to it from Fort McHenry. It

[3] Chaplain Trumbull in the Knightly Soldier.

was on higher ground, and much more healthful. Some of the men brought sickness with them, however: and Capt. Bromley appears to have had a touch of jaundice; for he wrote to the Bulletin that he was "looking through the yellowest pair of eyes that were ever hung out as a wrecked liver's signal of distress."

Col. Ely hoped to be able here to devote some attention to the necessary drill: but the next day the right wing, consisting of the companies of Capts. Isaac W Hakes, jr., Matthewson, and Charles D. Bowen, went down along the railroad near Havre de Grâce, under Major Ephraim Keech, jr.; and Capt. Henry C. Davis's company was dispatched to Upper Marlborough, a secession town, but returned next day. "The only accident," says Bromley, "was the sudden death of a pig, who ran against a bayonet on the march from Marlborough back. He died so suddenly, that they roasted him to keep him from spoiling."

The regiment remained all winter divided in Maryland, with headquarters at Fort Marshall. The men were industriously drilled in artillery and infantry tactics; and the left wing was so thoroughly exercised in battalion-movements, as to win the approval of Brig.-Gen. Morris, an old army officer, who was chary of his commendations. Comfortable quarters were built; food was plenty, if not of a quality to tempt an epicure; service was not arduous; and, on the whole, the regiment had an easy time. Col. Ely was president of a military court, and Capt. Bromley judge-advocate. The officers enjoyed the society of the few Union families in the city. Capt. Bromley wrote, "Col. Ely has won golden opinions from all the officers of the department with whom he has come in contact. No officer was ever more watchful than he for the welfare of the men, and none ever deserved more fully the confidence, which, without exception, they repose in him."

At last, late in the spring of 1863, the monotonous life in barracks ended. Most of the men were tired of its unsoldierly quiet, and rejoiced when orders came to go to the front, — even though that front was the oft-contested Shenandoah Valley. Already had the Rebel and Union forces

been repeatedly driven through it from end to end, and already had veteran regiments learned to prefer any other service to the bewildering tramps through its rivers and ravines.

By the middle of May, the detached companies had been called in from Havre de Grâce and the Wilmington Road; and on the 22d the regiment moved to the dépôt of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, took a train in waiting, and sped up the wild and picturesque valley. Crossing at Harper's Ferry, it shortly left the crowded cars at Winchester, joining the command of Major-Gen. Milroy.

As far back as the previous November, Gen. Halleck's chief-of-staff, Gen. Cullom, had reported, after careful examination, not only that the works at Winchester were so located as to be indefensible *per se*, but that the place required no works, and should have no heavy garrison; being merely "an eye of the National army looking up the Shenandoah Valley." He recommended that all infantry be withdrawn, and only a strong cavalry picket retained. The recommendation was not heeded; and Milroy remained with seven thousand men, while Lee's army, flushed with the victories along the Rappahannock, was pressing towards Pennsylvania. About the 9th of June, Early, with Stonewall Jackson's old corps of thirty thousand men, pushed silently and swiftly northward through the valley, while Lee seized and held the gaps of the Blue Ridge. Next day, Milroy exultingly telegraphed to Gen. Schenck at Baltimore, that his advance had had "a splendid little skirmish" with the rebels, and added, "The enemy are probably approaching in some force. I am entirely ready for them: I can hold this place." And as late as the succeeding day, June 11, Col. Donn Piatt, chief-of-staff, possessed by the same delusion, telegraphed, "All works fine. Can whip any thing the rebels can fetch here. How is Mrs. Piatt?" He did not wait long for an answer.

On Saturday, June 13, the Union pickets were driven towards Winchester, and brisk skirmishing ensued. Col. Ely of the Eighteenth was in charge of a brigade; and he immediately advanced upon the Front-Royal Pike with his regiment (under Lieut.-Col. Nichols) and the 87th Pennsylvania,

and a section of battery, to "feel for the enemy." The feeling was mutual. They had gone little more than a mile from town when they were opened upon by a battery planted in the edge of a dense thicket on the opposite side of a deep ravine.

The Union battery was wheeled upon a knoll, and opened briskly; the Eighteenth lying down in high clover closely in the rear, except Companies A and B deployed as skirmishers. The enemy played upon our regiments at a distance of not more than four hundred yards, for an hour, with six Napoleon pieces, and at last exploded the caisson of the battery, and silenced the guns; when the brigade fell back.

Nearer the city, the artillery-fight was resumed at long range. Meanwhile Early had thrown other brigades around on the west, and there had been severe fighting there.

Night came on, and the city was besieged. Milroy ascertained that an overwhelming force was in front of him and on his flanks: this was his opportunity to retreat under cover of the blinding darkness and the heavy thunder-shower; but some fatuity detained him.

The Eighteenth was stationed all night in rifle-pits just outside the city, wet through with the drenching rain. By midnight, it was obvious that Early was closing in; and Ely's brigade of four regiments was recalled to the fort, but at sunrise was sent out again. "The 1st Brigade, under Gen. Elliott, occupied the main fort; the 2d, under Col. Ely, held the town and the space outside; the 3d, under Col. McReynolds, was posted in the star fort."[4]

"The Eighteenth" (commanded by Major Henry Peale) "was stationed for a few hours in the southern part of the city, defending government property; and some of the companies skirmished with small parties of rebels. The command was soon ordered to the defenses in the north-east, commanding the Berryville Road, in which direction the lines of the enemy could now be discovered. Severe firing shortly ensued, which lasted for several hours. The rebels took possession of a large house within rifle distance of the regiment, and annoyed us severely; delivering their fire whenever a head showed itself above the rifle-pits. It was resolved to dislodge them; and a 24-pounder brass howitzer was procured from the fort, and turned upon the building. After the firing of several shots, some of which penetrated it, a portion of the regiment (Companies F and H), under Capt. Charles D. Bowen of the latter company, charged, and captured eight prisoners; the rest making their escape."[5]

[4] New-York Herald Narrative.

[5] Major Peale's Official Report.

The 2d (Ely's) Brigade was now stationed near the cemetery, across which the principal firing took place. "About four in the afternoon, the rebel skirmishers charged up to the very edge of the town; when a well-directed fire from our troops sent them back in confusion to their supporting line, which also caught the panic, and rushed back to the very edge of the timber."[6] Here several of the Eighteenth were killed and wounded.

About this time the rebels charged upon and captured the important outworks held by an Ohio regiment, on the other side of the main fort; and the 2d Brigade fell back to the works north-east of the fortification, in which the principal part of our forces were now besieged, and subjected to a severe bombardment.

By sundown of the 14th, the city was three-fourths invested. Early's right crossed the Berryville Road on the north-east, and his left intersected the Front Royal, Strasburg, and Romney Roads.

"At 1, A.M., on the 15th, the order was given for the silent evacuation of Winchester. The night was intensely dark; but the column moved with order on the road leading to Martinsburg, due north; the Eighteenth Connecticut forming the advance of the center brigade. The command had proceeded about four and a half miles, when the head of the 1st Brigade suddenly encountered the right of the enemy posted in strong force in a piece of woods skirting the right of the road. The rebels threw forward with great rapidity a sufficient force to command the whole of the 1st Brigade, and a large portion of the 2d. One or more volleys were delivered by them and returned, but, owing to the extreme darkness of the morning, had little or no effect. At this time, the 1st Brigade charged; and, having partially driven back the force immediately in its front, the larger portion passed on, and continued its flight to Harper's Ferry. The remainder of the 1st Brigade, together with the 2d, fell back in a field to the left of the road, and re-formed their partially disordered ranks."[7]

A letter written by one of the regiment soon after gives

[6] New-York Herald Narrative. [7] Major Peale's Official Report.

the following account of the gallant part borne by the Eighteenth in the charge of the 2d Brigade: "We charged into the woods; but, in the gray dawn, nothing could be discerned but the flash of their rifles. We could not see a man; and they had every advantage of us, as we charged from light into the darkness, where they quietly awaited our coming. The crack of rifles was for a time terrific; but numbers and position finally prevailed, and we were obliged to retreat.

"We formed again, in perfect order, in the open field, and prepared for a second charge. By this time, we could form some idea of the rebel position; for we could see quite plainly. Gen. Milroy was behind us on his horse; and he told us to take that battery; that we could do it in ten minutes. Officers and men were cool again, and in good spirits. Well, the order was given, 'Forward, Eighteenth! Charge bayonets! Double-quick! March!' and away we went into those woods again. We were met with a murderous fire; but forward sprang the line with a yell. Up the cross-road we charged, in point-blank range of the rebel battery.

"A long line of fire streamed from thousands of rifles, interrupted now and then by the blaze of the battery. Trees were peeled in all directions. We charged up to the battery and silenced it, killing or wounding every man that stood by it; but they had plenty of artillery in reserve: so we saw it was useless to attempt to hold it. After fighting desperately for some time, and losing many valuable men, the order to retreat was given; and we again fell back."

This was the first battle in which the Eighteenth had been engaged; and its behavior had deserved great credit. The above statement seems slightly colored by the interest which a participant would naturally feel; yet it is abundantly corroborated by the list of casualties, and by the account given by the Confederates themselves.

The Richmond Whig, during the same week, contained a letter written by a member of the 1st Maryland (rebel) Battery, of which the following is an extract: "About dark

the same night, Johnston's division moved off to the right, and came on the road leading to Charleston. We marched all night; and at break of day, as we were going towards Winchester, we received a volley of Minie-balls. We immediately went into position; but, as it was dark, we could not see the enemy, who continued to fire upon us. As soon as it was light, we commenced firing: then came a shower of Minie-balls such as I never heard before. With a yell, the Yankees charged our battery three times, and got within a few yards of it, but were driven off. So many were killed at gun No. 1, that it had to be abandoned; and we had fired every round of ammunition from gun No. 2,— these being the only guns of our battery firing on the charging columns of the enemy. Then the Yankees made a final charge, and got nearer than before; and we thought we were about to be captured. Two or three horses having been killed, we were unable to move off. We then found a few rounds of ammunition in the caisson of No. 1; and, putting them in No. 2, we drove them back for the last time."

The Eighteenth had lost thirty-one killed and forty-four wounded, including five commanders of companies. After the last charge, Col. Ely looked about him for support, and found that the 3d Brigade had taken advantage of the fight to turn about, and make its way across the country towards Pennsylvania. Milroy and Major Peale had already escaped with a few men, including thirty from the Eighteenth.

Col. Ely and Lieut.-Col. Nichols were dismounted, and were immediately summoned to surrender. The rebels now occupied the road in both directions. The Federals numbered but a thousand men, jaded by two days' sleepless service, and now badly cut up. Under the circumstances, Col. Ely surrendered the command. The men were immediately placed under guard.

Col. Ely's sword had been hit by a ball during the battle, shattering the blade near the hilt. When he delivered it to the rebel Gen. Walker after the fight, that officer asked, "When was this done, sir?" — "This morning." — "You deserve to keep this," was the rejoinder: "I will direct it to be retained for you." It was sent to Gen. Early, by

COL. HIRAM B. CROSBY.
BRE. BRIG. GEN. N. G. ELY.
COL. THOS. W. CAHILL.
COL. WM. B. WOOSTER.
BEVT. BRIG. GEN. WM. H. NOBLE.
BEVT. BRIG. GEN. THEO. G. ELLIS.
BRIG. GEN. DANIEL TYLER.

whose order it was finally forwarded through, by flag of truce, to the father of Col. Ely, while the soldier who had borne it gallantly was yet a prisoner.

Besides the thirty who got away with Major Peale, Company D of the Eighteenth, detailed as provost-guard, escaped intact. About half of the seven thousand of the division ultimately escaped; stragglers coming into the border-towns of Maryland and Pennsylvania for a week, most of them unarmed and nearly famished.

Within thirty minutes after Ely's surrender, Early's entire corps marched across the battle-field in swift pursuit of the fugitives. Many were captured.

Among the killed in this battle was Capt. Edward L. Porter, only son of Dr. Isaac G. Porter of New London. He was a graduate of Yale of the class of '57; a young man of excellent literary taste, and had adopted the practice of law with fine promise. Surgeon Holbrook recently wrote of him, "I remember Capt. Porter as one of the noblest of our company of martyrs, who, on that memorable morning, offered up their lives on the altar of constitutional liberty. At my suggestion, he went to the hospital three days before; being sick with what I feared might prove typhoid fever. I visited him on the day before the evacuation, and found him very weak, and was surprised, on the following morning, to find him at the head of his company. An officer informed me that he seemed possessed of superhuman energy in the battle, and gallantly led his men in the charge, when he was struck by a bullet in the forehead, and died almost immediately. He has left a bright record of honorable manliness. Dignified and gentlemanly, always prompt in the conscientious discharge of duty, he attested by his death the sincerity of his patriotism, and sealed with his blood his love of liberty." His watch was returned to his father; and on the inside he had written, *γαρ ερχεται νοξ*: "For the night cometh." The words characterized his general thoughtfulness.

The handsome regimental colors presented by the ladies of Norwich were not captured with the regiment. When they were inquired for, the men would not or could not give

any information as to their whereabouts; but in two days, after many "hairbreadth scapes," they crossed the Pennsylvania border wound about the body of Color-sergeant George Torrey of Woodstock, who had taken to the woods during the confusion. He was subsequently commissioned captain in the United-States colored troops.

About two hundred made good their retreat, and gradually gathered again at Maryland Heights, under Major Peale. H. H. Starkweather immediately went to the rendezvous, carrying food and other comforts from home, and sending back to the anxious relatives news from the regiment. Capt. Thomas K. Bates, a brave officer, severely wounded and a prisoner, was recaptured shortly after in a rebel hospital.

The prisoners suffered from the first day of their captivity. They were not allowed to bury the dead of the regiment, as that would deprive the rebels of the Thenardierian privilege of robbing the corpses of the slain. The prisoners were hurried back to the fort, and next day were started for Richmond on foot. They made ninety-two miles in four days, arriving at Staunton on Monday the 22d, and thence took the cars for Richmond. They reached the Confederate capital early next morning, and, without making any triumphal *entrée*, marched straight to Libby Prison.

The food on the journey consisted of a pint of flour and a very small piece of pork to each man. The officers and enlisted men were in separate squads, and were not permitted to communicate.

On the second day, the privates were transferred from Libby to Belle Isle in the James River, now so infamous in the annals of the war. Here they staid a few weeks, on scanty rations; when they were taken back to Libby, paroled July 2, taken to City Point, released, and transported to Annapolis; having been under the stars and bars seventeen days. They remained at Camp Parole until the 1st of October, when they were duly exchanged, and returned to the nucleus of the regiment, now in camp at Martinsburg, north of Winchester.

The officers were not so fortunate. They were detained

at Libby through many weary months; hoping, fearing, expecting, and sometimes almost despairing. They had scarcely food enough to sustain life; but the miserable rations were supplemented with heavy boxes of succulent and nourishing food, prepared with loving hands in Eastern Connecticut. Officers of other regiments brought away letters concealed in their buttons, from Col. Ely, Capt. Davis, Lieut. Higgins, and others. Capt. Davis said, "On the prison-walls of the Conciergerie, in the days of the French Revolution, was written, 'He who retains his patriotism can never be wholly miserable;' so here in these days, a parallel with that time in fraternal bloodshed, this sentiment sustains many a prisoner. Deprived of liberty, and subsisting on a scanty diet, we are not of all men the most miserable when we remember for what we are here."

About this time, Corporal Samuel D. Worden of Canterbury died of wounds received at Winchester, and disease engendered on Belle Isle. He was liberally educated, a graduate of the Unitarian Theological Seminary at Meadville, and had occasionally occupied the pulpit of that denomination. He was an exemplary Christian soldier, and fought as he had lived, in compliance with his conscientious convictions. When the second call for troops came, he had charge of a school at Greenville; but he joined Capt. Davis's company, and laid all the hopes and aspirations of his cultivated mind on the altar of American nationality. He finally died at home, where Rev. Mr. Stone of Brooklyn delivered a touching address; and the remains of the fallen hero were borne to the grave by his companions in arms. Such were many of the men who fought in the ranks of our great army.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Battle of Chancellorsville. — Advance upon the Flank. — The Fifth, Fourteenth, Seventeenth, Twentieth, and Twenty-seventh Connecticut Regiments engaged. — The 11th Corps overwhelmed by Stonewall Jackson. — Terrible Battle of May 3. — Heavy Losses of the Twentieth Connecticut Volunteers. — The Twenty-seventh Regiment captured. — A New Line of Battle. — Withdrawal of the Army and Failure of the Movement. — Losses of the Connecticut Regiments. — Prisoners of War.

PRING came. It was 1863. Two years of the war had passed with little gain for the Union arms in Virginia. Hooker was in command of the splendidly-disciplined and plucky Army of the Potomac, which he declared to be "the finest army on the planet." His eight corps were eager to be led again towards Richmond, — this time by the soldier who had borne the brunt of battle at Antietam. Five Connecticut regiments were with him, — the Fifth and Twentieth in the 12th Corps, the Fourteenth and Twenty-seventh in the 2d Corps, and the Seventeenth in the 11th Corps.

In the march to Chancellorsville, the 11th and 12th Corps were in company; while the 2d proceeded by the nearer route, *viâ* United-States Ford.

On April 27, the réveille was sounded at three o'clock in the morning. Breakfast was dispatched; tents struck and knapsacks slung; officers' baggage sent to the regimental wagons; and at six o'clock the men were in line. They were supplied with eight days' rations of hard-tack, sugar, coffee, and salt. Mules bore a blanket and a shelter-tent for each man. Fresh beef was driven along in the train; one ration to be issued every three days. The men were in good spirits: the day was beautiful. At ten o'clock, the 11th and 12th Corps were in motion; the march of the day lying

westward, parallel to the Rappahannock. They bivouacked upon a pleasant hillside near Hartwood Church that night; waking early, and starting again at daybreak, still westward. At two o'clock, the Seventeenth Regiment halted, and ate a frugal dinner near Barrett's Ford; where, on account of a drizzling rain, they waited until midnight.

They then crossed in silence, and without opposition, and pressed forward towards Culpeper. At four o'clock in the morning, having been under arms twenty-five hours, the men dropped down in the woods, and slept till seven. Here the 12th Corps passed. The 11th Corps was shortly in motion again; and towards evening both corps turned short to the left, and advanced towards Fredericksburg.

The question of how to cross the Rapidan was next encountered. The bridge was gone; the banks were steep and high; and the stream swollen by previous rains so as to be hardly fordable for artillery Delay was defeat; so a ford was ordered. "The men fixed bayonets, hung their cartridge-boxes on them; and then, with muskets at right-shoulder-shift, clambered down the bank. It was a cold day; the water was chilly; and, as they plunged in, it was like the cut of a knife: but they wallowed on, singing, 'John Brown's soul is marching on,' some shouting, 'Who wouldn't be a soldier?' and others wondering why Hooker didn't make his regiments into gunboats, and use them in the naval service.

"The current was so strong as to carry several of them down stream; but they finally reached the opposite bank some distance below, with the loss of musket and cartridge-box. Here you would see a cautious fellow slip off his stockings, shoes, and pants, tie them in his handkerchief, and suspend the bundle on his bayonet to keep it dry; then join the crowd to the river. Watch him: ten to one the current trips him, and he wets bundle and cartridge-box together, and is lucky if he get to the shore without losing a part or all of his load. On the south bank were men dripping with water, and shivering with cold, wringing their drenched clothes."[1] Two miles farther on, they spent the night around blazing fires.

[1] Col. P. B. Buckingham's MS. History of the Twentieth.

Companies A and H of the Fifth unpacked all the ammunition from the mules, and carried it across by hand during the evening. In the night also, a detail of men, under Capt. Samuel S. Woodruff of the Twentieth, threw a rude bridge across the river, which was very seviceable to the 11th and 5th Corps. They pushed up to the Rapidan in the evening, where they bivouacked, and enjoyed the easy slumber of the tired soldier. At one o'clock in the morning, they were awakened, and ordered to "fall in" to cross the river. Lieut. Wilcoxson of the Seventeenth, in a letter to his wife, wrote of this, —

"A wild and weird scene it was. Moving down the road to the abrupt bank of the river, we came upon the abutment where had been the old bridge, and where the rebels had lately begun the construction of the new. Here, dividing our ranks, each man groped for himself a way down the steep bank to the foot of the abutment, from which a rude and trembling structure scarcely four feet wide, and but a trifle raised above the surface of the rushing and foaming river, led to one pier and another, and so to the opposite bank. The night was pitchy dark; and, to enable us to avoid a tumble into the boiling flood, fires had been built on the piers, which lighted up the tortuous course of the phantom-like train as it slowly crawled out of the darkness on one side, across the flimsy bridge in the ruddy glare, and into the darkness beyond."

Two miles farther, and another halt. One rubber blanket on the ground and another over him, the soldier's simple toilet is made, and he falls asleep to the music of pattering rain on the rubber covering. At daylight, the rain increased; but by noon both corps were again in motion, with a hot sun overhead. The march was rapid, without halt for dinner. They passed through the Wilderness, and at six o'clock arrived at Chancellorsville.

The line of battle was disposed in the form of an irregular, inverted V; the left leg resting on the river, and Mr. Chancellor's house being in the rather obtuse apex. The 11th Corps, under Gen. O. O. Howard, held the right of the whole line; Devens's division abutting on a dense wood assumed to

be impenetrable. On the left was the 3d Corps, and on the left of that the 12th; while the 2d held a position to the left of Chancellor's house.

The Seventeenth Regiment was stationed near the residence of a Mr. Hatch, a native of Farmington, Conn.: and Saturday, May 2, found it supporting Dieckman's battery; the right wing being in Hatch's garden, and the left deployed along the Culpeper Road in line of battle. The house was the headquarters of Gen. Devens, commanding the division at the extreme right of the army.

Notwithstanding this exposed situation, neither he nor Gen. Howard seems to have guarded against surprise. Repeatedly warned on Friday by the artillery duels at the right, and on Saturday by spies and scouts bringing information that the rebel infantry was massing there, they took no adequate precautions. Adjutant Wilcoxson, writing next day, said, "For some time, troops were seen passing to the south-west, along the crest of a distant hill; in regard to whom conjectures were various. Gen. McLean (commanding the brigade to which the Seventeenth was attached) thought them to be rebels; but Gen. Devens was confident it was another corps of our own army At one o'clock, information came to Gen. Devens that the rebel batteries were moving around our right flank. I have since learned that our generals had been informed that the enemy were in strong force upon our flank; and why a stronger force was not sent out as skirmishers, and the line of battle changed to front the foe, is more than I am able to understand."

The fact is, that both Hooker and Howard were over-confident and incautious, and believed none of the stories of the flank-movement. Hooker wrote[2] to Sedgwick at this hour, "We know that the enemy is flying, trying to save his trains. Sickles's two divisions are among them." Gen. (then Col.) Noble writes, "The disaster resulted from Howard's and Devens's utter disregard and inattention, under warnings that came in from the front and flank all through the day. Horseman after horseman rode into my post, and was sent to headquarters with the information that the enemy were

[2] *Vide* Swinton's Army of the Potomac.

heavily marching along our front, and proceeding to our right; and, last of all, an officer reported the rebels massing for attack. Howard scouted the report, and insulted the informants; charging them with telling a story that was the offspring of their imagination or their fears."

Two companies of the Seventeenth, Wilson French's of Ridgefield, and Albert H. Wilcoxson's of Norwalk, were out on picket, when they were attacked by the advancing hosts of Stonewall Jackson, and driven in upon the flank, rapidly pursued. As soon as the rebels were unmasked by the pickets, the regiment poured several volleys into them; but they rushed forward in overwhelming numbers. The battery retreated without attempting to fire a gun. The German troops at the left, exposed to the same tremendous shower of grape and canister and shell, accompanied by an attack of infantry, fell back, outnumbered ten to one. For a time, McLean's brigade alone remained on the contested ground, which had become a perfect Pandemonium, alive with shrieking shells and whistling balls.

"It was a complete surprise to this corps. Gen. Hooker had announced that the rebels were running away. Gen. Howard did not expect an attack; and his men were cooking supper, some with their arms stacked, and hardly a single regiment in position to repel attack. Almost the first intimation the men had of the presence of the enemy in their immediate vicinity was a volley of musketry, and a shower of grape and canister in front, flank, and rear. They were panic-stricken, as most troops would have been."[3]

The Seventeenth Regiment had been ordered to lie down. The heroic Lieut.-Col. Charles Walter rose to ascertain the situation. He was seen to drop suddenly. It was supposed that he had lain down again for protection; but he had been shot through the head, and was dead. Many were slain simultaneously in the fierce onset. The regiment yielded to vastly superior numbers pressing in on all sides; and the two wings marched out by the left flank, under a most galling fire. While gallantly rallying his men to return the rebel fire, a shot struck Col. Noble in the arm, severing an

[3] Col. Buckingham's MS. History.

artery. He remained on the field until so faint from loss of blood that he could no longer manage his horse; when he was supported to the rear. The horse had been wounded, and died soon after. The regiment made a brave stand at the rifle-pits, near headquarters, and remained there all night, supporting a battery; while the 3d Corps was flung into the gap.

The retreat of the 11th Corps, instead of being the rout and flight of poltroons, as described at the time, was inevitable after the impetuous Jackson had got in its rear with forty thousand infantry. But it is unquestionable that McLean's brigade contested the ground stubbornly. Kettell's History of the Rebellion says, "The brigades of Bushbeck and McLean held their ground for a time, but were compelled to fall back before the irruption of the enemy." The New-York Times' correspondent said, "The brigade of McLean remained fighting, and maintained themselves nobly as long as possible." The Tribune said, "McLean's men stood their ground manfully."

The "Dutch" have been long enough held responsible for the repulse at Chancellorsville. The fact is, that less than half of the 11th Corps were Germans, and they were at the left of Devens.

On Friday, the day preceding Jackson's assault on the 11th Corps, the Fifth and Twentieth, with some other regiments, went on a reconnoissance in force towards Fredericksburg, and were exposed to the fire of the enemy's batteries for two hours. For the first time under fire, the Twentieth behaved with great coolness and steadiness. It is not necessary to speak of the conduct of the Fifth.

The repulse of the 11th Corps next day was a severe trial to both, holding the line immediately on the left. Lieut. William A. Daniels, adjutant of the Fifth, in the official report of the action, says, —

"At four o'clock in the afternoon, our corps was ordered out from the barricades, which had been constructed the previous night, to engage the enemy upon the left of our (corps) line. Before meeting the enemy, we moved about a mile and a half to the left, then formed line of battle, the Fifth Connecticut taking the right of our division, and forming part of the first line of battle; Company H, under Capt. Daboll, being thrown forward

as skirmishers. These having drawn the fire of the enemy, a rapid exchange of shots ensued, until within about fifty yards of the enemy's line; when, the skirmishers being ordered to lie down, the regiment received orders to commence firing, which they did, alternating front and rear rank, with good effect.

"After about a quarter of an hour's engagement, the entire line received orders to fall back, firing as they moved, which was done in good order, the men conducting themselves with the most perfect coolness and regard for discipline; our regiment in the mean time performing the difficult maneuver of 'doubling on center.'

"After moving to the rear about two hundred yards, the entire brigade was ordered to move at double-quick in the direction of the intrenchments formerly occupied. Upon arriving within two hundred yards of our barricades, we received a tremendous volley of musketry from the enemy, who had succeeded in obtaining possession of them in our absence, through the retreat of the 11th Corps, which had occupied a position upon the right of our intrenchments."

It is not surprising that this bold attack in the rear threw the regiments into some disorder. The brigade, however, instantly charged, and retook the intrenchments; but was forced to withdraw by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. In this confusion, Col. Warren W Packer and five other officers of the Fifth were taken prisoners; but the regiment rallied, and held a position near by. Col. Packer says he moved the regiment by the flank at this time, in obedience to explicit orders; and that the whole regiment might have been captured if the rebels had been bolder.

The Twentieth, early on the morning of the 2d, began to throw up intrenchments along its front. A member wrote, "The want of suitable implements for this work was felt; but bayonets took the place of picks, cups and plates became the substitutes for shovels; and so in a few hours our defensive arrangements were complete."

During the afternoon, as has been seen, the 12th Corps was swung to the left through the woods towards Fredericksburg, with the intention of cutting off the rebel rear from joining Jackson in his retreat. The Twentieth was advanced through the woods, and was again under a severe fire of shot and shell. When the 11th Corps gave way, the regiment retired slowly and in good order to a position behind the breastwork previously constructed.

This was held for a time; and still the retreating regiments went surging past, and the rebels pressed closely after

them. Here some severe hand-to-hand fighting took place; and in the almost total darkness friend could hardly be distinguished from foe, except when the fitful flash of musketry revealed the presence of one or the other.

The 3d Corps had taken the place of the 11th; and a skirmish was kept up during the evening, sometimes bursting into sharp volleys, and then subsiding. "About eight o'clock, P.M., Jackson opened with artillery, and hurled his massed columns of infantry upon this portion of our line with a vigor that it seemed impossible to resist. The advancing column was met on our part with great steadiness and a firmness that could not be overcome. Guided in its aim by the flashes of musketry, our artillery threw shells into the solid masses of rebel infantry, carrying destruction and death. The roll of musketry was incessant; the air was filled with missiles of every shape; solid shot hissed through the air, cutting off the tops and huge limbs of trees that fell crashing to the ground; shells, shrieking and howling through the darkness, could be traced in their pathway by the fire from the lighted fuses, until they burst into hundreds of ragged fragments, carrying death and horrible wounds on every side; the red flashes from the muskets, and pieces of artillery, lighted up the woods; and, as the smoke settled over the combatants, you could see, underneath the sulphurous canopy, men begrimed with smoke and smeared with the blood flowing from their wounds, stalking about like fiends; and one could not but think the whole scene belonged to the infernal regions."[4]

The Fifth was here under fire in support of a battery; the Twentieth held an intrenchment a little at the left; and during the night the Fourteenth had been removed from the left to this vicinity, and was engaged all day in a fierce guerrilla battle in the woods.

The rebels pressed forward time after time during the night, apparently determined to break our ranks, or perish in the attempt; the line swayed backward and forward; charges and counter-charges were made; our artillery, playing over the heads of our men, made terrible havoc in the

[4] Col. Buckingham's MS. History.

assaulting columns; and the faces of the contestants glowed in the strange and grand illumination. During three long hours, our men stood firmly, holding the ground against the surging masses brought against them, and never yielding another inch. At eleven o'clock, the rebels lost a little ground, and shortly after ceased firing for the night.

The Fifth, Fourteenth, and Twentieth were involved in the terrible fight next morning on this front.

Major P B. Buckingham of the Twentieth, commanding at the close of the action, reports: —

"Both officers and men manifested a determination to hold the position, should an attack be made upon this portion of the general line, which was momentarily expected, as the enemy had driven in the extreme right of our line, held by the 11th Corps, and was making a murderous attack upon the center of our position, which was but a short distance to the right of the portion of the line held by this regiment.

"On Sunday morning, the 3d instant, the enemy appeared in force near the point of attack on our center on the evening previous. The action soon became general, and extended along the left of the line till it reached the point occupied by the Twentieth Connecticut. The officers and men awaited with great coolness the approach of the enemy, who came up yelling like fiends, till they arrived in a ravine about twenty rods from the front of the regiment; when the men rose, and discharged a well-aimed volley, which covered the ground with the killed and wounded of the enemy, and caused them to fall back in disorder. They again rallied, and advanced under cover of a battery of artillery, the fire from which enfiladed a portion of the breastworks occupied by this regiment, up to, and some few rushed over, the works, and were either shot or taken prisoners by our men."

During the first assault, the rebels captured a battery on the right front, and turned it upon our men. The fire from these guns enfiladed the right of the 12th Corps, including the Twentieth Connecticut. It was a trying time. Occasional discharges of grape-shot came whizzing along; and a constant hail-storm of bullets made the position one that would have tested the valor of any troops.

"After maintaining its position for nearly five hours, and finding that the enemy had already driven our forces both on the right and left, and that the entire regiment was in danger of being surrounded and captured, Lieut.-Col. Wooster reluctantly gave the command to retire, which was executed in some disorder; but the men rallied and re-formed, under the direction of the remaining officers, some half mile in the rear of the first position. It was behind the barricades, and during the time the regiment was falling back through the woods, that our entire loss occurred. The men, after leaving the barricades, were subjected not only to the fire of shot and shell from the enemy's artillery, but to a cross-fire of infantry."

During the retreat to a new position, the rebels, who had instantly dashed over the works in pursuit, hedged the regiment in upon both flanks, firing vigorously, and shouting, "Halt!" "Surrender!" "Come in out of the cold, Yanks!" Some were captured here; but the most of the men attained the new line, where our artillery was massed.[5]

Major Theodore G. Ellis commanding the Fourteenth, in his official report, says of the action of his regiment, "About sunrise on the morning of the 3d instant, the first line of battle having been forced by a terrific assault of the enemy, this regiment became engaged; the enemy appearing on our front and right flank almost simultaneously. We were forced to retire, principally on account of there being no troops on our right to prevent the enemy, who had engaged the front line on our right, from passing through the unoccupied interval, and attaining our rear. After withdrawing, this regiment joined the remainder of the brigade, and was placed behind rifle-pits to the left."

During the 3d, the Fifth moved off to the left, and formed a portion of the third line, lying in a very exposed position, where Capt. Benton was killed, and many wounded.

In the mean time, disaster had overtaken the Twenty-seventh. During the afternoon of May 1, the regiment had participated in a reconnoissance to ascertain the enemy's position. After going some distance, the regiment retired at a double-quick to meet a rebel movement threatening its right flank; and soon after moved across the open ground near the Chancellor House, and down the road to a position in the tangled woods on the left. Here, though shelled vigorously, the men succeeded in throwing up an intrenchment. All next day they were engaged in extending and strengthening their works; and towards evening they heard the wild shout of triumph that burst from the rebel line as Jackson's troops swept over the earthworks of the 11th Corps. Doubt, apprehension, anxiety followed. Gen. Hancock rode up, and informed Col. Bostwick that the

[5] Capt. Andrew Upson of Southington was among those taken prisoner. In a letter to his wife, he gives an interesting account of how he feigned death; the rifling of his pockets by the rebels, and their quaint remarks as to how he died; and the final discovery of his *ruse* by a rebel surgeon lifting his eyelids. Capt. Upson was afterwards killed at Tracy City, Tenn., while fighting guerrillas.

regiment would hold the position, and significantly called his attention to the fact, that, in extremity, the men could fight on either side of the intrenchment. The roar of battle came nearer. Our artillery receded to a new position, and again the forest reverberated with the cannonading. At length darkness dropped among the trees. The Twenty-seventh continued in position.

Early on Sunday morning the battle was renewed, and again crept towards the left. After a hasty breakfast, the Twenty-seventh was ordered down into the intrenchments in the apex of the V, thrown up by the men on Friday night. This was in the extreme front, and very much exposed. The regimental history says, —

"As the regiment advanced at double-quick, down the hill into the ravine, it was met by a heavy fire of musketry. A number were wounded, and several shot through the head just as they entered the breastworks. Not succeeding in their first attempt, the rebels made no further attack in force upon our part of the line; but, concealed in the thick woods, continually annoyed us with a scattering fire. The men replied as they had opportunity, and with considerable effect, as the rebels themselves afterwards acknowledged. Col. Bostwick was particularly noticeable for the almost reckless exposure of himself to the enemy's fire while attending to his duties at different points in the line.

Suddenly from unseen batteries behind us comes a deep roar; and the next moment shell after shell shrieks through the trees, and bursts almost in the rifle-pits. The thought flashes upon us, that the rebels are in our rear; but it is dismissed with the reflection that it is only a Union battery firing too low, which will soon correct its false aim. Meanwhile, our little band had been reduced to less than four hundred men, including two hundred and seventy of the Twenty-seventh; and, this force being entirely inadequate to hold the extended line, Col. Bostwick dispatched Major Coburn for re-inforcements.

"In a few moments the shelling ceased; and far up the road in front appeared a rebel officer waving a flag of truce, and slowly advancing, waiting for recognition. The men

stopped firing in the immediate vicinity of the road; while for a moment the musketry became more brisk on the left flank. At length the officer arrived within a few paces of the works, where he was halted to await the presence of Col. Morris of the 66th New-York, commanding the whole line. This officer was not to be found; and the responsibility of receiving the communication from the flag of truce devolved upon Col. Bostwick.

"The rebel — a tall, rough specimen, yet with the manner of a gentleman — announced himself as Lieut. Bailey of a Georgia regiment. He said he had been sent to inform us that we were entirely surrounded; that there was no possible avenue of escape; and therefore he summoned us to surrender, and thus avoid the loss of life which would inevitably follow any resistance to the overwhelming force in front and rear. The colonel replied that he did not 'see' it; and proceeded to investigate the actual state of affairs. Meanwhile, Lieut.-Col. Merwin went up through the woods in the rear, only to find it too true that the rebels were posted in strong force to bar any escape in that direction. Masses of the enemy pouring in on the right and left revealed at once the desperate position in which we were placed; while the singing bullets from the woods behind, as well as in front, indicated that the foe were closing in upon us.

"The first impulse among officers and men was to attempt to force our way through; but it was evident that such a course would result in the destruction of more than half our number, while the remainder would inevitably fall into the hands of the enemy. After a hurried consultation among the officers, a surrender was agreed upon; and the formality had hardly been completed, when a heavy line of rebel skirmishers swept out of the woods behind. Five minutes before, the men stood at their posts, undisturbed by even a doubt of their security; now, astonished at the sudden *dénouement*, we found ourselves about to enter upon the terrible uncertainties of rebel captivity. And this surprise and mortification was increased by the conviction that serious disaster must have overtaken the Union army."

The impression was well founded. Our troops had been repulsed in a series of engagements along the right; and Gen. Hooker had withdrawn his line of battle towards the ford, and re-formed it in an irregular semicircle, with the center of the front near a white house at the junction of the roads, and with both flanks resting on the river. Orders were sent to recall the Twenty-seventh; but the carrier was intercepted, and the regiment was left to its fate.

The rebels made a strong effort to seize the road leading to United-States Ford, and thus cut off the line of retreat; but a storm of shot and shell from a hundred guns, supported by a concentrated fire from the 2d and 5th Corps, promptly repulsed the attack. One more assault was made on our lines during the day, with the intent to capture a park of artillery stationed near the center; but again the enemy was hurled back by the combined fire of cannon and musketry, leaving the ground strewn with his dead.

During Sunday night, the new line was thoroughly intrenched; and Lee withdrew to overwhelm Sedgwick's corps, that had crossed and gallantly stormed Marye's Heights at Fredericksburg.[6]

The Fifth Regiment, under orders, recrossed the Rappahannock on the evening of the 3d, and was kept on provost-duty for two days by Gen. Patrick; after which it was ordered to the camp at Stafford Court House, where the men arrived at nightfall of the 6th, in a drenching rain.

The Fourteenth remained in the rifle-pits, under fire, but met with little additional loss. Early on the morning of the 6th, the regiment, now numbering about two hundred men, was withdrawn, and silently recrossed the river in the dark, and proceeded to its old camp.

The Twentieth had lost fearfully. Lieut.-Col. William B. Wooster, "who had, through the whole action, manifested the utmost coolness and bravery," says the official report, was taken prisoner on Sunday; and Capt. Sanford E. Chaffee thereafter led the regiment until the 5th, when Major Buck-

[6] Batteries B and M had been detached from the First Connecticut in 1862, and were engaged in the battle of Fredericksburg, winning commendation for their conduct. They were still detained in the field, and were now stationed at Falmouth. They were of material aid in the capture of Marye's Heights.

ingham was relieved from staff-duty, and took command. On the 6th, it returned to the camp near Stafford Court House.

When our artillery checked the Confederate advance on the night of the 2d, the jaded Seventeenth gathered again on the top of a hill in rear of the guns, and slept. Lieut. Wilcoxson wrote, "While the ponderous diapason of the artillery rolled along the vibrating air, and the solid earth trembled with the oft-repeated concussion, I fell asleep; and, with the serenity inspired by a good position and heavy artillery, rested pleasantly till Sunday morning." All next day and night, while the battle raged, the regiment was kept vigilant in defending the road to United-States Ford in the rear. Tents, blankets, and baggage were gone; and the men were on less than half-rations. Then came a tremendous thunder-shower, which subsided into a cold and settled rain. Two days more were spent in great discomfort; then, after standing under arms all night, with the rain beating dismally about them, they returned with the army across the Rappahannock, and crawled back wearily to Brooke's Station, — their old camp.

The Twenty-seventh had nearly four hundred men on going into battle; of these, the whole were captured, excepting companies D and F, with small squads of other companies; numbering in all a hundred and sixty men, under command of Capt. Joseph R. Bradley. The regimental flag was still borne by these. This remnant of the regiment held an important point in Hooker's contracted line of battle; being in the front of the line, whose entire base rested on the river. On the morning of May 6, it recrossed with the rest of the command, and constructed for itself a new and more comfortable camp near Falmouth. The regiment had two men killed and seven wounded; of the latter, Capt. C. M. Wilcox of Madison lost a leg.

The Fifth had lost one killed (Capt. George S. Benton of New Haven), eighteen wounded, and forty captured. The death of Capt. Benton was a loss deeply felt. Adjutant Daniels said of him in the official report, "Having been connected with the regiment from its formation, he early

won the respect and esteem of the entire command, without distinction as to rank or position. Ever prompt to answer the call of duty, falling at his post upon the field of battle, none of our men has left a more honorable record as a legacy to his friends and native State than has George S. Benton."

Of the Fourteenth Regiment, thirty-eight were wounded and nineteen taken prisoners. Of the wounded, Capt. Isaac R. Bronson died in hospital on June 2, of a severe wound in the upper right arm. He was a native of Middlebury, and a son of Leonard Bronson, but was residing at New Haven when the war broke out. He abandoned a prosperous business, and gave his heart and hand earnestly to the cause. After the repulse at Fredericksburg, he wrote, "I do hope the government will not patch up a peace on account of this affair. I would rather a thousand times leave my bones here than have my children inherit a government exposed to what ours must be, if we now surrender to our foes what we refused to our friends." Lieut. Samuel Fiske wrote of him, —

"He was one of the most earnest, honest, and fearless patriots whose life has been sacrificed in this great cause. In a camp-life, which is too often made an excuse for relaxing the principles of morality and religion that are a restraint at home, he led a pure and Christian life. Where profanity and obscenity are (I am forced to say) almost the rule, and decent language the exception, no impure or irreverent words came from his lips, nor, unrebuked, from those of his men. Of a courage that never left him satisfied to be away from his post when action and danger were before us; of an earnest patriotism that left none of us in doubt what were *his* motives in coming to the field; of an enduring fortitude that shrank from no extremities of hardship and privation that came upon us; of a generous and cheerful spirit that was an example to us all; he was a soldier worthy of our cause, a patriot without a blemish, a Christian that does not dishonor the name, a comrade of whose loss I can scarcely trust myself to speak. Since the death of the lamented Willard of my own town and home, slain at Antietam, no stroke has come home so deeply to me personally. The first captain of our regiment to fall on the field; and now, as yet, the last. Noble, Christian soldiers both! — a tear to their memory and a lesson to each of us from their lives."

Of the Seventeenth, two were killed on the field, thirty-four wounded, and eighty taken prisoners. Nine soon died of their wounds; but most of the wounded, with careful treatment, recovered. The regiment was fortunate in pos-

sessing a surgeon so accomplished, and so devoted to his duty, as Dr. Robert Hubbard of Bridgeport. He was one of the most skillful surgeons in the entire corps.

Lieut.-Col. Charles Walter was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, in 1832, and came to America when young. He was a private in Capt. Speidal's company, in the First Regiment; was promoted to be first lieutenant; and was aide on Gen. Tyler's staff at the battle of Bull Run. On account of his daring, he fell into the hands of the enemy, and spent a year in rebel prisons. On returning, he was made lieutenant-colonel of the Seventeenth. He was a man of education, of untiring energy, and great bravery. He showed singular coolness and resoluteness in battle; and his brother-officers said, "With deep sorrow and regret we have left him behind, in ground which needs no holier consecration than to entomb the remains of such a noble patriot." He was an admirable companion, possessing high social qualities, fine literary taste and culture, and excellent musical attainments. He was also something of a genius as an amateur artist, and made a striking sketch of the rebel prison, afterwards lithographed by his friends.

Corporal Thomas D. Brown of Norwalk, whose wedding the company had attended on the morning of leaving home, died in hospital. His spirit took its flight just as he finished singing a patriotic song. Sergeant Martin V B. Glover of Newtown also died at this time. He was an earnest and brave young man, and had, two months before, written to his neighbors and friends a stirring patriotic letter, beseeching them to carry on the war.

The Twentieth Regiment had lost fully one-third of its number; twenty-seven officers and men being killed outright, sixty-two wounded, and one hundred and eight taken prisoners. Of the wounded, sixteen died. Col. Ross, commanding the brigade, was wounded in the leg in the early part of the action on Sunday, and compelled to leave the field. Lieut. David N. Griffiths of Derby was an officer of much promise. He was struck in the forehead by a bullet, and instantly killed, while encouraging the men to stand firm. He fell with feet to the foe, and his sword grasped in his

hand, — a pattern of determined courage. Sergeant-Major John S. Root of Hartford, killed by a grape-shot at the barricades, exhibited almost reckless daring. Assistant Surgeon D. L. Jewett of East Haddam remained with the wounded men who filled the Chancellor House. When our troops fell back, the rebels opened upon this hospital, and riddled it with balls. A man was killed under the hand of Surgeon Jewett, on the operating-table. Shells were exploded in the house; and at last it was set on fire and burned to ashes. The helpless men were all removed to a place of safety. Surgeon William B. Casey had been promoted to be brigade surgeon, and rendered efficient service.

In this battle, the regiment lost Sergeants Albert Stillman of New Britain, and Charles H. Smith of Orange, Corporal Titus Moss of Cheshire (three brothers were fighting at his side), Corporal David W Jones of Newtown, William A. Coleman of New Britain, and a score of others, bravely fighting; and on that field most of the young patriots lie in unknown graves.

The battle of Chancellorsville was a Confederate victory; yet the Federal arms effected one result, which, from a national stand-point, almost compensated for the repulse, — Stonewall Jackson was dead!

"On to Richmond!" —— At least eight thousand of Hooker's army were still marching towards the rebel stronghold, disarmed, however, more or less disrobed, and subjected to all the indignities of prisoners of war. Five hundred and three of these were from Connecticut; the Fifth having lost forty; the Fourteenth, nineteen; the Seventeenth, eighty-four; the Twentieth, one hundred and eight; and the Twenty-seventh, two hundred and eighty-two.

The prisoners were not detained long; but their trials were severe even at this early day, before the world had been shocked with the horrors of Andersonville. Every thing was taken from them, — knapsacks, blankets, shelter-tents, and canteens. Lieut. Sheldon says, "One of the rebel skirmishers had hardly lowered his gun from an aim, when he walked up to one of our men, and said, 'Have you got a

knife to sell?' — 'No.' And, somewhat abashed, he went to try his luck in a more promising field. Quite a crowd of 'butternuts' assembled to view the 'Yanks,' and prosecute their schemes of trade." Col. Wooster was deprived of his elegant cap; the robbers substituting a rotten old slouched hat, almost too filthy for a rebel to wear. Lieut. A. E. Beardsley was similarly treated, and lost his coat besides; but he defiantly refused any gift in exchange, and made his trip through the Confederacy and back to Annapolis bareheaded, protecting his head occasionally by a night-cap.

Among the first to greet the prisoners was young Bob Stiles, a New-Haven traitor, who refused to shake hands with his old acquaintances, and contemptuously informed them, that, rather than live again under the hated Union, the Southern gentlemen would die in the last ditch.

The next three days were days of speechless misery, hardly paralleled during the service of the men. They were broiled in the sun, soaked in the rain; and no food had yet been dealt out. "At last the order is given, 'Fall in for rations!' We had almost concluded that this order would never again greet our ears until we should once more stand under the flag of the Union. Immediately our thoughts recurred to camp near Falmouth; and in imagination floated visions of beef, pork, hard-tack, fresh bread: in fact, Uncle Sam's army-rations loomed up in bolder relief than ever before. In silent suspense we advance and receive — three pints of flour apiece! The inquiry arose, 'What shall we do with it?' Our extremely limited culinary facilities soon settled that question. There was but one alternative; and the men immediately built little fires, and were busily engaged in cooking up a bill of fare for the march to Richmond, — said bill of fare consisting simply of flour and water mixed together, and dried before the fire. A New-England farmer would regard it a personal insult if one should offer such stuff to his hogs. Two days later, at Hanover Station, each man received five medium-sized crackers and an ounce of bacon. Our guards were very uncommuni-

cative, but occasionally sung out, 'Git in yer groups of fours dar!'"[7]

Thousands poured into the roads all along the route to see the strange procession, and to deride the prisoners as they marched. "Well, here you are: you've got Richmond now!" shouted one. "Hardly an honest face among 'em," observed another. "What you uns want to trouble we uns faw?" screeched a slatternly female hanging over the fence, unable to comprehend the political situation. "What are you doing down here?" demanded a man indignantly. "Pall-bearers at Stonewall Jackson's funeral!" was the reply The angry rejoinder came, "If you were not a prisoner, I'd shoot you!"

So, insulted and exhausted, they arrived at Richmond, and were quartered at Libby Prison, the tobacco-factory, and among the sands and wild onions of Belle Isle. Some were not dejected, and insisted on seeing the humorous side of the journey. This, under the circumstances, was an achievement compared to which extracting sunbeams from cucumbers were a pastime. On entering the dismal walls of Libby, a lieutenant remarked to the grim keeper, that he "wanted to go home: he had some wood to saw and other chores to attend to." Capt. David S. Thomas of New Haven thus described the fare in Libby: —

"The old fat quartermaster of the prison used to visit us occasionally; and, though he was a rabid old rebel, we rather liked him. He wasn't what we call a good provider, by any means; but he was immense on distributing consolation. The bacon he gave us looked as if cut from the side of a hog about two weeks old, and tasted as if the deceased had known no other diet but granulated pebble-stones and black ink. With a slight process of tanning, our rations of bacon would have made excellent half-soles for boots. The officers were allowed to purchase some provisions; but this privilege was denied privates, and they suffered considerably for palatable food.

"It would astonish a stranger to see the variety of dishes we manufactured from corn-meal alone. Mixed with water to a consistency of paste, it made what we called *pancakes*, — a dish that constituted a large item in our diet. With a little less meal and more water, we had *Indian pudding*, to be eaten with a spoon. A more liberal donation of meal, with the same quantity of water, made a thick substance, which, when baked in the oven, was styled *Johnny-cake*. Then there are fish-balls, manufactured from the same compounds. This receipt requires about four meals to one

[7] Lieut. Sheldon's Regimental History.

water, and, when moulded together, should be able to stand alone anywhere. Divide the aggregate into cakes one inch thick, and about the size of the palm of the hand. Lay these in rows on the top of the stove; and, if there is any fire at all inside, you will have superior fish-balls in from one to three hours."

Within two weeks, most of the officers and men were exchanged at City Point, and hailed the old flag with shouts of welcome.

CHAPTER XXIV

Race of the Hostile Armies Northward. — Battle of Gettysburg. — The Fifth, Fourteenth, Seventeenth, Twentieth, and Twenty-seventh Connecticut Regiments engaged. — Second Light Battery. — The Affair of July 1. — The Assault of July 2. — Attack on the Left Flank. — Terrible Fighting of July 3. — Connecticut Correspondents — The Losses in our Regiments. — Scenes on the Battle-Field. — The "Fourth of July." — Tardy Pursuit of Lee. — Our Troops again in Virginia.

OOKER had been out-generaled, — defeated by superior skill rather than by superior numbers or courage. His army was diminished, but not disheartened; for the men attributed their repulse to the proper cause, and felt, that, efficiently led, they were a match for any soldiers in the world.

The Army of the Potomac had fallen into the habit of indulging in a long rest after every battle; taking ample time for recuperation, improved by the rebels with equal zeal and profit. But Lee seemed inclined to act on the Napoleonic maxim, afterwards adopted by Grant and Sheridan, — "When we are weak, the enemy is weak: that is the time to strike." So now he did not wait for Hooker to re-organize. He believed the Union army dispirited, and in that fatal delusion projected an invasion of the North through Maryland.

Hooker's army was hastily refitted for a severe campaign. The regiments from Connecticut held about the same relative position as before Chancellorsville, except that the Fifth and Twentieth were now brigaded together in the 12th Corps. Col. Packer and other officers of the Fifth, Lieut.-Col. Wooster and his companions of the Twentieth, and Col. Bostwick, Lieut.-Col. Merwin, Major Coburn, and other offi-

cers of the Twenty-seventh, had been exchanged as prisoners of war, and now returned to their commands. Col. Bostwick was unable to accompany the army on account of a painful and protracted illness. Most of the enlisted men captured at Chancellorsville were still absent on parole.

Hooker watched the crafty rebel general, and, even before his purpose became apparent, moved his army towards Warrenton; covering Washington on one hand, while pressing the rebel flanks on the other. The 12th Corps was the first to move; leaving its camp at Stafford Court House on the 13th of June, and pushing northward all night, arriving at Dumfries early in the morning. Other corps followed closely; the 2d being the last to leave the line of the Rappahannock. Lee maneuvered his forces with consummate ability, and kept his flank so covered with cavalry, that it was almost impossible to ascertain his location or his movements from day to day.

The Fifth and Twentieth Connecticut remained at Dumfries a day and night, and at three o'clock next morning were again in motion. The day was oppressively hot and dusty (the thermometer standing at ninety-five degrees in the shade), and many fell out by the way with sunstroke; but the column pressed on to Fairfax Court House, which place was reached at nine o'clock at night, after a march of thirty-three miles. Serious inroads were made in the ranks of all the regiments, as appeared at roll-call when tattoo was beaten that night; and the corps rested here another day and night. Many of the men had blistered their feet during the severe march. *Réveille* sounded at two, A.M., of the 17th; and the regiments advanced to Drainesville, and again bivouacked. Sunrise of the next day found them in line, marching towards the Potomac. They encountered a violent hail-storm; and, in crossing Goose Creek, the men waded up to their waists in the stream; but, before taking their evening rations, they went into camp near Leesburg. From this point, the Union army lay stretched south-westward beyond Manassas. The 2d Corps, in which were the Fourteenth Regiment and the remnant of the Twenty-seventh, was picketing Thoroughfare

Gap, — a gorge in the Blue Ridge of strategic importance.

The 12th Corps remained at Leesburg nearly a week; the Fifth Connecticut being there detailed to do provost-duty Meantime, Lee was heard from, crossing the Potomac at Williamsport, and appealing to the people of Maryland for support; and on June 26 the corps crossed the Potomac at Edwards's Ferry, and moved rapidly northward in pursuit. The other corps had now come up; and all crossed before night of the 27th, and advanced to intercept the audacious march of the rebel army into Pennsylvania.

On the morning of July 1, Gen. George G. Meade, now appointed to the command of the army, started the 1st and 11th Corps from their camp, four miles south of Gettysburg, with directions to move rapidly northward, and find the enemy, whose infantry was supposed to be at least one day's march distant. Gen. Reynolds, with the 1st Corps, pressed forward through the town, and found our cavalry engaged about three miles north-west of Gettysburg. The enemy showed no disposition to yield ground, and, in repelling cavalry-charges, had revealed something of an infantry force. Eagerly pushing on, Reynolds drew up his command, and engaged the enemy, whose divisions of infantry now poured upon and around him in overwhelming numbers. Howard hurried forward, deployed the 11th Corps on the right of the 1st, and took command when the brave Reynolds fell.

In the mean time, Hill, with the advance of the Confederate forces, had been largely re-inforced by Ewell; so that the Union troops were again outnumbered. The afternoon witnessed a furious contest.

The Seventeenth Connecticut Volunteers conducted itself with much courage and steadiness. It was the first regiment of the corps sent forward as skirmishers; and, while the left wing of the regiment was thus deployed under Major A. G. Brady, the other wing was gallantly led forward by Lieut.-Col. Douglass Fowler in a charge upon the advancing rebel lines. Ewell's troops had arrived; and the Seventeenth was flanked, and attacked fiercely on the right.

The regiment stood firmly, and lost heavily here; Lieut.-Col. Fowler and Capt. Moore being struck down in the same charge. Gen. Wadsworth was also outflanked on the left; and it soon became apparent that these two corps of seven thousand men were face to face with nearly the whole rebel army. Howard withdrew his men through Gettysburg, fighting till within the very streets, and took possession of a range of hills a mile south of the town.

The other corps of the army advanced rapidly across the Pennsylvania line, attracted towards the sharp cannonading; and joined the 1st, 11th, and 12th Corps in rear of the cemetery, where Meade hastily arrayed them for the coming contest. The men were despondent; and Lee's army gathered exultantly around the pickets, shouting across, that they would "finish the Yanks to-morrow." The divisions of Meade's army were silently marched into position; rude intrenchments were thrown up during the night; and, before Lee was ready to deliver a general battle next morning, the Union line was firmly formed. The 12th Corps held the eminences near Rock Creek on the right; the 1st stood next at Culp's Hill; then the 11th and 2d defending Cemetery Hill, the key to the position; while the 3d and 5th were drawn up along the ridge to the left; and the 6th was held in reserve. The line described an irregular flatiron shape, with the toe towards Gettysburg, and the heel to the south-east. Opposite, Lee was marshaling his forces on a corresponding series of hights; while between the contestants lay a mile-wide belt of comparatively level and open ground.

It will be seen that the Connecticut regiments held positions of importance and peril. The Fifth and Twentieth were on the extreme right flank, the Seventeenth in the right center, and the Fourteenth and Twenty-seventh along the left. The Fourteenth was now reduced to a hundred and sixty men, while the Twenty-seventh went into action with seventy-five men. The Seventeenth carried three hundred and sixty-nine muskets into the fight. Capt. Albert H. Wilcoxson, detailed as provost-marshal of the division, petitioned to be relieved before the battle; and served nobly as volun-

teer aide to Gen. Barlow in the thickest of the fight. The Second Connecticut Battery, Capt. Sterling, had now come up, and took position with the 2d Corps in the left center.

The forenoon of July 2 passed in continued preparations. Across the valley on Seminary Ridge, Lee was marshaling his men, and posting his artillery. Twelve o'clock came: only the intermittent and feverish discharge of musketry in the skirmish-lines told that the foe was still wary. One o'clock: Meade is painfully anxious, and every officer wonders when and where the crash will come. Artillery-men lean upon their guns; the infantry in front of the cannon lounge about on the grass, crack jokes, and speculate about the dark masses maneuvering on the opposite hill. Four o'clock: the oppressive silence is broken by a single cannon at the left; and a single ring of smoke curls up from the rebel center.

Within another minute, the air is filled with flying missiles from the muzzles of hundreds of hostile cannon. At last, away towards the left, the long gray lines of Longstreet's corps, with forty thousand bayonets glistening in the sun, quickly descend the slope, and advance across the intervening space. As they approach, the rebel cannonade slackens, and Tyler's artillery turn their guns upon them with terrible effect, throwing a shower of bursting shells into the midst of the solid masses, and, as they come nearer, serving them with deadly volleys of canister and grape. Rapidly moves the main line of the enemy, never flinching or faltering under the incessant fire of our batteries. When within musket-range of the 3d Corps, advanced beyond our main line, volleys of musketry are rapidly exchanged, and blend with the artillery in one continuous roar. Under the murderous fire with which they are received, the rebels first hesitate, then stagger back, and finally turn and fly. They are speedily rallied by Longstreet, and led again, yelling, to the charge, which this time is fierce, protracted, and bloody. The 2d and 5th Corps rush to the side of the 3d, which is now wavering and falling slowly back before the terrific onset. The fighting becomes more desperate; and the foe is at last driven inch by inch beyond the wheatfield, where the first assault was made.

The little band of the Twenty-seventh Connecticut has now become engaged. "Lieut.-Col. Merwin fell while leading the command with his accustomed bravery. Under Major Coburn, the line still pressed forward at double-quick, through the wheatfield and woods beyond, driving the rebels a quarter of a mile across a ravine, which on the farther side rises into a precipitous ledge. The men with much difficulty clambered up the rocky steep; but, as they appeared upon the crest of the hill, the enemy, drawn up just beyond within pistol-range, opened upon them a withering fire. The contest at this point continued for some time. Planting the colors upon the top, the men loaded their pieces under shelter of the brow of the hill; then, rising up, delivered their fire. Meanwhile the troops to the right gave way; the enemy advanced a large body of troops from that direction; and Gen. Brooke ordered our shattered line to fall back, which was accomplished under a heavy cross-fire."[1]

Gen. Robert O. Tyler commanded all the reserve artillery at Gettysburg, and was constantly with it at the front. The guns were fought with great bravery. Sometimes the rebels would charge up to the muzzles of the guns, disabling every man; then they in turn would be hurled back by our determined men. Gen. Tyler had a horse shot under him.

The contest raged with doubtful result: first the rebels advanced with a wild yell, and then recoiled before our fresh troops; and the surging masses swayed backward and forward till the sun passed behind the hills. In the mean time, the 12th Corps, ordered to the relief from the extreme right, came over and plunged down the slope to the fight just as the rebels had, in a most determined charge, swept back the Union lines, captured their cannon, and occupied their ground nearly up to the works on Cemetery Ridge. As this corps and the reserved 6th rushed down, cheering loudly, the rebels gave way, apparently unwilling to prolong the struggle with fresh troops. The men advanced rapidly; and a brigade charged, recapturing a battery of 12-pounders that was being dragged off through the woods. As twilight changed to darkness, the rebels retreated from this portion

[1] Lieut. W. D. Sheldon's History of the Twenty-seventh.

of the line, clinging tenaciously to the wheatfield; when the contest ceased for the night. The danger being passed, the 12th Corps was ordered to return to its position on the extreme right.

During the night of the 1st–2d, the Fourteenth Connecticut had been out on picket some two miles back: in the morning it was on provost-duty, and in the afternoon was moved to its position in the 2d Corps, and placed in support of a battery It was under a heavy shell-fire during the afternoon, but met with little loss.

In the center, on Cemetery Hill, our batteries had been assailed in a desperate manner; but the rebels had met equal valor, and been repulsed with heavy loss. The Seventeenth was posted behind a stone wall, and had acquitted itself nobly After repeated onsets, the rebels had retreated to the town, leaving the ground strewn with their dead and dying.

The 12th Corps toiled wearily back to its position on the right, only to be surprised at finding the works which they had vacated three hours before occupied in force by Ewell's corps of twenty thousand men. These troops had dashed up the hill after dark, and driven out Gen. Greene's brigade left in possession; pouring into the intrenchments by the thousand. The woods were filled with solid masses of rebel infantry, waiting for the light of morning to give them surer footing. It was well for us that darkness enveloped the woodland here and now; for another hour of daylight would have enabled the column to push on to the Baltimore Pike in the rear of our position on Cemetery Hill, when scarcely any thing could have saved the Union army from utter rout.

As it was, the 12th Corps was stationed along Ewell's front; and the picket-line was pushed forward into the edge of the woods, as close as possible to that of the enemy On the extreme right, some of the Union skirmishers advanced to the rifle-pits simultaneously with those of the enemy; and they mistook each other for friends in the darkness. They mingled and talked freely, then went to a spring near by to get some water, our men showing the "Johnnies" where to find it; and, as they drank and filled their canteens together a Union brigade moved up, and occupied the works. Return-

ing, one of Ewell's men had his suspicions aroused by the remark, "The Rebs have caught Hail Columbia on the left;" when he cried out to his companions, "H—l! these are Yanks!" A general *mêlée* took place: men rushed hither and thither; muskets were clubbed, and bullets flew for a short time; and the rebels found themselves prisoners. Pickets were pushed closely forward all along the line.

It was felt that Ewell would press his advantage at dawn; and preparations to meet him were rapidly made. Troops moved into place and intrenched. Four new batteries were set, — one on McAllister's Hill to the right; another on an elevation in rear of the Baltimore Pike to the left; and two more on Power's Hill, directly in front of the point where the rebels lay in the gap.

"Such of the men as could threw themselves on the ground, and tried to get a little rest: but occasionally some watchful sentry would fire his musket at an enemy whose tread he heard in the thick darkness of the wood; and the flash, revealing his locality, would draw two or three shots from the opposing pickets, which would be answered by half a dozen more, until the firing extended all along the right of the line, and presently a volley would burst forth. Roused by the tumult, our men in the line of battle would seize their muskets, and spring into their places, thinking that the expected attack had begun: but the firing would subside into pattering shots along the picket-line, and finally die out altogether; and all except the pickets, and the detail at work intrenching, would again stretch themselves out to rest, only to be roused again by a similar alarm." [2] The Twentieth Connecticut lay in line of battle in a cornfield, ready at a moment's notice.

With the first streaks of day, the men stood to their arms; and the twenty-four pieces of artillery, whose muzzles pointed to the opening, began a terrible cannonade, hurling solid shot and shell over the heads of our infantry into the woods which concealed the rebel forces. This was continued for an hour; when the corps advanced to a fierce and bloody contest to recover the works.

[2] Col. Buckingham's MS. History of the Twentieth.

The Twentieth Connecticut occupied a post of honor, on the left of the front division-line; and at five o'clock, A.M., the regiment, under Lieut.-Col. Wooster, moved forward to the attack. At this point, there was a stone wall eight or ten rods in rear of the original line of works; and this was early taken possession of by the regiment, and afforded considerable protection. Now a charge would be made, and the line of works reached; then the rebels, in overwhelming force, would drive the regiment back, and it would take refuge behind the stone wall.

On the right, the fight raged for hours; the line swaying back and forth as ground was lost or won, until at last a firm and concentrated charge of the Union troops swept Ewell's forces through the woods, and regained the works. When the rebels turned and fled, a genuine Yankee cheer went up with an emphasis seldom heard, except in victory. Our lines on the right were completely restored before eleven, A.M.

During the forenoon, also, there were frequent skirmishes upon the left. The Fourteenth Connecticut gallantly charged upon and took a house and a barn occupied by the enemy, the two wings of the regiment being led by Major Theodore G. Ellis and Capt. Samuel A. Moore of New Britain. The enemy attempting to recover possession, the buildings were burned by our men. The regiment afterwards supported Arnold's battery, under a terrible fire, until the battery retired disabled; when the regiment advanced, and occupied the position.

Again, during the two hours of mid-day, silence brooded over the field; only the stretchers, the ambulances, and the surgeons were busy. "Suddenly the boom of a single gun broke the stillness; the shell came screaming over into our lines; and, before its echo died away, two hundred and fifty pieces of artillery belched forth in one tremendous roar. From almost every part of the concave arch of the rebel line came solid shot and shell, chiefly aimed to dismount the guns along Cemetery Hill in the center. The Union gunners undaunted, sent back a defiant reply from all the awakened artillery; and for more than an hour it was like the crash

of incessant and loudest thunder. The solid earth trembled beneath the feet of the contending Titans; above and close around was the smoke and crash of bursting shell; and on every hand came some sort of missile charged with death." [3]

Soon the cannonade nearly ceased; and at half-past two o'clock, afar off, opposite the left center, comes the rebel infantry from its cover, and begins anew its charge over that field of death. Our artillery pour upon them once more a destructive fire, plowing up the earth, and strewing it with their dead. Quickly they press forward across the shot-swept plain, "in *échélon* by brigades," and approach the front of the 2d Corps. It is a grand sight; and the dauntless tread of the compact hosts tells that serious work is again at hand. Shells explode constantly above and among them. Our gunners have the range, and pour a storm of iron hail upon the advancing ranks, making great gaps, and throwing them into wild confusion. The officers rally the men, and on resolutely they come. Tyler's reserve artillery is brought forward; and, as the rebels near our line, canister is showered upon them from two hundred pieces of artillery. Fearful havoc! yet they stagger on, gathering impetus; and now, within range, deliver a volley of musketry, and rush forward confident of victory. They are met by a storm of grape and bullets that is irresistible; and again they are broken, and turn and run in the utmost confusion, while our artillery-men rain shot and shell upon the flying throng.

Three times the lines were re-formed, and driven up into this tempest of death; but each time they were repulsed. Now the shattered lines would almost reach our works; and hundreds would throw down their arms, and rush into our lines rather than attempt to escape. A whole brigade, while being almost annihilated within a few yards of our infantry-works, threw down their guns, and held up their hands in surrender.

The Fourteenth, Seventeenth, and Twenty-seventh Connecticut, and the Second Battery, were here hotly engaged; and the Twentieth Regiment, coming over with the reinforcements, was for a time under a sharp fire.

[3] Col. Buckingham's MS. History of the Twentieth.

Major Ellis says of the action of the Fourteenth in his official report,—

"Our men were formed in a single line of battle along an almost continuous line of low stone wall and fence, which offered a considerable protection from the enemy's fire. When the first line of the enemy had advanced to within about two hundred yards, our fire opened almost simultaneously along the whole line. The enemy's first line was broken, and hurled back upon the second, throwing it also into confusion. Detached portions of the lines were rallied, and for a short time maintained their ground. Being mown down by our terribly-destructive fire, they commenced falling back; when a portion of this regiment charged upon them, capturing five regimental battle-flags and over forty prisoners.

"There also afterwards came into the lines of this regiment about one hundred or more of the enemy, some of whom were wounded, and gave themselves up.

"Among the officers who personally surrendered to me were the following: Col. John Fite, Lieut.-Col. N. J. George, Lieut.-Col. Parkers, and Major John G. Richardson.

"Many of the field and line officers were captured.

"The colors captured belonged to the following regiments: 14th Tennessee, 1st Tennessee, 16th North-Carolina, 52d North-Carolina, and 4th Virginia. The color of the 14th Tennessee was the first taken, and was captured by Sergeant-Major William B. Hincks; that of the 52d North-Carolina was taken by Corporal Christopher Flynn of Sprague and that of the 16th North-Carolina by Private E. W Bacon of Berlin."

The Second Connecticut Light Battery was here enveloped in the fiercest of the fight. Sergeant D. B. Lockwood wrote to the War Record, "Our battery was in position for fifty-six hours without being relieved, and a portion of the time under the hottest fire of the enemy's artillery. It was our first engagement in a pitched battle; but the courage and coolness of our officers and men were such as to elicit commendation from experienced field-officers, and veterans in the ranks. It was an excellent opportunity to test the accuracy and destructiveness of our guns (the James rifle); and the result was highly satisfactory. Amid such fearful carnage we providentially escaped without the loss of a man: three only were wounded. Three of our horses were killed, and a caisson exploded by a shell." The coolness of Capt. John W Sterling was conspicuous.

The Seventeenth had also been fiercely engaged at the cemetery, where the line was charged by the "Louisiana Tigers." The assault was reckless and desperate; but our men, posted behind a stone wall, were immovable; and as

often as the assailants gained the wall they were repulsed with slaughter. For hours the battle thundered here. Charge after charge was made up the hill upon the battery; and the point was the focus of missiles from all the infernal engines of war, while the regiment stood at its post returning blow for blow.

All of Gen. Robert O. Tyler's reserve artillery was in the fight. The enemy would charge up to the very muzzles of his guns, and sometimes disable every man, and seize a piece, only to be in turn rolled back to the valley, leaving the ground covered with the slain. Gen. Tyler had a horse shot under him.

Finally the rebels reeled back from that carnival of death for the last time, fled across the plain, and would not be rallied; while there went up from the thousands of loyal living a cry of joy, and shouts of, "Victory, victory!" and exultant cheers which rolled around the hills to the right, bearing glad tidings. Men shook hands with each other as if they had not met in an age; and tears stood in their eyes as they exchanged congratulations.

"He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tiptoe when this day is named.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly, on the vigil, feast his friends,
And say, 'To-morrow is St. Crispian.'
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scar,
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispian's **Day.**'
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day."

Twenty-three thousand killed and wounded and missing on the Union side, and twenty-seven thousand of the enemy,[4] — these are the horrible figures that tell how much slavery and the dogma of "State sovereignty" cost during three pleasant summer days.

The first report of the victory of Gettysburg was sent North by a citizen of Connecticut. Several young men from the State were regular correspondents in the field for the press: A. H. Byington of Norwalk, and W A. Croffut of Orange for the New-York Tribune; D. W Bartlett of

[4] Swinton's Army of the Potomac, p. 365.

West Haven for the Evening Post; Edmund C. Stedman of Winsted for the World; Henry B. Brown of the navy for the Boston Journal; and that quaint and genial philosopher, John Evans of Willimantic, for the New-York Times. One of the most tireless and enterprising of these was Byington; and the "beats" for which the Tribune became famous through his vigilance delighted Mr. Greeley even more than the productions of his model farm in Westchester.

During the night after the first day's fight, Byington arrived near Gettysburg. How to get the news to New York was the first question. The telegraphs were cut for miles, and the instruments destroyed; for the rebels had been to the north and east. He obtained a horse, and scoured the country round; found a frightened operator with his telegraph instrument hidden under the bed; brought it out and replaced it; sent a squad of men ten miles along the line to repair the wire; and, "click," — it was in working order. Byington sent a dispatch to the Tribune, and made arrangements for monopolizing the wire for two days as the price of having repaired it. As was then the rule, the dispatch could go to its destination only by way of the War Department. There it made a sensation. "What about this battle? Who is Byington?" asked Mr. Lincoln through the wire. "Ask Secretary Welles," was the reply. "Send us more," was the next dispatch. "On these conditions," was the answer, — "that you send my former dispatch immediately to the Tribune exclusively, and all others as soon as read." — "Agreed." And under this stipulation was sent forward an account of the battle from beginning to end; while other correspondents were racing their jaded horses across Pennsylvania with news a day old. Byington offered his telegraph to Meade; and the general gladly availed himself of the opportunity to renew communications with Washington.

The Fifth Connecticut Volunteers had been held in reserve much of the time; and, having been subjected to little infantry-fire, its losses were light, three wounded and five captured comprising all.

The Fourteenth had ten killed and fifty-two wounded; the latter including nearly all the officers present. Among the killed were Corporals Samuel Huxham of Middletown, William W Goodell of Vernon, and Walter F. Standish of Sprague. Among the wounded were Capt. Walter M. Lucas, Capt. James B. Coit, Lieut. J. W Knowlton, Lieut. Frederick Shalk, Lieut. John A. Tibbetts, Lieut. Henry L. Snagg, Lieut. Frank E. Stoughton, Lieut. F S. Seymour, and Lieut. S. H. Seward. Surgeon Frederick B. Dudley, who was constantly under fire, was wounded in the arm by a shell.

The Seventeenth lost more than half its number, having been under a severe artillery and musketry fire during each day's battle. Twenty were left dead on the field, including its commander and a captain; eighty-one were wounded, and ninety-seven taken prisoners.

Lieut.-Col. Douglass Fowler of Norwalk was shot dead during the first day's fight. He had been in the war from the beginning; having led a company in the Third Regiment through the three-months' service, and afterwards raised a company for the Eighth. When he resigned his commission in the latter, he recruited a company for the Seventeenth. He was sick before the battle of Chancellorsville, and was borne to the fight in an ambulance; but he afterwards fought with great endurance, being among the last to retreat. He was by nature a true soldier, brave and skillful; and his genial temper, generous disposition, and buoyant spirits, united with a fervent interest in the loyal cause, had won for him an enthusiastic regard; and the men followed him willingly into the deadly strife. He was struck down while leading them in a charge; and still he sleeps in his unknown grave upon the battle-field of Gettysburg.

There fell also the senior captain of the regiment, Capt. James E. Moore of Danbury. He was almost idolized by his company, and was a man of exemplary character and sterling worth. He was a color-bearer in the war with Mexico, and led a company gallantly in the three-months' service. His remains were taken home, and buried with all honors; the vast concourse at the funeral attesting the high regard

and admiration felt by his fellow-citizens of Danbury [5] The regimental address said truly of both these officers, "Long tried, and bravely serving on many battle-fields, ever ready at the call of their country, flinching from no danger where duty led, Fairfield County may proudly point to them as model soldiers."

Orderly Sergeant Edwin D. Pickett of the same regiment, killed here, was a favorite with the men, and much esteemed in Ridgefield, where he lived. On the Sunday of his funeral, the churches suspended other services, and united in the tribute to his high personal character and his manly virtues. To his children he left the legacy of an unspotted name and a record of noble deeds. "There also fell the young men of patriotic fire, ever foremost in encouraging their comrades by appeals to duty, — Stephen C. Crofut, William O. Dauchy, Bethel S. Barnum, Augustus E. Bronson, Westlake, Taylor, Rufus Warner, Henry Burns the color-bearer, and many others who fought bravely and died nobly."

Among the wounded of the Seventeenth were Major A. G. Brady, Capt. Henry Allen, Capt. Wilson French, and Lieut. Henry Quien; and among the prisoners were Capt. William L. Hubbell and Lieut. David S. Bartram.

The Twentieth Regiment had lost, during the battle, Corporals J. C. Dickerman and Thomas Simons and six others killed, and twenty wounded.

The Twenty-seventh, going into the action with only seventy-four men, had lost eleven killed, twenty-four wounded, and four captured; total, thirty-nine. Lieut.-Col. Henry C. Merwin fell in resisting the assault of July 2. A native of Brookfield, he spent the greater part of his life in New Haven, and, when the war broke out, went as sergeant, with the New-Haven Grays,[6] into the Second Regiment. After the muster-out, young Merwin was restrained by peculiar home-duties till it became obvious that the nation must put forth

[5] Mr. and Mrs. William R. White of Danbury gave several hundred dollars to release from debt the property left by Capt. Moore to his family.

[6] The New-Haven Grays had an honorable record during the war. They volunteered a full company on April 15, 1861; and during the war it furnished sixty-one officers, of whom three were generals, and eleven field-officers. In the roll of the dead, stand the names of Col. Merwin, Major E. W Osborn, Capt. E. S. Hitchcock, Capt. Charles Smith, Capt. Edward Lines, Lieut. C. M. Cornwall, Lieut. J. Chapman, Lieut. David C. Hunt, and Lieut. Albert F. Sharp.

all its strength. His popularity soon gathered around him a full company of men for the Twenty-seventh; and, at the organization of the regiment, he was elected lieutenant-colonel. Thenceforward his life was identical with that of the regiment. He fought with them gallantly at Chancellorsville, went with them to Richmond, and returned in time to lead the brave remnant in the next battle. "Along the weary march to Gettysburg he inspired the men with his own indomitable spirit; and on that fated wheatfield, where the missiles of the enemy mowed down the waving grain, he fell mortally wounded, breathing the words of noble self-forgetfulness, 'My poor regiment is suffering fearfully.' Without disparagement to any, it may truly be said that no officer in the regiment attracted to himself such unvarying respect, confidence, and affection among the men of his command. Nor was this strange, in view of the remarkable and harmonious combination of noble qualities in his character. No pride of position ever marred the beautiful consistency of his life. Duty was evidently the supreme motive of his life. He was quick of discernment and rapid in execution; but no harshness ever dimmed the transparent kindness of his demeanor. All these more amiable qualities were supplemented by a manly independence and decision which made him always jealous for the rights of his men. In his death, the Twenty-seventh laid its costliest sacrifice upon the altar of our country."[7]

At this battle, Capt. Jedediah Chapman of New Haven was killed. He also was a member of the Grays, and accompanied them through the three-months' service. When the Twenty-seventh was recruited, he went out as first lieutenant of Company H, and was constantly at his post. Too ill to be present at Chancellorsville, he was appointed to command a company made up of the squads saved from that wholesale capture, and fell at its head. He possessed a quick conscience, a clear mind, a ready hand, and was held in universal esteem. Among other brave men of the regiment killed here were Corporals Cornwall of Milford, Wilson of New Haven, and Bodwell of Norwalk.

[7] Sheldon's History of the Twenty-seventh.

During the night of July 3, 1863, the Union army, worn out with the stress of the terrible combat of Gettysburg, bivouacked in its position; the men dropping in their places, and sleeping. Before the sun rose on the 4th, Lee had decamped with his whole army towards the Potomac.

Details of Union soldiers were at once made to bury the dead. Along our lines, and down the slope in front, especially in front of the center and left, where the Fourteenth, Seventeenth, and Twenty-seventh Connecticut had been stationed, the ground was strewn with corpses, many of them already blackened and swollen, some still in striking attitudes. Here a soldier had evidently been engaged trying to save the life of a wounded comrade by binding a handkerchief about the shattered limb, but was shot, and, falling on his wounded companion, both had died together.

One could see at a glance the truthfulness of the picture drawn by an officer in a letter: "I could imagine nothing more terrible than the silent indications of agony that marked the features of the pale corpses which lay at every step. Though dead and rigid in every muscle, they still writhed, and seemed to turn to catch the passing breeze for a cooling breath. Staring eyes, gaping mouths, clinched hands, and strangely-contracted limbs, seemingly drawn into the smallest compass as if by a mighty effort to rend asunder some irresistible bond which held them down to the torture of which they died. One sat against a tree, and, with mouth and eyes wide open, looked up into the sky, as if to catch a glimpse of its fleeting spirit. Another clutched the branch of an overhanging tree, and hung half suspended, as if in death he had raised himself partly from the ground. Another had grasped his faithful musket; and the compression of his mouth told of a determination which would have been fatal to a foe had life ebbed a minute later. Another clung with both hands to a bayonet which was buried in the ground. Great numbers lay in heaps, just as the fire of the artillery mowed them down, mangling their forms into an almost indistinguishable mass."

Col. William H. Noble of the Seventeenth, who took a brief furlough after his severe wound at Chancellorsville, had

obtained another horse, and returned to his regiment five days before his furlough expired, to participate in the battle of Gettysburg. In this he was disappointed; but, after being thirty-six hours in the saddle, he arrived at the gate of the cemetery in the afternoon of the third day's fight, and resumed command of the regiment. Col. Dwight Morris of the Fourteenth was unable to get nearer than Westminster, Md.

Independence Day was strangely kept, — in Connecticut with the traditional bell-ringing and cannon-firing, by cannon that spoke a new language, and bells that shook out more jubilant anthems than ever before; on the green slope of Gettysburg by weary ambulances and active surgeons, an anxious counting of thinned ranks, and a tender laying of martyred comrades in hallowed ground.

As five Connecticut regiments had borne a creditable part in the defeat of Lee's over-confident army, so now they were ready to join with alacrity in the pursuit. But Meade did not seem to comprehend his great advantage. On the second day after the battle, he carefully pushed the 6th Corps towards the enemy; taking his other corps by different roads, and advancing as rapidly as Lee moved on and got out of the way The general course was towards Frederick, reached on the second day out. The Seventeenth pressed forward with the 11th Corps to Hagerstown, which it occupied on July 12, capturing one hundred and twenty-five prisoners. The Fifth and Twentieth overtook the enemy intrenched at Fair Play on the 12th, and were ordered to take position and throw up earthworks. Next night, the main rebel army escaped across the Potomac. The retreat and pursuit were continued, without much experience of interest, until Lee's army occupied the south side of the Rapidan, near Orange Court House.

The 12th Corps went into camp near Raccoon Ford. Col. Ross, severely wounded at Chancellorsville, had now rejoined the Twentieth, and had temporarily command of the brigade. On Sept. 24, the 12th Corps was relieved, and marched back to Brandy Station; and all property was turned over to the post quartermaster. The march was resumed to Bealton

Station, where, to the surprise of all, the corps (with the Fifth and Twentieth Regiments) was embarked on board the cars to re-inforce the Army of the Cumberland in Tennessee.

After Gettysburg, the Fourteenth Regiment performed a number of marches and countermarches in Maryland, crossed the Potomac in the tardy pursuit, and, July 26, encamped near Warrenton. Col. Dwight Morris, Lieut.-Col. S. H. Perkins, and Major C. C. Clark had resigned; and Adjutant Theodore G. Ellis, in April, September, and October, was promoted to be successively major, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel, — an unusual recognition, which he had earned by faithful and gallant service.

On Sept. 1, the regiment went on a reconnoissance to Hartwood Church; and on Oct. 12 crossed the Rappahannock with the 2d Corps, and marched southward on Culpeper. Again the Rapidan became the picket-line between the two armies.

CHAPTER XXV

Biographical Sketch of Admiral Foote. — His Adventures, Battles, and Death. — Banks's Expedition. — Feint towards Port Hudson. — March Southward. — Battle of Irish Bend. — The Cotton Raid up the Atchafalaya. — Investment of Port Hudson. — The Fight of May 27. — The Twelfth, Thirteenth, Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth, and Twenty-eighth Connecticut. — The Charge of June 14. — Failure and Heavy Losses. — The Twenty-fourth in the Cotton-Fort. — The Forlorn Hope. — Our Roll of Honor. — Surrender of Port Hudson.

ONNECTICUT lost an illustrious son during the summer of 1863 in Rear Admiral Foote, the hero of Island Number Ten and of Forts Henry and Donelson.

Andrew Hull Foote was born Sept. 12, 1806, in what is now called "the Buddington House," corner of Union and Cherry Streets, New Haven. His paternal grandfather, Rev John Foote, was pastor of the Congregational church of Cheshire for forty-six years. His maternal grandfather, Gen. Andrew Hull of Cheshire, was for many years a prosperous West-India merchant in New Haven. His father, Samuel A. Foote, was a graduate of Yale of the class of 1797, and studied law at the famous school in Litchfield. He frequently represented Cheshire in the General Assembly, and was speaker of the House. He afterwards represented the State in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Congresses, and in the United-States Senate for six years.

From his seventh year, the beautiful village of Cheshire was the home of young Andrew; and to his seventeenth year he was trained by his excellent mother Eudocia in right principles and moral habits, yet accustomed to the out-door activities of rural life, under the inspiring and restraining influences of an old-fashioned Puritan household.

He grew up a bright, strong-willed, amiable boy, with a full share of that adventurous spirit which sends so many boys to sea at sixteen years of age.

His father permitted him to choose his vocation; and he entered the navy as a midshipman in 1822. His first voyage was under the command of a lieutenant who had gained experience and honorable distinction in the War of 1812, and who, having had the privilege of training him for the service of his country, and having shared with him the perils of sea and of battle, survived in a vigorous old age to share in a nation's grief at the death of his illustrious pupil. The intimate and affectionate friendship of forty-one years, between Admiral Gregory and Admiral Foote, was honorable to both.

Midshipman Foote's first voyage was in the expedition against the pirates of the West Indies. In the course of it, he distinguished himself by courage and enterprise as well as by diligence in the duties of his position. His second cruise was under Commodore Hull in the Pacific.

After this he made successive voyages in all parts of the world, followed by slow and well-earned promotion. His commission as lieutenant was dated eight years after he entered the service; and in the mean time he had been almost continually at sea. Twenty-five years more of arduous service made him a commander; when he was assigned to duty at the Naval Asylum in Philadelphia. Even here, among pensioners, he found a good work to do.

Devoting himself with characteristic zeal and kindness to the welfare of the pensioners under his command, he succeeded in winning their affectionate confidence; he obtained a high and beneficial moral influence over them; he became a moral and religious teacher among them without impairing the dignity of his position as an officer, and persuaded many of them to give up their spirit ration, and pledge themselves to total abstinence from intoxicating drinks.

On his next cruise, he further advanced this principle. As first lieutenant and executive officer of the Cumberland, in the Mediterranean, he persuaded the entire crew to forego their immemorial "grog." At the same time he became a

volunteer chaplain to them, giving a lecture every Sunday on the berth-deck to as many as chose to attend, and having a congregation of nearly two hundred willing hearers; the lecture being followed by a meeting for prayer in a more retired part of the ship. The Cumberland became as worthy of honorable memory from her association with that experiment of free moral and religious influence among the seamen of our navy as she afterwards became, when with her flag still flying, and her sighted guns exploding at the water's edge, she went down heroically in that conflict which changed in an hour the entire system of maritime warfare till wars shall be no more.

After this he was for some years on duty at the Charlestown Navy Yard, afflicted with a disease of the eyes. Recovering, he was attached to the African squadron, in command of the Perry; and that service was rendered doubly valuable by his strenuous activity against the piratical slave-traders. He did much to break up a shameful traffic which had found safety under our flag, and upon which many of our politicians still looked with favor. Among the honors of that cruise, also, was the fact, that through many months of exposure along the unwholesome coast, so often fatal to life, the liquor-ration was voluntarily banished from the Perry; and among her officers and crew there was not a death, nor a man disabled.

Soon after, he published a book entitled, Africa and the American Flag, — a volume full of condensed information, and valuable for its practical suggestions.

In 1856, he sailed for China in the sloop-of-war Portsmouth, and returned two years thereafter; having in the mean time distinguished himself by bombarding and storming the barrier forts in the Canton River.

When the Great Rebellion broke out, he was in charge of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, from which duty he was soon summoned to the more arduous service of creating and commanding an inland navy on the waters of the Mississippi. What he did in achieving the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson is well known; but quite as laborious was the exhausting work of brain and hand by which, under all

sorts of embarrassments and discouragements, those victories were prepared in the creation of the resistless flotilla at St. Louis.

After the fall of these strongholds, he swooped down upon Island Number Ten. The island shores were lined with heavy forts, and the banks adjacent were fortified in all directions, and held by a strong force; while lying in the river was a floating battery carrying twelve 32-pounders. In this situation, it was proposed to cut a canal twelve miles around, through swamp and forest. In nineteen days the herculean work was completed. The channel was fifty feet wide, and passed for two miles through thick timber; the trees being sawed off four feet below the water.[1] While the rebels were proclaiming their position impregnable, the gunboats appeared simultaneously below the island and above it, and advanced to take the batteries; when the island surrendered to Flag-officer Foote, with two thousand prisoners, a hundred heavy guns, and a large quantity of ammunition. "No single battlefield had yet afforded to the North such visible fruits of victory as were gathered at Island Number Ten."[2]

Foote was now promoted to be admiral, and recalled to the East, where he again mingled with his friends, and again showed his zeal in every good work; now presiding at a war-meeting at New Haven; now assisting some great reform in aid of seamen; now accepting the presidency of the Connecticut Soldiers'-Aid Society at Washington. He had received a painful wound, and he was pale and feeble; but his indomitable spirit would not succumb to the depressing influence of bodily weakness or disease. His medical advisers commanded him to rest; but he went to Washington, and his great abilities were employed in organizing a new bureau in the Navy Department.

He soon asked for more arduous service, and was assigned to the South-Atlantic squadron, to relieve Dupont. He accepted the assignment, and in that command he expected

[1] This great labor was performed by "the Engineer Regiment of the West," commanded by Col. J. W Bissell of this State, a brother of Col. G. P. Bissell of the Twenty-fifth Connecticut.

[2] Pollard's Southern History.

to die. It was in vain that friends and physicians entreated him to spare himself, and to ask from the government the relief which would have been granted to the slightest expression of his wishes. He was determined to do his utmost for the nation, at whatever sacrifice. His life, he said, was not his own, and should be freely surrendered at his country's call.

His preparations for going were nearly completed, and he had parted with his family in New Haven, when the disease which his vigorous constitution had so long resisted overcame him; and, after great suffering, he died at the Astor House, New York, June 26, 1863.

He had expected to die in the malaria of the Carolina Islands, tended by the rough but loving hands of fellow-warriors on the sea; or in the roar and fiery storm of battle. Where he should die, or how, was to him a question of little moment. Yet, when he found his time had come, he could not but be thankful for the opportunity of dying surrounded by his family and friends; by his wife and children and brothers; by old comrades, — the heroes of many a conflict, whose voices had rung out, and were soon to ring again, loud and clear in the tempest of battle; now confessing by silent tears how much they loved him. Assured that death was near, he waited calmly for the end; and his last intelligible words were, "I thank God for his loving-kindness to me. Praise the Lord, O my soul! and forget not all his benefits."

During the month of February, 1863, Gen. Banks arrived, and took command of the troops at Baton Rouge, which was made the rendezvous of the column for the projected assault on Port Hudson, a rebel stronghold in Louisiana, twenty-five miles up the river.

The army gathered; Farragut's fleet of mortar-schooners and gunboats was assembled; and during the first week in March the regiments were under marching orders. At this juncture, a meeting of Connecticut regiments was held to consider the approaching State election; and Col. Bissell of the Twenty-fifth and Capt. Sprague of the Thirteenth were

appointed to draft an appeal to the people of Connecticut to re-elect Gov. Buckingham. This was prepared and numerously signed, and had considerable influence on the result.

On March 9, Col. G. P Bissell of the Twenty-fifth was ordered to report in person to Gen. Banks, and was put in command of the advance guard (a regiment of infantry, a company of cavalry, and a section of battery), with directions to repair the roads and bridges towards Port Hudson. Col. Bissell seized the Bayou Sara, and built a substantial bridge, over which the whole army afterwards passed with its heavy guns. The construction was superintended by Private William Webster of Unionville, who was *au fait* at bridge-building. This preparatory work was accomplished to the great satisfaction of Gen. Banks; when Col. Bissell, taken severely ill, turned over the regiment to Major Thomas McManus, Lieut.-Col. Weld being still absent in hospital.

On March 13, the Connecticut regiments fell into the strong column moving apparently to invest Port Hudson. The real object was a diversion in the rear to assist Farragut to run the batteries in front; and it also answered the purpose of a reconnoissance in force. It was a severe test of the powers of endurance of the men. The first night they rested in a plowed field; the second night the Twenty-fourth was posted in a cornfield.

The army had now arrived at the east of Port Hudson, and stood upon the verge of battle; but no battle was fought. "The roar of the guns of the ascending fleet on the river was distinctly heard, but its meaning was unknown; the light of the burning Mississippi, casting a lurid radiance over half the visible heavens, was gazed at with inquisitive wonder, but brought no intelligence of coming events; the terrible explosion, which out-sounded thunder and extinguished the gloomy radiance, awakened only fearful apprehensions in those who were watching by night the progress of events. Sunday afternoon a retrograde movement towards Baton Rouge began. The march, though rapid, was orderly. The men were very heavily laden. The day was hot; but towards night a terrible thunder-storm set in. The road became ankle-deep with mud where it was not entirely overflowed

night came on like the falling of a curtain; onward pressed the eager column. A marsh strewn with brambles and rotting logs, where upturned stumps overlooked the puddles, welcomed the men and officers to moist beds. The glare of a wilderness of camp-fires, which served to make darkness visible, disclosed groups of uncomfortable men in all attitudes, — standing, leaning, sitting, reclining, smoking, swearing, drinking, sleeping, and trying to sleep. It was a night to be remembered a lifetime."[3]

The Thirteenth and Twenty-fifth fared no better; for Col. Sprague says, "An hour after nightfall we were marched by the flank out of the road, and into a pond of water, and told to pass the night there." They obeyed; and the place is remembered as "Camp Misery."

The wretchedness of the Twenty-fifth was greatly relieved by the exertions of Quartermaster John S. Ives, who rode fourteen miles in the terrific storm and mud, returning at midnight with bags of coffee and sugar across his horse. It was a work of military supererogation, but it brought upon the faithful quartermaster the cheers and blessings of the miserable host. Next day they returned to Baton Rouge.

The men were greatly disgusted with what seemed to them a foolish and objectless expedition, feeling little compensation for the incomprehensible retreat in the fifteen hundred bales of cotton brought back.

For a few days the new Sibley tents were spread at Baton Rouge; but on the night of March 28, in the midst of a thunder-storm, Grover's division, including the three Connecticut regiments, embarked, and sailed down the river to Donaldsonville, the advance of Banks's famous expedition. Here tents were pitched again; but on the 31st they started down the road which leads along the bayou towards Southern Louisiana, through a delightful region, and past fruitful fields. Stringent orders against straggling and pillaging were issued.

On April 2, they marched through Thibodeau to Terre Bonne, and took the cars westward; the Twelfth Connecticut now joining the column with Weitzel's division.

[3] Letter of Major Patrick Maher of the Twenty-fourth to Thomas R. Trowbridge, a generous friend and patron of the Twenty-fourth Regiment.

Banks restricted officers' baggage to a carpet-bag and a small roll of blankets; and the officers of all Connecticut regiments present stored their trunks, clothing, papers, and personal property, in a sugar-mill, where they were burned the following June on the approach of the enemy.

On reaching the Atchafalaya River, fifty miles west of New Orleans, Weitzel moved towards Franklin to attack the enemy strongly fortified and in force just beyond; while Grover's division embarked, and steamed up Lake Chestimache to cut off the rebel retreat.

On Sunday, April 12, the assault was made with great fury with artillery and infantry. All day the contest raged. The Twelfth supported a battery on the left, but at night withdrew out of range, and got some sleep. Monday they advanced to the extreme front through a canefield, hearing the bullets' "zip" through the cane on all sides. The regiment again supported a battery here, — not more than four hundred yards from the enemy's guns. The boys lay concealed in a plantation-ditch; and the grape, canister, and shells swept over their heads. At dark they were again withdrawn, having two killed and thirteen wounded. Capts. Samuel H. Granniss, John Brennan, Lester E. Braley, and Stephen D. Byxbee, and their companies, received honorable mention; also Major Lewis and Dr. Cummings acting surgeon. Chaplain James H. Bradford was also awarded "great praise for the fearless activity with which he ministered to the suffering during the battle and the night following."

During the night, the rebels retreated towards Grover's division, that had already landed near a place called Irish Bend. In the night they slipped past; but on the morning of the 14th turned again, and accepted battle. The Twenty-fifth Connecticut, deployed to skirmish in advance of the division, pressed rapidly up to the woods. Suddenly a brisk musketry-fire opened upon them, which they warmly returned; being meantime the mark of a battery to the left, and the guns of the rebel gunboat Diana. Birge's whole brigade came promptly to the support. It was the first time the Twenty-fifth had been under fire; but the men

stood up to their work nobly, incited by the example of their gallant colonel, Bissell, who, regardless of his own safety, passed from end to end of the line, encouraging them to deeds of bravery.

The regimental report of Adjutant Henry C. Ward of the Twenty-fifth says, "Shortly afterwards, the enemy opened with his artillery from the right of his line; firing shell, grape, and canister with great rapidity. After some delay, two pieces of our own artillery were brought up, and returned the fire; and, finally, the remaining three companies of our right wing were called up to rejoin the regiment, which was thus all brought into action as skirmishers, engaging the entire front of the wood, which was a line of fire. While thus in action, we were suddenly opened upon by two regiments (the 18th Louisiana and a Texas regiment) which had crept through the cane, and appeared on our right flank." The cross-fire was terrible, and the regiment for some time suffered severely

While this was going on upon the right, the Thirteenth had moved by the flank to the left, and advanced against the rebel right. The regiment moved forward in firm line, greeted with a heavy fire from the gunboat, a New-Orleans regiment, and a battery. The Union regiments on the right had fallen back, when Col. Warner gave the order, "Commence firing!" and five hundred muzzles poured forth a steady stream of lead, while the men were rapidly advancing. They fired fast and continuously; and, as they showed no intention of coming to a halt, the rebel battery was whirled away, and the rebel regiment fled to the left and rear.

The Thirteenth captured the flag of the St. Mary's Cannoneers, and was just giving itself up to rejoicing over a victory won, when Lieut. Perry Averill of Company D discovered a regiment of graybacks advancing straight upon the right. The Thirteenth was hastily withdrawn under a sharp fire. The enemy now rallied all along the line; but another Union brigade came up, and the charge of the united division swept every thing before it. The rebels turned and ran in great disorder; and, Weitzel's brigade arriving at this moment in

the rear, the gunboat Diana was fired and blown up by the rebels. The victory of our forces was complete.

The Thirteenth captured two caissons, one limber, four artillery horses, sixty prisoners, many small arms, and the banner, which is now preserved in the archives of the State of Connecticut. Especial praise was awarded to Chaplain Upson, Surgeon Clary, and Hospital-steward William Bishop for fearlessly exposing themselves to minister to the wounded. The regiment lost seven killed and forty-six wounded. Of the former were Sergeants Frank E. Stanley and Frank W Stanley of New Britain.

Sergeant Frank W Stanley was but a lad, bright, active, of superior talent, and noble character. He was one of the first to enlist at the outbreak of war; but quietly yielded to the judgment of his father, and remained at school until the second call for troops. His patriotic parent kept him back no longer, though an only son. He entered the service with pride and zest, and, yet a boy, displayed the qualities and character of a hero. He was neat, erect, strong, and grew swiftly to manly beauty. He was ardent and ambitious, admired by all, and on the sure road to deserved promotion.

Sergeant Frank E. Stanley was a cousin and playmate of Frank W., — less lively and impressible, not so forward, but gifted with the elements of sturdy and faithful manhood. He seemed to have waited for the war to develop him. As a soldier, none could be more ready or trusty: in battle, his conduct was magnificent.

The loss of these two was deeply felt in the army and also at home, where they had occupied high social positions. Here, also, fell Corporals Edwin L. Nickerson of Cornwall and Leonard G. Roath of New London, who had been promoted for their merits.

The Twenty-fifth, after opening the battle, had been under fire eleven hours, and had suffered fearfully. Out of the three hundred and fifty who went into action, ninety-six were killed, wounded, or missing; the latter counting but ten. Nine were killed outright, and five died of their wounds.

Capt. Samuel S. Hayden of Windsor Locks was killed instantly by a fragment of shell. The excellent chaplain of the regiment, Rev. George B. Oviatt, said of him, "He was a Christian patriot. I think I knew him well; and the more thoroughly I knew him, the more I admired and loved him. He was one of the most frank and outspoken men I ever saw, — a noble specimen of a Puritan of the olden time. He was a remarkably conscientious man; and all his opinions he held with firmness, whether they were popular or unpopular, — whether, in holding them, he stood alone or among the many." He was a brave, tender-hearted, generous man, and gifted with strong common sense.

The Twenty-fifth also lost here one of its best men in Lieut. Daniel P Dewey of Hartford. He was cut down in the front of battle, at the point nearest the enemy. When he enlisted, he was a sophomore in Trinity College, one of the first in his class, says Professor Brockelsby. He possessed a clear and vigorous mind, and was always buoyant in his disposition. Adjutant Henry C. Ward wrote to the parents of young Dewey, "I saw your son then; and the sight I shall never forget. Waving his sword above his head; calling to his men, 'Remember you are Company A;' his whole bearing so brave and heroic that it seemed almost impossible for any enemy to avoid marking him; standing unmoved in a rain of bullets, he had a word of encouragement for every man near him, kindly greeting for a friend, and even a merry quotation from a favorite song to fling after a shell that went shrieking by. So I last saw him; so I shall always remember him." A memorial volume before us, containing the letters of Lieut. Dewey, tells that he was a religious soldier, and, as Col. Bissell wrote of him, "brave, discreet, reliable, just, — a cheerful, fearless man."

Lieut. William A. Oliver of Hartford, just promoted from sergeant, was a brave and impetuous soldier; and, when wounded, a handkerchief was bound about his head by private T. H. Robbins; and he was one of the last to leave the field. He died ten days later of his wound.

Sergeants Charles D. Grover of Ellington and Jonas G. Holden of Hartford were also among those who here cheerfully gave their young lives.

The Twenty-fourth Regiment arrived towards the close of the fighting, but was not under fire.

The enemy now scattered to the woods; and next morning the column pursued its march northward. From this time, April 14, to May 20, the force of twenty thousand men known as the 19th Corps moved towards the Red River, in a line generally parallel with the Atchafalaya. The men blistered their feet, and suffered varied hardships. Vast quantities of cotton and sugar were taken out of the country and confiscated, ostensibly for the benefit of the government. Sprague's History of the Thirteenth has the following incident of this time: —

"What's the real object of this expedition?" asked Mrs. Semmes, at whose house some of the officers halted. "The real object of the expedition," replied the chaplain, "is to protract the expedition until the quartermasters and contractors all get rich. I verily believe, if they had their way, they'd keep us in these swamps as long as the children of Israel were kept in the wilderness." — "Chaplain Upson," responded Bromley, "I can tell you why the children of Israel were detained so long in the wilderness. It was because they had too many chaplains and too few quartermasters."

The men still vividly remember a long, tedious, useless tramp through a country full of rank tropical growths, and abounding in fruit and fowl which they were forbidden to touch; "special agents" floating off the cotton, with enormous snakes, athletic spiders, and slimy alligators in the foreground.

The advance reached the mouth of Red River on May 18; and the whole corps sailed down the Mississippi to Bayou Sara, twenty miles above Port Hudson. Next morning, they marched towards that stronghold; the rebel vedettes falling back before our advance-guard, a detachment of the Thirteenth. On Sunday, May 24, the converging columns drew nearer, and the investment was complete. Sharp skirmishing ensued. The Thirteenth and Twenty-fifth advanced in Birge's brigade; and the Twenty-fourth farther on the right, and the Twenty-sixth away on the left, chasing the enemy through the woods, and taking possession of the re-

doubts and earthworks outside the main rebel defenses. The regiments were under fire, and a few were wounded. In the afternoon, half the Thirteenth went forward to skirmish; and there was a sharp contest. Here, bravely fighting, far to the front, fell Sergeant James Torrence, a gallant young Scotchman of Norwich.

On the 25th the Twelfth came up, and advanced to the front. The Thirteenth pressed the enemy's sharpshooters to the rifle-pits; and at midnight Privates Charles Sidders (of East Hampton) and Walter McGrath and Ellis B. Robinson (of East Hartford) were selected by Col. Birge, and sent at midnight, with instructions to crawl up to the rebel parapet, and report upon the practicability of scaling the works. They went through the enemy's picket-line, and examined the ground; all returning unhurt, though the pickets of the Twenty-fifth fired on them by mistake.

On May 27, Weitzel led his brigade in the general line that advanced to storm the works. The Twelfth was ready for the business. As straight as the nature of the ground would allow, the line advanced through the woods, reaching the clearing in front at sunrise. "We were received as we emerged with volleys from artillery and infantry. I received orders to advance to the front and left, and silence the artillery, now firing grape and canister into our lines. We moved by the flank under a heavy fire, past four pieces, and took up a suitable position. Three companies were sent forward as skirmishers, and soon came upon the skirmishers of the enemy, whom they drove. A detachment was sent from inside the works, which attempted to turn our flank. Our left being entirely unsupported, I sent one company, which succeeded, by sharp fighting, in repelling the attack. The entire regiment was finally engaged, and by noon had succeeded in driving the enemy inside the parapet; and in a short time afterward had silenced four pieces of artillery, two of which, being field-pieces, were withdrawn; the other two (mounted *en barbette*) the two wings of the regiment relieved each other in guarding till late in the day. Our line did not halt until it reached the parapet; and at one time the extreme right had succeeded in scaling the work,

but, for want of harmonious support of other corps, were compelled to rest satisfied with holding the position."[4] At night, the regiment was withdrawn. While in this advanced position, Private Andrew B. Bartram of Berlin crept cautiously up to a rebel embrasure, and reconnoitered the works. When he was discovered, the rebels seized their guns; but Bartram slipped away and into cover before they could fire upon him. He was loudly cheered by our men. Gen. Stone sent for him, and pointed a Dahlgren gun where Bartram saw the sharpshooters, which tore a large hole in the works.

Birge's Brigade, in which was the Twenty-fifth, was ordered to the right to support Weitzel, and directed to carry a redoubt on the north-east angle of the enemy's works. Advancing under a severe cross-fire through a ravine, waist-deep in water, forcing its way over a most difficult abatis, the column halted at the foot of the slope leading up to the redoubt. This it carried, capturing the outposts and rifle-pits, together with their occupants. But beyond, and between the column and the redoubt, lay an impenetrable ravine, forming a natural ditch. After twice vainly essaying to cross in the face of a tremendous fire, the attempt was abandoned; and the two regiments lay on the position they had carried till ten, P.M., when they were withdrawn under cover of darkness. At the time when both regiments were driven back under the fire that swept the ravine, the standard-bearer of the 159th New-York was killed, and the colors left upon the field. Sergeant Robert Buckley of the Twenty-fifth hearing of it, without a word, sprang forward again into the deadly storm of missiles, and, picking up the flag, brought it safely in; but, turning to take up his gun which he had laid down, received the fatal ball in his breast: with but a groan his spirit passed away

The Twenty-sixth[5] took an honorable part in the ill-starred assault of this day. On arriving from Baton Rouge, the regiment was assigned to Gen. Neal Dow's brigade, on the extreme left, near the river. In the afternoon, the left

[4] Col. Peck's Official Report.

[5] Major Henry Stoll, absent on leave, rejoined the regiment during the siege of Port Hudson.

wing advanced, and was received with a concentrated fire. Col. Kingsley of the Twenty-sixth was among the wounded. Lieut.-Col. Joseph Selden, afterwards commanding the regiment, reports, —

"The brigade was ordered forward on the double-quick. Four fences intervened between us and the intrenchments, which greatly impeded our advance. In passing these fences, the different regiments were thrown into confusion, and became somewhat mixed up. On entering the field, a perfect shower of grape-shot and canister met us, severely wounding Gens. Sherman and Dow, and cutting down officers and men by scores. Still we advanced, and for more than two hours held the ground; and, when obliged to fall back, it was not in disorder. I rallied our men, and formed the regiment near the entrance of the field; and we held the ground occupied by our brigade during the day. This being the first time the regiment had been under fire, I must be permitted to say that they conducted themselves with great gallantry and bravery."

Out of a total of less than four hundred, one hundred and six were killed or wounded. Nine-months' regiments were thereafter held at par. Gen. Clark, commanding the brigade, said in his report, "The nine-months' men have demonstrated by their gallant conduct that they can be relied on in any emergency."

During the succeeding two weeks, all the regiments were engaged constructing covered ways, making counter breastworks, digging rifle-pits and zigzags, removing obstructions, and mounting artillery "On the night of June 10, four companies of the Twelfth were ordered to be thrown forward as skirmishers to form part of a continuous line around the works, with the design of compelling the enemy to disclose the position of his artillery. Orders were also given by the brigade commanders to scale and occupy the works if possible. Companies A, B, F, and K, were sent out, and advanced, at the signal arranged, through a deep intervening ravine obstructed by fallen trees and underbrush. They received a volley from the enemy as they came up, but pressed on to the base of the parapet."[6] The orders were not carried out by the other regiments, and these four companies drew the enemy's concentrated fire; and seventeen out of thirty-four of Company B were killed and wounded. Twenty others were wounded, including Capts. Granniss,

[6] Col. Peck's Official Report.

Clarke, and Roach. The attempt was a signal failure on every side.

The whole field was now swept with almost constant fire. Crash went the shell from multitudes of death-dealing cannon; and the "zip, zip," of Minie-balls, sang just over the heads of the men. Food was prepared in the rear, and brought to the front at night by the cooks. So difficult was the way, that one of the cooks of the Twenty-fifth actually carried hot coffee across the neutral ground; but he offered none of the beverage to the self-denying rebel sentinel who challenged him.

The terrible 14th of June will be long remembered. About twelve o'clock, midnight, the Twelfth left their position. It was intensely dark. The guides who were sent to direct them lost their way; the regiment got separated by flanks, but, after considerable wandering, came together, and entered the ditch leading up to the parapet, where the assault was to be made before daylight. The Thirteenth and Twenty-fourth were already at the ditch; the duty assigned the latter being to swing their muskets on their backs, with an additional load of two 30-pound gunny-bags of cotton to each man with which to bridge the moats, and to advance with the charge. The Twenty-fifth was held for the present in reserve, now mustering only ninety-five for duty. The Twenty-sixth was in line of battle, ready to charge the rebel works again across the broken field. From the Twenty-eighth a hundred men were detailed, under Capts. Brown and Hoag, to form a part of the hand-grenade constituent, consisting of three hundred men in all. Ravines of the most precipitous and difficult character covered the front of the enemy's works, and were both naturally and artificially obstructed by trees and brushwood; in many instances, also, being under the fire of rifle-pits, or the guns of flanking angles of the works.

Across this ground dashed the first line of battle, in which was a brigade led by Col. Richard E. Holcomb of the 1st Louisiana. The rebels madly plied the advancing regiments with shot and shell; with all missiles known to war, and unknown, — "explosive bullets, case-knives, flat-irons, spikes,

hatchets, ramrods, pig-iron, and wooden plugs wound with cotton." [7]

As the battle was raging in front, and dead and wounded were brought to the rear, the Connecticut regiments advanced through the covered way, and issued into the open ground near the works of the enemy. The first attacking party had recoiled; and, as the Thirteenth leaped from the end of the dry ditch, they caught a glimpse of Col. Holcomb, their old major, and gave him three hearty cheers. He was haranguing his brigade, and trying to rally them; but they responded doubtfully; and he turned to the Thirteenth, commanded by a captain, and offered to lead it. Another rousing cheer accepted the offer; and they leaped to the front simultaneously with other regiments from this and other States. The Twelfth was deployed as skirmishers to the left. The men of the Twenty-fourth were running forward with their cotton-bags; and the hand-grenade party was also pushing for the rebel works.

This broken plain was now mown by shot and shell in an increasing tempest. The companies that advanced over its most exposed parts were shot down almost bodily. The brave Holcomb was slain with a musket-ball in his head at the first onset; Lieut. Strickland and twenty others fell close by him. Cautiously now the line pressed forward, the men availing themselves of the irregularities of the ground for cover, until the center rested upon the line of a ridge not more than fifty yards from the "Priest's Cap," a rebel redoubt projected beyond the parapet. The men fell on all sides; and the battle raged with great fury and clamor.

In a moment, portions of the Twelfth and Thirteenth reached a concealed ravine, almost under the breastwork, and nearly parallel. The inner side was precipitous, barring further progress; and into it officers and men poured headlong, finding cover from the instant death that hurtled across the field. To this ravine, within thirty yards of the enemy's works, many ran the gantlet of fire, until five hundred to a thousand were there massed. Gen. Banks sent repeated peremptory orders for the senior officer to take the works at

[7] Sprague's History of the Thirteenth, p. 142.

all hazards. The officers present regarded it as a wicked slaughter of men; and every one refused to lead. Banks then directed the formation of a storming-column of two hundred; and several officers and men of the Twelfth and Thirteenth immediately volunteered, with many others. The order was soon countermanded, on account of two heavy lines of rebel infantry having been discovered just inside. The men were without food or drink, and suffered fearfully, the day being very hot. At night this advanced force was withdrawn from its perilous position.

In the mean time, the Twenty-fourth still maintained an exposed position at the right. In the murderous fire, which killed and wounded a thousand men, they had thrust their cotton-bags before them, and rushed on to the crest of a little hill, within fifty yards of the rebel works, where they constructed a temporary breastwork and held it.

The hundred men of the Twenty-eighth, with the hand-grenades, had met with a bloody repulse, and had fallen back to the intrenchments with the main line.

The Twenty-sixth, under Lieut.-Col. Selden, in Col. Clark's brigade, had steadily advanced upon the extreme left in column by divisions, to within about three hundred yards of the rebel works, under a raking fire. Here their advance was checked by the deep ravine, rendered almost impassable by felled trees and a dense growth of chaparral. The enemy had also planted a battery, which kept up a destructive fire. The regiment had already lost heavily. The first rebel shell killed and wounded sixteen; another took six from the color-company; but the men advanced steadily to the ravine, where they were showered with grape and shrapnel. In this ditch the Twenty-sixth was held all day, under a broiling sun, firing at the rebel gunners, and unable to retire until darkness covered the field.

Of all the regiments that advanced across the plateau in the morning, the Twenty-fourth Connecticut was the only one so located as to be able to maintain its hold. Now reduced to less than two hundred and fifty fighting men, it defended the narrow arc of cotton-bags resolutely When darkness fell, the cotton was strengthened by being covered

with sand; so that the morning's sun rose on an ambitious little earthwork, which its gallant garrison christened Fort Mansfield, after their accomplished colonel. So quietly was it done, that Gen. Grover thought the rebels had erected a new redoubt during the night, and ordered a battery to shell it out; but, fortunately, the blue-jackets were recognized.

Fort Mansfield was so near, that Capt. Mabbett of Hamden threw a bullet into the enemy's works. The men talked with the rebels over the hostile parapet. "Shoot lower if you expect to hit anybody," exclaims one. "Come over here, and we will give you some ammunition," is the invitation of another to a rebel rifleman whose cap does not ignite the powder.

The position was subjected to a severe cross-fire; but the handful of men poured in a shower of lead whenever a rebel head was visible. On the third day they felt sufficiently secure to unfurl the flag of Connecticut from their cotton-bales; greeting it with three hearty cheers and a shotted salute of a hundred guns at the rebels, who returned it with a yell of rage and a shower of leaden hail at the defiant banner. Chaplain J. C. Wightman of the regiment wrote, under date of June 17, as follows: —

"This morning, from the outskirts of the green woods which encircle Port Hudson, within whose dense foliage the army of Gen. Banks is completely embowered, the flag of the Twenty-fourth might be seen, far out in the field, waving triumphantly in the very jaws of this rebel stronghold. The flash of musketry blazed along the rebel parapet, and sent a shower of bullets upon this emblem of our national Union and keepsake of the ladies of Middletown. The smoke that rose from time to time beneath it showed that those who carried it thither had not abandoned it, but were jeoparding their lives for its defense. At first the area which intervenes between this pioneer band and the army might be mistaken for a traversable plain; but minute observation will reveal most hideous features. Stumps, fallen trees lying one upon another, brambles, roots, and gorges which lie concealed like a stealthy foe till you reach their brink, make this outer point which is held by a single small

regiment almost inaccessible to their friends, and seem to place it entirely within the power of their enemies, whose frowning breastworks rise within the distance of a stone's-throw, and overlook the little dwarf of a fort that dared to be born so near."

June 15, Gen. Banks promulgated his famous call for a storming column of a thousand volunteers. In this appeal he said, —

"We are at all points upon the threshold of the enemy's fortifications: one more advance, and they are ours! For the last duty that victory imposes, the commanding general summons the bold men of the corps to the organization of a storming column of a thousand men, to vindicate the flag of the Union and the memory of its defenders who have fallen.

"Officers who lead the column of victory in this last assault may be assured of the just recognition of their services by promotion; and every officer and soldier who shares its perils and its glory shall receive a medal fit to commemorate the first grand success of the campaign of 1863 for the freedom of the Mississippi. His name will be placed in general orders upon the roll of honor."

In this forlorn hope, Connecticut took the lead of all the States. Col. Birge, at his special request, was assigned to lead the column; and his old regiment, the Thirteenth, furnished for the perilous service *one-quarter of the whole number*. Two colored regiments also furnished two hundred. The following is our roll of honor; the Connecticut regiments not represented being on duty at other points: —

STAFF OF COMMANDING OFFICER OF COLUMN.

Col. Henry W Birge (Thirteenth Connecticut Volunteers) commanding 3d Brigade, Grover's division.

Capt. Edward C. Weeks (Acting Master United-States Navy), A. A. D. C., Birge's staff.

Capt. Charles L. Norton (Twenty-fifth Connecticut Volunteers), A. D. C., Birge's staff.

Assistant Surgeon George Clary (Thirteenth Connecticut Volunteers), Birge's staff.

FIELD AND STAFF, FIRST BATTALION.

George A. Harmount (Adjutant Twelfth Connecticut Volunteers), Adjutant.

Hospital Steward William Bishop (Thirteenth Connecticut Volunteers).

THIRTEENTH REGIMENT CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS.

Company A. — First Lieut. Charles E. Tibbetts. Second Lieut. John C. Kinney. Corporals Francis J. Wolff, Christopher C. Fagan, Andrew

Black. Privates Michael Cunningham, Walter Egan, John Fagan, Francis Gaffney, James Gilbert, Edward Lautz, Joseph S. Mack, John Martin, John Maguire, Henry Morton, John O'Keefe, Loren D. Penfield, John Quigley, Thomas Reilly, Charles R. Rowell, John Smith, Edward Stone.

Company B. — Capt. Apollos Comstock. Second Lieut. Louis Beckwith. Sergeants George E. Faucher, Alonzo Wheeler, George H. Pratt. Corporals Roswell Taylor, Francis E. Weed, Isaac W Bishop. Privates George M. Balling, John J. Brown, William E. Casey, Balthazar Emmerick, Peter Gentien, Dennis Heggany, William W Jones, John Klein, Benjamin L. Mead, James Mohren, Charles Nichols, Victor Pinsard, George Prindle, Morant J. Robertson, Sidney B. Ruggles, Felix Scheryer, Louis Schmidt, Frederick L. Sturgis.

Company C. — Capt. Charles D. Blinn. Second Lieut. Newton W Perkins. Sergeants Everett S. Dunbar, Charles H. Gaylord, John N. Lyman, John Maddox. Corporals Lewis Hart, Homer M. Welch, Everett E. Dunbar. Privates Willis Barnes, Seymour Buckley, Chauncey Griffin, Charles Hotchkiss, Charles Mitchell, John Odell, Frederick W Pindar, Joseph H. Pratt, George Roraback, Mortimer H. Scott, Joseph Taylor, Daniel Thompson.

Company D. — Capt. Charles J. Fuller. First Lieut. Perry Averill. Sergeants John J. Squier, Ezra M. Hull. Corporals William Finimore, Andrew Holford, Edward Altano. Privates Thomas B. Andrus, Antonio Astenhoffer, Henry F Bishop, Charles Bertz, John Cravey, John Dillon, John Fee, Thomas Fitzpatrick, Gotlieb Folkling, Henry F. Fox, Joseph A. Gardner, Newton Gaylor, Casper Heidrick, Louis Hettinger, Julius Camp, Jacob Kuhlman, Henry Long, George Lesser, Luke McCabe, Frederick Poush, Henry E. Pulling, Horace B. Stoddard, William H. Tucker, Martin W Tyler, Louis Walters, Edward J. Welden.

Company E. — Second Lieut. Charles H. Beaton. Sergeants Nicholas Schue, Richard Croley Corporals Robert C. Barry, Leonard E. Dugal. Privates Jacob Brown, Adam Geize, Frederick Harris, George W Howland, Michael Murphy, Charles F Odekoven, Fritz Odekoven, F. F. Pfeiffer, Andy Regan, Frederick Schuh, Joseph Vogel, August Wilson.

Company F — Sergeants Eugene S. Nash, John T. Reynolds. Corporal James Case. Privates James Barry, George F Bogue, David H. Brown, Henry Clousent, James Cosgrove, Byron Crocker, Henry Finney, David D. Jacques, Abel Johnson, Patrick Leach, Patrick Martin, Thomas R. McCormick, James O'Neil, Thomas Powers, Orrin M. Price, Theodore Secelle.

Company G. — Capt. Denison H. Finley. Sergeants Samuel L. Cook, Charles B. Hutchins, John W Bradley, Francis Huxford. Corporals Timothy Allen, Louis Foetish, Moses Gay, Edward Bogue. Privates Frank Austin, George J. Austin, John Brand, John Ceeressole, William B. Crawford, Charles Culver, James Gay, Albert Hopkins, John Hunt, Henry A. Hurlburt, Asahel Ingraham, Jeremi S. Jordan, Michael Kearney, Joseph Kemble, Albert Lehleitner, William M. Maynard, Walter McGrath, John McKevan, Daniel Moore, Moses Newhouse, Timothy O'Connell, William H. Reynolds, Ellis B. Robinson, Henry Robinson, John Ryan, Antoine Schlosser, Martin J. Sharden, Martin Shurrer, Charles Sidders, Edward Skinner, John Suarman, Anson F. Super, S. W Tinker.

Company H. — Capt. Homer B. Sprague. Sergeant William H. Huntley. Corporals George H. Twitchell, Thomas Harrison. Privates Philo

Andrews, Heman W Bailey, Miram Blackman, John Blake, Dennis Doyle, Francis Patterson, William H. Smith.

Company I. — First Lieut. Frank Wells. Second Lieut. Louis Miesner. Sergeants Abner N. Steny, Samuel Taylor, Santer Engelbert, John Duress. Corporals Francis W Preston, Joseph Franz, Garrett Herbert. Privates William Albretch, Fritz Bowman, Ulrich Burghardt, Michael Burke, James Dillon, Patrick Hines, Thomas McGee, Clifford C. Newbury, Henry Keltrath, Edward Smith, Edward O. Thomas, Henry Whiteman.

Company K. — First Lieut. William F Norman. Second Lieut. Charles Daniels. Sergeants Miles J. Beecher, George A. Winslow, Charles E. Humphrey. Corporals Herman Sanders, Herbert C. Baldwin, Robert Hollinger, John Nugent. Privates John Bennett, Benjamin E. Benson, Frank C. Bristol, George Clancey, William J. Cojer, Thomas Duffy, Samuel Eaves, Edward Ellison, John Gall, Thomas Griffin, William Krieg, Patrick Mahoney, Thomas Morris, Richard O'Donnell, George C. Russell, Bernard Stanford, John Storer, Bartley Tiernan.

First Regiment Louisiana (White).

Second Lieut. James T. Smith, formerly of the Thirteenth Connecticut Volunteers.

Twelfth Connecticut Volunteers.

Company A. — Private Charles J. Constantine.

Company B. — Sergeant John Mullen. Private Charles Duboise.

Company C. — Corporal John Moore. Privates George T. Dixon, Willoughby Hull. William Putnam, Christopher Spies, John P Woodward.

Company D. — Sergeant Alexander Cohn. Corporals George Shaw, James Robinson. Privates Lawrence P. Ferrell, George Kohler, Reuben Miles. Frederick C. Payne.

Company E. — Private Edward Millerick.

Company F. — Private James H. Scranton.

Company G. — Capt. Lester E. Braley. First Lieut. A. Dwight McCall. Sergeant C. E. McGlafflin. Corporal John T. Gordon. Privates Oliver C. Andrews, James E. Chase, James Dunn, Patrick Fitzpatrick, Patrick Franney, William Jobin, Joseph W Weeks.

Company H. — Sergeants John W Phelps, Solomon E. Whiting, Joseph W Carter. Privates Edwin Converse, Hugh Donnelly, Warren Gammons, Miles P. Higley, William Lenning, Thomas McCue, Melvin S. Nichols.

Company K. — Second Lieut. Stanton Allyn. Privates Frank Beaumont, Daniel B. Loomis, Albert M. Perkins.

Twenty-Fifth Connecticut Volunteers.

Adjutant Henry C. Ward.

Sergeant Major Charles F Ulrich.

Company B. — Private Eli Hull.

Company F — First Lieut. Henry H. Goodell.

Company H. — Privates Samuel Slesinger, John Williams.

These were the men, who, knowing the desperate situation, deliberately resolved to sacrifice their lives for their

country. Day after day the storming column was ordered under arms, to be ready for an instant assault.

The Twenty-fourth clung to its redoubt of cotton and sand. They were kept constantly on the *qui vive*, and the regiment was divided into three reliefs for vigilant watch. They bore this severe service like brave men. Here they remained for twenty-five days; and fired, on an average, not less than four thousand rounds of cartridges per day. Many of them were killed and wounded; but desertion of the post was not thought of. "From this little earthwork," says Major Maher in a letter, "the covered approaches to the works were dug, and the parallels were made; also the zig-zag approach right into the enemy's ditch. Besides these, we had, on the morning of July 8, a mine forty-two feet long under the enemy's works, capable of containing four hundred pounds of powder; and we were ready to blow up the fort if it had not surrendered." The surrender of Port Hudson, on July 8, relieved the regiment from its perilous position.

Indeed, the whole investing force felt relieved of a terrible burden of labor and endurance. All the Connecticut regiments mentioned had been almost incessantly engaged in the rifle-pits, digging, fighting, waiting, suffering untold exposure and privation.

But none experienced a greater sense of relief than "the forlorn hope," most of whom had prepared for death, and solemnly directed the final disposal of their effects. These men, from among the bravest, were given the post of honor; and "the storming column" was the first to enter the captured stronghold, led by Col. Birge to the music of a Connecticut band, and under the folds of a tattered Connecticut flag.

CHAPTER XXVI.

After the Capture of Port Hudson. — The Twelfth, Thirteenth, Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth, and Twenty-eighth Connecticut Regiments. — Casualties. — Incidents of the Battle. — The Twenty-third in Southern Louisiana. — Guarding the Railroad. — At Brashear City. — Battle and Capture. — Casualties. — Imprisonment in Texas. — Return Home of the Nine-months' Regiments.

ICKSBURG[1] and Port Hudson had fallen; and once more "the Father of Waters flowed unvexed to the sea." The reduction of Port Hudson involved a Union loss of five thousand killed and wounded, among whom were many from Connecticut. The Twelfth had twenty-three killed or died of wounds, and eighty-four wounded. Col. Frank H. Peck had been severely wounded twice, and Major George N. Lewis was shot through the body. Capts. Samuel H. Granniss, S. E. Clark, John Brennan, and James D. Roche, and Lieuts. H. J. Fletcher and G. W Stedman, had been wounded. Of the Thirteenth, four were killed and eighteen wounded. Among the former was Lieut. Joseph Strickland of New London. He had assisted greatly in recruiting Company I, of which he became first lieutenant. Col. Sprague says of the Port-Hudson charge, "Of the many gallant officers that then fell, there was none more fearless or more deeply mourned."

Bravely leading the same charge, and within a few paces of young Strickland, fell Col. Richard E. Holcomb of the 1st Louisiana (white). At the beginning of the war, Mr. Hol-

[1] Major Frederick Hoadly, who was killed while fighting on the Confederate side at the siege of Vicksburg, was a young man belonging to an old and respectable Hartford family. His grandfather for many years held the position of high sheriff of Hartford County, and one of his brothers has been for a long time the State Librarian of Connecticut. Major Hoadly went to Little Rock, Ark., ten or twelve years since, and was there admitted to practice at the bar in that State.

comb, a farmer of forty years of age, enlisted from his quiet home in Granby in the Third regiment, three-months' troops. After serving faithfully as quartermaster, he returned to Granby, but could not be detained there while the nation was in peril; and he raised a company, and was commissioned to be major of the Thirteenth. In Louisiana, he was promoted to the colonelcy of the 1st Louisiana, and became its life and soul. His splendid courage, manly bearing, experience in dealing with men, superior qualities as an organizer and a disciplinarian, and his zeal in the work, gave him a high position in the department. His official successor, Lieut.-Col. William O. Fiske, issued an order after his death, expressing the sorrow of the command at the loss of the true friend, the gallant gentleman, the brave soldier, the accomplished officer, the pure patriot, and peerless leader.

The colors of the Twenty-fourth were borne throughout the terrible siege by Color-Sergeant John Bohan; and thirty-seven bullet-holes attest the fierceness of the storm to which the little band was exposed. An instance of courage and humanity is mentioned in the case of Corporal William Clark of Middletown, who, at night and alone, went up to the enemy's works, carrying water to a wounded soldier who had lain there forty-eight hours; and then came back, got assistance, and carried him off the field. After the surrender, "the Twenty-fourth was complimented by the 1st Mississippi for its coolness and perseverance." Nearly fifty of the Twenty-fourth had died of disease in hospital, among them Lieuts. Bela C. Post of Essex and Luzerne G. Goodyear of Hamden. The regiment had lost during the siege sixteen killed and fifty wounded. Among the former were H. A. Brainard of Haddam, Corporals Lellick Scott and Charles Rigbey of Middletown, and Edgar D. Ives of Hamden. Among the latter were Lieut.-Col. John D. Allison, Adjutant Clark Strong, Capt. Isaac C. Gleason, Capt. Alonzo L. Mabbett, Lieut. Jesse B. Gilbert, and Lieut. F. E. Camp. On July 11, the regiment embarked for the Plaquemine district; the rebels having again overrun the whole of Louisiana west of the river, capturing Banks's artillery and stores, and a large amount of miscellaneous property. The regi-

ment found no enemy, and enjoyed two weeks' rest; the officers sleeping under a roof for the first time in eight months.

The Twenty-fourth left Middletown Nov 18, 1862, with six hundred and ninety-eight officers and men. The regiment served in the Gulf Department nearly ten and a half months, and was mustered out Sept. 30, 1863, numbering about four hundred and sixty.

The Twenty-fifth, which had lost a hundred at Irish Bend, and which, on going into battle at Port Hudson, numbered little more than two hundred men, had lost of these seven killed and forty wounded. On July 4, there were seven officers and one hundred and eighty-eight men on duty.

Among the killed were Corporals Ira B. Addis of Hartford and Erskine Wallace of Ellington; among the wounded were Lieut. Alfred W Converse, Lieut. D. M. Ensworth, Lieut. George Brennan, and Lieut. W E. Simonds.

On July 11, the Twenty-fifth left its camp outside Port Hudson, and, marching through the works, embarked on the Laurel Hill for Donaldsonville. So reduced had the army become, that this steamboat of moderate capacity carried five regiments, among which were the Thirteenth, Twenty-fourth, and Twenty-fifth Connecticut.

"The Twenty-fifth was ordered to proceed to a point about half a mile beyond and below the town, and, throwing out proper pickets, &c., to hold the position. We remained here, with our left on the Mississippi, and our right on the woods, until the following afternoon. During that time, and about two, P.M., on the 12th instant, the enemy endeavored, with some considerable force of cavalry, to cut off our extreme post on the right, which was established in an abandoned sugar-mill, and under command of Lieut. I. W Beach (of Bristol). It became necessary to abandon the mill for a short time. It was retaken by Lieut. Beach, however, after a little skirmishing, and without loss on our part, and our line maintained."[2]

The regiment was shortly after ordered to the Bayou La Fourche, beyond the town, where Lieut.-Col. Mason C. Weld,

[2] Report of Adjutant H. C. Ward.

who had commanded the Twenty-fifth during the entire siege of Port Hudson, assumed command of the brigade as senior officer. Col. Birge commanded the division. On the 13th, the rebels made a dash on our lines on both sides of the bayou; and Lieut.-Col. Weld led the skirmishers from the Twenty-fifth to the front: but the enemy retired without further engagement. On the 16th, Col. Bissell, having recovered from his long and tedious illness, rejoined his regiment, and took command of the brigade.

Among those who died of disease in the regiment was Surgeon Alden B. Skinner of Vernon. He was a faithful and skillful officer, and fell a victim of typhoid fever. Capt. Newton P Johnson of East Granby also died during the process of acclimation. After the fall of Port Hudson, the excitement which had repelled disease being taken away, many in every regiment were prostrated with diarrhœa and climatic fevers. Private William W House of Hartford died in hospital just after the capture. He was a brave and excellent young man, a graduate of Yale in the class of '63.

When Paymaster Northrop was in New Orleans, he asked Col. Bissell whether there was any swearing in his regiment. "You may go through the regiment," answered Col. Bissell, "and I'll give you five dollars for every oath you hear from it." It is said the paymaster hunted diligently after his reward with good hope, but searched in vain.

None of the nine-months' regiments won a better reputation for pluck and endurance than the Twenty-fifth Connecticut; and the reports of Adjutant H. C. Ward to the adjutant-general's office were very complete.

The Twenty-sixth had suffered more than any other of our regiments at Port Hudson; having lost during the siege twenty-six killed and one hundred and fifty-one wounded, — leaving after the last action, as reported by Lieut.-Col. Selden, about one hundred and eighty officers and men fit for duty. Most of the losses of the regiment were incurred on the ill-starred May 27, in its charge with Dow's brigade through a storm of grape and canister from the rebel batteries. It was here that Capt. John L. Stanton of Norwich lost his life. He was a gallant and earnest

soldier, and was in advance of his men, swinging his sword, and calling on them to follow, when he was pierced with a bullet, and died instantly. Orderly Sergeant Albert Smith of Salem was lingering behind in the retreat; and, as he turned to fire, he received a mortal wound. On being carried to the rear, he shook hands with Capt. Gallup, and said, "Good-by! Tell my friends I hope to meet them in heaven." Capt. Jedediah Randall of Groton fell mortally wounded, and lay where the deadly missiles flew thick. Lieut.-Col. Selden tried to help him; but he said, "Never mind me, colonel; I'm all right: go and take care of the boys." Capt. Jesse C. Maynard of Salem was wounded by a ball which passed through his breast, maiming him for life. Capt. Lorenzo A. Gallup of Norwich was indebted for defense to a rifle directly in front of him. A bullet struck it with such force as to pierce the band. Eleazer Jewett of Norwich was saved by his belt-clasp, the ball spending its force after passing entirely through it. Benjamin C. Douglass of Voluntown got a blow in the groin, that he supposed was caused by a piece of shell, but on examination found a bullet safely lodged in his tobacco-box. Almost every regiment chronicled similar narrow escapes many times during the war. Private Babcock of Stonington was shot through the body, and the surgeons asserted positively that he must die. The prospect was doubtless rendered less bitter to him by the reflection that he had used the large bounty he had received to pay off the remainder of the debt upon his mother's house. He recovered and returned home. Here died Cyrus M. Geer of Lyme, Thaddeus M. Weemes of Stonington, and other heroic spirits.

In the second assault, fell Lieut. Hervey F. Jacobs of Norwich, a native of Thompson. He had taken a part of a course at Brown University when he enlisted. Capt. Lorenzo A. Gallup wrote to the sister of his dead comrade after the battle, —

"Your brother has fallen with a reputation that any soldier might envy. All who saw him on that fatal day testify to his coolness and bravery. I can speak from personal observation. When that dreadful shell came which killed and disabled twenty men, including himself, he was cheering and encouraging his men, and pressing forward with the assur-

ance of success. He was on my right, as he had been detailed to command Company A. After he was wounded, the noble spirit that animated him was manifested by his refusing to be taken to the rear until all the wounded about him had been removed."

The knightly spirit of Sir Philip Sidney found its parallel a thousand times upon the battle-fields of the Rebellion. Young Jacobs[3] died at the Baton-Rouge hospital on July 5. His last message to his friends was that of a true soldier: "I die at the post of duty." In the same hospital, next day, died his brother Joseph of the 50th Massachusetts.

Lieut. Jacobs was succeeded by Lieut. Edward P Manning, promoted from the ranks. The latter died at home, of disease, three days after receiving his commission, and on the day the regiment was mustered out of service. He had been constantly on duty, serving at different times as quartermaster, commissary, adjutant, and chaplain of the regiment, and commander of a company. He had won the love of all, and exerted a most favorable influence upon the men of his company. On the field, as at home, he was a zealous Christian, and was widely mourned.

Lieut. Martin R. Kenyon was sent home to Preston, where he died, Aug. 5, of wounds received at Port Hudson. His brother Masons —

Resolved, That we cherish the memory of our deceased brother as that of one whose zeal for the institution of Masonry, whose wisdom in its mysteries, and whose bright example in all the virtues that adorn the Mason and the citizen, have been profitable to our fraternity, and a perpetual pleasure to us as individuals.

Another of the dead of the Twenty-sixth who was widely known and deeply mourned was Sergeant Edwin R. Keyes of Pomfret, a native of Ashford. He was a promising graduate of the State Normal School, and an eminently successful teacher. He was a faithful, earnest, patriotic man. Rev. Walter S. Alexander, in a sermon, said of him, "The sacrifice he welcomed, in leaving a family to which he was devotedly attached to engage in our common defense, wins

[3] Rev. Samuel Graves of Norwich, who was the pastor of young Jacobs, in a memorial discourse preached Nov. 1, 1863, says, "Lieut. Jacobs was born Aug. 3, 1838, and was a young man of great promise; frank, courteous, and high-minded in his bearing; endowed with the happy gift of winning friends wherever he went, and of attaching them ardently to himself."

our admiration. The Christian character he maintained till the last, against the pressure of iniquity, secures our grateful love. The death-scene so far away, unhallowed by the presence of wife and babes, calls not in vain for our warmest sympathy for the bereaved."

Dr. Ashbel Woodward of Franklin was surgeon of the Twenty-sixth; and in this capacity, and as a member of the examining board, he was in service during almost the entire period of the war.

Col. Kingsley, who, since being wounded in the fight of May 27, had been in hospital at Baton Rouge, leaving Lieut.-Col. Selden to lead the regiment, now returned, and was placed in command of a brigade.

The Twenty-eighth had suffered severely in the assault of June 14, in which a hundred men, detailed as grenadiers, were led by two captains and four lieutenants. Chaplain R. Wheatley says of the casualties, —

"Lieut. Charles Durand of Stamford was shot soon after the order to charge was given. Capt. David D. Hoag of New Milford yielded up his godly and gallant spirit in the ditch, under the enemy's breastworks. Lieut. William Mitchell of Norwalk was wounded in four places; and Lieut. Jonathan C. Taylor of Westport, with his hand badly shattered, and back torn by a large missile, was taken prisoner. Capt. Charles H. Brown and Lieut. Henry Ayres escaped without a wound; Corporal James Vail and Jason Wardell of Stamford, two deservedly esteemed members of Company A, were also shot dead; and Sergeant George A. Waterbury of Company B taken prisoner, with several men of other companies: nor were these alone sacrificed. A son of Lieut. Riley and an old companion of Frémont in his Rocky-Mountain explorations was among the victims."

Surgeon Ransom P Lyon of Bethel, who was always at his post, died of disease resulting from exposure and overwork, and was buried at Port Hudson, Aug. 6.

In the charge of the grenadiers, fell Private Mark H. Wheeler, a noble soldier from Winsted. He enlisted from high motives of principle, and shrank from no dangers. On the day before the bloody assault, he wrote to his wife, "We

must have this place at any cost; and, if I fall in this affair, my last thoughts shall be of you; and, if possible, I will request some friend to forward you this letter with my diary: but I hope to add more cheering intelligence. God shield me, and help me to do my duty!" He did his duty, and, in the fury of the onset, passed from the sight of his comrades. The third day afterwards, a rebel officer came across the lines, under flag of truce, and brought the letter. It was in his diary, and a bullet passed through both to his heart. The officer said that Wheeler crossed the ditch, and scaled their breastworks, and "was shot on the top of the parapet."

The nine-months' men had discharged their duty nobly. Gen. Neal Dow of Maine wrote to Col. Kingsley of the Twenty-sixth, a few months after this experience, —

"I have reason to remember your regiment well; for none better was ever under my command, either at Port Hudson or elsewhere, and none behaved better on that terrible day (May 27). I wondered to see the men so steady and firm, their first time under fire. The regular officers often sneered at the nine-months' men, and said they would run away at the first shot. But never were braver men, though the situation was the most trying that even veterans can be exposed to,— compelled to stand a destructive fire without the power to return it with any effect. They were exposed on a wide, open plain, to a storm of grape, canister, and rifle-balls, from an enemy securely sheltered behind formidable field-works. All our brave men could do was to die; and that they submitted to most heroically. There was not for a moment any panic or hesitation. Green troops will often manifest the steadiness of veterans in battle where they have a chance to 'give as good as they get;' but at Port Hudson they had no such support, and yet were as steady as old campaigners. Among them all was no regiment better or more reliable than the Twenty-sixth Connecticut."

To return to the Twenty-third: it had an unfortunate experience from the day of its organization. In the voyage to New Orleans, the regiment was divided on two or three transports; and the last detachment, under Major D. H. Miller, did not arrive until the middle of January, after being stranded on the Bahama Islands. The companies were never together long enough at a time to acquire any proper pride of organization.

On Jan. 11, 1863, all the regiment that was present left Camp Parapet under command of Col. Charles E. L. Holmes, by boat for Algiers, opposite New Orleans. Here they took the cars of the Opelousas Railroad to Berwick Bay. They

were expected to join Weitzel in the attack upon the rebel gunboat Cotton; but, in consequence of not having been together since leaving Camp Buckingham, the regiment was ordered to remain and do guard-duty at Brashear.

On Feb. 9, they were ordered to strike tents, and march to the railroad. They were now thoroughly distributed as a guard the whole length of the Opelousas Railroad, from Berwick Bay to Jefferson (nearly opposite New Orleans). Headquarters were established at La Fourche, about midway Company D (Huntington and Trumbull), under Lieut. Stephen M. Nichols, was stationed at Jefferson; Company G (Bethel and Danbury), Capt. George S. Crofut, at St. Charles; Company F (of Derby), Capt. David T. Johnson, at Boutte Station; Company C (Newtown and Sharon), Capt. Julius Sanford, at Bayou des Allemands; Company H (Naugatuck and Waterbury), Capt. A. D. Hopkins, at Raceland; Company B (Danbury), Capt. James H. Jenkins, at La Fourche; Company I (Fairfield and Bridgeport), Capt. William H. May, at Terrebonne; Company K (Danbury and New Fairfield), Capt. S. G. Bailey, at Tigerville; Company A (Waterbury and Watertown), Capt. Alfred Wills, at Bayou Bœuf; Company E (Wilton, Weston, and Redding), Capt. Lewis Northrop, at Bayou Romans. About March 1, Companies E and I were ordered to headquarters, and Company A to re-inforce Capt. Sanford at Bayou des Allemands. By the first of April, Company B was also transferred to Napoleonville, south of Donaldsonville; and Company A to Labadieville, still farther south. Thus the regiment remained for two months, constantly occupied with guard and picket duty, with little time for drill or discipline.

Now the main body of Banks's army was investing Port Hudson; and Dick Taylor resolved to sweep Western Louisiana during their absence. The small Union force was concentrated to meet him. Col. Holmes was placed in command of the post at Brashear City; and Capt. Sanford was ordered to take command at Bayou Bœuf, where Company A immediately reported. Companies B and E were sent to La Fourche; and the other companies were recalled to Brashear City, where the principal resistance was to be made.

Col. Holmes was soon prostrated with sickness, and was not again able to command the regiment.

Brashear City is situated on an island formed by Lake Chestimache, Bayou Bœuf, and the Atchafalaya, and was the key to Western Louisiana. It had been Banks's base of supplies, and valuable stores still remained there.

On June 1, the rebels attacked the hospital on the Berwick side with a small force. Company K, under Lieut. Edward Nearing, instantly embarked on the steamer, followed by Companies G (Capt. Crofut), I (Capt. May), and C (Capt. Jenkins). Capt. Crofut was placed in command. The detachment advanced rapidly, and drove off the rebels on the double-quick; afterwards covering the working parties in removing the sick and the public property. A Col. Stickney now assumed command of the post, on account of the continued illness of Lieut.-Col. Worden. Under the severe discipline of Col. Stickney, the regiment knew no rest. They were kept moving every day, and lay upon their arms almost every night; and the result was, that, in ten days, half the whole number were on the sick-list.

About the middle of June, Col. Stickney, being informed that the rebels were coming down the Bayou La Fourche from the Plaquemine district, took all the men that could be spared from Brashear City, and moved to La-Fourche Crossing, where Capt. James H. Jenkins was in command. Another detachment started on the 19th; but, after proceeding as far as Tigerville, the train was forced to return to Bayou Bœuf.

The rebels attacked La Fourche on June 21, and were repulsed three times; the last time retiring, and leaving our troops in possession. Three companies of the Twenty-third were in the first line of battle, and showed commendable courage.

Capt. James H. Jenkins wrote from La Fourche, "About five, P.M., on the 21st, our pickets began firing. The enemy advanced, and soon attacked us with artillery and infantry. The day being damp, the smoke lay near the ground, obstructing the view; so we reserved our fire. In a few minutes, the rebels charged on us with a hideous yell. We waited until they came within a few rods, when our first

volley told with ruinous effect. A sharp conflict ensued. The graybacks actually seized our guns, but were driven off at the point of the bayonet. In twenty minutes, they were repulsed at all points, and fled, leaving the bodies of their dead comrades lying in winrows, marking where their line had been. Our numerical weakness prevented a pursuit, so we lay on our arms till morning. The rebels sent in a flag of truce, and we delivered to them one hundred and eight dead bodies. We had captured forty prisoners. Our own loss was eight killed and sixteen wounded. The disparity, doubtless, resulted from our fighting behind breastworks." The next day Col. Stickney fell back on New Orleans, uncovering Brashear and Bayou Bœuf.

The rebels, coming up in strong column, now turned down the railroad on Brashear. This was held by a small force, under Major R. C. Anthony of Rhode Island. Major Anthony immediately disposed his forces for defense. Companies A, C, and H, of the Twenty-third, were posted on the Brashear side of Bayou Bœuf. Lieut. Oscar H. Hibbard of Bethel, acting post adjutant, made a careful list of men, who, in case of attack, would be able to stand up, and load and fire a rifle; and reported one hundred and fifty. The situation was gloomy. The rebels were approaching, both in front and rear.

At five o'clock on the 22d, the enemy commenced shelling from the Berwick side of the bay. Capt. Noblett responded from his battery in front of the town. Capt. Crofut, now in command of the detachment of the Twenty-third, was ordered to take all the men he could get, and post them along the edge of the water, under cover, and open fire across the narrow bay. While carrying out this plan of operations, about eight o'clock on the morning of the 23d, they were startled by unearthly yells in the rear. It soon appeared that a battalion of Texans had crossed to the Brashear side during the night, landing in a dense swamp; and had cautiously worked their way through our lines, and were almost in our camp before being discovered. The surprise was complete. They rushed upon our line, and captured men before they had time to fire a gun. Capt. James R. Jenkins and Capt. Crofut rallied a crowd of forty, and opened fire upon

the advaneing foe; but they were immediately surrounded, and compelled to surrender after a feeble resistance.

In half an hour, Brashear was swarming with rebels, who had captured the immense amount of United-States stores there gathered. Among those burned, to keep them out of the hands of the enemy, were the valuable baggage and private property of the Connectieut regiments before Port Hudson. The officers of the Twenty-third eaptured here were Capts. Julius Sanford, Samuel G. Bailey, Alfred Wells, William H. May, James R. Jenkins, and A. D. Hopkins; Lieuts. John A. Woodward, John F Peck, O. H. Hibbard, John G. Stevens, Charles Bailey, John W Buekingham, and Charles D. Hurlburt.

The prisoners were marehed to the fort at Brashear City; and during the two or three days following the enlisted men were parolled, and returned to New Orleans. The officers were moved across the river, and in two days more started on their tedious march, two hundred miles across the State, to Alexandria, on the Red River. Here they took a boat, and steamed up the river three hundred miles to Shreveport; and thence another trying march, one hundred and twenty-five miles west, to Tyler, Tex. Here a stockade fifteen feet high was built about the prisoners; and through the hot summer months they waited the tardy exchange. The location was healthful, and sulphur-water was given them to drink. As in every prison where Union officers were confined, there were many diversions to while away the tedious hours, — debates, music, chess, cards, and, lastly, a newspaper. This last, the Old Flag, was a remarkable production; and some officers from all the regiments represented were its contributors. Its editors were Col. A. J. H. Duganne of New York, and Capt. William H. May of Bridgeport of the Twenty-third; the latter being also publisher and printer. There was one copy of each number, and this was eireulated throughout the prison. Four numbers were issued, in folio form, beautifully and uniquely printed with a pen by Capt. May. It was scarcely larger than a sheet of ordinary letter-paper, and the writing was not larger than newspaper-print. Capt. May sueceeded in bring-

ing the Old Flag safely off; and it has since been multiplied in lithograph, — one of the most interesting relics of the war.

During this eventful period, the Twenty-third had lost its faithful chaplain, Rev. James Averill. Mr. Averill was a native of Guilford, and was educated at Amherst, afterwards preparing for the ministry at the Yale Theological School. He was pastor of the church at Shrewsbury, Mass., for eight years, and of the church at Plymouth Hollow, Conn., for ten years, ending with 1862. The voyage to Louisiana was very trying to his health and strength; and the malarious climate to which he was exposed aggravated his tendencies to disease. He refused to leave his post; and on the 28th of May he was suddenly attacked with fainting, followed by fever. The end rapidly drew on. The disease soon accomplished its appointed work; and he sank quietly to rest, at four o'clock, P.M., June 11, 1863.

Among the dead of the Twenty-third was Lieut. Frederick Starr of Danbury. He was wounded in the battle at La-Fourche Crossing; a ball shattering his thigh near the hip. The leg was amputated; but he died two days afterwards, and was buried in rear of the hospital. Surgeon W H. Trowbridge, always faithful and prompt in the discharge of his duty, wrote, "The record of the death of this truly excellent man is one of the most painful duties of my service here. Beloved by us all, brave, and devoted to the cause of his country, he fell in the discharge of his extreme duty; died like a Christian soldier; and our saddest recollections are blended with this comfort, — living or dying, he was the Lord's." Lieut. Starr was profoundly mourned by his fellow-citizens of Danbury. Private Abel M. Wheeler of Danbury was mortally wounded in the same battle, and died on the same day He went to the war solely under the impulse of duty, and gave his life to his country without repining. He will long be remembered for his patriotism and fervent piety. O. E. Trowbridge and Charles Hart also fell at the same time.

Capt. George M. Godfrey of Wilton died April 23. Sergeant F L. Curtis of Bridgeport was wounded at Brashear, and died on July 7. He was a talented and educated young

man, with a lofty sense of honor and a resolute purpose. He won the high regard of his superior officers, and was always a favorite with his comrades.

Lieut. William H. Bradley contracted the typhoid fever in the exposure and excitement of the service, and came home to his father's house in Derby to die. He was a true soldier, and was promoted from the ranks for merit.

Nelson J. Peck of the Twenty-third was drowned at Bayou Bœuf, July 5. He was a son of Jabez B. Peck of Newtown, and left a fine social and mercantile position to enlist. In a letter home, he said, "Let them come on. I came here to fight, and if need be to die, to wrest from traitors' hands the dear old flag. When I forget my country, may God forget me!" His eldest brother was Lieut. A. W Peck of the Seventeenth.

One of the most faithful soldiers of the Twenty-third was Dr. Joseph Willimann of Danbury. He was educated as a physician in the best schools of Germany, and officiated as a surgeon during the greater part of his term of service; receiving therefor only the pay of an enlisted man. He was constantly promised the rank of an assistant surgeon; but there was no opening for his promotion. His valuable kit of surgeon's implements fell into the hands of the rebels at Brashear City; and the poor man died a few weeks afterwards, broken down in the service of his adopted country, and leaving his family only the scanty pension of a private soldier.

The fraction of the regiment not captured retired towards New Orleans, and continued through the summer doing guard-duty in the "Lowlands of Louisiana."

On June 26, its time having expired, the Twenty-second left Yorktown, Va., for home. At Philadelphia it met with a very refreshing entertainment, and at Jersey City it was properly fed and cared for by Col. Almy. Arriving at Hartford,[4] the men were boisterously welcomed and greeted by

[4] When they arrived home, the soldiers of the Twenty-second found they had an unexpended regimental fund amounting to four hundred and thirty-six dollars; and instead of dividing it, or expending it for a dinner, they voted it to the Hartford Soldiers'-Aid Society.

friends and kindred, as they were escorted through the streets. On State Street, the soldiers partook of refreshments provided by Marshall P Jewell & Son, before finally breaking ranks for their homes.

The Twenty-second was among the fortunate regiments of the war. It had no regimental list of casualties, because it was never in an engagement. It was composed of patriotic and sturdy men, and its officers were as gallant soldiers as ever wore a sword.

Early in August, 1863, our nine-months' regiments in Louisiana were ordered home. The Twenty-sixth and Twenty-eighth came by boat up the Mississippi, and by rail across the Central States: the others returned as they went, — by way of the gulf and ocean. All the regiments suffered severely with the physical prostration produced by a Southern summer; and those that came overland left patients in hospitals at Memphis, and in Illinois and Ohio. In every State through which they passed, they received grateful recognition of their uniform and their services. Gov Buckingham promptly dispatched Capt. Lorenzo A. Gallup of the Twenty-sixth, with directions to proceed overland to New Orleans, and, wherever Connecticut sick or wounded were found, to make arrangements for their comfort and their speedy return home. "He was very successful in his mission; and through this instrumentality a number of our brave volunteers who most needed home, care, and comfort, were returned to their families and friends much sooner than would have been possible in the ordinary routine of the military service."[5] Of the entire number left, thirty-one died.[6]

[5] Adjutant-General's Report.

[6] Private Henry B. Hilliard of the Twenty-seventh, from New Haven, died in hospital, after a life of devotion to the welfare of others. This characteristic was quite as often found in the enlisted men as in the officers. He went to the war deliberately, and as a matter of duty; and during his brief service he was marked for his kindness to those about him. He often carried the musket and knapsack of a weak comrade on the march to Falmouth, and gave much of his rations to the sick; contributing his last dollar for their comfort. He himself became feeble and depressed; but his ambition kept him generally on foot, and with the regiment. When urged to go to the hospital, he carried Frank Johnson, a sick friend, half a mile, to a place of shelter. In delirium, just before his death, he left his bed and lay on the floor, remarking that his wife had come, and was tired. Thus ended a life of heroic self-sacrifice.

We wait no tidings now
Of camp or field, or how
Along the front went on the battle's fray;
For, be it lost or won,
His part was nobly done:
We crown him victor in our hearts to-day.

Miles Bromley of Jewett City died on the steamboat between New York and Norwich, almost within sight of home and friends.

The regiments were received at home by the same enthusiastic demonstrations of admiration and love that had greeted their departure; and there were everywhere waving flags, thronging multitudes, and cheers of welcome. The Twenty-third was formally received in New Haven, by Mayor Tyler; the Twenty-fourth in Middletown, by Hon. Benjamin Douglass; the Twenty-fifth in Hartford, by George Gilman; the Twenty-sixth in Norwich, by Mayor Greene; the Twenty-seventh in New Haven, by Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, and the Twenty-eighth, by Alderman Edwin Marble. These ceremonies were repeated in all sections of the State as regiments and companies returned to the immediate localities that sent them forth, — greetings succeeded by the more sacred and cherished welcome in the moistened eyes and loving hearts of home.

All these nine-months' regiments carried home with them evidences of exposure and of service; and the men of the Twenty-seventh had this piece of testimony from Col. (afterwards Gen.) Brooke, commanding the brigade: —

HEADQUARTERS 4TH BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION, 2D CORPS,
Camp in Pleasant Valley, Md., July 17, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 9. — The colonel commanding the brigade desires, in parting with the officers and men of the Twenty-seventh Connecticut, to convey to them his sincere feelings of regret at losing their services; while he at the same time thanks them for the obedience and faithfulness which has been a marked feature of the regiment.

Knowing it intimately for so many months of active and arduous service; having been an eye-witness of its many deeds of gallantry, and of the noble devotion displayed by it on many a memorable day during the time in which he has had the honor to command its services, — he feels it a duty he owes, not only to the living heroes, but to the memory of those who have fallen in the field in battling in our righteous cause, to bear testimony to the valor and gallantry it has always displayed.

Side by side with the veterans of the Army of the Potomac it has fought, and, by the gallantry of its conduct, won for itself an enviable name and reputation, which may well, in after-years, cause all who belong to it to feel a pardonable pride in having it to say that they served with the Twenty-seventh Connecticut.

By order Col. Brooke,
CHARLES P. HATCH, *Lieutenant A. A. A. G*

CHAPTER XXVII.

Sixth and Seventh in Florida. — The Advance on Charleston. — The Situation at Folly and Morris Islands. — Gen. Terry and the Tenth on James Island. — A Detachment of the Seventh the first to land on Morris Island. — Capture of the Batteries. — The Battalion of the Seventh in the First Charge on Wagner. — Fight on James Island. — The First Connecticut Battery. — Daring Charge of the Sixth on Wagner. — Three Hours in the Fort. —Heavy Casualties. — Important Service of the Seventeenth Connecticut Volunteers. — Approaches to the Fort. — The Seventh in Charge of Heavy Batteries. — Bombardment of Sumter. — Capture of Wagner and Gregg. — The Roll of Honor. — The Sixth at Hilton Head. — The Seventh at St. Helena Island. — The Seventeenth on FollyIsland. — The Tenth in Florida. — Death of Col. Chatfield.

FOR several weeks of the winter, the Sixth and Seventh, with the First Connecticut Battery, remained in comfortable camp at Beaufort and Hilton Head; but in January, 1863, the Seventh left for Florida. The regiment landed at Fernandina on the 15th, relieving the 9th Maine; and Col. Hawley took command of the post. Here for three months they remained on guard, pleasantly located, with plenty of food and fruit, surrounded by the luxuriant vegetation of that flowery land, and bathing in the fountains of perpetual youth which Ponce de Leon invented. In April, Col. Hawley went with five companies to South Carolina to participate in another advance on Charleston; but the expedition miscarried, and he returned.

In a few days more, the two flank companies, under Capts. V B. Chamberlain and Theodore Burdick, under Major Daniel C. Rodman, went to Hilton Head to join the force again mustering to move against Charleston. The Sixth, which had arrived at Jacksonville in March, also evacuated the city with other regiments in possession, covering the rear in the retreat, and returned to Hilton Head. Soon they were joined by two more companies of the Seventh,

under Capts. Sylvester H. Gray and Jerome Tourtelotte. The battalion that remained in Florida was not idle. Two companies, under Capts. Benjamin F. Skinner and John B. Dennis, made a raid into the enemy's country, capturing about three hundred head of beef-cattle, which were penned up by the rebel beef-contractors for the rebel army, and drove them into town in company with about forty horses.

An ill-timed attack on Charleston failing, Gen. Hunter was relieved from the command of the department and succeeded by Gen. Gilmore, who immediately renewed preparations to make an assault from the south. His first objective point seemed to be Fort Wagner, situated on the north-eastern shore of Morris Island.

This island is a ridge of sand formed by successive accumulations from the tides, and running along the southern side of the entrance to Charleston Harbor. The ridge slopes from the shore inward, terminating in a series of salt marshes indented by narrow inlets. The width of the high land varies from twenty-five to two hundred and fifty yards. The island bears the same relation to Fort Sumter that Tybee bears to Pulaski.

Folly Island is a long strip of land immediately south of Morris Island, from which its northern point is separated only by a narrow stream called Light-house Inlet. The lower two-thirds of the island is covered with a thick growth of pine and palmetto trees; and the upper third is a low, marshy swamp.

Gilmore immediately took possession of this island; and early in June it was occupied by the Sixth and the little battalion of the Seventh, with one or two other regiments. The rebels suspected no serious aggression, and felt out from time to time, meeting with slight resistance. But the business of the siege was at once begun; and the engineers and working parties threw up breastworks of sand, and commenced batteries, on the upper end of the island, close under the rebel guns intrenched across the inlet.

With the greatest secrecy the work was pushed forward. The enemy saw no men nearer than the distant woods, and heard no sound. But, if our forces were idle and listless by

day, they worked at night with superhuman energy. Hundreds of spades flashed in the moonlight. Transports arrived with more troops. Battery after battery rose in the white sand; but nothing was visible to the rebels. Huge mortars, Parrott-guns, and Columbiads came from Hilton Head, landed at Stono Inlet, and, under the darkness, were dragged slowly and tediously into place behind their mask of sand. Ammunition was also taken forward and concealed. To make the foundation for the batteries and the corduroy roads, trees had to be cut upon the island; and, lest the rebels should hear the crash of their fall, the largest ones were sawed off, and then eased carefully to the ground with cables from neighboring trees. So the work went forward as noiselessly as the ice-palace of Queen Catherine.

The pickets were on good terms; they told one another the news, joked and chatted together, and sauntered without fear as near as the dividing creek would let them. A member of the Sixth wrote to the Waterbury American, "Our boys make miniature ships, and freight them with salt and coffee, and send them over to the rebs; and in return they send us tobacco." Gilmore even diminished the number of his picket, so as to re-assure the enemy

In all this work, the Sixth and the battalion of the Seventh found severe toil. For three weeks, every night, by moonlight or in the midst of frightful thunder-storms, the work went on; details from both regiments being constantly engaged: and at the end of that time there had been erected ten batteries, mounting forty-eight guns of the heaviest caliber, within four hundred yards of the enemy's works. "And yet," says a narrative of the time, "the rebels had no suspicion that there was any thing more than light field-pieces within seven miles." This is not so certain, however, for they had begun very actively to strengthen their batteries on the opposite bank.

On the morning of July 10, some troops under Brig.-Gen. Terry, promoted after Pulaski, landed at the lower end of James Island, as a feint to draw off the rebels from the main attack. In this force was the Tenth Connecticut, just arrived from St. Helena Island, and the First Connecticut Battery;

and, on their advancing towards Secessionville, many of the rebels hurried over from Morris Island to repel them. Terry kept his regiments well in hand: he avoided a general engagement, but showed a bold front, and skillfully held the enemy's attention during the day and succeeding night. The Tenth picketed in front, and was kept vigilant by the inquisitive rebels that crowded down the island.

At midnight of the 9th, large detachments from all the regiments on Folly Island stepped quietly into boats, and rowed silently up Folly Creek, near the shore of Morris Island; where the flotilla of eighty boats waited for the dawn. At five o'clock, Gilmore unmasked his batteries, and opened simultaneously from fifty guns. The astonished rebels soon replied, showering the boats with shot and shell. A boat of the Sixth was struck, and one man killed and several wounded. The battalion of the Seventh was selected to lead the column. After the artillery duel had continued for about two hours, Lieut.-Col. Rodman of the Seventh was sent ashore with a part of Company A, to reconnoiter. He soon returned, and said to the general, 'Let me land my command, and take that battery.' The general hesitated at first, and then said, 'Go.' Col. Rodman stood up in the stern of his boat, and in a loud voice gave the command, as the boats were all in line and good order, 'Seventh Connecticut, man your oars and follow me!' At the order, we all headed for the shore; and, as the boats struck, every man sprang as if by instinct; and in an instant they were in line. Capt. Chamberlain sent forward skirmishers under Lieut. Van Keuren, and we advanced rapidly to the first line of rifle-works. Our skirmishers cleared it with a bound, and advanced to the second line. Our main forces moved to the first line: the foe retired, firing. Lieut.-Col. Rodman now sent word back for the general to land his whole force, as we could hold the line we occupied." [1]

A part of the force had already landed. The men of the Sixth Connecticut had sprung ashore towards the flank, and advanced with a rush and a wild cheer towards the batteries. The whole force joined in the onset; and in ten minutes the

[1] Capt. S. H. Gray's report.

rebels at the sand-hill batteries turned and fled. The fire from Wagner and Sumter was incessant.

Capt. S. H. Gray's report from the Seventh, says, —

"Lieut.-Col. Rodman sent Company B (Capt. Burdick) to the left, and Company I (Capt. Gray) to the right, to engage the enemy at short range, and drive them out, if possible; while Companies A and K (Chamberlain and Tourtelotte) held our first position. After exchanging a few shots, the brigade being now landed and ready to advance, the enemy began to give way; and Capt. Burdick followed them close on the left, and captured a number of prisoners and one or two camps. Lieut. Jordan, with a detachment of Company I, pushed right up into their batteries on our right; and not finding the first gun in a working condition (it having been disabled by a shot), he pushed forward to what is now called Battery Rodman, in which there was an eight-inch seacoast howitzer, and turned it on the retreating foe; bursting several shells over their heads before they reached Fort Wagner."

The pursuit was eager. Two hundred prisoners were taken. Private Roper Hounslow of the Sixth (from Stamford) shot a rebel color-bearer, and captured a battle-flag inscribed "Pocotalico, Oct. 22, 1862." Col. Chatfield led his men on the last series of rifle-pits, waving this banner aloft. The regimental flag of the Sixth was soon floating from the peak of the only house on the island. Two-thirds of the island was captured, with ten columbiads, two mortars, and a Whitworth gun; and the force threw up breastworks almost within rifle-shot of Wagner, and rested.

Before leaving Folly Island, each had tied a strip of white cloth about his right arm, that they might know one another in a night assault; and they were slightly confused on finding in the morning that the prisoners caught had, anticipating an assault from a feeble force, adopted the same badge.

It was determined to take Fort Wagner by assault next morning; all the regiments to be within supporting distance. Capt. Gray of the Seventh, in the official report, says, "We were to take the lead, and be supported by the 76th Pennsylvania and the 9th Maine. Silently we moved up to the advance line of our pickets; our guns loaded and primed, and bayonets fixed. We there deployed into line of battle, one hundred and ninety-one men and officers all told. It was said there were but three guns pointing this way.

"Gen. Strong gave the order, 'Aim low, and put your trust in God: forward, the Seventh!' and forward we went,

being not more than five hundred yards from the fort. We had not gone far before the pickets fired; and then we took the double-quick, and, with a cheer, rushed for the works. Before we reached the outer works, we got a murderous fire from the riflemen. A few fell; a check in the line; an encouraging word from the officers (they were all there, — eleven in all, — no sick ones); and right gallantly we reached the outer works. Over them with a will we went; down the opposite side, and across the moat (there being about one foot of water in it) right up to the crest of the parapet. And there we lay, anxiously waiting for our support to come up so far as to make it a sure thing for us to rise up and go over with a bound; our men, in the mean time, busying themselves picking off sharpshooters and gunners. We lay so near the top, that one had but to put his head up and gun across the top of the parapet to kill his man."

Here was fighting at close quarters; and Corporal Giles James of Colchester, Arthur E. Lyon of Eastford, and William DeWitt of Windsor Locks, are mentioned for gallantry. We quote again from the report: "For a time, we had it all our own way; but it was of short duration. As soon as the regiments in front broke and ran, the rebels paid particular attention to our case. They threw hand-grenades over the parapet, and soon sent men into the flank of a bastion, which commanded the front upon which we lay. They had us then at great disadvantage. The question was, whether we should surrender as prisoners, attempt to carry the works and be entirely annihilated (as they greatly outnumbered us), or take the back track, and run the gantlet for our lives. Upon consulting Lieut.-Col. Rodman, he reluctantly gave the order to retreat; and down we went, across the moat and over the work. They had a perfect enfilading fire of small-arms for a thousand yards, besides three pieces giving us grape and canister. They fell on all sides of me, and I alone of the four captains was spared; and out of the hundred and ninety-one officers and men that marched out to attack the foe but eighty-eight returned safe to camp. And ever let it be said, to the credit of the Seventh Con-

necticut Volunteers, that not one straggler could be discovered. Fifteen minutes after arrival in camp, roll was called; and but one man came in afterwards, and he was delayed by assisting a wounded comrade. I met Gen. Strong with tears in his eyes; and he said we had done our whole duty, and covered ourselves with glory; and that, if the support had come in time, we should have taken the works. And without a doubt we should have done so."[2]

Another bloody failure for want of co-operation! Again, for a week, the whole force was engaged in intrenching, and wheeling great guns into position. Fort Sumter kept up an annoying fire into Gilmore's trenches; and the front of the fort, where the island narrowed to twenty-five yards in width, was also swept by the batteries on James Island, besides its own armament. To take such a fort required all the skill and all the valor of veteran warriors.

During the morning of the 16th, the enemy attacked the force on James Island. The Tenth held the extreme left of the line, and behind was a swamp, that could not be traversed. The regiments on the right were falling back rapidly; and the Tenth probably escaped wholesale capture by passing at double-quick towards the landing. The enemy's advance was retarded by the guns of the Pawnee and the field-pieces of the First Connecticut Battery. "These," wrote Lieut. Camp of the Tenth, "were served with a rapidity and accuracy that spoke well for our friend Capt. Rockwell, and compared favorably with the rebel fire." That night, James Island was evacuated; and the Tenth, resting briefly on the way, went to Morris Island.

All night long, in a drenching rain, had the Sixth been in the rifle-pits before Wagner; coming into camp late on the morning of the 18th, weary and wet, and covered with sand. Scarcely had they washed themselves, and cleaned their guns, and eaten their dinner, before the order was given to "fall in," to join in the assault on Wagner at dark. Never

[2] The correspondent of the New-York Herald wrote, "The Connecticut regiment succeeded in getting inside, and spiked six guns; just then the Pennsylvania regiment fell back, and left this heroic Connecticut regiment to fight it out alone." The Savannah Republican (Confederate) said, "Willing to do justice to a brave foe, it may be added that a more daring and gallant assault has not been made on either side since the commencement of the war."

was an order more cheerfully obeyed, especially as the word passed around, that Col. Chatfield had determined to lead his own regiment into action; refusing the command of the brigade, which belonged to him as the ranking officer, and declaring his preference "to stand or fall with the men of the Sixth."

The Tenth also sprang to arms, and moved with Stephenson's brigade up the ridge. Weary with days of toil and nights of sleeplessness, it was now to join in storming the fort.

The column was quietly formed upon the beach, under cover of the high bank, and there remained till night. The men were impatient to move, as the scene around became exciting. The New Ironsides had left her moorings, and steamed within easy range of the fort, followed by five monitors in line, and five gunboats; and from them all, and from the forty batteries erected along the island, a direct and incessant fire was now concentrated on the fort.

"The scene became one of absolute magnificence. The firing of the fleet kept up an uninterrupted peal of thunder. Nothing in the way of pyrotechnics could equal in effect a broadside from the Ironsides; its swift tongues of flame piercing deep into the darkness, and bringing into momentary distinctness the immense hull from whence they sprang; and the heavy boom of the discharges coming over the water after long apparent delay; while the fancy followed into the dark fort the fourteen hundred pounds of solid iron, and wondered if they did their work."[3] Shot and shells crashed fearfully above and within it; so that, when night came down, Wagner was silent, save an occasional gun, and seemed a ruined heap and an easy prize.

Slowly and softly, as twilight deepened, had the troops advanced, till now but a short and level space lay between them and the stronghold. At the earnest request of the gallant Col. Shaw, Col. Chatfield had allowed the 54th Massachusetts (colored) to occupy the extreme right, — the post of honor. The Sixth came next; and seven other regiments extended to the left. The remnant of the Seventh

[3] Lieut. Camp of the Tenth, — The Knightly Soldier.

Connecticut Volunteers was manning a battery of three 30-pound rifled Parrotts under command of Capt. Gray. Stephenson's brigade was now detached from the column, and sent into the trenches as a reserve, until re-inforcements should be needed. The officers and men of the Tenth were chagrined to find themselves mere spectators.

Faster and fiercer came shot and shell from batteries on shore and gunboats in the bay, till a signal-flag rose to "cease firing;" and then the sharp, quick order ran along the line, "Forward! Double-quick!" Out and on rushed the charging column from its concealment; and at the same moment, as if by a magician's touch, behind the parapet sprang up, in double line, the ready thousand of the rebel host.

Forward rushed the 54th Massachusetts in "line of battle," followed by the Sixth Connecticut "in column by companies," with Col. Chatfield on the right, and Adjutant Fitch on the left, of the front, — forward, till within point-blank range; and then from Wagner and Sumter and the James-Island batteries, from casemate, parapet, and angle, burst forth a concentrated fire, the unintermittent flashings of which were like the vivid lightnings of a hot summer's eve, — a fire as terrific and murderous as the annals of warfare have ever known.

The 54th Massachusetts, which had but once before been under fire, pressed bravely forward: but some companies wavered; and, pushing for the south-western angle, the line moved "by the left oblique" so far that it completely uncovered the front of the Sixth, and left an unobstructed pathway to the fort.

On moved the Sixth, — steadily, quickly on, — on through the outer work and moat, up the glacis, across the broad parapet, unchecked by the awful tempest of shot and shell, of shrapnel, canister, and grape, of bullets and hand-grenades, entering the fort at its south-eastern angle, and leaping down to the casemates and bomb-proofs, driving all before them in dismay. The fire in the fort paused at this audacious invasion, — paused so long, that spectators upon the sand-hills said, "The work is over: the fort has surrendered."

And now the little band looked for succor; but it did not come. Two or three of the advanced regiments, including the negroes, were still clinging desperately to the parapet outside; a few, white and black, had even gained the interior; but the main supporting column, Jackson's brigade, terrified by the deadly cannonade, instead of following closely, relying on the bayonet to do the work, stopped for a moment to return fire, and again lost the fort. The rebels saw the mistake, and rallied; now charging upon the Sixth, standing almost alone in their midst, under the flag of Connecticut.

The charge was repulsed, and every effort to expel them failed. Three separate times, according to the Charleston papers of the 19th, did they charge most furiously; and after great loss desisted. For more than three hours, the Sixth maintained its position in the fort, and waited for support, — in vain! and at last, with its leader and many officers struck down, the remnant one by one escaped; but they brought off their colors with them.

These were borne away triumphantly, — torn into shreds, indeed, but hallowed relics of the fight. Eight brave men had snatched these colors from a dying comrade's grasp, and fallen dead or wounded upon them. Lieut.-Col. Redfield Duryee, in transmitting the State flag to Gov. Buckingham, said, —

"The German color-bearer, Sergeant Gustave De Bouge (of Waterbury) was shot through the forehead while carrying the colors at the assault, and fell dead upon them, staining them with his blood; and, before they could be picked up, several other men fell upon them dead or wounded. They were, however, finally seized by Capt. F. B. Osborn, who attempted to pull them from under the bodies; but, in so doing, the flag, which had become very much shattered by shots, was torn through the center, and the part attached to the staff only was saved. The United-States colors were so much torn during the assault, that they can not be unfurled."

These colors, which now hang in their place among the treasured honors of the State, tell, better than words can tell, of the unparalleled fierceness of the struggle of that night.

Among those who bore the tattered flag during the fight was the fearless Col. Chatfield, who was dangerously wounded; being struck both in the leg and hand. He was carried

off the field by Private Andrew Grogan of Bridgeport, afterwards lieutenant.

Six regiments advanced near the fort, and the general commanding and five colonels had fallen: a major was the highest officer remaining in command of the force.

The Sixth had lost on the island twelve killed, ninety-two wounded (several of whom afterwards died of wounds), and forty-eight prisoners. Among the killed were Lieut. Stephen S. Stevens of Bridgeport, Sergeant De Bouge, and the brave Corporal Glissman bearing the flag. Edmund Rodgers of Burlington, William A. Morehouse of Stamford, and six German citizens, were also among the slain.

Lieut. Stevens was A. A. Adjutant-General on Gen. Seymour's staff, — a post which he filled with marked ability. He was a young man highly esteemed by all who knew him. Having made military matters a study for many years, his services to the government were very valuable.

Of the hundred and ninety-one officers and men of the Seventh, only eighty-seven returned from the charge of July 10. Nineteen were killed, or died of wounds, thirty-five others were wounded, and fifty more were prisoners. Among the killed in the charge were Capt. Theodore Burdick of Norwich and Lieut John H. Wilson of Hartford. When last seen, they were fighting on the edge of the parapet with gallant comrades. Here, also, fell brave young Edward C. Blakeslee of Plymouth, a brother of Col. Erastus Blakeslee of the First Cavalry. Another brother was killed just after, at Frankfort, Ky.

Among the killed was William M. Reeves of Suffield. He was an excellent soldier, and of military stock. His great grandfather served in the Revolution, and his grandfather in the War of 1812.

The Seventeenth Connecticut had left Virginia the first week in August, and proceeded, *viâ* Alexandria and Newport News, to Folly Island, arriving on the steamer Spaulding about the 12th of the month. Without any time to rest, Col. Noble, now in command of a brigade, was ordered to go with a thousand men to the trenches in front of Fort Wagner on Morris Island. Night after night they spent in this

service, as the zig-zags and approaches were cut nearer and nearer the doomed fortress. Much of the time they were under fire, — a cannonade from all the forts, and the hum of Minie-balls from Wagner, returning fire whenever a head appeared above the rampart. "We were distributed," the colonel wrote, "in what are called splinter-proofs and covered ways, alongside a monster magazine. The soldiers lie as closely as possible, ready to stand to arms at a moment's warning. At three o'clock in the morning, every man in the works is roused, and is on the alert till daylight."

The six companies of the Seventh, at St. Augustine, were permitted to join the battalion on Morris Island while the siege was progressing. Major Sanford was immediately detached from the regiment, and all the outpost duty was given to his charge, including the support of the huge marsh battery known as the "Swamp Angel." He captured Gen. Ripley's private barge, with a rebel major and surgeon and eleven men; and two nights afterwards captured a surgeon, a naval lieutenant, and sixty-one men. The rest of the regiment, as soon as they arrived upon the island, commenced their regular duties with other regiments, — grand guard, fatigue in the trenches, mounting guns in the batteries, &c., — until the regiment was nearly all detached upon the batteries.

Capt. Skinner and Lieuts. Perry and Coe commanded a battery in the fifth parallel, of five 8-inch siege-mortars. Capt. Dennis, with Lieuts. Townsend and Wildman, commanded a battery of five 10-inch siege-mortars. Capt. Gray, with Lieuts. Barker and Young, commanded the famous 300-pounder rifled Parrott. Capt. Atwell and Lieuts. Greene and Hutchinson commanded a battery of three 30-pounder Parrotts and three Coehorn mortars. Capt. Gray exploded his immense gun. He told the general that he "thought he could fix it," and was immediately directed to do so; and while in action, and under a tremendous fire from the enemy, he repaired his gun; and in eighteen hours had it in working order, and fired it during the bombardment.

Gilmore opened his fourth parallel towards Wagner, within

three hundred yards, on Aug. 23; his fifth parallel within two hundred yards, on the 25th; after this, zig-zags were opened with very acute angles. From the morning of Sept. 5, the garrison of fifteen hundred men were immured in their bomb-proof, not daring to expose a head to the terrible fire that rained upon the fort. The counterscarp of the opposing work was crowned on the night of Sept. 6; when the rebels quietly evacuated the fort, and escaped. Sumter had already been fiercely bombarded by the "Swamp Angel" and less ponderous batteries, and was now a shapeless mass of ruins; Morris Island was captured; and little further actual progress was made during the year.

Gen. Gilmore issued a general order, requesting regimental and battery commanders to designate enlisted men worthy to receive medals of honor for gallant and meritorious conduct during the siege. The following is the list for Connecticut regiments: —

FIRST CONNECTICUT LIGHT BATTERY.

First Sergeant S. C. Dickinson. Corporal John F. Bliss. Private R. Blodgett.

SIXTH CONNECTICUT.

Company A. — Sergeant H. L. Grant. Private Wolcott Wetherell.
Company B. — Private James McBrien.
Company C. — First Sergeant Joseph Miller. Sergeant Frederick Striby, jr.
Company D. — Sergeants Norman Provost, Horace Hobbie.
Company E. — Sergeants W Berkely, Luzern Baldwin.
Company F. — Corporal J. C. Osborne. Privates Edwin F. Pierpont, A. C. Hurd.
Company G. — Privates Bernard Haffy, Martin B. Eddy.
Company H. — Privates William Rebstock, Francis Bantly.
Company I. — Corporal William H. Rossman. Private Isaac S. Taylor.
Company K. — Sergeant Julius A. Bristol. Corporal Ambrose Cockcroft.

SEVENTH CONNECTICUT.

Sergeant-Major Raphael Gilbert.
Company A. — Privates Levi Andrews, William Bond.
Company B. — Corporal Chauncey A. Bacon. Private Edgar H. Parsons.
Company C. — Corporal Dennis O'Brien.
Company D. — Corporal Frederick A. Felch.
Company E. — Private John Biderman.
Company F. — Corporal Henry A. Allen.
Company G. — Leander Parmelee.

Company H. — Private John M. Milliken.
Company I. — Corporal John J. Cochrane. Private R. Aggett.
Company K. — Privates James A. Howard, Elisha F. Soule.

SEVENTEENTH CONNECTICUT.

Company E. — Corporal R. Tibbe.
Company F — Private Walter M. Jarmon.
Company G. — First Sergeant Charles Smith, jr.
Company K. — Private R. McGee.

The Sixth, shattered in the daring charge of July 18, was soon after sent to Hilton Head to recruit, and care for its scores of wounded. To the genial and indefatigable chaplain, the Tribune's correspondent thus refers: "We had scarcely reached the deck of the transport Cosmopolitan, when we discovered a chaplain going from one patient to another, administering a word of consolation to the first, giving a cup of water to a second, smoothing out the blankets of a third. Now he halted to wash and dress a wound; anon he hastened to procure a cordial for some one faint from loss of blood. He was constantly at work, and everywhere welcome. I ascertained that this humane and patriotic man was Rev. Mr. Woodruff, Chaplain of the Sixth Connecticut." At Hilton Head, a comfortable hospital was found, in the rear of which the regiment made an encampment, where it sought to recover its wasted strength.

After three months of terrible toil and exposure, the Seventh was sent to St. Helena Island, where the Tenth had been located; and camped on a pleasant spot near the river, on Oct. 15. Next day a large number of small flat-boats were landed, capable of holding about eighteen or twenty persons each; and the regiment was instructed in a boat-drill. One of them writes at this time, "We intend to do the best we can, whether we are to be infantry or artillery, or even if they make marines of us." Here they remained for some time in comparative quiet, only broken by a temporary recall to Folly Island. In the mean time, Col. Hawley obtained new arms, — the breech-loading Spencer rifle, — to the merits of which the War Department was blind until near the close of the struggle. Here many of the two hundred sick crept slowly towards health, and the regiment became itself once more.

The Seventeenth had two weeks of constant and severe service in the exposed trenches under Wagner; when the regiment returned to Folly Island, and made a pleasant camp near that of the First Connecticut Battery, which had been there since the affair of James Island. Clothing was now drawn; tents were procured, and set along the sand-bank that centuries had rolled up above the reach of the tides. The men, dirt-begrimed and exhausted, luxuriated in the splendid surf-bathing directly in front of the tents. Lieut.-Col. Albert H. Wilcoxson was in command of the regiment, Col. Noble still having charge of a brigade. Both were popular, feeling constant solicitude for the comfort of the men. About this time, Major Brady was transferred to the Invalid Corps.

Col. Noble issued an order directing an observance of Christmas in his brigade, and recommending an appropriate adornment of the camp. The suggestion was complied with most spiritedly. The companies hedged their streets with young spruces and pines, interspersed with holly-leaves abounding there. The entrances to some of the streets were overhung with beautiful arches of evergreens enclosing wreaths and festoons. Companies C and K, occupying the central street, reared in the middle of it a lofty double arch with the word "Constitution" prettily wrought upon it. Some of the devices of the camp were quite unique, and taken together, formed an imposing decoration. Company F (Norwalk) constructed a palmetto dining-room, which was quite convenient for the festivities of the season. Flags were festooned upon its front, and it was flanked with handsome arches of cedar, containing stars of holly. Even the drum-corps had four tents on a slight eminence, topped with cedar-boughs, and surrounded with young pines connected with an evergreen cable, and a pretty arched stairway leading up to the entrance.[4]

The Tenth Regiment had three full months of siege-work on Morris Island. After the evacuation of Wagner and Gregg, the labor was by no means diminished, nor the perils lessened. The forts had to be reconstructed, and others built, in which the toil and exposure were as great as at

[4] *Vide* Letter of Private J. M. Bailey in Danbury Times.

any previous time. During the truce that prevailed after the unsuccessful assault of July 18, Chaplain H. Clay Trumbull and Adjutant Henry W Camp advanced upon the neutral ground to help the wounded, and were seized by the perfidious rebels, and held as prisoners. Their protests were unavailing; and rebel prison-life was in store for them.

Trumbull and Camp were alike in many respects, — alike in their bravery and devotedness to the cause, alike in their tastes, alike in their beliefs, both men of high literary culture, each the *beau idéal* of the Christian soldier; and, while they were together at Columbia, imprisonment was not very irksome, except as it kept them from the field. They cherished a touching affection for each other, which made all burdens lighter.

"Outside, the two had been called 'the twins:' in confinement, the old negro woman who daily brought in rations spoke of them uniformly as 'de mates;' and they were thus designated by their companions. The guards spoke to others by name, but to these as 'you two;' always allowing them liberty together, as if they had but one existence. The chaplain was permitted on the Sabbath to go out into the yard, or up stairs, to preach to the Union privates. The officers, except Adjutant Camp, were not at first allowed to attend these services. 'You two can go, nobody else,' was the usual announcement. The friends were rarely an arm's-length from each other in all their months of confinement together."[5]

Special efforts were made for the release of both, so treacherously captured while under a flag of truce. The chaplain, moreover, was not, under the cartel, subject to detention as a prisoner of war. On these grounds, Gen. Meredith, our exchange-commissioner, at last made a formal demand on Judge Ould for the immediate release of Chaplain Trumbull. After considerable delay, the claim was granted. After the war was over, this claim was found in Richmond, favorably indorsed by Ould to Gen. Beauregard, and re-indorsed as follows by Gen. Jordan, chief-of-staff to Beauregard: —

"Chaplain H. Clay Trumbull has been directed to be sent to Richmond at once. He is a tricky fellow, and has little the air of a chaplain. The

[5] The Knightly Soldier, p. 166.

great desire manifested to get him back, coupled with the circumstances of his capture, make it doubtful whether he is really a chaplain or a spy."

The chaplain has a quick, military mind; and he would doubtless have made his mark as an officer. Twice during the war was he offered the commission of colonel: he declined it, preferring the office he had chosen; but he was always at the front.

John L. Otis of Manchester, who left the State as second lieutenant of Company B, had now become the colonel. During the last of October, the regiment left for St. Augustine, Fla. Here a pleasant camp was set outside the city gates, just beyond the old Spanish fort. New A tents were issued, and pitched on handsome streets. Good bunks were built for all, and floors; and, in many cases, chimneys of the peculiar cochina, or shell-marl, of the vicinity. Good water was plenty. Much ingenuity was shown in some of the cook-rooms and kitchens, constructed of turf, or cochina; while exquisite taste and refinement were often displayed in the adornment of the interior of the tents. While the regiment was passing the winter here, Chaplain Trumbull, beloved by the whole command, came back from prison, and the brave Lieut.-Col. Robert Leggett, who had lost a leg at Wagner, returned from his furlough. They were warmly welcomed.

Again, as ever, Trumbull devoted himself to the moral and physical improvement of his parish militant, and shortly after wrote as follows, in opposition to the current ideas of life in the army: —

"Permit me to repeat deliberately, that after all my experiences in New-England life, in city and country, before the war, and here in the army, under varied circumstances, for more than two years, I am well convinced that the moral standard is higher in the army than out of it; that there is less of drunkenness, less of licentiousness, less of lying, less of stealing, among soldiers in camp and field, than with the corresponding class of men outside; while the highest types of Christian manhood in all our land are to be found among those in active service. I also believe that army-life tends directly and uniformly to elevate the moral standard, and to purify the mind and manners of those who are under its influence."

During the weeks succeeding the terrible charge on Fort Wagner, the State was called to mourn the sudden death of Col. Chatfield of the Sixth, in consequence of the wounds there received.

John L. Chatfield was born in Oxford, 1826, the eldest son of Pulaski and Amanda Chatfield. He was apprenticed with Hotchkiss & Co., builders at Derby, and remained four years, greatly esteemed by all. He worked for a while as a journeyman, developing unusual mechanical skill. In 1855, having removed to Waterbury, he became associated with his brother in business as builder, and the firm was widely and favorably known. As a business-man, he was prompt and honorable, of sterling integrity, possessing the confidence and hearty esteem of the entire public.

It is gratifying to honor him as an upright business-man; but he had other qualities yet to be developed. Col. Chatfield was born for a soldier. He was a private in the Derby Blues by the side of Charles L. Russell, afterwards the gallant colonel of the Tenth, and, like him, was early elected an officer. He was active in raising the Waterbury City Guard, and was its captain; raising the company to the first rank, and giving it an enviable reputation for precision of movement. He caught the true military spirit, and infused it into those about him.

He studied diligently, and sought by every means in his power to perfect his knowledge of military affairs. To him all this training was a reality, even in time of peace. When the alarm sounded in 1861, he was one of the very first to get his company to New Haven. He was promoted to be colonel of the Third; and, even at that early day, his battalion-drills were applauded as worthy any officer of the regular army.

Subsequently becoming colonel of the Sixth, he brought it to a state of discipline second to no regiment in service from the State. The labors of the first months were too much for him; and he remained an invalid at Annapolis, while his regiment went to Hilton Head, rejoining it in January, 1862. At the battle of Pocotalico, while in advance on horseback, he received a canister-shot in his right thigh, and crawled to the rear alone.

He recovered from the wound sufficiently to rejoin his regiment in April following, when, for a time, he was placed by Gen. Hunter in command of the post at Hilton Head;

being relieved at his own request, and permitted to join in the operations before Charleston.

In the first landing on Morris Island, his soldierly bearing and tact were much admired. According to his usual custom when charging batteries, he led the men forward till the moment of the discharge of the enemy's guns; then ordered them to lie down, up again and advance, and down again, till near as he wished them. So rapid was their double-quick, they were into the batteries and through them before the enemy could fire the already loaded pieces. The achievements of that morning placed both the colonel and his command in the first place among fighting men and regiments.

When the Sixth charged down into the fort on July 18, the colonel had his leg shattered below the knee; but he could not bear the thought of being taken prisoner, and attempted to drag himself out of the fort. He had partially succeeded, when a shot struck his right hand, and knocked his sword from his grasp. Wounded though he was, he tried to regain it, and only relinquished his efforts on account of excessive weakness. The only things he saved were his scabbard and body-belt; and these are in the possession of his family.

He was carried to the rear, and Chaplain Woodruff soon procured transportation home for him. While on the way to Beaufort, he asked after the colors of the regiment. He was told that they were all safe, at least what was left of them. "Thank God for that!" said he, his eye brightening, — "thank God for that! I am so glad they are safe! Keep them, keep them, as long as there is a thread left."

He was exhausted by his journey, yet rejoiced to be at home. The fears that were entertained at first became a reality; and on Sunday evening, Aug. 10, surrounded by his family and a few friends, this hero of many battles breathed his last. For several days, he had been partially delirious; but during the forenoon a gleam of consciousness was visible: he recognized his weeping family, expressed his entire willingness and readiness to die, bade each good by cheerfully, and died without a struggle.

Connecticut sent forth no more accomplished or gallant soldier than he : had he lived, he must have won high distinction. A modest, fearless, pure-hearted, devoted man, — his record is that a knight might envy. His deeds and noble sacrifice will live on sunlit pages and in warm hearts, when new generations shall read the imperishable record of the Rebellion, and bless those whose heroism saved the nation and freedom from destruction.

"Pride of his country's banded chivalry,
His fame their hope, his name their battle-cry,
He lived as mothers wish their sons to live,
He died as fathers wish their sons to die."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

More Troops wanted. — A Draft. — The Result. — Call for Seven Hundred Thousand Men. — Seven Hundred Dollars' Bounty. — Work of Recruiting. — The Twenty-ninth Regiment. — Enlistment and Departure. — Re-enlistment of Veterans. — Recruiting Rapid. — The Quota of the State full, with a Surplus. — Soldiers'-Aid Societies. — Hartford, Bridgeport, New Haven, Norwich, Danbury, Derby. — The Work at Home and in the Field. — A Thanksgiving Dinner.

N June 22, 1863, Gen. Joseph D. Williams resigned, and was succeeded by Horace J. Morse as Adjutant-General of Connecticut. The three hundred thousand nine-months' troops recruited in the fall of 1862 were now about to be mustered out of the service; and arrangements were made to re-enlist them as veterans. The War Department called on Connecticut for two regiments of veteran volunteer infantry. The United States offered to each man a bounty of four hundred and two dollars, to be paid in installments during service, or at muster-out if sooner discharged. The State offered a bounty of a hundred dollars. Service-chevrons were authorized to be worn as a badge of distinction. Col. George H. Burnham of the Twenty-second, and Col. S. P Ferris of the Twenty-eighth, were granted authority to raise these regiments. This plan was soon changed, and the projected new organizations abandoned.

On July 1, it was ordered by the War Department that a draft should be made from the enrolled militia, and that fifty per centum should be added to cover exemptions. The quota of this State was 7,692; the number to be drafted, 11,539.

A provost-marshal general was appointed at Washington, and an assistant, Major D. D. Perkins, for Connecticut, to

have all charge of recruiting and a draft. A provost-marshal was also appointed in each congressional district as follows: —

1st District, Capt. Lucius S. Goodrich of Simsbury.
2d District, Capt. Benjamin S. Pardee of New Haven.
3d District, Capt. Leverett Wessells of Litchfield.
4th District, Capt. Isaac H. Bromley of Norwich.

There was great opposition to a draft on the part of many; and the hostility culminated in terrible mobs in New York, Boston, and some other cities. Similar violence was threatened in Connecticut; and secret meetings of the "peacemen" were said to be held for the purpose of organizing resistance to what they called "conscription." It was widely declared to be their purpose to rush into the provost-marshals' offices, and destroy the boxes while the draft was proceeding. On the other hand, Union Leagues were well organized, strong and resolute; and these were in some cases armed to meet the impending danger.

Gov. Buckingham also called for two battalions of volunteer infantry, under Major George D. Chapman and Major John C. Hollister. The companies immediately reported; but the stern purpose overawed the malcontents, and the draft proceeded peacefully, the services of the battalions not being required.

During the extra (fall) session of 1863, a resolution was passed, setting forth a belief that rifles, muskets, and pistols had been taken illegally "from their proper places of deposit, and delivered to individuals, or organized bodies of men not recognized by the military law of this State;" and calling on the Governor for information.

His Excellency replied in a message, of which the following is an extract: —

"In July last, a large number of men in the city of New York, under the influence of leaders hostile to the National Union and in sympathy with Rebellion, banded together to resist the draft ordered by the President of the United States under congressional authority.

"They at once became an infuriated mob; they compelled men to leave their labors, and close their places of business; they went from house to house, and from street to street, overpowering whatever obstacles impeded their progress. Arson, pillage, and robbery were unrestrained. Innocent citizens were beaten, shot, and hung. The rioters became a power so formi-

dable, that they could not, even by the most solemn pledges that their alleged grievances should be redressed, be persuaded to resist from their hellish work. They held the city, with its untold wealth and millions of people, for days in the terrors of anarchy.

"At the same time, riotous demonstrations were made in different parts of the country; and, without concert of action, gentlemen residing in various sections of this State, whose opinions and judgment are entitled to high consideration, represented the danger in their respective localities in the following language: —

"'Those who oppose the draft are making every effort to unite themselves together for resistance.' 'There is no doubt of an organization here to resist the draft.' 'Threats of resistance are loud and frequent in our midst.' 'Notices have been posted, threatening those who aid the draft.' 'Men have pledged themselves to break the boxes which contain the names of men enrolled for the draft.' 'Secret meetings have been held, at which it had been determined to commence open resistance on the night of a given day; but for some reason it was postponed.' 'I want a sufficient number of men to guard my property from the mob which is likely to arise to pillage and burn.' 'I do not take counsel of my fears when I assure you that I anticipate an outbreak in this place.' 'These disturbances throughout the country are the result of a combination of traitors both North and South.'

"In this critical and alarming condition of public affairs, men of true and well-known patriotism, belonging to both the Republican and Democratic parties, offered their services to preserve public order, and made requisition upon the Executive for arms. In examining the statutes, I found authority to furnish the active militia, and the enrolled militia when ordered into active service, with arms; and nothing to prohibit the use of them by others whenever public necessity requires. Also, that no place is designated for the deposit of arms purchased by the State, and not in the hands of the militia; and that the commander-in-chief 'may issue such orders as he shall judge expedient to carry into execution the intents of "An Act relating to the Militia," which act is especially intended to give him full power and authority to use both the active and inactive militia to prevent rebellion and insurrection.'

"Considering our perilous condition, and the fact that the active militia of the State, including the Governor's Guards, was composed of less than one thousand men, orders were issued from this Department for the transmission of arms to the following persons, residing in the towns herein named, upon the execution of proper bonds for their safe-keeping and return: —

1863.					
July 14,	William T. Miner,	Stamford,	65	Muskets and Sets of Accouterments.	
" 15,	Dexter R. Wright,	Meriden,	200	"	"
" 18,	Joshua Kendall,	Derby,	60	"	"
" 18,	D. W Plumb,	Derby,	40	"	"
" 20,	Elisha Carpenter,	Danielsonville,	80	"	"
" 20,	Thomas Guyer,	Norwalk,	60	"	"
" 21,	Major F. W. Russell,	Portland,	40	"	"
" 21,	Gilbert W. Phillips,	Putnam,	80	"	"
" 21,	Capt. A. Seeley,	Stamford,	50	"	"
" 24,	Rufus Smith,	Litchfield,	40	"	"
			715		

"Prior to the assembling of your honorable body, four hundred of the above-described muskets, and as many sets of accouterments, were returned

to the State Arsenal, or transferred to military companies newly organized in the towns where the arms were sent.

"Exceptions might be taken to the language of the resolution, which, assuming that the Executive has acted without legal authority, calls upon him for proof: but I prefer to have every public act of mine, together with all the circumstances connected with it, fully known; and most cheerfully submit to your deliberate judgment, and to the impartial decision of your constituents, whether such Executive action has put in jeopardy the rights or the person of any law-abiding citizen, and whether the Executive would not, under the circumstances by which he was surrounded, have proved faithless to the high trusts committed to him by a confiding people, if he had not placed the arms of the State where they could have been used to maintain the supremacy of law, and preserve public tranquillity.

"WM. A. BUCKINGHAM."

Of the whole number (11,539) drafted for in the State, 8,000 were exempted on various pleas; and 248 principals and 2,248 substitutes were mustered into the service. Of these, 400 deserted; and the following were assigned to different Connecticut organizations: First Connecticut Volunteer Artillery, 54; First Connecticut Volunteer Cavalry, 4; Fifth Infantry, 424; Sixth Infantry, 228; Seventh Infantry, 142; Eighth Infantry, 171; Tenth Infantry, 4; Fourteenth Infantry, 834; Twentieth Infantry, 150; Twenty-first Infantry, 1; 14th Rhode-Island Artillery (colored), 66.

On Oct. 17, the president called for an additional force of three hundred thousand to strengthen the regiments in the field. The same bounties were offered; and a draft was provided for in case the requisition should not be filled by Jan. 5, 1864. The re-inforcements which the draft had failed to yield, now began to be furnished by voluntary enlistments.

Many towns had already made extravagant appropriations for bounties; which would involve them in lawsuits, and perhaps insolvency, if continued. Gov. Buckingham, accordingly, convened the General Assembly in special session, to meet on Nov. 3.

By an act approved Nov. 13, a State bounty of three hundred dollars was ordered paid to each volunteer non-commissioned officer or private who should enlist, and be credited to this State, under the call of Oct. 17; and every town was prohibited from making any appropriation for volunteers.

The quota of the State was 5,432. The recruiting was placed entirely in the hands of United-States officers; and

recruiting-agents were appointed, who were to receive fifteen dollars from the United States, and ten dollars from the State, for each recruit. Each "veteran" entitled the officer to ten dollars additional. The bounty was now six hundred and two dollars for new levies, and a hundred dollars additional for soldiers who had served at least nine months.

The authorized agents immediately employed and put into the field a large number of recruiting-brokers, who labored night and day, receiving for each recruit a large commission from the premium due to their employers. For a time, this seemed to be the all-absorbing industry of the State. Every town at once began the work; and an enthusiasm and zeal were manifest that gave promise of filling the quota.

Each town was made a sub-district; and the former rivalry, to some extent, was renewed. The citizens of Canton offered the recruiting-agent a hundred dollars for each man credited to the town. Laborers received large wages; and many enlisted at a real sacrifice, for which the large bounties did not compensate. In the midst of these pressing emergencies, many of the recruiting-brokers began a course of systematic swindling; robbing the volunteers of a large portion of their bounty, and thriving upon the necessities of an imperiled nation.

Colored regiments had already been accepted by the War Department from Massachusetts and Rhode Island; and others had been organized in the South. By the efforts of Col. Dexter R. Wright, ably seconded by Col. B. S. Pardee of New Haven, a bill was passed in the General Assembly, authorizing Gov. Buckingham to organize regiments of colored infantry in Connecticut. The Democrats denounced this bill in unmeasured terms, as a provision to let loose upon the helpless South "a horde of African barbarians," and predicted cowardice, disgrace, and ruin as the result of the experiment.

On the 23d of November, the governor called for colored volunteers for the Twenty-ninth Regiment; and the call was at once enthusiastically responded to. The bounty offered was six hundred dollars; the pay and uniforms being the same as for other soldiers. In a week, the nucleus of the regiment

had been formed, and encamped near Fair Haven, in comfortable barracks, at the draft rendezvous.

By the 12th of January, the maximum number had assembled; but few officers were yet appointed. Candidates for commissions were required to pass a severe examination before a board appointed by the War Department. The process was slow, but beneficial. Before the end of January, many officers had reported, and daily drills and a system of rigid inspections were established. Thus the winter months passed; and spring found a tolerably-disciplined regiment, under Capt. Charles L. Norton of Farmington, to whose efforts the organization was much indebted. This officer was soon promoted to be colonel of a regiment in the Department of the Gulf. Lieut. Jabez A. Tracy, a faithful and energetic officer, died in February, and his loss was deeply felt.

On the 8th of March, the regiment was mustered into the service, and about the middle of the month was fortunate in receiving for its commander William B. Wooster of Derby, lieutenant-colonel of the Twentieth. Henry C. Ward of Hartford (late adjutant of the Twenty-fifth) was appointed lieutenant-colonel; and David Torrance of Greenville became major.

On March 19, after receiving a United-States flag from the colored ladies of New Haven, the regiment embarked on the transport Warrior for Annapolis. Here the organization was completed; and, through the efforts of Col. Wooster, the regiment was armed with the latest pattern of Springfield rifles.

On Jan. 12, the Twenty-ninth being declared full, the governor issued a call for colored volunteers for the Thirtieth, subject to the same conditions. Enlistments continued vigorously.

In the mean time, the call for three hundred thousand was modified to a call[1] of five hundred thousand; the quota of Connecticut being 9,053. The draft was postponed to March 10.

Recruiting-officers were sent to the regiments in the field; and the soldiers having less than one year to serve were

[1] Feb. 1.

offered the veteran bounty of $702 to re-enlist, with a furlough of thirty days before the expiration of their original term of enlistment. The effort was attended with abundant success.

The following table exhibits the number of veteran re-enlistments in each of the Connecticut organizations qualified by returns received up to April 1, 1864.

Regiment.	Commanding Officer.	Location.	No. Re-enlisted.
1st Artillery,	Col. Henry L. Abbot,	Defenses of Washington,	435
1st Cavalry, . .	" Wm. S. Fish,	Baltimore, Md.,	92
1st Squadron Cavalry,		Army of the Potomac,	43
1st Battery,	Capt. Alfred P. Rockwell,	Department of the South,	46
5th Infantry,	Col. Warren W Packer,	Army of the Cumberland,	280
6th "	" Redfield Duryee,	Department of the South,	205
7th "	" Joseph R. Hawley,	" "	333
8th "	" John E. Ward,	" of Virginia,	310
9th "	" Thomas W. Cahill,	" of the Gulf,	321
10th "	" John L. Otis,	" of the South,	280
11th "	" Griffin A. Stedman, Jr.	" of Virginia,	268
12th "	" Ledyard Colburn,	" of the Gulf,	436
13th "	" Charles D. Blinn,	" "	298
			3,347

The men of the First Artillery, First Battery, and First Cavalry, received their furloughs, and came home individually or in squads. The re-enlisted men in each of the other regiments, except the Ninth and Thirteenth, returned to the State as regimental organizations, accompanied by their officers; the men who had not re-enlisted being generally transferred for the time to other regiments.

Meanwhile the recruiting went on through January, February, and March. Kent, Cornwall, Brooklyn, and many other towns, filled their quotas from their own native citizens. Recourse was also had to adopted citizens, and to recent arrivals from Europe. Very many of these made excellent soldiers. Surgeon Mayer wrote of these from Portsmouth, —

" The conscripts themselves, or rather the substitutes, — for there is hardly a drafted man among them, — truly comprise ' all sorts and conditions of men.' We have Ellsworth's and Hawkins's Zouaves, as well as Billy Wilson's. Full half the consignment have served before in our own or in the European armies. We have quite a number of English, Irish, and German regulars, who came to this country for the purpose of enlisting. They have taken the substitute-money, and entered the army at better wages than they ever before received. They esteem their bargain a good one, and intend to do good service. I have talked with many of this class, as well as my

limited knowledge of German would admit, and find them apparently reliable and honorable men. They express themselves much better pleased with our service than with that of the European armies. Many of them save their money; and thousands of dollars have been sent to New York and elsewhere by them since their arrival."

On March 14, the President called for two hundred thousand more, and the quota of Connecticut was again 5,260. The most strenuous efforts were put forth. Recruiting continued without abatement; individual and collective energy was put forth to fill the quota; and in two weeks the quota was full, with a large surplus to be credited on any subsequent call.

Adjutant-Gen. Morse, in closing his report for 1864, on April 1, 1865, says,—

"We have entered upon another year of the war; and Connecticut maintains her place among the foremost in loyalty and devotion to the Union. Every demand for men has been responded to with a spirit and zeal second to none; and the State has now a surplus on all calls of thirty-one hundred and seventy-two, or more than the quota under the last call for two hundred thousand men.

"In the glorious record of our State, especial honor should be given those brave and true men, who, after the dangers and toils of a soldier's life for so long a time, have again offered themselves to the service of the country."

The Confederacy was now environed on all sides with a cordon of triumphant bayonets; and it was generally felt that the Rebellion was staggering to its doom. Soldiers and citizens redoubled their energies to hasten the end. Soldiers'-aid societies, on the model of the Hartford Society, had been organized in every large town in the State.

The citizens of Derby, who had already shown themselves among the first in patriotic work, as her soldiers were among the first upon the patriotic record, added to their donations an address of thanks to their "fellow-citizens in the armies of the Union." We quote briefly:—

"It is a matter of congratulation to us, that you, though accustomed to the peaceful pursuits of civil life, have shown yourselves valiant in war, and that your patriotism has remained unshaken while sorely tried by the privations of the camp and the stern ordeal of the battle-field. We learn with sorrow that some who went from our midst have fallen before the foe. But, while we mourn their loss, we hold sacred to memory their bright example; and though they walk no more among us, the heroic and self-sacrificing spirit they have shown in being willing to dare and to die for the sake of our beloved land will never be forgotten. And now we would

renew to you the assurance of our sympathy, and pledge you again our cordial support. We would have you feel that the fire of patriotism still burns in our souls; and that we are not only ready to lift up your hands and encourage your hearts, but, if need be, to come and stand by your side, and with you carry on this great contest till the glorious Union of our fathers is restored, and traitors are no more."

This was signed by three hundred citizens, among whom were A. Beardsley, John I. Howe, D. W Plumb, Egbert Bartlett, Thomas Wallace, jr., Gerald H. Corlies, Amos H. Alling, William E. Downs, D. K. Croffut, Robert Narramore, George Blakeman, and other well-known citizens.

The ladies of Bridgeport met, the day after the President's first call for troops in the spring of 1861, to "see what they could do" for the volunteers; and commenced their labors that afternoon. This was the first ladies' association for this purpose in the country. The honorable priority is conceded by citizens of other States.[2] A more complete organization was formed in August, denominated the Ladies' Soldiers'-Relief Society, whereof Mrs. Woolsey G. Sterling was the earliest president. Mrs. Daniel Thacher succeeded her. Miss Lydia R. Ward was its secretary from the beginning to the close of its labors. The immediate purpose of organization was to aid the Sixth Regiment; but, like other societies, they soon widened their sphere of action, and sent supplies to other Connecticut soldiers, to the Sanitary Commission, to regiments of other States, and to various hospitals. During the first year of its existence, the cash receipts were $2,618.21; and the cash expenditures $1,464.57. To these accounts must be added the articles of clothing and bedding, and most of the delicacies, made and prepared by the ladies, and not comprised in the above items. More than a hundred and forty families of soldiers were assisted by the society during the first year, by gifts of eight hundred yards of cotton cloth, six hundred and seventy yards of calico, one hundred and fifty yards of delaine, a quantity of new flannel, one hundred and eighty-five finished garments, and seventy unmade garments; besides fuel, provisions, and bedding.

[2] See the Tribute Book by Frank B. Goodrich, p. 70; and the History of the Sanitary Commission by Charles G. Stillé, p. 39.

The whole amount contributed to hospitals during the year was as follows: —

Articles of clothing and bedding, 5,928; slippers, 212 pairs; dressing-gowns, 80; brandy and wines, 108 bottles; tea, sugar, and crackers, 132 pounds; soap and candles, 69 pounds; camphor, laudanum, &c., 56 bottles; dried fruit, 225 pounds; jellies, 110 quarts; miscellaneous articles, 2,086.

The officers of this society for 1863 were, — president, Mrs. Daniel H. Sterling; vice-president, Mrs. Monson Hawley; secretary, Mrs. L. H. Norton; treasurer, Mrs William E. Seeley.

Early during the winter of 1863–64 the project was started by the managers of this society to freight a vessel with vegetables and other provisions, and send a portion to every Connecticut regiment on the Atlantic coast that could be reached by any means of carriage. Although the time for making the collection was limited to ten days, yet the supply from donations made from all parts of the State was amply sufficient for the purpose. The different railroad-companies, the express-company, and the Secretary of the Navy, gave free transportation to the supplies. No less than fifteen hundred packages, comprising barrels, half-barrels, boxes, &c., made up this noble and generous contribution to the soldiers. Portions were transmitted by special agents to the First Artillery, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Tenth, Eleventh, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Twentieth, and Twenty-first Connecticut Regiments, and to the 1st North-Carolina colored regiment.

These supplies filled more than *seven hundred barrels*, and most of them reached their destination before the 1st of January. They were, of course, received with great delight in all the winter camps. On New-Year's Day, the vessel reached Folly Island, and delivered the portion assigned to the Seventeenth. The New-Year's present was carted to the camp, making *eighteen wagon-loads*. Many soldiers from other States were heard to exclaim, as the good things came to our Connecticut boys, "I wish I had enlisted from Connecticut!" This remembrance of the absent was shown

with a lavishness that had its parallel but few times during the war.

The Soldiers'-Aid Society of Norwich was organized in September, 1861, under a call to furnish woolen stockings for the soldiers.

Donations of yarn were received, and quickly, by willing fingers, transformed into warm socks. Considerable finished work was also contributed.

At the suggestion of Gov. Buckingham, an arrangement was soon made for supplying regimental hospitals; and the ladies of Norwich assumed the especial care of the Sixth, Eighth, Eleventh, and Thirteenth Regiments. They called upon the ladies of New-London and Windham Counties to co-operate, and were answered promptly and generously. In this manner, they labored during the winter. During the spring and summer, they were active and efficient in responding to all special calls for general hospital-supplies for all Connecticut soldiers, and indeed for any suffering men who wore the army blue. They sent a large number of boxes to the Women's Central Relief Association of New York, and quickly gained an enviable name for the choice quality of their supplies.

The three citizens who mainly managed and carried forward this association were Misses Elizabeth Green, Carrie L. Thomas, and Eliza P Perkins; and no young women anywhere gave their time and efforts more devotedly to that service. From the time of the organization, October, 1861, to January, 1863, the society had received and disbursed, in cash, $3,825.46; most of it the result of church contributions. Besides this, it had received from the city, and from tributary societies in New-London and Windham Counties, 30,443 different articles, and distributed them to various hospitals and to the Eighth, Ninth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Eighteenth, Twenty-first, and Twenty-sixth Connecticut Regiments. After 1863, the scope of the society was enlarged; and an immense amount of supplies was sent to the front during 1864 and 1865: but no report has been received. Throughout the entire war, the patriotic

eastern counties were among the first in their generous remembrance of the soldiers in the field.

In this connection may be mentioned Dr. Claudius B. Webster and wife of Norwich, who were active from the first in connection with the war. They were at first sanitary agents at Washington; then the doctor was for a long time in charge of the freedmen's camp and hospital there when it contained a thousand fugitives; and was afterwards medical superintendent of hospital trains between Nashville and Louisville, — always accompanied by his wife, and both of them always faithful to their work.

Miss Elizabeth Green, and her sister Miss A. E. Green, employed substitutes, and kept them in the field during the entire war, — an example which was followed by many other women throughout the State.

From first to last, Danbury was alert and vigorous in giving substantial aid to the soldiers. The Aid Society was organized in November, 1861, at the house of Frederick S. Wildman. Mrs. Wildman was made president, with Mrs. Horace Marshall, vice-president, and Mrs. C. A. Bacon, secretary. Until the last gun was fired, this society held regular weekly meetings, and promptly sent its offerings to the front; the total amounting to several thousand dollars. Two other soldiers'-relief societies were formed towards the close of the war; one under the auspices of young people, superintended by Misses Elizabeth and Mary Wildman. The aggregate of donations was very large; and there was scarcely a town in the State that furnished more liberally, or wrought with greater constancy, than Danbury.

The Hartford Soldiers'-Aid Association was organized immediately after the fall of Sumter, in the spring of 1861; and was one of the earliest in the State. Although in its first organization it was designed for the benefit of Connecticut volunteers, it gave two-thirds of its supplies to the United-States Sanitary Commission, for all the soldiers of the Union.

Large contributions from the citizens flowed in; great interest was manifested in the work of procuring supplies; men gave liberally; and women, with unflagging zeal,

prepared and sent. The following is a summary of contributions forwarded to the front during the first year: —

Clothing, pieces	19,506	Medicines, packages	50
Bedding "	6,064	Dried fruit "	44
Handkerchiefs, towels, &c.	10,281	Groceries "	215
Lint, boxes	63	Jellies, &c., preserves, jars	250
Bandages, barrels	41	Wine, &c., bottles	159
Old linen, packages	49	Hospital furniture	149
Old cotton "	27	Miscellaneous	183
Books, papers, &c.	133		

Something was sent to the Fourth, Fifth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, and Fourteenth Connecticut Regiments, and afterwards to almost all organizations from this State. Clothing and food, moreover, was sent to nine United-States hospitals.

During the first two years of the existence of this society, it disbursed, *in cash*, more than twenty thousand dollars; and of general supplies, more than sixty thousand dollars' worth. A large portion of this was received from auxiliary societies in other towns. Most of the towns and societies of Hartford, Tolland, and Litchfield Counties, poured generous tributary streams into the parent society. The wealthy men of Hartford were active in furnishing a constant supply of means to carry forward the enterprise.

The following are the total receipts and disbursements of the Hartford Society: —

RECEIPTS.		EXPENSES.	
1862	$9,314.34	1862	$10,139.05
1863	13,181.51	1863	11,544.13
1864	9,889.40	1864	11,883.66
1865 (to July)	2,956.37	1865 (to July)	2,569.96
	$36,341.62		$36,136.80

The largest donors were Alfred Smith, $1,275.00; Colt's employés, $820; Calvin Day, $760; H. C. Beckwith, $750; Collins Brothers, $700; E. Flower, $600; Mrs. Warburton, $515; M. P Jewell & Son, $500; L. C. Ives, 475; surplus fund of Twenty-second Regiment, $463.64; N. Kingsbury & Co., $450; Thomas Smith, $450; E. N. Kellogg & Co., $425; Daniel Phillips, $420. The sum of $2,265.56 was received from tableaux, and $1,324.25 from New Britain.

More than forty gave $200 each; and all were at the same time giving liberally in other directions.

Virgil Cornish of New Britain, a man admirably qualified for the work, contributed his services as special agent of the society, and went to the field with large supplies from time to time. Mr. E. M. Cushman also wrought faithfully and successfully in the same office. In December, 1862, he took a hundred barrels, and distributed among our regiments at Falmouth.

A large quantity of supplies was received in Washington, and distributed by Mrs. Senator Dixon, Mrs. Secretary Welles, and Mrs. Gen. Hawley; the last of whom gave many months exclusively to hospital-work, permanently injuring her health.

Surgeon Mayer of the Sixteenth wrote, on the receipt of supplies from Hartford, —

"Allow me to say, that few other societies in the United States are conducted with that energy and success which characterize the work of your body; and *no* regiments are provided for as you provide for the Connecticut regiments. God knows, our poor boys, exposed not only to the attacks of the enemy, but to the inroads of every disease, deserve richly the care of those for whom they suffer and fight. The moral influence of your labor for them is almost as great a comfort to them as the good things you send."

From Jarvis Hospital, Baltimore, a lady who had distributed supplies, wrote, —

"I wish each donor could see the happy faces of the brave soldiers as the articles are given to them. I tell them that they come from Hartford, Conn.; that the ladies love the cause they are fighting and suffering and dying for, and work with willing hands to prepare articles for their comfort. The young ladies who prepared those ring-pads and pillows will never know how much pain they saved the poor fellows who are obliged to keep their beds for months. Mrs. W Thompson of East Windsor sent some small pillows. A poor fellow died here recently that had used one for a number of weeks. His broken-hearted father was with him for thirteen days before his death: just before he died, he said,

'Father, I want you should carry this pillow to my mother: it has been such a comfort to me.'"

The following was the Board of Managers of the Hartford Soldiers'-Aid Society: —

First Directress, Mrs. Sidney J. Cowen; *Second Directress*, Mrs. Roswell Brown; *Third Directress*, Miss Esther Pratt.

Secretary and Assistant Treasurer, Mrs. S. J. Cowen.

Treasurer, Mr. F. A. Brown.

Consulting Committee, Mr. E. H. Owen, Mr. Alfred Smith, Mr. W H. D. Callender, Col. J. B. Bunce, Mr. Virgil Cornish.

Managers, Mrs. J. H. Ashmead, Mrs. M. H. Buell, Mrs. A. W Butler, Mrs. G. S. Browne, Mrs. J. E. Coleman, Mrs. S. W Cowles, Mrs. F Chamberlin, Mrs. N. Colton, Mrs. H. Foster, Mrs. A. F. Hastings, Mrs A. G. Hammond, Miss Harrison, Mrs. Theron Ives, Mrs. J. F. Judd, Mrs. Pliny Jewell, Mrs. William T. Lee, Mrs. D. Phillips, Mrs. W W Roberts, Mrs. N. Starkweather, Mrs. Allyn S. Stillman, Mrs. W T. Strickland, Mrs. C. A. Taft, Miss Mary Talcott, Miss Jane Woodbridge, Mrs. Oswin Welles. Mrs. T. J. Work.

Associate Managers for New Britain, Mrs. Erwin, Mrs. Churchill.

Mrs. Cowen, sister of Gen. Robert O. Tyler, impelled by the earnestness and energy which distinguish the family, was from the first the leading spirit in rendering the movement effective for good. She gave her entire time and care to the work.

Relief was extended to many soldiers' families at home; and the wives of soldiers were constantly employed in the manufacture of garments.

At this same time, Hartford was giving largely through the Sanitary Association, established under the immediate auspices of Mrs. J. Olmstead and Mrs. T. G. Talcott; and prosecuting kindred work with great success.

In the autumn of 1862, the ladies of New Haven came spontaneously to the relief of Alfred Walker in the work which he had so nobly maintained. After the battle of Antietam, they organized the New-Haven Soldiers'-Aid Society, to act mainly in direct co-operation with the Sanitary Commission. The corresponding secretary, Mrs. Gen. B. S. Roberts, whose enterprise contributed largely to the success of the society, entered into correspondence with persons in more than a hundred towns; in most of which

auxiliary societies were formed or renewed, swelling largely the list of consignments to Washington. The New-Haven Society occupied the governor's and treasurer's rooms, except during the sessions of the legislature. Here the sanitary sisters wrought in patriotic unison for three years, sending on an immense store of clothing and food. Here cloth was bought, cut, and much of it delivered to country towns to be made; and, when returned, the garments were packed and dispatched to the waiting thousands in camp and hospital.

The society was now authorized to act for the State in behalf of the United-States Sanitary Commission, and entered heartily upon the work. A hundred and twenty towns became tributary to this association, through their soldiers'-aid societies. Little was sent direct to Connecticut regiments: the supplies were mostly intrusted to the more general distribution of the national society. Of the money expended, $2,912.26 came from the "Bazaar," the great Sanitary Fair held in the city.

The following was the Board of Managers: —

First Directress, Mrs. A. N. Skinner; *Second Directress*, Miss M. P. Twining; *Third Directress*, Mrs. W A. Norton.

Managers, Mrs. William Bacon, Mrs. E. Barrett, Mrs. Bassett, Miss E. Bradley, Miss C. L. Brown, Mrs. L. Candee, Mrs. C. Candee, Mrs. R. Chapman, Miss R. Chapman, Miss C. Collins, Miss Dickerman, Mrs. H. DuBois, Mrs. J W Fitch, Miss J. Gibbs, Mrs. J. Goodnough, Mrs. E. S. Greeley, Miss M. Hillhouse, Miss I. Hillhouse, Miss S. B. Harrison, Mrs. C. A. Ingersoll, Mrs. B. Jepson, Miss A. Larned, Mrs. H. Mansfield, Mrs. H. Plumb, Mrs. D. C. Pratt, Miss P Peck, Mrs. W H. Russell, Mrs. G. B. Rich, Mrs J. A. Root, Miss E. Sherman, Mrs. J. Sheldon, Miss M. Storer, Miss A. Thacher, Mrs. A. Treat, Mrs. C. R. Waterhouse, Mrs. William Winchester, Miss D. Woolsey.

Corresponding Secretaries, Mrs. B. S. Roberts, Miss J. W Skinner.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. H. T. Blake.

Treasurer, Mrs. Emily M. Fitch.

Advisory Committee, Messrs. Alexander C. Twining, Charles Carlisle, Thomas R. Trowbridge, Alfred Walker, Stephen D. Pardee, and Dr. Moses C. White.

Among the larger sources of supply in 1863, Mrs. Norton obtained $517, by tableaux; Professor and Mrs. E. E. Salisbury gave $278; H. Sanford and W W Boardman, $125 each; the town of Seymour gave $200; Woodbury $119; Stamford, $229. In 1864, Professor and Mrs. E. E. Salisbury

gave $155; H. Sanford $150; town of Ridgefield, $470; town of Seymour, $463.70; Cheshire, $434,01; Watertown, $209; Birmingham, $200; Naugatuck, $172.78; Guilford, $167.25; Woodbridge, $149.68; Meriden, $867; New Milford, $321.88; Litchfield, $176.12. In 1865, there was received from lecture and concert by J. Sheldon, Esq., $361.78; H. Sanford, $150; W W Boardman, $100; Professor and Mrs. Salisbury, $135; from Waterbury, $1,007.50; from Meriden, $1,224.50; from Clinton, $350; Stamford, $240; Woodbury, $147.20; New Milford, $206. Other towns and individuals gave a large aggregate in smaller sums.

On Thanksgiving Day, 1864, with final victory close at hand, the United-States Sanitary Commission sent to the soldiers in the field a dinner, consisting, among other things, of six hundred tons of turkeys, in number about *two hundred thousand.* Connecticut furnished her full share of these. For one day at least, in camp and field and hospital, the quiet bird, which plain Ben Franklin wished to see inscribed upon an armorial field, stood forth supreme, and effectually superseded the proud "bird of freedom."

The First Connecticut Cavalry, in West Virginia, was beyond reach of the timid fowl in November, but received a New-Year's dinner from the New-Haven Society. Chaplain Holmes acknowledged it as follows: —

CAMP OF FIRST CONNECTICUT CAVALRY,
NEAR WINCHESTER, VA., Jan. 3, 1865.

MRS. B. S. ROBERTS, *Soldiers'-Aid Society, New Haven.*

MADAM, — You will be glad to know that the many good things contributed by our friends in New Haven reached here safely, and were a very considerable contribution to the grand *dinner* which our regiment enjoyed yesterday afternoon. Every thing came in good condition, — thanks to excellent cooking and excellent packing. Our tables, spread upon the snow, were covered with seventy-eight turkeys, one hundred and twenty-five chickens, and with any quantity of mince-pies, cakes, cheese, apples, pickles, preserves, &c., — an abundant supply not only for the immediate occasion, but for one or two meals to-day. If you could have heard the "Three cheers for the friends at home!" and the many expressions of delight at the practical assurances afforded, that, in all the holiday enjoyment, the soldier was not forgotten, you would have been fully repaid for the trouble which our enjoyment has cost you. With the help of your contribution of gloves and mittens, I was enabled to present to the regiment about three hundred and fifty pairs, — a very acceptable New-Year's gift to men who had for two cold months done, bare handed, the hardest of cavalry-work.

Be good enough to accept our hearty acknowledgment to yourself and ladies of your association, believing me, in behalf of the command,

Very respectfully and gratefully,

THEODORE J. HOLMES,
Chaplain First Connecticut Cavalry.

The New-Haven Society received and disbursed, between Nov. 1, 1862, and Nov. 18, 1865, the sum of $27,304.96. The following table shows the details of the work: —

SCHEDULE OF ARTICLES ISSUED BY THE NEW-HAVEN BRANCH OF THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION

TO THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION, TO CONNECTICUT REGIMENTS, HOSPITALS, AND INDIVIDUAL SOLDIERS,

FROM OCT. 1, 1861, TO NOV. 1, 1865.

Denomination.	Quantities.
Dried Apples (bbls.).	36
Other dried Fruit (bbls.).	4 323 lbs
Blackberry and other Cordials (gals.).	251
Wine and Spirits (gals.).	346
Bay Rum and Cologne (bottles).	188
Jellies and Jam (jars).	1686 110 lbs
Farinaceous Food (lbs.).	1,346
Crackers (bbls.).	8
Tea and Coffee (lbs.).	148
Broma, Cocoa, &c. (lbs.).	260
Sugar (lbs.).	266
Spices (lbs.).	51
Fresh Fruits (bbls.).	8
Tomatoes and Fruits (cans).	141
Pickles (gals.).	960
Lemons (boxes).	17
Condensed Milk (cans).	290
Catsup (gals.).	22½
Tamarinds (tubs).	4
Ginger (jars).	6
Cider (bbls.).	6
Vinegar (bbls.).	6
Cheeses.	16
Onions (bunches).	810
Beets.	880
Squashes.	150
Vegetables (bbls.).	453
Groceries in packages.	556
Miscellanies — Eggs, Butter, Cookies, Soap, &c., &c.	470

Denomination.	Quantities.
Shirts { 5,291 Flannel. 4,723 Cotton.	10,014
Drawers { 4,207 Flannel 1,765 Cotton.	5,972
Dressing-gowns.	1,122
Hdkfs. and Napkins.	15,098
Socks (prs.).	10,755
Mittens (prs.).	1,412
Slippers (prs.).	682
Towels.	9,291
Sheets.	6,360
Pillow-cases.	4,449
Quilts.	2,400
Blankets.	787
Pillows.	3,333
Pads and Cushions.	2,750
Bed and pillow sacks.	203
Neck-ties.	300
Fans.	250
Second-hand Garments.	261
Arm-slings.	261
Abdominal Supporters.	219
Needle-books and Comfort-bags.	700
Bandages (bbls.).	31
Rags (bbls.).	53
Lint (bbls.).	5
Crutches (prs.).	36
Mosquito Netting (yds.).	173
Books.	2,156
Magazines.	3,300
Miscellaneous Articles.	1,639
Cases (contents unknown).	54

NOTE. — This includes the supplies forwarded through the agency of Mr. Walker previous to the formation of the General Soldiers' Aid Society.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Harland's Brigade near Portsmouth. — More Digging. — A Handsome Camp. — The Twenty-first on Provost-Duty in Portsmouth and Norfolk. — Raid through Dismal Swamp. — The Eleventh at Gloucester Point. — Twenty-first at Newport News. — An Expedition up the James. — Fifteenth and Sixteenth go to North Carolina. — "Accidental" Fire. — Twenty-first at Newport Barracks and Newberne. — Life at Plymouth. — Battle and Capture by the Rebels. — Gen. Peck's Order.

HARLAND'S brigade, the only brigade of Connecticut regiments in the service, remained intact near Portsmouth during all the hot summer months of 1863; the thermometer sometimes ranging a hundred and ten degrees in the shade. Maltby's ice-cream saloon in Norfolk was a popular resort.

The brigade was located at intervals on a military highway extending along and within the line of fortifications from the Suffolk to the Elizabeth-city Roads, which roads converge towards Portsmouth. The distance to Portsmouth varied from two and a half to four miles.

The officers of the brigade were: Brig.-Gen. Edward Harland of Norwich, in command; Capt. H. P Gates of the Eighth (Norwich), A. A. G.; Lieut. C. J. Arms of the Sixteenth (Norwich), A. D C.; Lieut. Alfred M. Goddard of the Eighth (Norwich), A. D. C.; Lieut. N. P Ives, of the Eighth (Meriden), Brigade Commissary; Lieut. Stuart Barnes of the Fifteenth (Fair Haven), Brigade Q. M.; Surgeon Melancthon Storrs of the Eighth (Hartford), Brigade Surgeon.

The regiments were kept almost constantly at work felling trees, digging trenches, and throwing up breastworks, with the accompanying picket-duty. The position in front of the Eleventh and Sixteenth was named Fort Griswold, after

the brave captain, killed at Antictam; and was surrounded by a flat, sandy plain, covered with a low stretch of pine and gum trees. The toil on the fortifications served as a conductor to carry off the fire of patriotism, and tended to diminish the soldierly spirit; but they had an occasional review and dress-parade with the accompaniment of a fine brigade band, when the weather was fair, which kept the military spark from becoming quite extinct, and reminded the poor fellows, weary with chopping trees, rolling logs, and throwing shovelful after shovelful of dirt all day, that they belonged to the noble profession of arms. The men were required to be neat and cleanly in their persons and accouterments.

During the warm weather, much sickness prevailed, especially diarrhœa, diphtheria, and swamp fever; and there were some deaths from malarious diseases.[1] All the surgeons were faithful; and, as the fall and winter months approached, health rapidly improved. The efficiency of Surgeon Dwight Satterlee of Ledyard was also especially mentioned; and by the 1st of October there were only two members of the Eleventh in the hospital. Surgeon Satterlee was afterwards promoted to be major of the regiment, — the only case of the kind in the regiments from this State.

A member[2] of the Sixteenth wrote, "We have of late had quite a number of ladies visiting us, and the effect on our men has been very good. Whereas you formerly could hear an oath now and then from an aggravated individual, now no such imprecations sully the air. Let me here mention the incalculable services rendered to our sick by Mrs. Burnham, mother of Lieut.-Col. John H. Burnham, now commanding the regiment. Almost seventy years old, this grand old lady displays a vigor and tenderness, a discrimination and practical kindness, in her attentions to the sick, that have gone far to help us through a dreadful epidemic of diphtheria and of remittent fever, with the loss of only three men. She is constantly engaged in preparing those nice home tit-

[1] Sergeant William H Hubbard of Guilford died in September. He was a well-educated young man; moral and circumspect in his life, and happy in the hour of his sacrifice.
[2] Surgeon Nathan Mayer.

Edward Harland

bits so dear to the sick soldiers. Not satisfied with preparing them, she administers them, talking all the time to the delighted men as only a great, good woman of that age and such motherly feelings can talk."

Surgeon Mayer, the successor of Dr. Abner S. Warner of Wethersfield, wrote of this time, "Gradually, the finest camp, but one, which it has been my fortune to see, grew up. The most perfect order, the most civilized condition, prevailed. The tents were neatly and prettily furnished, as our Connecticut country homes are, and the ground always in beautiful condition. As winter approached, the men built a hospital of logs, — log-houses for the officers, log kitchens and eating-saloons for the companies. Our pioneers erected a perfect village.

"During all these weeks, the military standing of the regiment rose perceptibly. There was not a cleaner, prompter, more loyal, reliable, and honest regiment in the service. No brighter arms, no quicker evolutions, no greater perfection in drill, were to be found anywhere."

The Twenty-first had been assigned to provost-duty in Portsmouth, — rather more agreeable service. Major Hiram B. Crosby was appointed provost-marshal. Col. Dutton, having been released from the command of the 3d Brigade, again assumed command of the regiment. "Lieut.-Col. Thomas F. Burpee, who had been absent several weeks, returned with restored health, and entered upon his duties with his usual energy, and did much toward bringing the regiment up to a high standard of excellence and perfection."[3]

In September, the regiment was inspected by Col. Donohoe of a New-York regiment, from whose report the following is an extract: —

"The clothing of the men is in very fine order; coats fit well, and are well taken care of. I believe that the general appearance of the regiment is equal, if not superior, to any that I have ever inspected. The officers appear to good advantage; and the non-commissioned officers deserve credit for their neat appearance and soldierly bearing. In conclusion, I can safely say, that the condition and general appear-

[3] Letter of Capt. Delos D. Brown of Chatham.

ance of the regiment is as fine as any I ever had the honor to inspect; and close observation will allow me to predict that the Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers can be relied upon in whatever position they may be placed."

During September, a movement into Secessia was planned; and on the 20th, five companies of the Fifteenth — D, E, G. H, and K — started on boats along the canal straight south through Dismal Swamp, halting at South Mills, ten miles below the State line in North Carolina. Lieut.-Col. Tolles was in command of the detachment. On Oct. 12, the other five companies, with six companies of the Eighth, left camp at Portsmouth, and marched to Deep Creek, being there joined by a part of a Pennsylvania cavalry regiment. They moved on to South Mills next day; were there joined by three of the other companies of the Fifteenth; and pressed on to surprise, and, if possible, capture, a camp of "conscript-catchers" reported to be quartered in the swamp. Before arriving at the place, the infantry halted, while the cavalry and two mounted companies of the Eighth rode down on the camp of the bushwhackers; but they were in the woods beyond reach. The Union forces returned next day with nine prisoners, and a quantity of ducks, geese, turkeys, and other plunder. The expedition was under Col. Upham of the Fifteenth; Capt. Hoyt of the Eighth commanding the battalion of infantry.

As early as December of 1862, Lieut. John H. Burnham, the skillful and efficient adjutant of the Sixteenth, was promoted to be lieutenant-colonel; superseding eight or ten officers who ranked him. The choice had already proved a most wise one. He had done much to bring the regiment to a high state of discipline, and to make the men soldiers in spirit, appearance, and action. An officer[4] wrote, "He has, with little interruption, commanded the regiment since last January, and is regarded with as much love as can find room beside the respect due to a regimental commander." Major John E. Ward of Norwich had now become colonel of the Eighth, and Capt. Martin B. Smith of Waterbury lieutenant-colonel; Capt. Henry M. Hoyt of Bridgeport command-

[4] Surgeon Mayer.

ing the regiment in the absence of both. Capt. Charles L. Upham of Meriden had been promoted to be lieutenant-colonel, and then transferred to be colonel, of the Fifteenth.

Our regiments seemed to have won the good opinion of the hostile neighborhood, as the Old Dominion, a journal published at Portsmouth, said, —

"The gallant little State of Connecticut is well represented in this vicinity among the soldiery; and, like brave men, they know how to conduct themselves in the busy city and on guard-duty, as well as on the field of strife. This has been exemplified in the orderly conduct which has uniformly characterized the members in our midst. We have heard of not a single case of rowdyism or wanton interference with private rights since they have been stationed in our vicinity; but everywhere we hear encomiums of praise bestowed upon them for the rectitude of their conduct and the excellent morals which they exhibit."

This good feeling was evidently mutual; for Capt. Delos D. Brown of the Twenty-first, from East Hampton, wrote at the time, "Our stay in Portsmouth was characterized by a deep feeling of friendship, and a unity of sentiment and action between ourselves and many of the generous citizens of the place, which could but inspire the highest regard, and attach us strongly to the hospitable inhabitants of this portion of the Old Dominion. We shall ever cherish the remembrances of the associations formed there, as among the most happy and pleasant of our service."

On Sept. 29, the regiment was ordered across the Elizabeth River to Norfolk, where labor was more severe; but municipal contact was still agreeable.

The Eleventh, about the first of October, was ordered to Gloucester Point, opposite Yorktown, for a raid into Matthews County; but only Lieut. Krazynski (of Danbury), with twenty-five sharpshooters, participated. The regiment refitted and cleansed Fort Keyes, a rusty old reminiscence of McClellan, and made it healthful and neat. The uniforms, which the men wore from Connecticut two years before, were brushed to tidiness; and the tattered tents were patched and reefed into winter-quarters. The place was not gay. The

noble York River here narrows from two miles to one; and a crazy, decrepit ferry-boat hitched across the river a few times a day. The country round about was fertile, but abandoned. The new-born national freedmen were huddled in a neighborhood known as "Slab Richmond," — not a lively spot to hibernate; but the soldiers of the Eleventh had long before learned not to be particular. They established a reading-room, and put in attractive order the books and journals from home.

On Dec. 16, there was a terrible fire, followed by explosions, at Yorktown. The fire began early in the evening, and burned its way to the forts. Chaplain Henry S. De Forest wrote, —

"A premonitory flash was followed by bursting shell. The batteries then opened, and were kept playing till the fires were quenched by a rain-storm the next day. Like some grand Fourth-of-July display, these loaded sky-rockets cleaved the air, burning often in colored light, and tracing curves, we thought perhaps of death, certainly of beauty. Soon followed the first two of the four great explosions. A column of fire and smoke mounted heavenward, wonderful in size and grandeur. It rolled its folds, dark yet luminous, sidewards and upwards, till it seemed to half reach the clouds starting from its base; and, using this as the background of the scene, scores of shells were tracing their terrible parabolas in lines of fire. They had not reached the earth, when a second explosion followed, brighter and grander than the first. It was a volcano-scene such as is seldom witnessed by man. As the smoke rolled away, fire darted here and there like lightning running on the ground. It was the bursting of what the explosion had scattered far and wide: and so the lesser displays went on; till at midnight, and especially at four o'clock, an earthquake-shock was repeated, scattering a brick building to the four winds. Two of the regiment— Charles H. Cady of Hampton and Adelbert Spencer of Woodstock — were stationed as a guard, almost within scorching distance of the fire. They were not relieved; and, amid showers of brick and bursting bombs from the several explosions of that long night, they stood at their post, Romans in modern times."

On Dec. 10, the Twenty-first, much to its regret, was relieved at Norfolk by a Massachusetts regiment, and ordered to Newport News. It arrived there the same day, and encamped within a few rods of its camp of a year before. Here the men devoted themselves to drill, reading, games, music, and, later, to discussing the merits of well-packed boxes from home. Capt. D. D. Brown wrote of this, "We have lately been the recipients of *a schooner-load* of good things from the Soldiers'-Aid Society at Bridgeport, Conn., and others, who may rest assured that we highly appreciate their many kindnesses; and the more so, from the fact that they came to us from a portion of the State from which few if any of our men came, and where the regiment must be but little known."

Recruits from home, mostly substitutes, now came to all the regiments, and were closely guarded and industriously drilled.

Left alone at Gettysville, as the camp near Portsmouth was now called, after Gen. Getty, the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Connecticut began to think of active service again. On the morning of Jan. 21, 1864, both regiments broke camp, to embark on two steamers for Newberne, N.C. There was great consternation and grief when the order came to quit the fine slat and log houses, especially in a line of pretty cottages christened "Matrimony Row," where some officers resided with their wives. About three thousand dollars had been expended in the construction of the comfortable village.

It being suspected that the division-general in command, Gen. Heckman, had employed this *finesse* in order to secure the admirable quarters for his own former regiment, the men set fire to their camp on evacuating it; or, as Surgeon Mayer more circuitously wrote, "Some rubbish accidentally caught fire, and spread instantly to the buildings. Gorgeous tongues of flame leaped up with a peculiar roar; while the unfortunate possessors of the property, with pious resignation in the Lord's will, stood by, and chatted and smiled, and laughed and danced. By a like unaccountable accident, the officers were out of wood in the evening; and, no other being at hand, the lofty flagstaff was hewed down to supply them. A

high wind threw down every chimney, and spread devastation over the land. Thus, when the golden sun of Jan. 21 beamed down on the world, the camp of the Sixteenth Connecticut Volunteers was a desert as flat as my grandfather's bald pate. *Fiat voluntas tua!*"

Transports bore the regiments down the coast. In an exclamatory style wrote an officer[5] of the trip, —

"We arrive at Morehead City; one hotel, which is not kept, and five houses not inhabited; go by rail to Newberne, — sweet place, elms enough to furnish a second New Haven, everybody in a fever of friendliness towards us, nothing else to do; we re-embark for Plymouth; down the Neuse, across Pamlico Sound to Roanoke, along Albemarle Sound into the Roanoke River; weather glorious; water quiet; high enjoyment on the voyage; lots of fun; reach Plymouth towards night; set our brass bands blowing; astonish the country; air balmy and warm as in spring.

"Plymouth is a quiet little town; has been burnt down to some extent by the rebs; rebs driven back; excellent fortifications; well guarded; Gen. Henry W Wessels in command, — a Connecticut man; belongs to the regular army, in which he is a lieutenant-colonel; good, kind old gentleman, with high military knowledge; makes semi-weekly irruptions in the enemy's country, burning and carrying off the stores of ham, cotton, and beef which they accumulate in this vicinity for the rebel government. Our men have been on two of these expeditions; carried off some bales of cotton, and destroyed many; destroyed also several hundred thousand dollars' worth of hams, — all for Uncle Sam; carried off sundry lots of poultry and eggs, — all for themselves; like to go exceedingly."

Gen. Harland being detailed to serve on a military commission, Col. Beach commanded the brigade. Lieut.-Col. Burnham being absent, Capt. Thomas F. Burke commanded the Sixteenth. Major Henry L. Pasco and Capt. Edward H. Mix of Terryville had been detained at Portsmouth to explain the accident that happened to the camp of the Connecticut brigade.

[5] Surgeon Mayer.

In the mean time, the Twenty-first had not been as idle as they anticipated. On Sunday, Jan. 25, an expedition, consisting of four gunboats, thirty of the harbor police, and a hundred and fifty men of the Twenty-first Connecticut, under Capt. James F. Brown of North Stonington (the whole under command of Gen. Graham), left Old Point for a reconnoissance up the James. They proceeded until within a short distance of Fort Powhattan, near the mouth of the Chickahominy, at a place called the Brandon Farm. Here the detachment of the Twenty-first was landed, and made a reconnoissance back into the country about two miles, where they surprised and captured a signal station with all its appurtenances, secret messages, and letters; one of the latter indicating the whereabouts of a large amount of stores about to be removed to Richmond.

Capt. Brown made a raid upon the farm, captured the officer in charge, and destroyed a very large quantity of stores of bacon, flour, corn, oats, and hay, the value of which was said to be estimated by the rebels at from two hundred and fifty thousand to three hundred thousand dollars. The detachment now returned to the river, and found that one of the gunboats had captured a schooner laden with tobacco, and an unfreighted sloop. Ten horses and twenty prisoners were also taken.

Early in February, the Twenty-first went from Newport News to Morehead City by water, thence straight towards Newberne. Previously to their arrival, Newport Barracks, ten miles from Morehead City, had been captured by the rebels, routing the 9th Vermont. The bridges had been burned in the flight. The Twenty-first with the troops that had been ejected, all under Col. Dutton, now marched back on the barracks, resolved to fight for possession; but the rebels had decamped most willingly with what plunder they could carry away. The barracks were a pile of smoking ruins.

They encamped for the night near the place; and Col. Dutton, being recalled to the city, left the command to Col. Ripley of the 9th Vermont. Next morning, this vigilant officer led his troops back towards Morehead City, having "discovered the enemy in front in large force." At the ur-

gent request of Lieut.-Col. Burpee of the Twenty-first, a stand was made at Carolina City, only five miles to the rear; and in the afternoon a company of the regiment was sent up to reconnoiter. They were directed to advance slowly, and with great caution. "They proceeded cautiously along until they arrived at Newport, when they were surprised by Assistant Surgeon Charles Tennant, of the Twenty-first, who, being asleep when the forces left to fall back on the city, had, upon awakening and finding himself alone, concluded to remain in possession of the place."[6]

As soon as the company arrived, Surgeon Tennant sent back a dispatch, stating that he had held the place twenty-four hours, and thought that he should be able to do so until re-inforcements arrived. Col. Ripley, feeling the ludicrousness of his position, moved his force up with all speed on the cars.

"Arriving at Newport, we were received by the surgeon and the *discovering party;* and a salute of three guns was fired from a cannon they had found, and succeeded in removing the spike from, and mounting on an old pair of wheels. They reported having seen no enemy; *and we reported the same.* So we took a little something to steady our nerves, and again went on picket, resolved to make a desperate stand if we were attacked and were not ordered back; *and we did.*"[7]

Feb. 12, the Twenty-first proceeded to Newberne; and Col. Dutton was chief-of-staff to Gen. Peck.

During February, 1864, the regiments remained at Plymouth, employed mainly in drills, inspections, &c. An officer,[8] who evidently had not the fear of Gen. Casey before his eyes, thus facetiously described some of the efforts at military display: —

"First of all, regimental guard-mounting. The band posts itself in the very center of an open space, and blows with might and main. Thereupon the details for guard from the various companies make their appearance, with gloves on their fingers, and, I had almost said, "bells on their toes;" their accouterments all bright and brassy, and

[6] Letter of Capt. D. D. Brown. [7] Ibid. [8] Surgeon Mayer.

their guns polished to the highest point of brilliancy. They are conducted by the orderly sergeants, who, bravely decked out with sash and chevrons, place them on a line with the music, and then elevate their hangers in the same manner that Edgardo does his dagger in the last act of Lucia, but in a reverse position, and not with any suicidal intentions. This is the salute. All being in line, the music stops; and the adjutant, who is fastened to an immense sword, which fate and a strong belt compel him to drag along, advances to the front, followed by the officers commanding the guard, a sergeant, corporal, and private. They are solemnly commanded to 'bout face,' and to 'make their guard, march!' all of which they seem to accomplish by walking off in single file, and hiding themselves behind the ranks.

"Upon this, follows the 'inspection of arms.' The band gives a melancholy tune; and the officers keep time by rattling the ramrods of the arms to be inspected in the barrels of the guns. Now, two individuals, with scarlet sashes draped around their bosoms much in the way little girls wear their pink ribbons at parties, post themselves in front of the guard. They are the old and new officers of the day. The troops beat off (*vulgo*, the musicians march up and down, playing a tune); the guard presents arms; one of the red-sashed individuals raises his cap; the adjutant turns about several times; and then — all go home to breakfast. This is excessively imposing when you see it every morning, and have got used to it."

Suddenly came the report of a rebel advance on Newberne; and the Fifteenth went up on the Thomas Collyer, Feb. 3, to assist in the defense. In a few weeks, the Sixteenth was also called, and was soon upon a transport in the Neuse. It was "only one of Gen. Peck's scares;" but the regiment disembarked, and went into barracks beside the Fifteenth, — the same camp formerly occupied by the Tenth. Here Major Pasco found the regiment (having convinced Gen. Butler of the innocence of his men), and assumed command.

Capt. Mix, in attempting to get to Newberne, took a small schooner for Roanoke Island. While in Pamlico Sound, a

squall struck the schooner; and the boom knocked Capt. Mix overboard, as he sat smoking on deck. A boat was instantly lowered; but, when within twenty-five feet, the unfortunate man sank to rise no more. He was a good swimmer, but was encumbered with a heavy overcoat and large boots. Edward H. Mix had been a lieutenant in the First Regiment, and was the last of the original captains of the Sixteenth. He was tall; and his pale complexion, large dark eyes, and black mustache, gave him a striking appearance. He was genial in manners, of average general knowledge, and well versed in tactics and military discipline. He was much regretted by the regiment.

On March 20, the Sixteenth returned to Plymouth. The transport encountered a very severe storm opposite Roanoke Island, and became disabled. It was feared she would go to pieces; but the men, after suffering greatly from cold and hunger, were finally taken off by the steamer Gen. Berry, and carried to their destination. It would have been better for them if they had been wrecked upon the island.

Plymouth lies on the south side of the Roanoke River, eight miles from Albemarle Sound, and was once a place of some importance, dealing largely in "tar, pitch, turpentine, and lumber." Besides the Sixteenth, the garrison now consisted of a New-York regiment, two Pennsylvania regiments, a light battery, and two companies of heavy artillery; the whole in command of Gen. Henry W Wessells, a brave and judicious officer of the regular army from Connecticut. There were Forts Gray and Williams, with Compher and Coneby Redoubts, and a long line of connecting breastworks. Co-operating was a fleet of five gunboats.

By the middle of April, the rebels, under Gen. Hoke, began to gather in the woods south and west of the town. Sunday, the 17th, was a lovely day; and, at the morning roll-call, sixteen hundred men reported for duty. The men listened to preaching at the various places of worship. Just at the close of the services, the cavalry pickets came dashing into town, and reported the rebels near. Artillery and cavalry were sent out to ascertain the strength of the enemy.

They soon returned, after a short engagement with a superior force, and reported three brigades of rebel infantry, with artillery and cavalry in proportion, — in all not less than ten thousand men.

An attack was immediately made by the rebels upon Fort Gray, a mile above the town, on the river; and a company of the Sixteenth, in command of Lieut. B. F Blakeslee of Hartford, was driven into Compher's Redoubt. The Sixteenth was divided; one wing being east, and the other west, of Fort Williams, occupying the center of the main works. On the following morning, the assault was made with energy along the whole line, but upon the left flank with heavy columns. About seven o'clock, Capt. Burke came in from the skirmish line, wounded in the shoulder. The siege-guns of the enemy approached, and there was heavy firing at intervals throughout the day. Soon the beautiful camp was riddled, and the fort upon the left almost silenced.

Lieut.-Col. Burnham ordered the regimental band to the breastworks; and the spirit-stirring strains of national airs roused the blood of the soldiers, and imparted to them fresh energy. The fight was vigorously renewed, and the enemy fell back to develop other resources.

Next day, the cannonading began with energy, and again the lines closed sternly in. The rebels had now occupied Fort Gray and a detached redoubt; and the mailed ram Albemarle had run through a bayou into the river below the town, sunk one of our gunboats, and driven off the rest. Nights were sleepless; for all hands were required at the breastworks.

Before daybreak on the fourth morning of the siege, the enemy, under cover of their guns, advanced up the Columbia Road with a wild yell, and charged upon the two redoubts that defended the Union position on the east side of the town. A company of the 2d Massachusetts Artillery, which held the fort on that side, refused to fire a shot in opposition to the enemy, for fear of drawing the fire of the ram. The principal opposition made there was made by Col. Frank Beach of the Sixteenth, who had two small Napoleon guns bearing on the road, and who gave the

enemy grape and canister until they were within a hundred paces of his guns. The number of their wounded on that spot, the horrible nature of the wounds inflicted, and the repeated wavering of their column, testify to the efficiency of his resistance, which, but for the bad management of the Massachusetts battery, would have kept the enemy at bay.

The rebels also pressed in overwhelming numbers, regiment after regiment, in upon the west. An officer came up, bearing a flag of truce and a demand for immediate surrender. Gen. Wessells promptly refused. Again the rebels pressed in, surrounding Fort Williams, pouring in a terrible fire upon the detached portions of the Sixteenth, which returned the concentrated fire as well as it could. The battle was renewed along the whole line, but with abated vigor on our part; and, as resistance became less and less effective, the remainder of the force outside Fort Williams was surrendered. The fort held out but a short time: the enemy was around it with a force of fifty to one. Company H of the Sixteenth, under Capt. Joseph H. Barnum of Hartford, had been sent to Roanoke Island as an escort for Union refugees, and escaped capture with the regiment.

Major-Gen. John J. Peck, in command of the department, with headquarters at Newberne, on April 21 issued the following: —

"With the deepest sorrow, the commanding general announces the fall of Plymouth, N.C., and the capture of its gallant commander, Brig.-Gen. H. W Wessells, and his command. This result, however, did not obtain until after the most determined resistance had been made. Five times the enemy stormed our lines, and as many was repulsed with great slaughter. For their noble defense, the gallant Gen. Wessells and his brave band deserve the warmest thanks of the country; while all will sympathize with them in their misfortune."

It might be objected that this is slightly turgid; but it is enough to say that the subjects of the eulogy did not at all reciprocate the implied admiration. In fact, since the digging and fortifying at Suffolk, upon a plan as incoherent as the kite projects of Mr. Dick, the soldiers had come to regard Gen. Peck as a rather inoffensive old gentleman.

CHAPTER XXX.

The First Cavalry Battalion. — Demoralization. — Increased to a Regiment. — Fight in Virginia. — At Baltimore. — To the Field. — The Eighteenth Connecticut. — At Martinsburg. — Gen. Milroy on Winchester. — Prison-Life. — Officers at Libby. — Diversions. — To Macon. — Escapes. — An Interesting Adventure.

FTER the battle of Cedar Mountain, in 1862, the Connecticut cavalry battalion crossed the battle-field, and took part in the pursuit of the enemy to Robinson River. From that time, Aug. 9, the battalion was for two weeks face to face with the enemy, protecting the Union flanks and rear; and was then transferred to Steinway's cavalry-brigade, and chiefly engaged in doing provost-duty until the end of Pope's retreat. Chaplain Edwin Warriner writes of that time, —

"Some of the most efficient scouts in that part of the army were men from this battalion. Corporal John A. Peters of Cheshire, in the disguise of an old woman, and Corporal Charles H. Marsh of New Milford, as one of Jackson's men, passed through the thrilling adventures of Union spies. For months, Marsh was unheard of among us, and at last was reported hung at Aldie as a spy. Yet other months passed away, and he surprised us by appearing in Baltimore as a paroled prisoner from Richmond. He saved his life by the most consummate stratagem. He was lying in a Confederate hospital, expecting daily to receive his sentence. Beside him lay a fellow-prisoner who was about to die. The surgeon who attended upon both these men was himself a Union prisoner; and, by his assistance, the two sick prisoners exchanged beds and names so secretly as to make it appear that Marsh died and was buried, and the other soldier lived, and was paroled."

At the second battle of Bull Run, Sergeant Leonard P Goodwin of Company A (from Plymouth) was detailed with a squad of men as a body-guard to Gen. Schenck. They were in the thickest of the fight, and around the general when he was wounded; and bore him from the field. Sergeant Goodwin helped to rally a regiment, and received the commendation of Gen. Schenck therefor.

The battalion was mostly without rations, and lived as it could, doing severe service until the army fell back within the intrenchments about Washington. Major Lyon and Capt. Bowen had resigned, and great confusion arose as to which was the ranking officer; Capt. Farnsworth refusing to serve under Capt. Middlebrook. The command was demoralized; and the companies had for weeks marched, skirmished, and fought separately. Capt. William S. Fish was now made major; and the battalion, about Sept. 7, was ordered into camp near Georgetown, and an officer was sent home to obtain recruits.

Capt. Middlebrook resigned soon, exhausted and sick, as the result of the exposures of the campaign. The camp was moved to a young apple-orchard near Tenallytown, north of Washington, where a hundred excellent recruits from the State were received. Company C, with all the horses of the battalion, under Capt. A. F Niles of Hartford, went out to Fairfax Court House on provost-duty, and rendered highly acceptable service at Gen. Sigel's headquarters. Oct. 23, moved to Kalorama Grounds near Washington, where drilling was in order until Nov. 17; when location was again changed to Hall's Farm, about three miles from Aqueduct Bridge in Virginia. Here a beautiful and comfortable camp was made in the woods by clearing up a dense thicket; and the battalion was again thoroughly equipped and mounted. "Major Fish's force and energy infused new spirit throughout the entire command; and, when they were required to march as a portion of Sigel's Reserve Corps to the vicinity of Fredericksburg, they were in better condition for effective service than ever before."[1] They were not, however, engaged in the battle of Fredericksburg, but were

[1] Letter of Chaplain Warriner.

soon recalled to Stafford Court House, where the battalion joined the encampment of the 11th Corps.

While here, Company A was most of the time detached, and on severe duty at the extreme flank of the army. Corporal Michael Carver of Norwich, with four men, stopped at a house for breakfast; and Carver was shot by guerrillas concealed in the house, who then ran to the woods. Capt. Blakeslee went with a squad, but neither rebels nor family were to be found. The house was burned by order of Gen. Burnside. "Carver was a brave, good soldier; always cheerful and full of spirit; never shirking duty, but often volunteering to perform extra duty for others."[2]

While the regiment was near Washington, during the fall of 1862, Major Fish began in earnest the task of increasing the battalion to a regiment. This was soon ordered to be done, mainly through his influence and exertions. But the battalion filled slowly; and in January received the long-expected orders to march to Baltimore, whither it was called at the request of Major Fish. The Monumental City was reached duly after considerable exposure to rain; and here, for a time, the toil of war was suspended, while the men devoted themselves to the lighter duties of a soldier. Their first care was to rebuild the old, uncomfortable barracks at Camp Carroll; and Yankee skill soon erected new ones, and made them tidy and pleasant, — a model of convenience and comfort. Each squad of six or eight had a large room to itself; and the kitchens were complete in their arrangements. Company streets were paved with brick, and the open spaces turfed in the most approved manner. The stables were roomy and well ventilated, and the grain-rooms supplied with bins and troughs. All the work was done by the men of the battalion; the government piecing out the old boards with a small quantity of new lumber. A commodious chapel and hospital were also built; and most of the work was prosecuted under the energetic superintendence of Capt. Farnsworth.[3] The place was named Camp Cheeseboro' Major Fish was now promoted to be lieutenant-colonel, and Capt. Farnsworth to be major.

[2] Capt. E. Blakeslee.

[3] Diary of Capt. Blakeslee.

On March 15, Capt. Albert F. Niles, who had been through a year of active service without a sick day, was prostrated with fever at Baltimore, and suddenly died. He was a man of few words, and of a very self-contained disposition, so that some thought him proud or distant; but time proved him a perfect gentleman, and a cheerful, brave, ready, self-reliant soldier. He was buried in Hartford with all honors.

The regiment remained in Baltimore during the spring and summer of 1863, while recruits were gradually accumulating. Companies were detached for duty on the Potomac and at other posts. On June 29, signal rockets announcing the approach of Lee caused great apprehension in Baltimore. The alarm-bells were rung, and the Union League rallied at the barricades. The First Cavalry turned out under arms. Lieut. Joab B. Rogers of Norwich was in command of a picket post on the Westminster Road, and heard the shout of alarm from an excited officer as he dashed by the guards, declaring that the rebels were in close pursuit, and urging the pickets to fall back. The lieutenant proposed to remain at his post until he was relieved, or ordered in, or driven in by the enemy. He remained, and maintained the honor of a soldier. About the time of the battle of Gettysburg, the whole effective force of the battalion was ordered to Harper's Ferry.

On July 14, Major Farnsworth, Capt. Blakeslee, and fifty men, crossed the Potomac by order of Gen. Naglee, to reconnoiter the enemy's position beyond Bolivar Heights, and to ascertain his strength. Capt. Blakeslee reports, —

"About two miles from Harper's Ferry, the advance-guard (eighteen men, under myself) charged upon the picket of the enemy (numbering about thirty), and drove them in confusion back upon their reserve. Major Farnsworth, coming up now, charged upon the whole reserve of the enemy, about two hundred strong. The enemy also charged; and it became a hand-to-hand fight, in which, owing to the disparity of our numbers, they repulsed us, recovering several prisoners whom we had previously taken, and, I am sorry to add, captured Major Farnsworth with twenty-four men. The major fought most gallantly until he was overpowered, and taken prisoner.

I took command of the remainder of our men, and fell back, bringing with me as prisoners one captain, one second lieutenant, and two privates; all of whom were captured by the advance in their first charge upon the picket, in which we shot several horses, and wounded the colonel of the 12th Virginia Cavalry, who was afterwards found, and brought in a prisoner.

"Allen F. Phillips of Woodstock, first sergeant Company A, deserves special mention for his courage and good conduct in the affair."

Sergeant Horace H. Gore of Preston, a grandson of Asa A. Gore, the only male survivor of the massacre at Wyoming, was commended for good conduct in a skirmish soon after, in which he was severely wounded and permanently disabled. About the time he was mustered out of the service, he received a commission as lieutenant.

Capt. Blakeslee was ordered to Connecticut to recruit, where he was promoted to be major, his commission dating from July 14, for gallantry displayed that day.

Early in October, the battalion, now rapidly growing to a regiment, received a unique re-inforcement in a hundred and twenty veterans,—all of them rebel prisoners, or deserters from the rebel army. They represented nearly every Southern State; but a majority were from North Carolina and Tennessee. Most of them declared that they had been forced into the Confederate service, and had escaped at the first opportunity; and all eagerly took the oath of allegiance to the United States.

"One of these brave men, who was dragged from his home by night, and compelled to take up arms against the Federal Government, said, 'I have a wife and little boy in Tennessee; and no man loves his family more than I do mine: but sooner than lift my hand against the stars and stripes' (and the vow trembled on his lips),—'before I'll be a traitor to my country, I'll say farewell forever to my home and to those dear ones, and never see their faces any more.' They all know well that certain death awaits them if they are ever taken by the rebels. I suggested this fact to one of them. He replied, 'They will never take me alive.'"[4]

[4] Letter of Chaplain Warriner.

It was evident that few had ever entered the service at so much risk and sacrifice as these men, and that, if they were true to their new-made vows, the army would not contain better soldiers. They generally proved faithful, and every way worthy of the confidence and brotherly regard which the men from Connecticut did not long withhold.

Several companies of the regiment remained at Baltimore, under command of Capt. William E. Morris of Roxbury; detachments of which "were occasionally sent on delightful expeditions down the Chesapeake to Point Lookout and various parts of the eastern shore of Maryland."

Two or three companies went to the polls in different counties to keep rebel soldiers from voting, and to be "a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to them that do well."

Companies A, B, and E, with parts of C and D, were at Harper's Ferry after July, under Capt. Howell Atwater of New Haven, performing duties attended with more hardships and fatigue. Capt. Elbridge Colburn of Ansonia was appointed brigade-quartermaster on the staff of Gen. Tyler. Capt. Edwin W French of Mystic was assistant provost-marshal in command of the detective force, and provost-marshal in the absence of Col. Fish. Adjutant H. J. O. Walker of Mystic Bridge had charge of passes and transportation. The seizure and disposal of confiscated property was under the direction of Lieut. Joseph Backus of Hebron; and Lieut. J. B. Morehouse, returned from imprisonment, had control of military prisoners, and was soon promoted to be captain. So sped the summer, fall, and early winter, — time spent rather indolently by most of the regiment.

During this summer, Gen. Schenck sent for Capt. Blakeslee, directing him to establish a line of signal-stations twenty miles out on different roads. The captain replied that he knew nothing of the signal-system. "Then invent one," was the rejoinder: "you shall have a *carte blanche*." Blakeslee went at the work, and, before daylight, had prepared all the necessary flags and rockets, procured the requisite field-glasses, and within three days had established the signals on both the routes, so that satisfactory reports could be sent over both lines in fifteen minutes, day or night.

Lieut.-Col. Fish was promoted to be colonel, Aug. 22, 1863, and was detailed to be provost-marshal of Baltimore; but early in 1864 he was arrested on charges of unsoldierly conduct. He was immediately tried, convicted, dismissed the service, and sentenced to pay a heavy fine and to be imprisoned for five years. The last two provisions of the penalty were afterward remitted in consideration of his previous gallant services; his guilt proving, moreover, on further examination, much less than it had at first appeared.

With the return of Major Blakeslee to Baltimore in January, 1864, began the real military life of the First Regiment Connecticut Cavalry. He found some seven hundred men, mostly recruits, arranged in companies, and officered, but mostly without drill or discipline. They had been under the command, first of one captain, then of another, no one having had command for any length of time; and were very much demoralized. There was little order or subordination, little military life or character. Major Blakeslee immediately established with a vigorous hand all the regular routine of camp-duties, including hours of daily drill. There had never been a school for regimental officers; but one was now established, with long and thorough instruction every day. The daily drill was had on the lesson of the evening previous.

Major Blakeslee was detailed on a field-officers' court-martial, and at first frequently tried twelve or fifteen prisoners a day; the action being so prompt, that prisoners were sometimes tried, convicted, papers all made out and approved, and sentence rendered on the same day.

A great change was perceptible in the regiment in a week, produced by simply enforcing the ordinary rules of military conduct. Major George O. Marcy of Bridgeport established a profitable school for sergeants; and Major Brayton Ives (who now joined the regiment from New Haven) prepared a little work entitled Hints on the Treatment of Horses, which was considered so valuable, that it was published in pamphlet form for the use of the regiment. Officers and private soldiers began suddenly to wake up to the fact that the days of "play-soldier" were over, and that thereafter they

were to be fighting men. Major Farnsworth, while still a prisoner at Libby, had been promoted to be lieutenant-colonel, dating from Jan. 18, 1864. He returned to his regiment, but soon afterwards resigned his commission, and was honorably discharged.

Lieut. E. H. Latimer of Montville died suddenly, Feb. 15, of small-pox. The body could not be removed to home and friends; but Chaplain Warriner said, "The deceased had won the love of his comrades, and we who knew him well were mourners together." He had been promoted from the ranks, and had been mustered in as lieutenant only two days before his death. Some twenty others died while the regiment was in Baltimore.

Towards the end of February, a new supply of five hundred horses was obtained; and then followed the amusing task of assigning them. They were first assorted into colors, — bay, black, sorrel and light-bay, gray and piebald; and then company commanders drew lots for colors. The men were then marched up, and each man took the horse opposite to him. This was impartial, but not always satisfactory; and all sorts of devices were frequently resorted to to effect a secret exchange for some better animal. Many got kicked by their strange steeds; and some score were tumbled to the ground, making that mounting "a sight to see." Equipments were issued at once, and active battalion-drills begun.

Orders were received to join the Army of the Potomac; and at eight o'clock, A.M., of March 8, the old camp was broken up and abandoned, rations cooked and distributed, horses fed and groomed, small packs made up; and six hundred and seventy-five mounted men were drawn up, mounted in close column of squadrons, every man in place, sabres shining, flags flying, and guidons flashing in the wind, — a magnificent array. Major Blakeslee, young and almost beardless, might well be proud of his command as the bugler sounded the officers' call. The line-officers rode to the front, and received directions to permit no straggling nor foraging, and to keep the ranks well filled up. The bugler sounded the "Forward!" and away they rode to a year of deadly conflict, to toil and vigilance, heat, cold, and hunger, death-wounds and glory.

They went past the Relay House, and arrived at Annapolis Junction in the rain about three o'clock, P.M. Camp by squadrons was made east of the hospital. The officers fared well enough in the hospital; but the men had the wettest, muddiest, dismalest night they had spent since Wheeling Island and Moorefield. They were drenched, and lying in mud knee-deep. Two days later, they found a better camp, on a slope in a grove, where they were comfortable once more on dry land.

After the unfortunate battle of Winchester, about two hundred and twenty officers and men from the Eighteenth escaped in different directions towards the Potomac.[5] Major Peale, with thirty men, arrived on the same day at Harper's Ferry; having had a very narrow escape. About two hundred others from Milroy's scattered army were put under Major Peale, and led against the flank of Lee's army, now retreating from Gettysburg. They marched to Snicker's Gap, and captured many of the fugitives. Major Peale was next ordered to Sharpsburg, where he took command of the remnant of the Eighteenth. Company B, Lieut. F G. Bixby, being on provost-duty, had escaped intact with others; and in a few days he was ordered to report for provost-duty at Hagerstown to guard rebel prisoners.

On Sept. 30, Major Peale brought the exchanged prisoners from Camp Parole at Annapolis; increasing the regiment to eight officers and six hundred men. On Oct. 3, they forded the Potomac, and advanced to Martinsburg; making camp about half a mile west of the town on a wooded elevation as pleasantly situated for winter-quarters as could be desired. Here, notwithstanding the insufficiency of officers, good order was maintained; and the regiment soon began to show improvement in drill and general discipline. Log-houses were built, furnished with stoves and other con-

[5] Immediately after the disaster to the Eighteenth, Henry B. Norton, a patriotic and liberal citizen of Norwich, went to the Potomac at the request of Gov. Buckingham, and was of great assistance in collecting the remnants of the regiment, and supplying their immediate wants. The Hartford Press said of him, —

"No gentleman in the State has been so indefatigable in labors of this kind for the comfort of our soldiers since the war began. He has steadily refused all compensation, or remuneration of his expenses; and is so unostentatious, that we fear to annoy him even by this brief and merited mention of his services."

trivances for comfort. The Yankee propensity to barter broke out, and the men supplied themselves with many little luxuries in exchange for surplus rations.

There was also a warm social side to life at Martinsburg. Soldiers and citizens mingled a good deal in camp and at fireside, at church, prayer-meetings, parties, debating societies. Private Albert C. Green of Company A established a singing-school in town, in which soldiers and citizens alike participated. This was of real value, introducing the "boys" into the best families, and adding a genuine zest to life in barracks. Acquaintanceships ripened into friendships; friendships, into intimacies; and, in at least one case, there resulted the "union of hearts and union of hands" which nothing but death or "incompatibility of temper" can dissolve. Slowly the regiment recovered its old tone and pride in military tactics, and at last won commendations again from citizens, officers, and inspectors. Major Peale and his subordinates labored with great zeal and success in restoring the true martial spirit.

Once during the winter a raid resulted in the capture of several rebels; twice or thrice, the regiment was in line of battle, or on a reconnoissance: but the winter was rather uneventful, and the men contented themselves in completing the capture of Martinsburg.

The general in command, notwithstanding his apparent lack of great military genius, was always popular in his command; and, when he visited Martinsburg, "Daddy Milroy" was heartily received by the Eighteenth. They ordered him out with an affectionate if unmilitary clamor, and he addressed them as follows: —

Soldiers of the Eighteenth, —

I am glad to see you once more: I am happy to see you looking so hearty and well; happy to welcome you back again beneath the folds of your own stars and stripes, which you so nobly defended during the three-days' fight at Winchester. Since I last saw you, you have suffered captivity in rebel prisons. We have been separated since then; but I have come to see you, and to praise you for your gallantry. I saw you in the second day's fight as you charged the enemy from your rifle-pits and drove them back upon their reserves, holding them in check until night; when you fell back, but with your face to the foe. Again I saw you the next morning, facing as hot a fire as I ever witnessed in my life. I looked in vain to see you waver. Boys, it was a hot place, — a hot place. I saw

you go where none but brave men dare go; saw you make three successive charges, preserving your line as well as if on dress-parade. I witnessed it all. I saw you as you broke the first line of rebel infantry, and charged up to their batteries; driving away their gunners, still pressing on, and breaking their reserves. But a third line was too strong for you. I knew it was. Only then did you fall back, when your lines were broken, and many brave Connecticut men lay bleeding on the field. But you only fell back to re-form, and give them another taste of your steel. I knew it was madness to order you forward again: it was ordering you to death and annihilation; for I well knew you would attempt any thing for your general. Boys, I watched you with pride as you charged the third time; but, when I saw your ranks withering and your comrades falling, it made my heart grow sad within me, and I ordered you to fall back. You know the rest. You were surrounded, and there was no escape. But I miss your noble commander, Col. Ely: may he soon return to you! Boys, to your valor I owe my safety. You come from a State whose soldiers never disgrace themselves nor their flag. I am proud of you, and ever shall be of such soldiers.

And now accept my wishes for your safe return to your New-England homes when our flag shall wave in triumph over our whole country. Good-by.

In January, 1864, Chaplain V A. Cooper of New London having resigned, he was succeeded by Chaplain W C. Walker of New Britain, who worked diligently to elevate the moral and physical tone of the regiment.

In the mean time, most of the officers were still in Libby Prison; and some of them were destined to remain longer in rebel captivity than any other officers from Connecticut, and be released only when the Confederacy itself was crushed in 1865.

Twenty-four officers of the Eighteenth were together in Libby, and remained together nearly a year. The day's ration at first consisted of one-fourth of a pound of beef, and nine ounces of bread, wheat, or cornmeal, and nine ounces of rice. After the victory of Gettysburg, the fare was improved through fear of retaliation; a large balance of prisoners being in our hands. Prisoners were now permitted to purchase moderately from the markets of Richmond, and to receive supplies from the North; yet sharp discomfort was suffered from so many being packed and huddled together in the noxious air of an ill-ventilated tobacco warehouse.

This monotonous life was occasionally varied by a distinguished arrival. Col. Straight, then famous, enlivened the

prison by his able and fearless debates of the slavery question with any rebel who came within reach. Gen. Neal Dow arrived from Mobile, where he had been a prisoner in the enjoyment of a considerable degree of freedom and intercourse with the citizens; and he now repeatedly addressed the officers of Libby, informing them of the inner life of the Confederacy and its waning hopes and prospects. These speeches were frequently interrupted by the sudden appearance of the rebel sentinel; when the speaker would continue, unterrified, "As I was saying, this indulgence in alcoholic stimulants is ruinous to the mental, moral, and social character of men," &c. Officers came in from all the armies constantly; and the occupants of Libby were probably better informed in regard to the condition of the Rebellion than were their friends at home. By a constant interchange of news and sentiments, they were kept in a cheerful spirit.

Gen. E. M. Lee (of Guilford, Conn., an officer in the Michigan Cavalry), then in Libby, recently explained the financial condition of the prison at that time thus: "We had rations miserable in quality, and so small in quantity as scarcely to support life without other means. We felt that the rebels intended to compel us to make up this deficiency by purchasing in their markets what it was their duty to furnish us. We yielded to the necessity imposed. But we soon learned better than to waste genuine currency in this unwilling service of the Confederacy. They permitted brokers to come among us, who, when our money was exhausted, took our checks on Northern banks where we 'deposited.' We struck as good a bargain as possible to avert suspicion, and then sold our checks, — checks on any bank of which we could recall the name. These furnished us with much food and clothing, and some luxuries; and I don't think the checks were ever collected!"

In February of 1864, Col. Ely escaped from Libby with one hundred and eight other officers, through the famous tunnel. They had obtained entrance, through a hole in the floor, to an unoccupied basement; and thence had dug straight out under Twentieth Street, loosening the earth

with an old hinge, and removing it in a broken sugar-scoop taken from the hospital. The sand was then drawn out in a carpet-bag, and secreted about the cellar. They were at work upon the tunnel for fifty-five days, when the pioneer, Capt. J. N Johnson of the 6th Kentucky Cavalry, struck daylight, and came up under an old shed across the street. That night, at nine o'clock, the first man left; at five next morning, the last. About fifty were at last recaptured by the cavalry, who scoured the State in all directions; among them Col. Ely, in a state of great exhaustion. He was taken by cavalry, forty-two miles out, after being absent four days.

"The occupations and diversions of Libby were various," writes an officer of the Eighteenth.[6] "Aroused to morning consciousness by the voice of a stalwart darky, our ears were saluted with, 'All fo' of de mawnin' papers! Rise, gemmen, an' bye de mawnin' news! Great news from de Rappahannock! Great news from Charleston! Great news from de James Ribber! Is all de gemmen s'plied wid de mawnin' news?' Thus we obtained the Richmond dailies, printed on a half-sheet of smoky brown paper, with little reliable news, and editorials filled with exaggerated falsehood. In Libby, the study of many languages was pursued,— French, German, Spanish, Latin, and Greek. A literary society was maintained, and important questions debated. A journal called the Libby Chronicle was edited with marked ability, with articles worthy of the best periodicals. Here would be seen a group rendering in sweetest concord the choicest selections from Handel, Mozart, and other masters of sacred song; there a party enjoying some admirable exhibition of comic minstrelsy"

In March, 1864, Col. William G. Ely, Lieut.-Col. Monroe Nichols, Capt. G. W Warner, Lieuts. I. N. Kibbe, M. V B. Tiffany, J. P. Rockwell, and John A. Francis, were paroled, and returned to the North, their exchange following. The rest of the officers of the Eighteenth were, on May 7, sent to Danville, Va., and after a few days transferred to the new stockade prison at Macon. The prison-life at Macon,

[6] Surgeon Lowell Holbrook of Thompson, detained in prison four months.

Charleston, and Columbia, is elsewhere described. In December, Capts. D. W Hakes and Charles D. Brown, with Lieuts. A. H. Lindsay, George Kies, and A. G. Scranton, were paroled, and went North. In February, 1865, the rest of the officers of the Eighteenth were sent to Charlotte. Lieut. Henry F. Cowles jumped from the cars, was secreted by the negroes, and joined Sherman's advance cavalry. Lieut. Ezra D. Carpenter escaped from the hospital, and occupied Columbia the day before Gen. Sherman. The remaining officers were paroled at Williamston, N.C., in March, 1865; having been in captivity twenty-one months, without the loss of a man.

Lieut. Carpenter had a singularly interesting experience. He described it in a letter to a friend, from which we make an extract: "When the prisoners were removed to Charlotte, off the track of Sherman's advancing army, I was very much reduced, and declared unable to be moved with the rest. I was taken to a large hospital with others. The streets were full of tumult in the effort to escape from the doomed city. At last, when Sherman's first shells fell in the city, the rebels came to remove us. I dressed and passed down, but, remembering that I had forgotten something, went back, and concealed myself under one of the bunks. Inquiries were made for me; but, after search, they concluded I had gone in a former load. A slave, sent up to clean out the building, discovered me, and, with the quick instincts of his race, immediately agreed to help me to escape. Finally rebel soldiers came into the room to sleep for the night. They came up to the bunk under which I lay, and I saw their boots as they walked around it. They then built a fire at the other end of the room, and sat around it, dividing among themselves my bag of scanty clothing and personal effects, which they had found where I dropped it when I secreted myself. At eight o'clock, I crawled softly down to the next floor; and soon one of the attendants, with a light, passed within a few feet of where I lay behind a bunk. A few minutes after, I got out the window, and jumped to the ground. My first effort was to find a black man, — the first thought of every prisoner who ever escaped from rebel bondage. They were in their quarters. At the first hovel, a white man came to

the door. I inquired where Mr. —— lived, and was glad to get away. At the next, I passed as a rebel soldier; and some ladies gave me the food I so much needed. I then went straight to the hotel where Gen. Beauregard stopped, registered my name as J. C. Cady of Charleston, went to bed, and lay until nine o'clock next day. My sleep had been interrupted all night by constant noise and bustle on the street; and, when I went down, confusion seemed to reign. I could obtain no breakfast: the landlord said he 'couldn't get the niggers to work.' I ultimately got breakfast, and paid my bill (twenty dollars) in Confederate currency. I bought a morning newspaper. Every thing looked well for the rebels: Gen. Beauregard, the war-horse, snuffed the breeze from afar, and was at his post; and Sherman would get a warm reception. I went out, and found that the rebels had been evacuating the city all night. Far in the distance arose a cloud of dust; nearer were heard faint cheers; down Main Street came a carriage bearing a flag, which grew into the stars and stripes as I gazed. I trembled with inexpressible joy; for our general and the mayor of the city were in the carriage. The swift cavalry whirled though the city; the long line of boys in blue marched steadily up the street to the strains of Yankee Doodle: Columbia was ours!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

The First and Second Artillery, Sixth, Tenth, Fourteenth, and Seventeenth, during the Winter of 1863–64. — The Second Light Battery. — The Seventh in Florida. — Battle of Olustee. — Ninth in New Orleans. — The Twelfth at New Iberia. — The Thirteenth in the Red-River Expedition. — Battle of Cane River. — Connecticut Regiments Home on Veteran Furlough. — Speeches and Banquets.

ENCAMPED south of the Potomac, the First Artillery remained, during 1863, in the forts forming the most important section in the chain of defenses to the capital. Batteries B, Capt. Ager, and M, Capt. Brown, were still detached with the Army of the Potomac. Col. Tyler was promoted brigadier-general, Nov. 19, 1862, and Henry L. Abbot of the regular army was made colonel. He had graduated second in his class at West Point, and was on the staff of Gen. Daniel Tyler at the first battle of Bull Run, where he was wounded in the leg. Col. Abbot did not relax in any measure the severe discipline which had raised the regiment to its high position.

The men were required to be soldierly in their habits and cleanly in their persons; and the result was, that, during the entire period of life at Arlington, very few were in hospital. They were drilled as artillery and infantry, in company and battalion movements; and they had a great deal of practice at firing, both from heavy guns and mortars, at targets, and in experiments made by order of the department at Washington, with elongated and other projectile, to test scientifically the depth of penetration, &c. One experiment, suggested and tried by Col. Abbot, was of an entirely new combination in a mortar projectile, which gave great satisfaction, and was afterwards adopted.

Chaplain Edward A. Walker[1] of New Haven had resigned in 1862, and Rev. Samuel F Jarvis of Salisbury was appointed his successor.

Since the regiment had been in service, but one officer, Capt. Charles E. Bulkeley of Hartford, had died, and few men.

The Nineteenth was relieved from duty at Alexandria, Jan. 12, 1863, and moved to Fort Worth, about three miles west, where it was at once brigaded with the First Connecticut Artillery, under command of Brig.-Gen. Robert O. Tyler. The regiment began to drill in heavy-artillery tactics as well as infantry, and was kept constantly busy in an easy service. Sibley tents were obtained; mails were regular; the visits of friends were frequent. In May, Companies A, C, D, E, H, I, and K moved to some redoubts near Fort Lyon; while B, F, and G moved to Fort Ellsworth, near Alexandria. The entire summer was probably as pleasant as ever fell to the lot of soldiers. Weeks passed without the death of a man.

On the 9th of November, the brigade was reviewed by Gen. Berry; when the Nineteenth showed to such excellent advantage, that an order was issued by the War Department on the 23d, changing the regiment from infantry to heavy artillery, under the designation of the Second Connecticut Artillery The boys lost no time in tearing off the blue facings and getting on the red; and several officers and men were detailed to go to Connecticut and recruit. The recruiting-party consisted of Lieut. B. F. Hosford; Sergeants D. E. Marsh, Gad N. Smith, Calvin B. Hatch, Oscar Platt, and O. R. Tyler; Corporal D. B. Wooster; and Private James Baldwin. This arm of the service was popular; and these men succeeded in sending twelve hundred recruits in three months, raising the regiment to the maximum. Some

[1] Chaplain Walker, during McClellan's retreat to the James, was in the saddle for nearly the whole of six days and nights, in charge of an ambulance-train. Prostrated by disease and exhaustion, he was prevailed upon by his friends to leave the army. From that severe service he never recovered. He spent six months in Europe, and, on returning, went to Lake Superior, where he died, April 10, 1865. He graduated at Yale in the class of 1856; and had preached for a short time in Terryville, before the war. He was versatile in his tastes and acquirements, and gave promise of much usefulness.

were "bounty-jumpers," and deserted on the way down; but many were among the best soldiers in the service.

Col. Wessells had now resigned, and Lieut.-Col. E. S. Kellogg succeeded to the command. This and the change to an artillery regiment involved the addition of a large number of officers, — a lieutenant-colonel, three majors, three captains, and twenty-nine lieutenants; and for a time promotions were the chief topic of interest. The new regiment was divided into three battalions of four companies each: which garrisoned respectively Forts Worth, Williams, and Ellsworth. Col. Kellogg adopted a rigid system of discipline and drill; and his command rapidly improved in soldierly qualities.

Major Nathaniel Smith of Woodbury became lieutenant-colonel; and Capts. James Hubbard of Salisbury, William B. Ells of Plymouth, and James Q. Rice of Goshen, were promoted to be majors.

A letter written in November, 1863, says, —

"Our colonel has just been surprised by the presentation, mainly from the privates, of a handsome and valuable horse; one on which we are not ashamed to see him appear on any occasion. This renewed testimony of attachment was entirely unexpected, and called forth an expression of thanks which must have abundantly repaid the donors."

One night about this time, Private C. W Jackson of New Milford, one of the hospital guard, perceived an unusual fire in the valley, half or three-quarters of a mile distant. Suspecting all was not right, he stealthily and alone reconnoitered, and found one of the bridges of the Alexandria and Orange Railroad on fire. After kindling a fire on the track to arrest the trains, he applied himself to save the bridge; and after great exertions he succeeded.

The Sixth remained at Hilton Head during the fall and winter of 1863–4, under Lieut.-Col. Redfield Duryee, — promoted in a single step from the rank of Adjutant, *vice* Lieut.-Col. John Speidal resigned. Col. Duryee commanded the post. The men were here put upon laborious fatigue-duty in loading and discharging government transports. From this they were relieved in October; and Col. Duryee devoted

himself to bringing back the regiment to its former high standard of excellence. They found it difficult to recover the loss of Col. Chatfield; and one of the subalterns wrote at this time, "His name was synonymous with all that was good, noble, brave, and kind. Few men ever lived in the midst of the excitement and allurements of camp-life who resisted so practically the attractions that lead many a good man astray."

The Seventh, from Oct. 16, spent most of its time on St. Helena Island. Drilling in boats was soon succeeded by drilling with the new breech-loading Spencer rifles, and the usual routine of winter camp-life. On Feb. 5–6, 1864, the regiment (excepting the re-enlisted veterans, home on furlough) embarked with that portion of Gilmore's forces ordered to Florida for the expedition to Olustee. A force of five thousand men of all arms left Hilton Head, under Gen. Gilmore, for the St. John's River, with intent to strike into Central Florida for the purpose of cutting off the enemy's supplies, and of helping to reconstruct the loyal government. Gilmore pushed forward to Jacksonville, and sent a small force to Baldwin; surprising the enemy, and capturing eight guns and a number of prisoners. Gen. Truman Seymour was in command of the division; and Gen. Gilmore returned to Jacksonville, leaving instructions for Seymour to make no advance beyond Sanderson without orders. On the 18th, Seymour started with the whole force to destroy the railroad near Suwanee River, a hundred miles west. Col. Hawley commanded a brigade composed of the Seventh Connecticut, 7th New-Hampshire, and 8th United-States colored troops.

The Seventh Connecticut Volunteers numbered three hundred and sixty-five men, consolidated in four companies; the first under command of Capt. Mills, the second of Lieut. Jeremiah Townsend, the third of Lieut. Robert Dempsey, and the fourth of Capt. John Thompson. Surgeon George C. Jarvis was with the battalion. Next day the column reached Barber's Station, thirty miles west. Having some information of the designs of the enemy, Gen. Seymour hurried forward next day towards Olustee. About three miles

east of that town, the rebels beginning to annoy our vedettes, the general sent for a company, and soon for the whole, of the Seventh Connecticut, to throw out as skirmishers in advance of the cavalry, and move westward. The first brigade was thrown forward to encounter the enemy. "The enemy's skirmishers continually fell back, until they arrived at a point where the road and railroad crossed. Here was an open space, backed by pine-woods, partially inclosing the space in the form of a crescent. In front of and in the woods, the enemy was posted in force, with batteries stationed to sweep the roads. Gen. Seymour sent orders ahead for the Seventh Connecticut to advance, and take the batteries. They moved forward rapidly, the discharges of their seven-shooters making a continuous roll like the musketry of a whole brigade." [2]

Capt. B. F. Skinner of Danbury, in command of the Seventh, reported, —

"Our advance soon came up with the enemy's advance guard, and exchanged a few shots with them; when they retreated, firing occasionally as they went. We followed them in this way about three miles, when, after firing a few shots from an advance battery (Capt. Elder's), the enemy replied with a battery of three or four guns; when I was directed by Gen. Seymour to go forward with the rest of my command, and, if possible, secure the enemy's battery. I moved the remainder of my command forward immediately, in double-quick time, upon the right of the railroad for about three hundred yards; when we came up with my line of skirmishers.

"I immediately directed the remainder of the third company, which had been held in reserve, to deploy as skirmishers, and move up to the support of the advanced line: I also deployed the fourth company with the same directions, the enemy having made a flank movement in order to mass his advance on our right. Capt. Mills followed, moving a portion of his command across and to the right of the railroad; the whole forming a very strong line of skirmishers three or four hundred yards in length. I immediately pushed the line forward as fast as possible, paying particular attention to the enemy's batteries, the strength of which had developed itself upon the left of our line to the right of the railroad. After moving up two or three hundred yards, I found the enemy drawn up in line to receive us, and in position to support their battery; the enemy here showing a front of five regiments flanked on the right and left by cavalry, which made occasional demonstrations upon our flanks, but were easily turned back in disorder after a few moments' attention from our seven-shooters.

"Supposing that support was close at hand, I pushed forward, firing rapidly as I went; which caused the enemy to give ground to us, I should judge two hundred yards, in some confusion, but firing as they withdrew. Here I discovered that the enemy were intrenched, and delivered well-

[2] Letter of Col. Hawley.

directed volleys of musketry. I found, also, that my ammunition was very nearly expended, some of my new men being entirely out. There was no support in sight. I had already pushed so far in the enemy's center that my line formed a semicircle, and I was receiving the enemy's fire from three sides."

They found themselves confronted and nearly surrounded by four or five rebel regiments. The supporting column was nearly a mile behind. "At this juncture," continues Capt. Skinner, "I determined to withdraw, and save my command, which was done at the proper time; for, had I remained there five minutes longer, my whole command would have been swallowed up in the enemy's advance. My men withdrew rapidly: those who had ammunition fired as they withdrew, and divided to the right and left in order to unmask the 7th New-Hampshire Volunteers who approached."

The other regiments met the enemy in heavy force, and were repulsed. As they broke, Col. Hawley endeavored to rally them to another attack; but order could not be restored at once, and the line fell back. The Seventh received another supply of ammunition, and resumed a station fronting the enemy. "We remained in this position, occasionally firing, or permitting a portion of the men to fire, as the enemy showed himself, until, by direction from Col. Hawley, we moved to the rear about one hundred yards, our forces on the right and left being on the retreat; then faced about, and, putting the guide-sights at four hundred yards, opened an effective fire for a few minutes. Soon after this the engagement closed, though we took position in line two or three times." [3]

The regiment deployed one hundred and twenty-five men as rear-guard for the army, which had now left the field. "I occupied this relative position and marched in this manner until I reached Barber's Ford, for a distance of about eighteen miles from the battle-field, when I marched my command on to the same ground that it had occupied before leaving Barber's Ford the preceding morning; my men having marched a distance of thirty-six miles, eighteen of which were made without rest, and over bad ground." [4] "It was a weary, woeful march. The poor wounded fellows dragged

[3] Capt. Skinner's Report. [4] Ibid.

themselves along on foot, or bestrode mules, supported by their comrades on either side, or were borne over a rough road in jolting wagons. In going sixteen miles, to Barber's, the army occupied eight hours. Here the men rested five or six hours, and then the wounded and stores were sent to Jacksonville in cars drawn by horses." [5] Capt. Skinner mentions the services of Adjutant John I. Hutchinson of Cromwell in this battle.

The Seventh, by direction of Gen. Seymour, acted as rear-guard during the entire retreat, and remained in Baldwin after the rest of the troops had fallen back. In returning to Jacksonville, Capt. Charles C. Mills found three cars loaded with four hundred boxes of hard-bread; and his company pushed them along several miles, and saved them. The force returned to Six-mile Creek, and there went into camp

Col. Hawley, in his official report, said, —

"Capt. B. F Skinner, who commanded the battalion of the Seventh Connecticut (a large portion of the regiment being absent on veteran furloughs), was on the sick-list when the regiment took the field; but he performed his laborious duties with the energy and bravery that have always characterized him; and his battalion received the hearty commendation of the general at the close of the fight. It is greatly regretted that he has felt compelled by ill health to quit the service. Lieut. Dempsey of that regiment, a faithful, patriotic man, was killed early in the action."

Lieut. E. Lewis Moore (of Salisbury), A. A. Adjutant-General; Lieut. John Van Keuren (of New Britain), A. A. Inspector-General; and Lieut. William T. Seward (of Guilford) commissary, — all on Col. Hawley's staff, received honorable mention. "Private Edward C. Vinton (of Woodstock) mounted orderly, had his horse twice shot and finally killed but he soon found another, and continued on duty."

In the battle of Olustee, the Seventh Regiment was represented only by those who declined to re-enlist and the recent substitutes: but the former proved that it was no lack of courage which prevented their re-enlistment; and the latter that they had caught the spirit which had placed the men of

[5] Letter of Col. Hawley.

the Seventh among the best soldiers of the war. The testimony of the correspondent of the New-York Herald was given as follows: "Great praise is awarded by all to the Seventh Connecticut for their superb conduct in the advance, throughout the fight, as skirmishers. They did not falter or waver, but employed their Spencer rifles so accurately and effectively, that the enemy will long have occasion to remember their presence on the field. They lost quite heavily."

Hawley's brigade lost five hundred and eighty, — more than thirty-five per cent. Of these, the Seventh lost sixty-nine.

When Lieut. Robert Dempsey (of Winsted) fell, he said to those who would have removed him, "I'm going to die here. Let me die on my side;" the blood at the same time gushing from his breast. Lieut. Dempsey went out as second lieutenant on the original formation of the regiment. He was about thirty years old, an Irish Catholic, and a true soldier.

The regiment remained for a short time at Six-mile Creek, when an order came for a transfer to service in the battles of the James.

During 1863, the Ninth had its headquarters at New Orleans; but the regiment was dismembered, — two companies guarding the Mexican-gulf Railroad and mouth of the Mississippi; one company at Algiers, opposite New Orleans; four companies doing provost-guard duty at New Orleans; and three companies stationed at Pass Manchac, about thirty-eight miles above New Orleans, at the water communication between Lakes Pontchartrain and Maurepas, the outer limit of the defenses of New Orleans.

Col. Thomas W Cahill was placed in charge of the defenses, and in command of a brigade consisting of the Ninth, and three Massachusetts regiments. Lieut.-Col. R. Fitz Gibbons was in command of the regiment. Major Frederick Frye commanded Pass Manchac, and the fort there, including a detachment of the 21st Indiana. Major Frye wrote at that time, "Refugees come in daily, — sometimes as many as

a dozen at a time, — men, women, and children; ragged, half-starved, and worn down with fatigue. What some of these mothers, with babes in their arms, suffer, is beyond imagination. Think of a mother and child alone two days and nights in a swamp knee-deep, with nothing to eat; where snakes, among them the deadly water moccasin, abound, where in the daytime the heat is insufferable, and at night chilly; losing her way; struggling through; and, amid all, more afraid of falling again into the enemy's hands than of the surrounding dangers, — think of this, and you have but an everyday occurrence. And, oh! with what heartfelt joy she smiles, and nestles up her child, when she falls in with a Yankee picket! None of the blacks have had a suit of clothes since the war broke out; and what with living in the woods, traveling nights, escaping rebel pickets, they have but little of the manufactured article about them when they reach our lines. Four have just come, — fair specimens in their get-up of a Carnival of Venice. They are the survivors of fifteen who started a week ago, and have been in woods and swamps, hunted by dogs and rebels; and, as they say, '*De balance done gone squandered.*'"

Col. Cahill continued, during the summer and fall, military commandant of New Orleans, in the administration of which office he gave much satisfaction. His good judgment and decision carried him through several trying situations with credit. He commanded a brigade for months, and proved himself an enterprising and judicious officer, — successful alike as governor of a city and as a leader in heated and critical action.

At several periods during the fall and winter, detachments of the regiment were stationed upon the Gulf, along the shores of Lake Borgne, in the defenses at Lakeport, Proctorville, and Chalmette, or on the canal and railroad; while a portion were at the North, and a portion in Texas with the field signal-corps. The regiment was serving faithfully in detachments, but had no opportunity to add to its honorable fame.

During this season, five companies, under Lieut.-Col. Fitz Gibbons, had a skirmish with the enemy near Terrebonne.

Company I, Capt. Elliot M. Curtis, was detached to watch the cross-roads; while Companies G, under Capt. William Wright; C, under Lieut. A. E. Payne; E, under Lieut. T. F. Gibbons; D, under Capt. John G. Healy; K, Capt. Terrance Sheridan, were sent out to skirmish through the swamp towards Chackahoola Station. There was a brisk engagement; but the enemy maintained possession. Capt. S. W Sawyer also made several raids into the district to the south-east.

Major Frye wrote from Pass Manchac, referring to the natural attractions of the place, —

"The moccasins and rattlesnakes are quite abundant, and apparently old settlers, as we killed one with nine rattles. They are quite a protection against a flank movement of the enemy through the swamp; and the alligators actually stick their noses into the tents, in hopes of stealing a biscuit or a piece of pork. And then all night long the soldier is lulled to sleep by the most infernal croaking of tree-toads, and kept asleep by the buzzing and biting of myriads of mosquitoes and yellow flies. One knows not how it is; but though every soldier has a mosquito-bar, still daylight will find as many inside as out: and then innumerable green lizards about four inches long, harmless but sportive, gambol and catch flies and mosquitoes freely upon your face or body."

The Tenth went to St. Augustine, after Fort Wagner, to recruit its wasted strength and to recover from the effects of its terrible experience; but even here it was not wholly beyond either toil or danger. Picket and guard duty taxed it heavily; and about Jan. 1, 1864, it suffered a loss of twenty-two, ambuscaded while out for the protection of wood-choppers just beyond the lines. Private William A. Burns of Greenwich was killed, and the rest made prisoners. The camp at St. Augustine was thus described by Chaplain H. Clay Trumbull: —

"The camp is outside the city gates, a short distance beyond the old Spanish fort. The location is a good one. New tents of the A pattern have been recently secured, and pitched on handsome and regular streets; being lifted some two and a half feet from the ground, and curtained with the canvas of the tents before condemned. Good floors and bunks are being

made for all; and in many cases substantial chimneys are erected of th peculiar cochina, or shell-marl, of the vicinity. Good water is obtained b little digging; and the wells of the several companies are quite attractiv presenting an Oriental appearance, with a barrel-shaft sunk in a large cart basin, walled with turf or china, having wide steps of the same descendin from the street level. Much ingenuity is shown in some of the cook-room and kitchens, also constructed of turf, or cochina; while exquisite taste an real refinement are often displayed in the interior of some of the tents, adorne with the well-arranged arms and military equipments, family photograph home mementoes; bright, golden clusters of oranges, lemons, or limes; an fragrant boughs of the abounding jessamine; or bouquets of the rich variet of Southern roses and other flowers of this land of bloom and beauty."

Col. Otis had command of the post; Capt. J. S. Engle was provost-marshal; Lieut. Benjamin Wright, post-adjutan and Lieut. Sanford B. Palmer, post-quartermaster. Lieut Col. Leggett commanded the regiment at Fort Marion Chaplain Trumbull wrote, "More of the men are to be relie on for a fight than for any holiday performance; more for skirmish than for a dress-parade; for a battle than for review. For instance, at one time on Morris Island, whe the greater part of both officers and men were so exhauste by the labors of the prolonged siege as to be really unfit fo service, only seven officers were reported for daily duty but at a night alarm, when an attack was anticipated, fifteer officers were with the regiment, with a proportional increas in the number of men."

On April 17, a suspicious-looking craft having been see some distance below, Capt. Engles put off with some men i a row-boat, and captured her as a prize, — a schooner o twenty tons' burthen, trying to run the blockade with pr vate stores and fifty thousand percussion-caps.

The Seventeenth Connecticut came from Folly Island t St. Augustine in February, 1864; and Col. Noble was agai placed in command of a brigade.

The Twelfth, after the battle of Port Hudson, marche with other troops southward through the State to relieve Western Louisiana of rebel domination. Brashear City wa recovered. While here, Lieut. Stanton Allyn of the Twelfth died in hospital on Aug. 28. He was a son of Col. Roswell Al lyn of Ledyard, and a young man of high promise. "Amon

all his comrades at school, he was without a peer. Books were his constant companions, and he carried the head of a man on his youthful shoulders."[6] He had thought to adopt the legal profession; but, when the war broke out, he stepped into the line without a moment's hesitation. He went bravely through every battle, — Georgia Landing, Irish Bend, Bisland, and the long, terrible weeks at Port Hudson. On the fatal 10th of June, in that disastrous charge, he was foremost, and with a few of his men gained a position under the enemy's guns, lying till night came upon the rebel parapet. Lieut. Allyn was in the column of a thousand heroes which Banks summoned as a forlorn hope.

"The great strain upon Lieut. Allyn's nerves during the progress of this siege was too much for him to bear; entering upon the siege in a state of convalescence, he was quite unfit for its trials. A few weeks more of exposure to the rains and scorching suns brought him low: a violent fever seized upon his system, and shortly after swept him away."[7] He was much loved and deeply mourned; and those who knew him best felt that the Rebellion had not in its heavy exaction of loyal blood required the life of a nobler man.

November, 1863, found the regiment encamped on an old cotton-field, three miles below the town of New Iberia on the Têche. A soldier wrote home at that time, —

"The men have shelter-tents (mere strips of cloth which they button together), and the officers have A tents about six feet square; but, in your well-furnished parlors in Connecticut, you can scarcely conceive how we prize these little comforts. Almost six months we were — men and officers too — without any tents whatever; exposed to all kinds of hardship; making long marches; fighting hard battles; enduring heat, hunger; crowded on boats where all could not find room to lie down; drinking the most miserable water, from which even cattle at home would turn away in disgust; always in front, and subject to constant alarms; building railroads and bridges; and then, instead of a quiet camp in which to recruit our wasted energies, spending the worst season in the year, viz., — August and September, — in

[6] *Vide* Sketch in Connecticut War Record, 1864, by Ledyard Bill. [7] Ibid.

one of the most unhealthy localities in Louisiana. Nearly all the regiment were sick at Brashear City; so that the fall campaign was entered with less than two hundred men for duty, and with nearly three hundred in the various hospitals of the department."

Col. Colburn (still on detached service), after building for government the steamboat Col. Colburn, already referred to, was made superintendent successively of the Opelousas and the Jackson Railroads, and put both in running order. A man of great skill and energy, he made himself exceedingly useful in many ways.

Lieut.-Col. Frank H. Peck commanded a brigade at New Iberia; while Capt. S. E. Clark commanded the regiment, in the absence of Major George N. Lewis, not yet recovered from the serious wound he received at Port Hudson.

During November and December, the men of the regiment mostly re-enlisted; and during the first week in January they started for New Orleans, on the way to take their veteran furlough. The general commanding the division issued the following complimentary order, richly deserved:—

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, 19TH ARMY CORPS,
NEW IBERIA, LA., Jan. 1, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 2.—The Twelfth Connecticut Volunteers, Lieut.-Col. F. H. Peck commanding, having re-enlisted, will comply with Special Orders No. 1, from headquarters 19th Army Corps, and proceed to New Orleans.

The general commanding the division thinks it due to this regiment, and to the lieutenant-colonel commanding it, to express his high opinion of its good conduct, whether in the face of the enemy or in camp, and especially the promptness with which it has come forward to re-enlist under the first call of the President of the United States.

The regiment is the first that has been called upon under the law. It has set a good example. The country, and the authorities which represent the country, will not fail to honor the Twelfth Connecticut.

By command of Brig.-Gen. Emory.

FREDERICK SPEED, *A. A. General.*

At New Orleans the regiment arrived in the cold and rain, and took up quarters in the old Picayune cotton-press in the lower part of the city. A member of the regiment wrote before starting for home, "Those unaccustomed to a soldier's life know little what we endure of personal discomfort. Think of two years' life without sleeping in a bed!

without undressing a single night! — a board or the ground your softest bed, the ration of the soldiers possessing little variety; but it is wonderful how we get used to these things, and eat to live, not live to eat. But we don't care for the hardships. We are in for putting down this Rebellion, and sweeping the rebels from the face of the earth; and we are going to stick to it: and we are showing the rebels, some of whom in this section know the Twelfth Connecticut well, that we can *hold out as long as they can*."

This seemed to be the spirit of the regiment; for it furnished one-fourth more re-enlisting veterans than any other infantry regiment from the State. After a veteran furlough of thirty days, the Twelfth left New Haven on May 8, 1864, and returned to Carrollton, La., with about four hundred veterans and eighty recruits. The old Enfield arms were exchanged for Springfield rifles, a more efficient weapon. The regiment soon received additional recruits, and instituted rigorous drill until it was ordered to return to Fortress Monroe in July.

The Second Connecticut Light Battery, under Capt. John W. Sterling, was encamped on the front line of the army, near Wolf-Run Shoals, on the Occoquan, in Virginia, from January to midsummer of 1863, leading rather an uneventful life. The captain now reported to Brig.-Gen. R. O. Tyler, commanding all the reserve artillery of the Army of the Potomac; and the battery fought gallantly under that officer at Gettysburg, as has already appeared. After the battle, Capt. Sterling took his battery to Camp Barry, Washington, to refit; and on the 15th of August it was ordered to New York for defense against rioters in case of draft. Headquarters were first at East New York, then on the Battery; sections being at Troy, Kingston, Tarrytown, and other places, under Lieuts. Miles Gray and Philo B. Sherman. About the middle of October, tents were struck, and the battery returned to Washington; where it was thoroughly re-equipped. New carriages were furnished, and the armament was changed to six 3-inch rifled guns. In January, 1864, the battery was embarked for New Orleans, where it was assigned to the

outer defenses at Brashear City. Frequent raids and occasional attacks were made by the rebels; but the post was held through the summer.

Midwinter of 1863–64 found the Thirteenth at Thibodeau, as comfortable as the mud and cold would allow. On New-Year's eve, a handsome sword and equipments were presented to Gen. Birge by his old regiment. Capt. McCord had selected them at Tiffany's at an expense of five hundred dollars. Here Quartermaster Joseph B. Bromley, one of the most genial men in the service, gave his brother-officers "a scientific supper."

The rebel citizens seem to have had a wholesome fear, if not esteem, for the soldiers in their midst. Col. Sprague tells of a fugitive slave-woman, who recovered her clothing retained by her late master, on presenting the following formidable document: —

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY A, 13TH CONN. VOLS.
THIBODEAU, Jan. 29, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1. — Lucinda (colored) is hereby appointed laundress of Company A, Thirteenth Connecticut Volunteers. She will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

J. C. KINNEY,
Lieutenant Commanding Company A, 13th C.V.

Our soldiers in the war had reason to adopt the language of the old revolutionist: —

"I am proud to see
Men, not afraid of God, afraid of me."

On March 25, the regiment embarked, and went to New Orleans; and thence up the Mississippi and Red River as a part of the expeditionary force under Gen. Banks. Gen Birge commanded the brigade, which included the Thirteenth Three days later, they debarked at Alexandria, encamped a few days, and moved on a steamer to Grand Ecore. Here the whole army faced towards Shreveport, and, going through Grand Ecore, formed a continuous semicircle around the rear of the village. For several nights, the soldiers slept on their arms amid alarms and countless speculations Breastworks were thrown up. The enemy was evidently

in front. After a week of tedious occupation, Banks turned his army down the river, and marched out on the old Natchitoches Road, along the banks of Cane River. The rebels, mostly mounted, kept in front, and were apparently increasing.

On the 23d, the enemy stood, and gave battle. Birge took his brigade across the river to fall upon the rebel flank and rear. The Thirteenth waded the stream first, the water waist-deep. Line was immediately formed; and the force advanced silently a mile through the woods. The command was given not to fire a musket-shot, but to carry the position with the bayonet. Col. Blinn led the Thirteenth. The line steadily advanced, and drove the rebels from the first summit they had occupied, and moved among the trees down the opposite slope. Col. Sprague says, —

"Suddenly the thousand-fold rattle of musketry and rapid discharges of artillery, the foe being invisible and yet apparently within touching distance, struck a momentary consternation in our ranks. They halted as if paralyzed. The moment was a trying one. We had been ambushed, and completely taken by surprise. A Braddock defeat stared us in the face. We could not stand under that withering fire, and we would not retreat. 'The Thirteenth never retreats,' we shouted, and 'Forward, forward! At them with the bayonet!' We leaped over the fence into and out of the ravine; one or two companies on the right dashing across the narrow bridge. We rushed rapidly towards the rifle smoke and flash. Some twenty of Meissner's cavalry came dashing back pell-mell through our ranks. Many of them were covered with blood; horses and riders were falling; Meissner himself shot through and through; Gen. Birge borne along hatless by the tide; Capt. Young of Banks's staff with limbs horribly mangled by a shell; eighteen of the thirty troopers being killed or wounded; the whole scene tending to strike a panic into the two regiments. Many of the men fell flat on their faces to escape the storm of shot: some started to retreat. Col. Fiske was heard above the din, exclaiming, 'Stand up! For God's sake, stand up like men!' Most of the officers joined in the same com-

mands; and the universal shout of, 'Forward, forward!' again rose. The two regiments wavered but a moment, and then plunged wildly on towards the enemy. A crooked ravine, running diagonally across the field, and filled with interlacing vines, arrested our disorderly advance, and afforded shelter. For ten or fifteen minutes, the firing continued."

An arrangement was now made for a final advance, still relying on the bayonet alone; and when shortly the charge was made, the enemy had fled, and the field was won. So ended the battle of Cane River. Thenceforward the return to Alexandria was not seriously impeded. There was a sharp fight below Marksville, and an artillery duel on Mansura Plains; and, on May 17, the column reached Simsport, and marched along the same bayou where the route had lain just a year before. The enemy attacked the wagon-trains; but Quartermaster William Bishop brought the wagons of the Thirteenth off safely The regiment encamped on the Mississippi just above Morganza, where it lay for several weeks.

On June 19, the enemy was reported in force up at Tunica Bend; and the division which included the Thirteenth moved up to give them battle. They encountered a small party of guerrillas; but the main force of rebels had fled. The military service of the Thirteenth in Louisiana was ended; for about the middle of July came the long-delayed "veteran furlough," and the regiment embarked for home.

The veterans from all the old regiments were received in the State with the most overwhelming demonstrations of gratitude and affection. People from every county rallied at New Haven and Hartford to greet them. The line of march was magnificent with flags, welcoming devices, and patriotic decorations. Almost every house bore signals of the general joy. The streets were crowded, and cheer followed cheer through the awakened city. The cannon roared and the bells clanged in jubilee. A double reception was given most of the regiments, — first in New Haven, then in Hartford.

The Eighth and Eleventh, which had always been brigaded together, and were strongly attached, came home in company. They reached New Haven on Jan. 15, and were most warmly and cordially greeted. They mustered three hundred men each.

They were escorted to Music Hall by a military procession, accompanied by an immense throng. Mayor Tyler was ready to welcome them in grateful words; but they had eaten no breakfast, and were straightway bidden to partake of the bounteous collation there spread. In Hartford, Allyn Hall was elaborately ornamented with war-flags and eulogistic mottoes.

Gov. Buckingham addressed the veterans as follows: —

GEN. HARLAND, AND OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE EIGHTH AND ELEVENTH REGIMENTS, — In behalf of the General Assembly and the citizens of Connecticut, I greet you with a cordial welcome, — not as long-lost prodigals who have neglected their duty to themselves and their homes, but as devoted sons who have gone in their manhood from parental roofs, and, after achieving brilliant success through heroic deeds and sacrifices, return, crowned with glory, to receive the blessings of parents and friends.

I remember the time, not long in the past, when a certain race of men declared to the world, that, from the corner-stone of human bondage, they would ereet a government of their own in defiance of law and constitutional obligations; and that they raised armies to carry out their bold declaration, though the land should be deluged in blood. I remember that they, in their madness, struck at the old flag of their country as it waved over Fort Sumter; and that earnest men, fired with the zeal and patriotism which should animate every true American heart, while on their way to defend the capital of the nation, were shot down in the streets of Baltimore by an infuriated mob stimulated to bloody deeds by the desire to overthrow liberty that slavery might live. Then it was that you stepped out from your workshops and fields of labor, and, bidding adieu for the time being to peaceful pursuits and the enjoyments of home, buckled on the armor of brave men, and marched to distant fields to defend the national life from the assaults of a wicked and desperate foe. I remember — and the people of Connecticut remember — your full ranks as you stood shoulder to shoulder, two thousand strong, when leaving the borders of the State; and since that time watchful eyes and prayerful hearts have not lost sight of you. Through all the vicissitudes and dangers of the battle-field, you have been watched with eager anxiety. We remember when, with the indomitable Burnside, you landed on the sands of Roanoke Island, through the battling waves of Hatteras, to the securement of a foothold in the old North State. We remember you at Newberne, at South Mountain, and at other fields where your valor has been displayed with untold honor to yourselves and your native State. At Antietam, where your gallant Col. Kingsbury laid down his life; where the intrepid Griswold led the way across that fatal stream, and died heroically; where the brave Lieut.

Wait would not leave his post, though wounded mortally, — we remember you with particular devotion. It is in that record that we find the names of sixty-nine of your numbers who knew how sweet it was to die for their country, and of over two hundred more who died in defense of liberty. And we owe you who stood at their side a debt of gratitude which we can never repay. We would have your names inscribed on the finest marble and granite; but, if that can not be, you may rest assured, that, engraved on the brightest pages of history, the names of the nation's defenders will ever stir the gratitude of those who shall read hereafter the history of this Rebellion.

Though your flags come back tattered and torn, they are crowned with glory, and will ever stand, with the names of bloody battle-fields which are inscribed upon them, as faithful witnesses of your struggles in defense of constitutional liberty.

I feel grateful to God that you are here; that you come to us with such a noble record. Your re-enlistment is evidence that you first entered the service of your country from motives of patriotism, and are ready to fight on, giving your lives, if need be, to the maintenance of those principles which lie close to the heart of every true lover of his country. So long as our hearts continue to beat true to liberty, so long will they cherish with gratitude the services of the Eighth and Eleventh Connecticut Regiments.

After another speech by Rowland Swift, Esq., and an excellent dinner, they dispersed, to seek that tenderer reception by fathers, mothers, wives, and sisters, in many happy homes.

The Seventh was soon announced. The common council of New Haven voted a thousand dollars to pay the expenses of the reeeption. A stirring eommittee of influential eitizens — Major F Wayland, jr., Major B. F. Mansfield, Capt. R. P. Cowles, Charles W Allen, Henry E. Pardee, Charles T. Grilley, and John G. North — was appointed to eo-operate with the common eouneil. The regiment arrived on the 28th, and was escorted through the city by an immense procession.

"Residenees and stores along the route were tastefully decorated. The stars and stripes floated everywhere, and, seeming almost instinct with the spirit of the hour, waved mute but grand weleome. A thousand miniatures of the broad national ensign, in fair hands and in tiny hands, waved lively and patriotie greeting. A sweet and graceful little Goddess of Liberty, eight years of age, at the residenee of Dr. Skiff, made many a sturdy soldier-heart beat quieker with pride and pleasure. The streets swarmed with an eager, vociferous erowd. Every window displayed an aston-

ishing number of faces, — all lively, good-natured, and intent to do honor to the returning braves. Cheers, blessings, boisterous and hearty recognitions, blended with the roar of cannon and merry bells — never before so noisy — to form a bewildering tumult of joyous sounds."

At Music Hall, they were greeted by Mayor Tyler; and Rev. Dr. Bacon (whose son, Capt. Theodore Bacon, was in the regiment) made the welcoming address. Chaplain Wayland eloquently responded, and the following is an extract from his speech: —

"As we look over these ranks, feelings of sadness oppress us as we remember that all are not here whom we took with us from the State. Some, in consequence of wounds and sickness incurred in the service, were deemed by the medical examiner unfit to bear the toils of another term of service. Others, alas! are languishing in the dungeons of the capital of the enemy's country. Others are no more. They lie all along the Southern coast. They crowd the slope of Fort Wagner. They sleep under the pines of Hilton Head and the live-oaks of St. Helena and Beaufort. The waves on lone Tybee murmur near their graves. They sleep in the modest enclosure under the captured walls of Fort Pulaski. They repose in Fernandina. At St. Augustine, they lie in the military burying-ground, beside the dead of the old Florida War, consecrating anew that spot of time-honored and patriotic memories. As I think of these, — of Hitchcock, a son of New Haven, of others not less worthy of honor, — I would God they were here to-day to witness and to share this greeting! Indeed, they are not altogether absent."

Next day the Sixth arrived, and had a grand midnight reception, amid an exhibition of fireworks. The success of this was credited largely to the energy and enterprise of Alderman Marble. Music Hall was decorated, and the veterans sat down to an abundant supper.

The Fifth was received in Hartford on the 25th with unabated enthusiasm, and was escorted to the City Hall by an undiminished throng. An earnest speech of welcome was made by H. C. Robinson, Esq.; when the brave fellows were led forward to the charge upon the laden dinner-tables.

The veterans of the Tenth, under Major E. S. Greeley, arrived at New Haven on Feb. 19, and left for Hartford next morning. They were received in Hartford with all honors, escorted proudly about the city, and marched to a collation at the City Hall. Here Rev. Mr. Calkins welcomed the regiment. Chaplain Henry Clay Trumbull, coming into the hall,

was hailed with repeated cheers by the men, who insisted that he should make a speech. He addresed them as follows: —

"COMPANIONS OF THE TENTH, — I am glad to see you here in my own home. I am glad you are here to prove what I have so often said about you, — that you are men of whom Connecticut may well be proud. You have shown your devotion to the cause by re-enlisting for three years; and I believe you would enlist for thirty years if necessary to secure the full triumph of that flag.

"But not all of your number are here. More than forty of your officers and men are gone. And some who are now here will not be here again. You know that well. We honor you for what you have done, and for what you will do. More than sixty times you have been in line of battle; and you will, if need be, be in line of battle sixty or a hundred times more, and go forward and never flinch.

"I have heard it said that veterans re-enlisted for the bounties and furloughs. When I was in prison at Columbia, S.C., I saw that tested. There were soldiers and sailors suffering for the want of a little money. But when Beauregard's officers came and offered them money without stint, and furloughs to go where they pleased, if they would answer a few questions about our army, not one American soldier or sailor listened: there wasn't money enough coined to buy up these soldiers. When at Whitehall our forces were being swept by a murderous fire (the river was before them, but no bridge), and volunteers were called for to swim that icy stream and fell trees in the face of that deadly fire, they sprang forward from the Connecticut Tenth. When an expedition to attack Fort Sumter was forming, and men were wanted to march to certain death, — to carry powder to blow up the postern gate of Sumter, that others might obtain entrance over their bodies, — volunteers stepped forward from the Connecticut Tenth.

"I am glad to meet you here, soldiers; and I ask no better place than to be with you anywhere, till our work shall be ended."

The chaplain was presented with an elegant sword: on the hilt was set a silver cross, and on the blade engraved the following text of Scripture, "Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand."

The Twelfth, under Lieut.-Col. Frank H. Peck, having re-enlisted almost unanimously, arrived in New Haven on Feb. 12. Here and in Hartford they were *fêted* and eulogized; Ezra Hall of Marlborough making a stirring speech of welcome at the City Hall in Hartford.

The Ninth, Col. Thomas Cahill in command, arrived at New Haven, April 15, and had a handsome reception on short notice. The people seemed not to tire of these displays; but each return of the heroes of the war seemed to summon a larger crowd than the last. The veterans were escorted to the State House to a dinner, where they were

welcomed by Mayor Tyler. Rev. Matthew Hart of St. Patrick's Church delivered a brief address, of which the following is an extract: —

"We hoped for great things from you; and I proclaim before you that our hopes have not been disappointed, — no, not in a single instance. We have followed you from Ship Island to Pass Christian since your first encounters in the war, when, after having conquered the fathers, you gave bread to the starving children. We followed you to New Orleans. We found you in the expedition bound for Vicksburg. There many of your noble brothers in arms laid down their lives upon their country's altar. Sacred be their memories to-night! Honored be the graves in which their patriotic dust is laid to rest! and may our country, for which they died, care for their widows and orphaned ones! From Vicksburg, we watched your steps to Baton Rouge, now made famous by your exploits; where, after a most desperate contest, lasting for six hours, your gallant colonel (Cahill) was placed in command, by whose efforts the day was won, and the enemy defeated, forced to retire, leaving their dead and wounded in your hands. You have done well. We are proud of you. Other regiments may have fought more than you, because they had it to do. You have done all the fighting given you to do, and done it well. We honor you, therefore, and were proud of you when we heard of your congratulatory orders, and your compliments for discipline and bravery."

The Thirteenth, under Col. C. D. Blinn of West Cornwall, did not reach New Haven until July 26. The veterans were cordially greeted. Gov. Buckingham made a short address, of which the following is an extract: —

"We know that the dangers which you have braved have not dampened your ardor nor quenched your patriotism; but you have re-enlisted to give yourselves for three years more to the country, and, through the country, to God. Those at home appreciate your services and your devotion; and, though you may sometimes feel that there is a coldness toward you, let me tell you it is only in appearance: there is a feeling in this people's heart which perhaps no other people have cherished towards their brave soldiers. Let me tell you, that, so long as this heart beats, it will beat with gratitude and love for the men who have offered themselves as a bulwark to the nation. So long as this voice can speak, so long will it speak in praise of the men of the Thirteenth Connecticut. God bless you! I welcome you to the City and the State."

The veteran regiments received many recruits at home; and they marched back again to the front, when their brief furlough was ended, followed by the benedictions of the State, and made readier by the touch of loving hands for the last death-grapple with the Rebellion.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Sixteenth in Rebel Prisons. — The Enlisted Men at Andersonville. — Rations. — Terrible Suffering in the Stockade. — The "Dead-Line." — Starvation. — Insanity. — The Patriot's Burial. — The Hospital. — Officers at Macon. — Chivalry and Bloodhounds. — The "Glorious Fourth." — In Charleston. — Efforts to Escape. — Exchange.

LYMOUTH was the end of the active war-life of the Sixteenth. Almost a year of captivity was before them, — the year when rebel prisons were the portals of death. Of the four hundred enlisted men, less than two hundred ever escaped to tell the story of the starvation and nameless tortures in the loathsome hell of Andersonville. The cowardly persecution of prisoners of war had not then culminated; and the men had but a very faint foreshadowing of the ghastly future, as they dropped their burnished arms, and stepped into the midst of the exulting "graybacks."

The Sixteenth had fallen into the hands of a detail of the 35th North-Carolina, kindly-disposed fellows, who treated Union soldiers with some humanity and respect.[1] The prisoners were not plundered, but retained their blankets, overcoats, and all clothing and personal property. They perhaps abused their privileges; for the soldiers tell, that, as they marched into Williamston, they howled into the ears of their indulgent escort the song, —

"John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave."

The hard-tack and raw pork captured at Plymouth were dealt out in slim rations. At Hamilton, some of the officers

[1] The following account of the imprisonment of the enlisted men is mainly compiled from Life and Death in Rebel Prisons; a book by Sergeant-Major Robert H. Kellogg of the Sixteenth.

bought corn-meal pone at five dollars a small loaf; and the prisoners struck up a "right smart of trading" with the guard. Those who were deserters from the rebel army were taken out to be shot. "For a piece of pie," says Sergeant Kellogg, "I gave the last 'greenback' dollar I had in the world. Some time before, our forces had made a raid to Elizabeth City; and some of the men, breaking into the Farmers' Bank, appropriated to themselves a large number of unsigned certificates of deposit. These were now filled out with any names most convenient, and passed with the greatest readiness as good, sound money"

They staid a while in Tarborough; thence by rail, uncomfortably enough, to Wilmington; thence to Charleston, arriving May 1; thence to Savannah; thence to Macon. Here the officers found quarters. The enlisted men sped on sixty miles south-westward to Andersonville. As they entered, they were shocked to see the prisoners reduced to mere walking skeletons by privation and exposure, and covered with filth and vermin. A ration for a day consisted of a pint and a half of coarse corn-meal, two ounces of musty bacon, and a pinch of salt. The first night, ten died near the position of the Sixteenth. The old prisoners called it, with a touching humor, "being exchanged."

Men were shot for wandering over the "dead-line," or for crossing the brook. On the fifth night, a squad tunneled out; but they were hunted down with bloodhounds, captured, and returned; some of them horribly lacerated. The dead were piled, just as they were, one upon another, in wagon-loads, carted out, thrown into a ditch, and covered with earth; and that was the patriot's burial.

Sometimes women came to the gates, and amused themselves by throwing in bread, and witnessing the eagerness with which the poor fellows scrambled to get it. The men had no bed but the ground; too little food to support life, and not wood enough to cook even that little; clothing that did not cover their nakedness. Rations were cut down one-half.

There was great rejoicing at the news brought by prisoners from Sherman's army; and the fact that telegraph dis-

patches were cut from the papers which were handed in filled the men with hope and enthusiasm. The rebels were very ignorant. A pompous Confederate officer in search of a clerk addressed a newly-arrived lot of prisoners one day, "If there is a man among you that *can write his name*, he may step this way." Of course, the whole crowd charged on the inquirer, to his infinite amazement and perplexity

Suffering became extreme. Men died every hour, and were carted off like cattle. Rations grew worse and worse. One day a cripple, unable to hold his way any longer, and filled with despair, deliberately crossed the dead-line, and refused to go out; telling the sentry that he wished to die. The sentinel shot the poor fellow dead; and the released soul could not have found at the hand of a loving Father any other hell like that from which it had escaped.

The prisoners made sundry attempts to dig out; but every time, just as they were upon the eve of accomplishing their escape, they were betrayed. After a while, the rations were varied to one bucket of mush for forty-five men. Those who still had life enough left for a facetious word called it "chicken-feed;" for it was nothing but coarse corn-meal and water, half cooked.

About the 1st of June, a large number of prisoners came in from Butler's army, including twenty-four of the Eighth Connecticut, fifty-two of the Seventh, a hundred and thirty of the Eleventh, and fifteen of the Twenty-first.

Rations were again reduced; and rains came on, beating mercilessly on the unsheltered thousands. Many died of exposure; and corpses were now carried from the stockade at the rate of a hundred a day. The ration was a few teaspoonfuls of uncooked rice, and two ounces of bacon, to be cooked and eaten amid the mud and desolation of the place. One or two could almost always be seen at the brookside, whither they had crawled to die. Every week, some were killed at the dead-line; one being shot for reaching over to get a root to kindle fire with: and constantly, through the long and dreary months, the hopeless prisoners were tortured anew with the promise of immediate exchange.

Large gangs of prisoners, from fifty to five hundred a

day, were brought within the stockade, which increased the number, notwithstanding the loads of the dead daily carted out. Every week, the waiting skeletons heard from the armies of Grant, Butler, and Sherman. On the 4th of July, a little raw food was thrown in to them, and they were denied wood wherewith to cook it. Some of the wasted creatures gave their morsels away to others, declaring that they were tired of fighting for life, and were resolved to die of the hunger that had seized them. Many were now too emaciated, even if they could have obtained wood, to cook the bits of bacon on which maggots were crawling. Yet the day was not wholly forgotten; for Kellogg says, "One of the boys had a few percussion-caps, and, by snapping these with a fragment of brick upon a tenpenny nail, we had a miniature celebration."

A petition to President Lincoln for exchange was at this time circulated; but the men of the Sixteenth generally refused to sign it, on the ground that it might embarrass the government in its dealings with the Rebellion; and that the loyal authorities were already, doubtless, doing what they could. There were now thirty thousand in the stockade. A rebel contractor came in to induce men to desert, and promised them good rations and pay if they would go out and make shoes for the Confederacy: but the starving patriots resolutely refused such service; and the recruiting cobbler was hooted and jeered out of the stockade. It was now Aug. 1; and the distress had become very great. Some of the Sixteenth died nearly every day.

The prisoners had nothing to shield them from the thunder-storms and the burning sun. Many were insane. One poor fellow would strip off his rags, and wallow in the dirty stream where the men both washed, and quenched their thirst. Sergeant Kellogg asked him, "Why don't you wash, and not stay there in the sun?" His hopeless reply was, "I am waiting for the water to become clear." Alas! it would never run clear for him; for the rebel cook-house was on its brink outside, and the prisoner's sink upon its brink inside. Hundreds lost their lives by scurvy. A member of the 52d New-York became corrupt while still conscious

in life, and his body was literally devoured. Parts became raw and bloody; and the filthy maggots could be seen issuing from his nose and mouth.

Uncooked, meager rations, with no wood, was the rule; no soap, no salt; and at night the famished, wretched men threw themselves on the wet ground to think over again the promise of exchange repeated during the day, and then to fall into uneasy slumbers, and dream of being guests at a luxurious banquet, or a Thanksgiving dinner in Connecticut, — to dream for the hundredth time about the pleasant home-circle, and to listen to —

"The echoes that start,
While Memory plays its old tune on the heart."

In the hospital, matters were just as bad. To enter was to face almost certain death. "The emaciated, pain-racked frames had no place to rest but the cold, hard ground; and in numberless instances their heads were pillowed on nothing softer than a stick of wood. The skin would often wear away, leaving their bodies sore."[2] Many of these were the manly youths who had left Connecticut with patriotism in their heart, fire in their eye, vigor in their arm, elasticity in their step; the pride of countless homes, the idols of many hearts, for whose return love was still keeping its hearth-stone bright, — now treated like vagabonds and outlaws! A day's ration for these invalids consisted of "a piece of corn-bread about two inches square, and about two ounces of meat. I have seen hundreds of cases of scurvy, where the men have actually starved to death, being unable to eat the coarse food furnished."[2]

"My patients are in a deplorable condition. In the first, second, and third wards, we have no bunks; the patients being obliged to lie upon the ground, many of them without blankets, or any covering whatsoever. We have men in this ward who are a living, moving mass of putrefaction, and can not possibly be cured unless we can make them more comfortable."[3]

In the stockade and hospital, three thousand died during

[2] Sergeant Hiram Buckingham of the Sixteenth.
[3] Report of Dr. Thornberg, rebel surgeon, to the authorities.

August, and thirteen thousand during the summer. At last, in September, the men of the Sixteenth still living were taken out, and transported to Charleston, under promise of exchange. But here again they were turned into a camp on the race-course, and were again in prison. The Sisters of Charity — those Roman-Catholic angels of mercy, who were omnipresent in good deeds throughout the war — administered greatly to their comfort. About the 1st of October, the yellow-fever made its appearance; and they were taken to Florence and another stockade. Here some Union soldiers, broken down with sickness, exposure, and starvation, enlisted in the rebel army, on a promise of food and clothing. About the 1st of December, most of the surviving members of the Sixteenth were taken to Savannah, and exchanged; going North immediately on a steamer. They had endured tortures such as no battle-field witnesses; and their sufferings for the Union cause had doubtless been equal to those of any regiment from the State.

The officers had an experience scarcely less terrible. They arrived at Macon early in May, and were put into a pen, with one thousand and ninety-five others. Chaplain Charles Dixon of Wallingford preached in the evening from Exodus iii. 2. The rations were very poor, and the most of the officers soon expended their last dollar in purchasing food. Many attempts to escape were planned; but few were successful. Major Pasco was a member of a band of eighty, bent on escape by tunneling. They were betrayed; and the officer in command ordered Major Pasco, who stood near, to fill up the tunnel. A revolver was held menacingly at his breast; but he resolutely refused. He was then taken from the prison; and the authorities threatened to "make an example of him" by hanging him, unless he should comply with the demand, and furnish other information that was required. He showed no sign of yielding, and was finally recommitted.

On June 10, fifty of the highest Union officers in the hands of the Confederates were taken from prison, and exposed in Charleston, under and in range of the guns of Gilmore from Morris Island. Among these was Lieut.-Col.

Burnham. They received the outrage complacently; and, within two weeks, fifty of the highest rebel officers were confined within a hot inclosure on Morris Island, watching the plunging shots that dropped about them from the rebel forts. This prompt retaliation brought about an exchange of the two parties, after little delay

Sixteen officers of the Eighteenth Connecticut, from Libby, arrived at the Macon stockade about the same time. The inclosure measured two and a half acres, and contained from a thousand to eighteen hundred prisoners. Capt. Henry C. Davis, one of the best officers of the Eighteenth, has written, "The treatment of the officers was inhuman, and in strong contrast with the treatment in Libby. We were herded together like cattle, and for a long time without any shelter from the storm or the burning sun. Chronic diarrhea, fever, scurvy, constantly diminished our ranks. Rations were issued once in five days, and consisted of seven pints of coarse corn-meal, half a pint of sorghum, one-seventh of a pound of maggoty, rancid bacon, two table-spoonfuls of beans (black and wormy), two table-spoonfuls of salt; this for each man for five days."

One night, three tunnels were nearly completed, but were discovered. The Morning Republican, under the head of The Escaping Yankee Doodles, had an editorial which closed as follows: —

"We have hundreds of dogs, trained to catch negroes, which are thirsting for blood, and are ready to be put on the trail of escaping Yankees. We will use them for the benefit of all who attempt to escape; and the best thing the Doodles can do is to remain under the protecting care of their rebel superiors."

On the 4th of July, the rebels gave them four roll-calls in the morning. "An officer hoisted a small United-States flag, which we all cheered lustily, much to the chagrin of the rebel guards; then another sang the Star-spangled Banner: we cheered that; then, without any preconcert, we went into a large building, and held a meeting. Chaplain Dixon made one of the most patriotic prayers I ever heard; then earnest, off-hand speeches were made, filled with a deter-

mination to persevere until the Rebellion should be crushed. Lieut.-Col. Forbes was particularly defiant, and the rebels threatened to put him in irons. In the evening, we made fireworks out of fat and pine, and had an exhibition of the elephant and other animals."[4]

On the 1st of August, the officers of the Sixteenth and Eighteenth were taken, with others, to Savannah. Lieut. John M. Waters of Hartford died on the 29th, of bilious fever. On Sept. 13, they were again removed; this time being taken to Charleston, where, says Lieut. Blakeslee, "the rebels gave us an enthusiastic reception." They were here imprisoned in full view of Gilmore's batteries on Morris Island. They had been under fire before, and, even in their helplessness, felt more than compensated by the ruin which the solid shot and bursting shells were working on every hand. Cheer after cheer went up to hear the missiles crash through adjacent buildings.

Lieut. Blakeslee at this time wrote in his diary, "In the evening we often watch the shells coming, and it is a beautiful sight. We first catch the flash of our guns; then, after waiting a few seconds, we can see the missile, which looks like a shooting or moving star, climbing up higher and higher; and, when it reaches its full hight, we hear the report of the gun that sent it; and by this time the shell is so near, that we can hear its sharp, shrill shriek; then it gradually descends, and approaches until it is right over our heads, and bursts; most of the pieces going beyond us. The report of the explosion then reaches us, as we hear the fragments rattle among the brick walls, or crash fearfully through the wooden tenements." During imprisonment here, Lieut. James D. Higgins of the Eighteenth escaped by a bold stratagem, and arrived safely at Hilton Head.

Oct. 5, they left Charleston on the railroad running northward. No rations were issued, and the officers were in a pitiful condition from hunger. Efforts to escape still continued: a number were successful. The rebel officers proposed to increase and improve the prisoners' rations if they would

[4] Diary of Lieut. B. F. Blakeslee of the Sixteenth, from Hartford.

give their parole not to try to escape; but they indignantly declined the offer, in consequence of which all sorts of privations were imposed upon them.

They were now taken to a camp near Columbia, S.C., which the prisoners named Camp Sorghum, on account of the prevalence of that saccharine in the meagre rations. One or two hundred had escaped by jumping from the cars. Some were killed; some hunted down and recaptured; many made their way to the coast, and found refuge under the old flag, — never before so beautiful or so sacred. More escaped from the stockade, — a score every day, a hundred almost every night. This was accomplished by either bribing the guard, or charging out in a crowd, and taking the chance of death by the musket of the sentinel. They heard that Sherman was rapidly approaching, and they usually made their way towards his lines.

In this manner, several officers of the Sixteenth escaped: among them Major Henry L. Pasco; Capts. Timothy B. Robinson of Bristol, Alfred A. Dickerson of Hartford, Thomas F. Burke of Hartford, Mark C. Turner of Hartford, Charles W Morse of Collinsville, and Henry Hintz of Suffield; and Lieuts. H. Bruns of Bristol and George Johnson of Derby. The first five made their way to our lines on the second attempt. A few were recaptured; but their condition at Camp Sorghum was so wretched, that no risk was too great to prevent constant efforts to escape.

Capt. H. C. Davis of the Eighteenth escaped by giving the guard an old watch, and fifty dollars in Confederate money; but, after a tramp of one hundred and fifty miles through wood and swamp, was run down by a pack of hounds, and brought back after an absence of twenty-three days.

In February, Sherman arrived at Columbia, and the prisoners were hurried off his line of march to Camp Asylum; and in March, 1865, the officers of the Sixteenth were taken about a mile from Marlborough, N.C., and exchanged. Lieut. Blakeslee's diary tells of the joyful occasion: "As soon as we were able clearly to comprehend that there was not somebody at our side with a loaded musket, we swung our caps, cheered over and over again, hugged, kissed, rolled

on the ground, sang, laughed, and finally cried. Then, taking in another breath of fresh American air, we flung up our old pans, kettles, bags of meal, and bundles of all sorts, and cheered again for Lincoln, Gen. Grant, Gen. Sherman, and Gen. Exchange; and hugged the horse of the colonel, who was trying in vain to get us into line."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Up the James River. — The Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Twenty-first at Bermuda Hundred. — A Reconnoissance. — The Railroad destroyed. — Battle of Drury's Bluff. — Repulse and Heavy Losses. — "Bottled up" within the Intrenchments. — Fight of the Twenty-first. — Death of Col. Arthur H. Dutton. — Losses of the Seventh. — The First Connecticut Artillery ordered to Bermuda Hundred. — The Non-Veterans mustered out.

LEE still contended bravely for the possession of Virginia; though no relief came to the armies of the Rebellion with the spring of 1864. While Sherman was consolidating the armies of the West, and Grant getting the Army of the Potomac well in hand, Butler marshaled the Army of the James. The Connecticut regiments had by this time been filled with recruits, until, with one or two exceptions, they again mustered eight hundred to a thousand men each. A large proportion of these soon deserted, leaving the regiments little stronger than when they came.

On the morning of March 1, the veterans of the Eighth and Eleventh Connecticut, returning from furlough, were on board a transport anchored off Fortress Monroe. The Eighth debarked at Portsmouth, and returned to the old camp. On the 13th, the regiment was ordered to Deep Creek, where it remained performing outpost and picket duty one month, when it shared in the reconnoissance towards Suffolk. It now broke camp at Deep Creek, and went to Yorktown, where it encamped on April 21. The Eleventh arrived at Williamsburg, March 3, constituting the force nearest Richmond. Recruits had been received, so that 1,035 were present for duty. The Eighth was now in the 1st Division, and the Eleventh in the 2d. Division, of the 18th Army Corps, under Gen. W F. ("Baldy") Smith.

On April 26, the veterans of the Tenth, under Lieut.-Col. E. S. Greeley from Connecticut, and the non-veterans, under Col. John L. Otis from Florida, met at Gloucester Point; and the regiment was assigned a place in the 10th Corps.

On the 27th of April, the Sixth[1] embarked at Hilton Head, and the Seventh took steamer at Jacksonville, Fla., on the 13th; and both regiments proceeded to Fortress Monroe, and thence to Gloucester Point, where they were assigned to the 10th Army Corps, under Major-Gen. Gilmore.

In March, Gen. Edward Harland was stationed at Washington, N.C., in command of the sub-district of the Pamlico. After the capture of Plymouth, on April 20, it was expected that Gen. Hoke would attack Washington. Harland was ordered to evacuate. He made hasty preparations; and the Twenty-first Connecticut and 51st Pennsylvania had already embarked on transports, when Hoke invested the town. The regiments were at once ordered back, and put into the works. Every preparation was made to repel the attack. The Fifteenth Connecticut still remained here. All the troops were assigned places in the intrenchments, and at three o'clock each morning were called out to the breastworks in readiness for action, where they remained until daybreak. Picket-lines were strengthened, and every precaution taken to guard against surprise, and to insure protection to the town. Gen. Harland, ever active, superintended the arrangements for defense of the town in person, and by his activity and energy did much to inspire the soldiers under his command with confidence and courage.

When the transports returned, Hoke thought Harland was receiving re-inforcements, and withdrew in the night without attack.

Finally, towards the end of April, Gen. Harland evacuated the town, and prepared to go to Newberne, sending the Twenty-first before him to the Army of the James. On the 28th, the Twenty-first marched down to the wharf,

[1] On April 20, Capt. Lewis C. Allen, jr., died of disease. In former years, he was a member of a militia company in Georgia; and afterwards, removing to New Haven, was drill-officer of the New-Haven Blues. He went out as a first lieutenant in the third three-months' regiment, and as captain of the Brewster Rifles of the Sixth. He was provost-marshal at Hilton, and participated with credit in all the battles of the regiment.

to find that the boat assigned to them had been loaded down with the anxious negroes and their baggage. The trespassers were ordered off. Capt. Delos D Brown wrote of the scene, —

"After the negroes were all disembarked, our men were ordered on board to unload the baggage; and mounting the hurricane-deck, where it had been packed away, they charged upon the confused mass of African possessions, and commenced transferring them in a very unceremonious manner to the wharf. The scene which followed baffles description. Feather-beds fell like snow-flakes, only rather more forcibly, upon the heads of the frantic searchers for 'their own' household goods. Bedding, clothing, all manner of domestic goods, filled the air, and fell like rain in one confused and inextricable mass. Hooped skirts were hurled gracefully from the deck to come down enveloping some corpulent wench, and adding to her wrath. Some were crying, some laughing, some fighting, and all wrangled amid the shower of 'bag and baggage' which 'mingling fell.' And thus we left them, to be subsequently conveyed to Newberne; but, if they ever live to sort that baggage, they will exceed the average African longevity."

The Fifteenth returned to Newberne, forty miles south, while the Twenty-first proceeded to Fortress Monroe, and encamped at Portsmouth. Hampton Roads now presented a very animated sight. Hundreds of steamers and transports of all kinds moved to and fro, busy in preparations for the coming campaign against Petersburg.

On the 4th of May, Gen. Butler's force — the 10th and the 18th Corps — embarked on transports, and followed gunboats up the James. The enemy was surprised; and the landing at City Point and Bermuda Hundred,[2] on each side the Appomattox, was unopposed. The Sixth and Seventh Connecticut were in Col. J. R. Hawley's brigade of Brig.-Gen. Alfred H. Terry's division of Gilmore's 10th Corps; and the Tenth was in Plaisted's brigade of the same division. The Eighth, Eleventh, and Twenty-first were in Smith's corps; the Eleventh, in a brigade commanded by Col. Griffin A. Stedman; and the Twenty-first, in a brigade commanded by Col. Arthur H. Dutton.

On the 7th, both corps advanced cautiously through the

[2] Bermuda Hundred is a small cluster of houses on the extremity of the peninsula formed by the James and Appomattox Rivers. In the early settlement of Virginia, slaves were located at different places in gangs of a hundred at each point. These settlements were usually designated by taking the name of the place from which the slaves were bought, with the word "hundred" affixed. The gang landed here was from Bermuda; hence the name Bermuda Hundred.

thick woods, towards the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad; and the ground was feebly contested.

Hawley's brigade struck the railroad near Chester Station, on the morning of the 10th; when the Sixth under Lorenzo Meeker, and the left wing of the Seventh under Major O. S. Sanford, moved up towards the station, destroying the track. This was done very thoroughly in the face of an alert enemy Skirmishing was constantly kept up, and the Sixth lost one (Capt. Jay P Wilcox) killed and twenty-one wounded. Sergeant John H. Botts of Stamford lost his eyes.

Capt. Jay P. Wilcox left Waterbury as a private soldier in the Sixth, but was soon promoted to be corporal, and thence rapidly to be captain, for gallantry, and fidelity to the interests of the service. He was sincerely mourned.

In the mean time, Lieut.-Col. Rodman, with the right wing of the Seventh, moved up the turnpike to destroy the telegraph. After a short time, they were ordered forward at a quick pace. "Arriving at the top of the hill, to the right of and near Chester Station, we were ordered into line of battle on a road leading from the right of the turnpike; and immediately threw out Company D, under Capt. Jeremiah Townsend, as skirmishers. We were soon joined by the left wing, under Major Sanford. Two companies, E and H, under Capt. John B. Dennis, were immediately sent to support a battery upon a hill a little in front of our line. I then ordered Major Sanford, with Companies B and K, to proceed to the top of the hill, and engage the enemy."[3]

Major Sanford reported, —

"I threw the right of my line a little forward, and opened fire on the left flank of the enemy, stationed in the woods, and drove them back. We engaged the enemy at intervals. They were trying to take a piece of artillery which had been abandoned by the 4th New-Jersey, and was near their lines. I drove them back at every attempt. The enemy opened with two pieces of artillery; and I sent a request for a section of battery to silence that of the enemy. One piece of the 4th New-Jersey was sent to my position, and immediately opened upon them. I then ordered Lieut. Charles E. Barker, with Company K, to move forward, and bring in the abandoned piece, which he succeeded in doing. I placed the piece in position, manning it with men from Company K, taking ammunition from a caisson which was also abandoned by the 4th New-Jersey, all the horses having been shot.

[3] Report of Major Sanford.

After firing about ten shots from that piece, and as many more from the one already there, we drove the enemy's battery from its position. I was then ordered to take position on the left of the 169th New-York Volunteers, where I found the other three companies, under command of Capt. Theodore Bacon, supporting a section of the First Connecticut Battery. We remained there until dark, and then were ordered to camp.

"Of the conduct of the officers and men under my command during the engagement, I can but speak in terms of the highest praise, particularly of Lieut. Barker and his company for their gallant conduct in rescuing the gun which had been abandoned, and was near the enemy's line. On attempting to work the piece, I could find no lanyard; and my thanks are due to Private Clapp of Company K, for the promptness and ingenuity displayed in forming one from a piece of telegraph-wire near at hand."

The rebels charged the First Connecticut Battery three times, and were repulsed gallantly. The Eighth, after assisting to destroy the track, also encountered the enemy intrenched near Walthall Junction, and soon became warmly engaged. "The regiment was here formed in line of battle, and repeatedly drove the enemy. They as repeatedly reformed behind an embankment, and were not dislodged, but confessed to heavy losses, and at night retired from the position. We were in an open field, exposed to artillery as well as musketry. The regiment was complimented by the lamented Gen. Burnham for heroism that day, and as it returned from the field was cheered by the whole brigade."[4] In this affair, the regiment lost seventy-two. Col. John E. Ward was severely injured by a shell; Capt. James R. Moore and Lieut. John H. Vorra, severely wounded; and Lieuts. Levi C. Bingham of Meriden and Alfred M. Goddard of Norwich, killed. Lieut. Goddard[5] came home from the Sandwich Islands when the war broke out, to join in the contest for the Union. He served on Gen. Harland's staff until the transfer to the Army of the James: then he rejoined his regiment. He often said, "If I ever flinch or skulk in battle, I hope I shall be shot on the spot. I never wish to survive such dishonor." Capt. Charles M. Coit, himself a model soldier, wrote of his death, "I have no words to express my appreciation of his behavior in this his first action. He was thoughtful, considerate, and commiserate. Not rash

[4] Official report of Major William M. Pratt.

[5] Lieut. Goddard was a brother of Capt. Henry P. Goddard of the Fourteenth, who had been promoted from the ranks, and who resigned for disability resulting from severe wounds received at Chancellorsville.

or impetuous, but cool and collected, ready for every emergency, willing for every duty. While most bravely fighting, and cheering on our men, the fatal bullet struck him, and he was taken from the field. As he was carried past me, he said that he was wounded, but that he had done his duty. Most truly can I echo those last words."

An officer of Harland's staff wrote, "May God rest the soul of our martyr-hero! He is no more. But the memories which the thought of him suggests are of the most tender and pleasing character. How kind and unselfish he was! What a sturdy champion for every thing just and noble and right! How he loathed oppression and injustice! How he loved his country! While his heart was tenderly susceptible to the sufferings of both parties in the great conflict, he was filled with determination to fight it to the bitter end."

The regiments were now engaged for two or three days in intrenching their position at Bermuda Hundred. On May 9, at dawn, the Eleventh was led out towards the railroad. It crossed a creek, formed in line of battle on the left of the pike, and did its part in expelling the enemy from the woods, and driving them across Swift Creek. The regiment was again led by Col. Stedman, and lost two killed and ten wounded.

On the 13th, a movement in force was made towards Richmond; Smith's Corps advancing along the James River to Drury's Bluff, and Gilmore pressing forward on the left. The enemy skirmished spiritedly, and fell back to within three miles of Fort Darling; and Gilmore passed beyond the halfway-house, when the troops rested for the night. In the morning, a flying column was organized, and sent out to turn the enemy's right; Gen. A. H. Terry commanding, with the brigades of Hawley and Plaisted in advance. Terry led his division rapidly around to the rear of the Confederate works, when the enemy were driven from their position in retreat towards Richmond. The captured works were occupied, and the rebels again intrenched three-quarters of a mile to the rear.

In this movement, the First Connecticut Battery had been warmly engaged, and had fought gallantly. Among its losses

was the death of First Lieut. George Metcalf of Hartford. He was an efficient officer, and a kind-hearted gentleman: he died at his post, as the soldier dies, and was buried in a lovely spot on the banks of the James, — the family burying-ground of a loyal Virginian.

In the battle of Drury's Bluff, of which this advance was a prelude, the First Connecticut Battery took part; also the Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Twenty-first Connecticut Infantry. More or less skirmishing was kept up until the 16th; at which time the enemy had fallen back to a defensible line, stretching from Fort Darling to the railroad, and our forces had strengthened their position in front.

On the morning of the 16th, the rebels massed, and made a determined dash against our right, under cover of a very thick fog; and, after long and hard fighting in the darkness, Weitzel's division was overborne, and forced to the rear. On the left was a simultaneous attack, resisted fiercely; but at last the enemy's massed column made its way, and Terry's division was obliged to retire. To consider more especially the part taken by each of the regiments from this State: —

Five companies of the Sixth were on picket when the rebels attacked; and when driven they were supported by the remainder of the regiment. After three hours' fighting, having expended ammunition, they fell back, and rallied behind the earthworks until the troops on the flank gave way.

The regiment had lost seven killed and fifty-four wounded. Among the wounded were Lieut.-Col. Lorenzo Meeker, Capts. Charles H. Nichols, John N. Tracy, and Henry Biebel, and Lieuts. Bennett S. Lewis, Charles J. Buckbee, and Norman Provost. Capt. Horatio D. Eaton of Hartford was killed while gallantly leading his men before Fort Darling. He served through the three-months' campaign, and afterwards went out as first lieutenant in the Sixth. He was greatly beloved by a large circle of friends, and possessed the esteem of all who knew him.

The Seventh moved out, on the 12th, to the vicinity of Chester Station, and bivouacked. Next day, with occasional

skirmishing, the regiment moved forward to the right and rear of the enemy's intrenchments; the rebels retiring, and occupying works farther in the rear. Early in the morning of the 14th, the regiment advanced to support the left of Turner's division, which was moving on the enemy. The latter occupied strong works along a ridge, while the advancing column formed in line of battle in the valley in front. In front of the Seventh, Capt. Dennis commanded the skirmishers, and they maintained their ground nobly. About three, P.M., at the word of command, the line swept forward under a furious fire, and occupied the top of the hill, driving the enemy into his works. Chaplain Jacob Eaton wrote, —

"Our men were ordered to lie down after reaching this advanced position, as they were exposed to a terrific fire from the rebels, who were massed behind their breastworks. Our gallant fellows did not remain idle; for in a few minutes they had formed, by the aid of the cups and plates which were in their haversacks, a slight cover of earth, which effectually impeded the storm of rebel bullets. This precaution saved scores of our men from wounds or death. As night came on, and our sharpshooters were unable to distinguish the heads of the enemy, the rebels opened a most terrific fire of musketry upon the Seventh. Old officers say they never witnessed before such continuous and heavy volleys. But the heroic Seventh could nôt be driven from their advanced position. The volleyed wrath of the rebel hosts could not daunt and demoralize the men who had so nobly fought at Pulaski, James Island, Wagner, Olustee. There they remained under the blaze and crash of musketry, clinching their Spencer rifles, and ready to repel any assault of the enemy."

Lieut.-Col. D. C. Rodman, not yet recovered from his terrible wound at Fort Wagner, had rejoined his regiment, and was again in command. He says of this attack, "Just about dark the rebels opened fire furiously, and charged from their works with desperation. We opened for about a minute and a half with the full rapidity of the Spencer carbine. The rebels' fire was completely subdued, and the charge repulsed."

Of the experience of the Seventh on the 16th, Major O. S. Sanford reported, "Every thing remained quiet until

about four o'clock on the morning of the 16th, when heavy firing and cheering was heard on the right of our lines, increasing and nearing our position, until about five o'clock; when the enemy tried to force the lines on our left, and were driven back. In about fifteen minutes, the picket in our front fired and fell back, reporting the enemy advancing in force. It being very foggy at the time, they could not be seen until within forty or fifty yards of our position. I immediately opened upon them, driving them back with great loss. They rallied, and advanced a second and third time with a determination to carry the position, but were at each attempt repulsed; leaving the dead and wounded in great numbers on our front. I was soon informed that the enemy had forced the line back on my right, and was pouring an enfilading fire upon my right flank. I ordered a fire to be opened from an angle in the center of my lines, in that direction, and from my right-flank company, which silenced the enemy for a short time. I sent word to the colonel commanding brigade to have my right supported, and I would hold the position against any force. The fog lifting about that time, I could see the enemy about a hundred yards on my right flank, secreted behind a fence and trees, picking my men off. I set sharpshooters at work, and succeeded in keeping them down. I soon received orders to leave a strong picket-force and fall back. I had fifteen men from each company selected to remain under charge of Lieuts. Charles E. Barker, Raphael Gilbert, and John B. Young, the whole under command of Capt. John B. Dennis; and was about to fall back with the rest of my command, when I received orders to fall back immediately with the whole, and form in the field to the rear of the woods. I then gave orders; but the men who had been selected to stay, not hearing it, remained. We fell back rapidly; the enemy pouring volley after volley into us over the top of their works, and coming out in thousands to sweep the little band (which had been left behind, and were pouring a murderous fire into them) from their position. Arriving in the open field, I received orders to fall back to a position in the woods, across the field. I will mention the names

of Corporals John Walker and Patrick Brannan, Privates J. D. Lamphere and Christopher Holmes, Company H; Privates M. G. Painter, Abraham Miner, John R. Jackson, and Horace W Wright, Company C; and Privates D. C. Andrews and Charles A. Brockett, Company E, — who volunteered to reconnoiter in our front after the enemy were driven back, and went forward into the fog, upon the ground just vacated by the enemy. And of the fifteen men from each company left back, too much praise can not be given them for their conduct in holding the rifle-pits until the rest of the command had got safely into the woods: but for them the whole command must have been badly cut up."

"The commanders of the companies have assured me that the most trying duty they ever performed was to select men for such work, when those men had served long and faithfully, and with the conviction that they would, with few exceptions, be either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. Yet every man thus selected, after bidding his comrades good-by, turned his face towards the advancing enemy, and performed his duty with a willing heart and undaunted spirits. Such courage was never surpassed."[6]

About eighty of these men were killed or captured.

In this engagement, the Seventh lost twenty-seven killed, ninety-three wounded, and seventy-five prisoners.[7] Among the killed were some of their bravest. Lieut. Charles A. Wood of Willimantic was highly esteemed. He enlisted from patriotic principles, and was promoted from the ranks for efficiency and gallant service. Sergeant David D. Keyes of Farmington was also killed here. He was regarded by regular officers as the best artillerist among the enlisted men engaged in the reduction of Fort Sumter. He refused promotion while in the Department of the South, remarking, "that he could serve his country as effectually in the position he then occupied as in any other." During the engagement, he occupied a position with the most advanced

[6] Chaplain Eaton.

[7] Among the prisoners lost was Private George N. Trowbridge of Suffield. He had been in captivity since the assault on Wagner, and was now taken again. This time, he was confined at Andersonville through that deadly summer, and arrived at Annapolis in the fall, emaciated and diseased, to die — another martyr to the cruelty of a barbarous foe.

line of skirmishers, and died a brave soldier and true patriot. Sergeant Charles H. Ripley of Windham was a gallant officer, and conspicuous for courage in every engagement in which he participated. He fell while urging on his brave men, and inspiring them by his own example.

Here, also, Sergeant Hobart L. Bailey of Southington, a most worthy man, was instantly killed. Sergeant Andrew B. Nichols of Redding was mortally wounded by a ball which passed through both hips. A braver soldier never fell for his country. First Sergeant William S. English was shot through the body, and died immediately. This gallant soldier was wounded on the 14th, but remained with his company, doing and daring for the country he so ardently loved. Here fell Corporal William McEwen of Portland, Everett Bailey of Hamden, H. C. Parker of Essex, and a score of sterling men.

Many also were wounded. While Sergeant Daniel Morgan of Bridgeport was standing with his hand upon his side, a ball carried away his second finger, and buried itself in his watch. He was carried to the rear, his comrades supposing he had been mortally wounded; but the sergeant soon reported to the major, saying, as he held the impaired timekeeper in his left hand, "There goes fifty dollars."

Chaplain Jacob Eaton wrote about this time, —

"Gen. A. H. Terry of Connecticut, originally colonel of the Seventh Connecticut Volunteers, is in great favor with the corps commanders, subordinate officers, and soldiers of this army. He handled his division, in the battles of the 14th, 15th, and 16th of May, with masterly coolness and ability. He was master of every situation in which he was placed, and fought his command with great vigor and effectiveness. He is in every sense a good officer and a true gentleman. Connecticut may refer to his record with just pride and admiration.

"Col. J. R. Hawley commands the 2d Brigade of the 1st Division, 10th Corps. His record as an officer is adorned with acts of conspicuous courage and noblest devotion to the cause of justice, humanity, freedom. Capable, cool under fire, and devoting all his energies to the work of suppressing the Rebellion, he has achieved a reputation most honorable and enduring."

The Eighth, farther to the right, moved forward on the 13th in a jaded condition. Every day they skirmished constantly, and every night slept on their arms.

Chaplain Moses Smith wrote, "On Saturday morning, the

13th. the whole line advanced to the deserted breastworks on Drury's Bluff, before Fort Darling; and our regiment lay in those trenches, with no relief, until Monday morning. The casualties of the four days during which we were thus on the front were not great; but such unrelieved watching utterly took the heart out of our men. Many could not endure it, and were forced to leave. Those who remained were badly prepared for what was to follow

"Monday morning, a dense fog settled down over all the line. The enemy, who knew every inch of the ground, and who had been re-inforced during the night, seized the opportunity to make a heavy assault upon the right of our army, and succeeded in driving it back. The Eighth Connecticut occupied the right of the left center, and were soon attacked. Our lieutenant-colonel, Martin B. Smith, then in command, had remarked the day previous, to the general commanding our division, that the right and left center were not united: but no protection was given to that place or to our right. On Monday morning, as the right line was being pressed, and while the fog was so dense that a man could not be seen at a distance of ten paces, the enemy in mass came pouring in at our right. The only alternative seemed to be, fall back, or be captured. But for an hour our men battled them: sometimes mixed with the enemy, sometimes driving them; but constantly exposed to the enfilading fire, and the enemy gaining. At length, to prevent capture, our lieutenant-colonel gave the order to fall back. For this order, he was at first blamed, and the heroic old Eighth reported as having 'skedaddled.' That some men straggled in the fog is true; but be it remembered that the regiment was already so flanked, that the right was compelled to pass within the breastworks, and go down the rebel side, and then over those works, to rejoin the regiment."

"We held our position on the works for some time, with considerable loss, until flanked both right and left; when we fell back in as good order as possible under the circumstances, the fog and smoke being so dense that it was impossible for officers or men to distinguish each other."[8]

[8] Report of Lieut.-Col. M. B. Smith, commanding regiment.

The losses of the Eighth were seven killed, thirty wounded, and twenty-six prisoners. Among the dead were the brave Capt. John McCall and Sergeant Edward Wadhams.

John McCall of Yantic enlisted as a private in the Eighth, was elected by his comrades first sergeant, and soon promoted to be lieutenant. He was made a captain for gallantry. His bravery at the capture of Fort Huger was conspicuous. Whenever the regiment was under fire, he was at the head of his men. On May 14, while under a severe fire, Capt. McCall was sitting on the ground, when a bullet pierced his heart. He sprang to his feet, saying, "I shall be dead in a minute!" and fell backwards, dead. He was a general favorite,—as a companion, frank, genial, and manly; as a soldier, prompt, bold, and enterprising.[9]

Edward Wadhams was one of three brothers of Litchfield, and his record as a faithful soldier was unsurpassed. One who had known him in camp and battle wrote of him, "Sergeant Wadhams was a man of sterling common sense, and sound moral and religious convictions. His life was never stained by evil word or deed. He was firm and strict in discipline, yet kind, judicious, and helpful." Within two weeks, both his brothers were killed in battle.

Among the wounded were Capt. Henry C. Hall and Lieut. Edwin D. Hall, both severely.

The Tenth had fought on the left; Gen. Plaisted's brigade adjoining Col. Hawley's in Terry's division. Col. John L. Otis, in command, sent forward a strong line of skirmishers, under Major Edwin S. Greeley, which drove in the enemy's skirmishers, and uncovered their position. The First Connecticut Battery, Capt. A. P Rockwell, was at the left, doing good execution. The attack of the enemy in the evening was handsomely repulsed.

Col. Otis, in his official report, says, "On the 16th a furious cannonade, with heavy volleys of musketry, commenced on our right at half-past four, A.M. The regiment was formed in order of battle immediately, and at six was ordered forward to support an assault on the enemy's works. No assault was made, however; and at half-past nine, Col. Plaisted or-

[9] *Vide* sketch in War Record by Hon. John T. Wait.

dered me to move my command off by the right flank, taking care to keep up communication with Col. Hawley's brigade, which was executing the same movement on our right. We moved off as directed, and, on reaching the open field near Gen. Gilmore's quarters, took position to cover the withdrawal of the advance regiments of our own brigade and a portion of Col. Hawley's. While in this position, the enemy attacked us in strong force, but was completely repulsed after a sharp engagement in which we took several prisoners; our own loss being three killed and fifteen wounded. As the enemy fell back, I sent forward a body of skirmishers under Capt. E. D. S. Goodyear, and ascertained they had left our front entirely. The regiment remained in this position until the killed and wounded had all been removed, and was then withdrawn; taking a new position to cover the retreat of a portion of White's brigade on our left. After they had all retired, the regiment fell back to the position occupied by our artillery, and, joining the other regiments of the brigade, marched rapidly across to the Richmond Turnpike, and again formed in line of battle to cover the withdrawal of the troops in front. At two, P.M., we advanced up the turnpike to the halfway-house, and were posted on the left of the road to support a section of battery The regiment continued in this position about an hour, and was then withdrawn under a scattering fire of musketry."

Gen. H. M. Plaisted, commanding the brigade, said, —

"Of the Tenth Connecticut and 24th Massachusetts, I need hardly say more than that they fully sustained the splendid reputation they have hitherto borne. For steady and soldierly behavior, under most trying circumstances too, entirely new to them (for never before were their backs turned to the enemy), they may have been equaled, but never surpassed. Under a fire in which eighteen fell from the left of the Tenth Connecticut in almost as many seconds, not a soldier of the regiment spoke a word, or moved a heel from the alignment. Too much credit can not be accorded to the commanding officers of these regiments — Cols. Osborn and Otis — for their coolness and self-possession under fire, and the skillful manner in which they handled their commands."

The losses of the Tenth were seven killed and thirty wounded. Capt. Charles C. Brewster of Hartford was severely wounded in the leg.

While the Tenth was moving slowly off, serving as rear-guard, Adjutant Henry W Camp, ten months a prisoner, and just exchanged, came riding towards the front. He was affectionately greeted by all, from Gen. Terry down to the private soldier. "Each company successively greeted him with hearty hurrahs, while he sat, cap in hand, in all his manly beauty, receiving their congratulations with feelings of grateful pride that atoned for weary months of waiting and suffering in prison." [10] Again "the twins," Camp and Chaplain Trumbull, were together.

The Eleventh, in Wistar's brigade, had met a fate similar to the rest. Col. Stedman, in his official report, says, "No shot was fired by the regiment until the enemy charged in line of battle the immediate front; when, opening fire, the advance of the rebels was checked, and after about an hour their line was driven back. At this time, and within a few moments after the regiment ceased firing, an order reached me from Gen. Wistar to fall back. Facing my regiment about, I reluctantly obeyed, and marched through thick woods to a road a quarter of a mile to the rear. At this point, I was ordered to advance, and re-occupy the breastwork. Moving without delay, the regiment returned, and, under a heavy fire from the rebel line which occupied the fortifications, retook its old position. No other regiment of the brigade was there, nor could any Union troops be seen along the whole line to the right or left. A rebel battery enfiladed the regiment from the left. After twenty minutes, I saw a movement on the part of the rebels, indicating an intention to charge our front; and I saw a column file into the road to the position before occupied by the 2d New-Hampshire, — within thirty yards of my right flank. Finding myself unsupported, and in danger of annihilation or capture, I faced the regiment about, and marched to the rear, constantly obliquing to the right to avoid the enemy, who were following the movement with yells." The regiment came off in tolerable order, with a loss of fourteen killed, fifty-four wounded, and one hundred and twelve missing. Capt. Henry J. McDonald of Danbury was among

[10] The Knightly Soldier, p. 224.

the captured, and Lieuts. Morris Krazynski and Erastus Blackmar were wounded.

The Twenty-first, Lieut.-Col. T. F. Burpee commanding, was in the thickest of the fight at Drury's Bluff, and fought stubbornly and suffered severely. Of its participation, Capt. Delos D. Brown wrote, "The fog was still thick, and hung heavily about us, making it impossible to see what was the cause of the alarm; but it soon became evident that the enemy were making a dash upon our lines, and with no small force, as the firing was very heavy The skirmishers stood their ground firmly, and resisted every assault of the enemy, notwithstanding the severe fire which was directed against them. Soon, however, it became evident that the rebels were massing their forces for an attack upon the right. Favored by the fog, they succeeded in getting a strong position on and in rear of the right flank of our lines, and then at once threw a large force upon us in front.

"The battle now opened in earnest, and raged with terrible energy Charge succeeded charge, volley returned volley, repulse followed repulse, backward and forward surged the mighty waves, lashed into fury by the struggles of the infuriated combatants. Nobly did our forces breast the terrible storm which assailed them."

The rebels had massed here, and hurled their army upon the right of our line. At last, the 9th New-Jersey and 27th Massachusetts retired, and left the right of the Twenty-first exposed; so that this regiment and the 8th Maine were compelled to face to the north, and form line of battle at right angle to the works. Says Capt. Brown, "Again and again they hurled their forces upon us, but were met by the firm and desperate resistance of unflinching columns and the murderous fire of opposing and determined men. The 8th Maine now fell back, and the Twenty-first Connecticut was left to breast the battle alone. At this juncture, an aide came dashing up, and said, that, if we could hold the enemy in check one half-hour, Gen. Smith would have re-inforcements to re-establish the right of the line; and wished us to hold the position at all hazards. Inspired with this hope, we determined to hold our position; and with renewed energy continued

the battle, which every moment increased in fury. Charging through the thick woods and marsh, we delivered volley after volley into the maddened enemy, until, in the thick smoke and fog, we could see nothing but the flash of the rebels' muskets as they returned our fire. The battle now assumed the character of Indian warfare, while, with the enemy nearly surrounding us, we fought to hold our position with the energy of desperation. Finding that we were being fast surrounded and overpowered, the colonel gave the order to fall back slowly, as no re-inforcements had appeared, and we were suffering terribly in killed and wounded.

"Arrived at the open field beyond the woods, we again formed line of battle and advanced into the woods, and once more opened a brisk fire upon the enemy; and never did men face a foe with more apparent indifference or coolness than in this last engagement."

The regiment was now recalled to a position near the halfway-house. It had lost fifteen killed, seventy wounded, and twenty-four missing. Among the wounded were Chaplain Thomas G. Brown, Capts. C. T. Stanton (severely), J. M. Shepard (lost a leg), and Lieuts. William S. Hubbell, A. S. Dutton, Alvin M. Crane, and Color-Sergeant John C. Douglass (severely).

Capts. Stanton and Shepard displayed great courage at the skirmish-line. The venerable Chaplain Brown of East Hampton was constantly near the front, ministering to the wounded and dying. He was always brave and faithful, and greatly beloved by his men. Col. Crosby afterwards wrote, "Chaplain Brown remained with the regiment, distributing ammunition among the men, assisting the wounded, and praying with the dying. His conduct on that occasion greatly endeared him to the regiment. He had been a soldier in the War of 1812; and, though his head was frosted with years, the fire of youth was by no means quenched. Our gallant chaplain was a hero at Drury's Bluff."

Col. Crosby also mentioned Capts. James H. Latham and Nathan A. Belden, and Lieuts. William S. Hubbell, A. S. Dutton, A. M. Crane, Delos D. Brown, W P Long, P. F. Talcott, G. W Shepard, Frank C. Jeffrey, and E. P Packer for gallant conduct in the engagement.

All the forces of Butler now fell back to the original lines, and began strengthening their intrenchments, stretching from the James to the Appomattox. The rebels advanced, and again occupied and repaired the railroad from Richmond to Petersburg.

Col. Stedman of the Eleventh wrote at this time, "We have moved our camp, and are now delightfully located upon the banks of the muddy Appomattox in a pine-forest and on a dry soil. We look out on a wild country, made picturesque and beautiful by varied features of hill, dale, swamp, cultivated fields, and primeval woods, with three plantation-houses at long intervals, giving an air of civilization to the scene. With a glass, we can distinguish the rebels at a distance of two miles, working like beavers at a fort; and they are probably entertained in watching us, for all our men are industriously digging in the attempt to render this position defensible."

On the 20th of May, the Sixth, now attached to Col. Howell's brigade, was engaged in a charge upon and capture of a point in the enemy's advanced line of rifle-pits. The ground was maintained for several days. In this affair, the regiment, commanded by Major Daniel Klein, lost three killed and thirty-three wounded. Lieut. William F. Bradley of Madison was among the slain. He was a true soldier.

The Twenty-first did not long rest.

"On the 25th of May, Col. A. H. Dutton, commanding the brigade, having received orders from Gen. William F Smith to reconnoiter the left of the enemy's position, near our line of intrenchments at Bermuda Hundred, designated this regiment for that purpose. The regiment passed outside our lines, and crossed the deep and almost impassable ravine that runs along the left of our works until it meets the Appomattox. On the farther side of the ravine, the left wing was posted in reserve, and the remaining companies were advanced to the front. Our skirmishers swept along the west bank of the ravine, and thence farther into the interior, coming well on to the enemy's right flank. But, night coming on, Col. Dutton recalled the skirmishers; and the regiment returned to camp with orders to be ready to continue the reconnoissance early the next morning. On the day following, the 26th, Col. Dutton again crossed the ravine with the brigade, consisting of the Twenty-first Connecticut, 58th Pennsylvania, 188th Pennsylvania, and 92d New-York, with orders to push the reconnoissanee until stopped by the enemy. Gen. Devens's brigade also moved out on our extreme left, along the Port-Walthal Road, to co-operate with Col. Dutton, who took up the line of march in the direction of Port Walthal. After an advance of about two miles, through heavy woods, our skirmish-line came

upon the rebels, strongly intrenched, and almost hidden from view by the thick underbrush. Line of battle was formed at once; but, as our skirmishers were becoming engaged, Col. Dutton, who was then, as usual, on the skirmish-line, was mortally wounded." [11]

The command of the brigade then devolved upon Lieut.-Col. Thomas F. Burpee, who shortly received orders to retire.

Col. Dutton died on the 5th of June, in the very morning of his life. When a boy, young Arthur had felt a tendency to a military life, and he went from his home at Wallingford to West Point, where he graduated in the engineer corps of 1861; Custer, Benjamin, and Farqhuar being among his classmates. When war broke out, he was called to the staff of Gen. Mansfield, at Washington, and assisted in laying out the forts. He had thoroughly mastered the higher studies in the art of war, and he exhibited remarkable genius as an engineer. Subsequently, he had charge of the defenses at Fernandina, Fla., until mustered as colonel of the Twenty-first. No regiment went from Connecticut better commanded, — Arthur H. Dutton, colonel, Thomas F Burpee, lieutenant-colonel, and Hiram B. Crosby, first adjutant and then major. All of them were superior officers, and all lived to lead the regiment repeatedly to battle. Col. Dutton commanded a brigade almost from the first of his service. In North Carolina, he won much credit as chief of staff of Major-Gen. Peck, and afterwards of Major-Gen. Dix; while during the battle of Drury's Bluff he held the same office under Major-Gen. Smith, corps commander. He was an officer of much promise. Major Crosby, in announcing his death, said, "Bold and chivalrous, with a nice sense of honor, a judgment quick and decisive, an unwavering zeal in his chosen profession, he was in every respect a thorough soldier. As an engineer, his talents were of the highest order; and at the time of his death he had attained the rank of captain of engineers in the regular army By his companions in arms he will never be forgotton; and to them his last resting-place will be as a shrine commemorating the friendships which not the rude shock of war nor lapse of time can blight or destroy."

[11] Official Report of Major Hiram B. Crosby, commanding.

About this time, the Seventh suffered the loss of Major Oliver S. Sanford and eighty officers and men as prisoners of war. On the evening of June 1, the regiment, numbering fifteen officers and three hundred and twenty-four enlisted men, went upon the picket-line in front of Bermuda Hundred. Four companies, under Capt. Theodore Bacon, were posted across open ground in front of our works. On the right was Capt. John B. Dennis, with two companies, the line turning rather abruptly to the front; and on the left, Capt. Charles C. Mills, with four companies, the flanks of the regimental line being in thick woods. In front, the rebel line was one hundred and fifty yards distant, but in the woods approached to within twenty yards. There were no reserves nearer than the intrenchments.

About sunrise on the 2d, the rebels attacked with a strong skirmish-line. "In the woods on the left," says Capt. Bacon in his report, "this attack was extremely rapid and sudden: a few steps placed the enemy in our pits, in a position, which, favored by the direction of part of the line, enabled them to cut off and capture a large part of Company B. Such part of Capt. Mills's command as was not captured fell back slowly, contesting the ground, to a position nearer the works, which they held until later in the morning; when they were re-inforced, and re-occupied and held their first position.

"In the open field, the advance of the enemy began a few moments after firing had been heard on the left. The enemy moved toward us in good line, but slowly and hesitatingly. I opened fire along the whole line, and in two minutes they had all dropped to the ground; where they lay, firing from such cover as they could get, for a few minutes longer, when the entire line rose, and ran to the shelter of their rifle-pits, at full speed, followed by our cheers and bullets. From this cover, they never ventured again, contenting themselves with a dropping fire from it until we abandoned our entire line. On the right of the line, the movement of the enemy was by a dash across that part of the line which ran along the edge of the woods, nearly at right angles with the general direction of the line. This movement, of which at the time I had no information, cut

off nearly all of the two companies posted there, together with the major commanding the regiment."

The whole line now fell back to the main works, excepting a portion of Company E, which held its ground at the left, until the men pushed forward again, and re-established the line.

In this they were materially assisted by a company of the First Connecticut Artillery, holding the works here. Lieut.-Col. Nelson L. White, writing shortly afterwards, said of this, "Capt. William G. Pride, with Company L, had the honor of participating in another brilliant though short affair on the 2d of June. The enemy had driven in our pickets, and captured two companies of the Seventh Connecticut in the woods in front of this redoubt, compelling our picket-line to fall back. Capt. Pride opened upon them with canister, with deadly effect, causing them to retreat to cover. He sent out all his garrison, excepting twenty-one men left to man the guns in the redoubt, — at first, forty of the cavalry and twenty-one of Company L, with instructions to form a junction with such of our pickets as had remained in line; and soon after, Lieut. William H. Rogers of Company L, with the remainder. The rebels at this time waved a white flag from the point at which the canister had been fired. As our skirmish-line advanced to the flag, twenty-three of the enemy surrendered. They had suffered severely by the fire from Pride's howitzers, losing their colonel (Dantzer, 22d South-Carolina)."

In this affair, the Seventh lost five killed, twelve wounded, and eighty prisoners. Among the captured were Major O. S. Sanford, Assistant Surgeon S. B. Shepard, Capt. John B. Dennis, and Lieut. Henry H. Pierce. Among the wounded were Capt. C. C. Mills, severely, in right breast; Lieut. William S. Marble, severely, in right shoulder; and Lieut. Byron Bradford. Capt. Bacon, in his report, speaks of "the extraordinary coolness and courage of Capt. Mills." Capt. C. C. Mills resigned and went home, where he lingered in much suffering, and was finally released by death. He had just begun a course of study at Yale College when the war began.

About this time fell Private James L. Allen. At the beginning of the war, he enlisted from the Jeffersonian office in Danbury. Being but fifteen years old, he wrote to his mother at Norwalk, "Dear mother, I have enlisted. Please telegraph your consent, for I do not wish to be a disobedient boy." He served three years, re-enlisted, and was mortally wounded on picket, having never been absent from duty for a single day. Chaplain Jacob Eaton wrote, "Major Sanford was self-possessed, and handled his troops admirably under fire. No one could be more highy esteemed by the officers and men of his regiment."

About this time, Lieut.-Col. D. C. Rodman resigned. The severe wound which he received while gallantly leading his regiment at Fort Wagner had unfitted him for active service; and he declared he would not hold a position while physically incapacitated to perform its duties. Lieut.-Col. Rodman was a generous, intelligent, and patriotic man, and a brave and efficient officer.

As early as April 20, Col. Henry L. Abbot, commanding the First Connecticut Artillery in the defenses of Washington, had been directed by Gen. Halleck to organize a siege-train, and report to Gen. Butler at Bermuda Hundred. The train, afterwards largely increased, was to consist at first of forty 30-pounder rifled Parrotts, ten 10-inch mortars, twenty 8-inch mortars, twenty Coehorn mortars, and six 100-pounder Parrotts. The guns, ammunition, and *matériel* were immediately gathered. Capt. S. P Hatfield was detailed as ordnance-officer to superintend the loading. He was assisted by Lieut. L. W Jackson. Twelve schooners, of two hundred tons' burden, were obtained from the quartermaster's department; and the material was afloat by May 10.

The regiment was ordered forward in advance of the train, and arrived at Bermuda Hundred, seventeen hundred strong, on May 13. The men were soon at work constructing magazines, getting into position the heavy guns already up, and strengthening the lines; so that when, on May 16, the army fell back, the defenses were in a state of forwardness. Col. Abbot was assigned by Gen. Butler to the com-

mand of all the siege-artillery, and Lieut. W C. Faxon and Lieut. C. Gillett were detailed as ordnance-officers. From this date until the latter part of June, an artillery-fire was kept up intermittently along the lines.

On May 24, the rebels made a determined attack on Wilson's Landing. "The mail-boat was stopped," says Col. Abbot, "and all the troops on board were landed to meet the assault. Among them were six enlisted men of the First, returning from veteran furlough. Although no officer of the regiment was present, these men volunteered to serve a 10-pounder Parrott, then silenced; and served it so effectively as to contribute materially to the repulse of the rebels. They fired about eighty rounds,—some being double-shotted canister at about two hundred yards' range,—and their gun was the only one not silenced by the enemy The names of these brave soldiers are Sergeant W H. H. Bingham, Company G; Privates W B. Watson, Company H; James Kelley (afterwards killed by a shell in front of Petersburg), H. G. Scott, James R. Young, and John Keaton of Company I."

On May 25, Company G, Capt. Wilbur F. Osborne of Birmingham, was placed with two 20-pounder Parrotts in Fort Converse, on right bank of Appomattox River. Subsequently, two 30-pounder Parrotts were added. They did important service in repelling an attack on May 31, and also in occasionally shelling Fort Clifton from an advanced position on the river-bank. On May 26, Major-Gen. Gilmore was placed in command of the whole line; and he appointed Col. Abbot his chief of artillery, and, on June 1, his acting chief engineer.

Sergeant George B. Butler of the First died in Hartford during the spring of 1864, of disease engendered by exposure in the service. He was a graduate of Harvard College, an intelligent and enterprising young man, and while in service developed considerable genius as an artist. He well deserved promotion, but was kept in the ranks, like hundreds of others, by the jealousy of inferior "superiors."

In May the three-years' service of the regiment had expired; and three hundred and seventy-five men who had

not re-enlisted as veterans were mustered out, and made their way home as best they could. On arriving in New York, they drew up and adopted a series of resolutions. They began by rehearsing an order of Col. Abbot, dated May 21, urging them to "stand by their colors, and not march to the rear to the sound of the enemy's cannon." They then resolved, —

"That those who can not appreciate thirty-six months of service would also fail to appreciate thirty-eight or thirty-nine months; and that we indignantly denounce those who would attempt to disgrace us for retiring to our homes and friends, from whom we have been absent three long years, as ingrates worthy only of our deepest and heartiest contempt."

The reason for their non re-enlistment seems to be stated in the charge against Col Abbot: —

"That he has spared no pains to place over us a military aristocracy, subjecting us to every variety of petty annoyance, to show his own power, and take away our manhood; subjecting men to inhuman and illegal punishments for appealing to him for justice; disgracing others for attempting to obtain commissions in colored regiments; about May 4 ordering his heavy artillery men who had not re-enlisted, into the ditch for the remainder of their term of service, thus placing us on a level with prisoners under sentence of court-martial; and finally capping the climax by leaving us to the tender mercies of provost-marshals, turning us loose on the world, without pay, without officers, without transportation, without rations, and without our colors."

They further presented the following view of the situation: —

"That when the able-bodied men of our land have taken their turn of three years in the national service, if an army is still needed to enforce the laws of the land, none will sooner fall into the line than those who sprang to arms at the first note of danger; that no class of men have a deeper interest in the present struggle than those who have carried musket and knapsack for the past three years; and that we will not allow abuse from superiors to interfere with our duty to our country."

They then offered their "heartiest thanks" to Gen. R. O. Tyler for his services as their old commander, and to Gen. Butler and the various officers who had helped them home. They were received in Connecticut with the honors due to their patriotic services.

CHAPTER XXXIV

The Fourteenth at Stevensburg. — The Affair at Mine Run. — How to build Winter-Quarters, and how to enjoy them. — Fight at Morton's Ford. — First Connecticut Cavalry joins the Army of the Potomac. — Grant crosses the Rapidan. — Struggle of the Wilderness. — Flank March to Spottsylvania. — Terrible Fighting. — The Second Connecticut Artillery (Nineteenth) comes up. — Gen. Robert O. Tyler commands a Division. — Spirited Contest. — The First Cavalry in Front of Richmond. — To the North Anna. — Another Flank Movement. — Death of Gen. John Sedgwick. — His Character and Public Services.

FORAGING and picketing, with considerable rest, and now and then a fight, the Fourteenth waited in Virginia, — the only Connecticut regiment in the active Army of the Potomac. The State could not have been more gallantly represented. Of its life during the fall of 1863, Capt. Samuel Fiske ("Dunn Browne") wrote, "Our regiment has had its share of the marches and countermarches, the picket-duty, the fatigues, the skirmishes, the night-retreats, and the whole ever-varying experience of camp and field life, in the Army of the Potomac for the last two months. We picketed along the Rapidan for some three weeks; left the front with the 2d Corps on the 6th of October; bivouacked near Culpeper till the 11th; crossed, recrossed, and crossed again the Rappahannock in apparently the very profitless maneuvering of Oct. 12 and 13; and, after a long and fatiguing night and day march, participated in the brilliant skirmishes of the 14th of October. Our regiment did its share in repulsing the sudden attack of the enemy at Bristoe Station. Our loss was twenty-six killed and wounded; mostly in the first fifteen minutes of the fight. It would have done your heart good to see the steadiness and alacrity with which our men, marching by the flank, faced to the front, and advanced

in line of battle at the double-quick, across the railroad, and into the woods whence the fire opened on us, without knowing at all how many rebels we should find there; without having had a moment's preparation, or thought of being attacked. Scarcely a man faltered, save from the fatigue of the double-quick, which few can sustain for any long distance with knapsacks, rations, and equipments on, in heavy marching order. The enemy were driven out of sight, five hundred prisoners and a battery captured, and the skirmish over, almost before we really began to understand that a fight was going on at all; then we lay along the track of the railroad till ten P.M., and withdrew

"Oh! that was indeed a fatiguing night-march to Centreville, — fording two deep streams; plunging through the mud; stumbling over stones and stumps; standing a half-hour at a time, with your eyes closing in spite of yourself, waiting for the head of the column to pass an obstacle; getting mixed up with wagons and artillery; and finally, after wading Bull Run (from two to three feet deep), lying down about four o'clock in the morning, on the grass, in the drizzling rain to sleep. We didn't take much cold, because a cold is produced, I believe, by a want of equilibrium in the system in respect to dampness or heat; and we were so thoroughly wet and cold all over that there was no partial process possible. Such is the soldier's life in the field.

"Our new recruits (substitutes) are proving themselves generally very good soldiers; and the regiment is, on the whole, in good condition, with its complement of officers nearly filled, and a fine, long line at dress-parade, contrasting very favorably with the corporal's guard, or a few more, that gathered round our colors a few months since.

"I have just burned my bedstead to cook my breakfast with, — to such extremities am I reduced. Fortunately our furniture hereabouts is not very costly My bedstead above mentioned consisted of seven three-cornered rails from a Virginia fence, laid down side by side in the mud near the fire, on which my lieutenant and I spread our blanket, and slept very sweetly, with a rubber blanket over us, through the steady, heavy rain that improved the darkness of the

night to come down upon us unseen, but not unfelt. This morning, ashamed to look us in the face after such deeds of darkness, the rain has entirely ceased; and the face of Nature beams on us as smilingly and roguishly as if the dripping doings of the night were an exquisite joke. Well, it seems to us much more like a joke than it did, as the creases made by the rails are getting rubbed out of our sides and legs, and the clothes are mostly dried.

"Picketing is pretty good fun after all. How many of you are coming out here to try it? O my dear readers! there are at least a full thousand of you, — a strong, able-bodied regiment among you, — who certainly ought to be here, who can't possibly get an exemption-certificate from your own conscience.

"I would not bring one recruit to our ranks by misrepresenting the case to him. Soldiering *is* a hard business, the best you can make of it. I have laid a good deal of stone fence, dug many a rod of ditch, worked at carpentering and all sorts of farming, been a bookbinder, set up type; sawed a cord of oak-wood three times in two, split and piled it, besides getting my lessons and reciting them (after a fashion), all in one day; I've taught a big district school of little urchins of the Yankee persuasion, which is harder than any of the above; and I've attended three sewing-societies and made five and twenty calls of an afternoon, which is hardest of all: but, of all the different kinds of manual labor that I ever attempted, the business of marching with an army in heavy marching order, and on rations of hard-tack and pork, is the most exhausting. There is very little poetry, and a great deal of hard work, about an active campaign. It is hard to be a private, hard to be an officer, hard to march, hard to fight, hard to be out on picket in the rain, hard to live on short rations and be exposed to all sorts of weather, hard to be wounded and lose legs and arms, and get ugly scars on one's face, hard to think of lying down in death without the gentle hand of love to smooth one's brow: but there is just one thing that makes all things easy; and that is the spirit of Christian patriotism.

"The army is going to do up the work, whether you re-

inforce us or not. It is for you to say whether you will come in to share the glory of it. We have worked for Uncle Sam's thirteen dollars a month, and spent that to eke out our monotonous rations, and replace the clothing we have been compelled to throw away in battle, or drop in wearisome marches, till the worship of the almighty dollar is driven out of us any way; and if you prefer to stay at home on your farms and with your merchandise, and trade in oxen, and marry wives, and revel in luxuries, and clothe your wives with contracts at the expense of the brave soldiers who are fighting your battles, — why, be the money and ease yours; save your precious legs and lives; add house to house, and acre to acre; pay commutation-money, and avoid drafts; wrangle over party politics, and settle yourselves in fat offices. And be the hardships ours; ours the wormy crackers and the rusty pork; ours the marches, the hard blows, the wasting sicknesses; ours the longings for the dear loved ones at home, the wives and little ones, who are watching and waiting for our returning steps with unutterable anxiety: be it ours to fight all the longer because you refuse to help; be it ours to come home all the fewer that you may stay at home the more and the merrier. Still will we not murmur at our share, nor willingly exchange it for yours. We will hold it a proud privilege to go home poor on our country's pay; to carry on our persons the scars of our country's service; to point to the marks of our blood on our country's torn but triumphant banner; to have it written on our headstone, 'He was a soldier of the Union.'"

On the 27th of November, Meade moved to turn Lee's right at Mine Run; and arrangements were made for Sedgwick to assault on the right, and Warren on the left, early on the morning of the 30th. But the tentative movements that accompanied the advance across the Rapidan had informed Lee of his adversary's intentions, and he had arrayed his forces accordingly. The morning of attack found his main army drawn up on the right behind impenetrable abatis, and defended by strong intrenchments. The Fourteenth was conspicuous in the line of battle. The brave rank and file felt that assault would result fatally. "Knowing

well that no man could count on escaping death, the soldiers, without sign of shrinking from the sacrifice, were seen quietly pinning on the breast of their blouses of blue slips of paper on which each had written his name!"[1] At this moment, the fearless Warren took the responsibility of disobeying the command of his superior, and sent word that the works could not be taken by a front assault. Meade relinquished the attempt, and withdrew his army that night across the Rapidan.

The regiment went into winter-quarters at Stony Mountain, near Stevensburg, just east of Culpeper. From this camp, Capt. Fiske wrote in December, —

"Did you ever see a big camp unroof itself, and get into marching order in about five minutes' time? doff its white canvas in early morning, as 'twere a nightcap? take in its sail by magic, like a great ship fearing a gale? At two, this A.M., we were all roused from our comfortable slumbers with the pleasant order to get our breakfasts, pack up our traps, and be ready to march at break of day. 'To hear is to obey,' under the sway of military authority. So, though the rain came down in a steady, persevering, business-like way, as if its day's work were laid out before it, and couldn't be postponed or interrupted for all the armies on the planet, when the time came, and the bugle sounded, down came the houses, and were soon folded up, all dripping and heavy, on the men's backs. Grumbling, but, on the whole, good naturedly, as all things of late are done in the Army of the Potomac, the boys were getting into line, ready for a hard, slippery, soaking march, no tent in the regiment left standing, save that of your humble servant, as chance was; when an aide came dashing up to the colonel, and informed him that the order to march was countermanded. With a rousing cheer all along our lines, off come the dripping packs, and on go the roofs to the houses again: our Camp, like magic, spreads her sails again, and we remain.

"The soldier, unlike the sailor, furls his canvas when he moves, and spreads it when he stops. Woe, this morning, to the improvident boys, who, in the thought of departure, have piled their cracker-box chairs and stools, and their sapling bedsteads, into the big fireplaces, and burned their pork-barrel chimneys, and, in many cases, the whole walls and frames of their houses, just to laugh at the bonfire! The laugh was on the other side of their mouth when the word was 'Stay!' and they had to go to work again in the rain to rebuild their houses out of the ruins.

"We build winter-quarters now immediately at every stopping-place, whether for three days or for months. It is surprising to see how quickly our boys will make themselves comfortable. In one day, six men with a hatchet or ax, and an hour's loan of the company spade, will build themselves a handsome and comfortable first-class, brown-front, mud-log residence, with all the modern soldier conveniences, turf-chimney included. Log-walls three or four feet high, plastered up with mud; four pieces of shelter-tent buttoned together over a sapling ridge-pole seven feet high, on

[1] Swinton's Army of the Potomac.

two forked stakes, constituting the roof, and two more buttoning in to fill up the gable-ends, — this is the house, nine feet by six, amply large for a half-dozen soldiers. The door and chimney are side by side on the same end, — the latter, built now usually of turf, laid up in a square or circular form, with two or three stakes driven in to keep it steady, and a pork-barrel set on the top to finish out the flue; the former (the door) not being built at all, but *left*, and a rubber blanket hung over, perhaps, to keep out the air. Inside, across one end, two and one-half feet high, a bunk of cedar-poles or pine will be laid across, wide enough for three men to occupy for a couch; and below on the ground, but kept from contact with the earth by saplings laid underneath, and covered over with cedar-boughs, is room for the other three. Thus, more than half of the front end of the room is left free to serve as a parlor and drawing-room; and still the sleeping apartments (in both stories) are ample; rifles, equipments, are slung under the ridge-poles, knapsacks chucked under the bunks. A cracker-box holds the crockery and loose provisions of the party. Two of them get the wood and water, one cooks, another washes the dishes, while the other two are most likely on guard or picket duty."

Life in winter-quarters here does not seem to have been very irksome. The days went by more peacefully and quietly than at any other time in the history of the Fourteenth. Here, for the first and last time, ladies, the wives and sisters of the officers, were allowed to visit camp. Pleasure-rides and balls were numerous; and the battles of these months were mostly with Cupid's arrows. The regiment had some of its most interesting engagements at this point. The presence of the ladies does not seem to have been demoralizing; for Capt. Fiske wrote, —

"Our camps are wonderfully improved by the rival edifices that are being prepared for the reception of the fair ones. Logs are piled up in all manner of fanciful shapes. Bits of boards command fabulous prices. More queer inventions for hinges and door-latches are gotten up than would be registered in the patent-office in a year. The streets are better policed than they were; more care is taken in setting out trees, and ornamenting our camps; and all our army cities and villages are neater and brighter in appearance, more free from nuisances, less noisy, and more civilized in all respects, for the presence of women in our midst. God bless them!"

During the winter, the Fourteenth lost one of its worthiest men in Lieut. Edward W Hart of Madison. He enlisted as a private from patriotic motives, went from the State as a corporal, and was made lieutenant in 1863. Capt. H. P Goddard wrote of him, "He was ever brave, prompt, and faithful, doing his duty as a true soldier. Especially did I note his gallant conduct at Chancellorsville, where he ren-

dered most efficient service. While his memory will remain green in our hearts for ever, we know that his soul is with the God to whom he clung amid all temptations."

It seemed to be decreed that the Fourteenth should never go many weeks without a fight; and now Warren's corps was directed to make a diversion along the Rapidan, while the cavalry went on a Quixotic raid to Richmond. On Feb. 7, 1864, the corps marched down to the river; when Gen. Aleck Hayes (God rest the soul of the brave old fighter!) swore that his division "must cross, and tackle the rebels." Caldwell, commanding in the absence of Warren, consented. The brigade containing the Fourteenth crossed the river at Morton's Ford at noon, with little opposition. The water was waist-deep and icy cold.

Col. T. G. Ellis commanded the brigade, and Lieut.-Col. S. A. Moore led the Fourteenth. From Col. Moore's report, the following is extracted: —

"As the regiment moved over the crest of the first hill, they opened a shell fire upon us; but their aim was a little too high. About half a mile from the ford, the regiment took up its position with the rest of the brigade, under the slope of a hill, and in rear of a small white house. Here we remained in line of battle, being occasionally shelled by the enemy, until about five o'clock, P.M. At this time the rebels made an attack upon our position; and this regiment was ordered out to the support of the skirmish-line, commanded by Col. Beard. The regiment advanced upon the enemy, deployed as skirmishers, and drove back their line of battle for upwards of half a mile, to a place where there were about a dozen small houses and out-buildings situated in a grove of trees. Here the enemy made a stand; and the regiment fought them hand to hand, in some cases using the bayonet, until the 108th New-York Volunteers and the battalion of the 10th New-York coming to our aid, enabled us to drive them from the buildings. We held this point for upwards of an hour, until ordered to withdraw to our former position, which we did, leaving a strong picket to keep the enemy from advancing while we were carrying off our dead and wounded. We brought off all of the dead and wounded whom we could find. At about eleven o'clock, P.M., we recrossed the river."

Capt. Fiske, writing of the fight at the buildings, said, "Our regiment, being at that time in the advance, and most gallantly pushed on by Lieut.-Col. Moore, who was constantly riding up and down the line in the hottest of the fire, directing and cheering on his men, suffered a very heavy loss. Pitchy darkness came on. The only light to direct the firing was that which poured out of the muzzles of the mus-

kets and of the cannon in the distance. Scarcely a semblance of a line could be preserved on either side. Men called out to each other in the darkness, and recognized each other as friend or foe by the State or regiment answered. Men were captured and recaptured and captured over again. Friends were killed by friends' fire. Men fired at each other in rooms of houses not a musket-barrel's length apart. The rebels were ejected, and driven to their intrenchments. The loss of the division was about two hundred and twenty-five; that of our regiment, just one-half of the whole loss.

"The conduct of all the officers, and of the men generally, is spoken of as being beyond all praise; especially that of Col. Moore, who had returned from leave of absence only the night before, and showed not only the most perfect coolness, and contempt of danger, which was only what we expected of him, but also great judgment and skill in the handling of his troops, as to which qualities he had not before been so thoroughly tested."

The regiment lost ten killed, eighty-six wounded, and nineteen prisoners. Among the killed were Color-Sergeant Amory Allen of Hartford, shot through the breast while bravely holding up the colors, Francis M. Norton of Guilford, Robert A. Chadwick of East Lyme, and Henry W Orcutt of Vernon. Major James B. Coit of Norwich was wounded in the leg. Capt. F. B. Doten of Bridgeport, while trying to capture a party of rebels in one of the houses, was himself taken prisoner.

St. Patrick's Day was made a holiday in the camp of the Fourteenth, and a literary entertainment was provided in the structure erected as a lecture-room. There were tableaux, ballad-singing, dialogues, excellent music by the band under the leadership of Louis Senglaube, and theatricals; "Jeff. Davis's dream" being performed by George H. Lillibridge, D. and F. Sprenkle, O. K. Tomlinson, W W Westover, and others having dramatic genius.

The First Connecticut Cavalry, under Major E. Blakeslee, remained at Annapolis Junction, Md., until March 15, when

they left for Brandy Station, Va. Here they reported to Gen. Pleasanton, and were assigned to the cavalry brigade of Gen. Davies, under Kilpatrick. They joined the army near Stevensburg, and went into camp. About April 1, Sergeant George A. Fish of Groton, by direction of Capt. John B. Morehouse, proceeded with fifteen men to patrol the road towards Fredericksburg. They were suddenly ambushed and surrounded by a large party of guerrillas, who ordered Sergeant Fish to surrender, which he did, seeing no chance of escape. But the rebels fired, wounding Sergeant Fish, Corporal Samuel E. Hurlbut, and Privates William Brown and Joseph McCormick, and killing the horses of two others, whom they took prisoners. Hurlbut and Brown escaped. Fish and McCormick were left on the ground almost dead. The rebels robbed them of every thing of value, and shot Sergeant Fish three or four times in the abdomen with his own revolver, which they had taken from his belt as he lay upon the ground. Fish was wounded *in twenty-one different places* with bullets and buck-shot, and yet, with a wonderful tenacity of life, he lived several days. His body was afterwards embalmed, and brought to Connecticut.

The regular picket detail of the regiment during this period amounted to about one-third its duty men, and was very severe; the tours being of three days each. Capt. Elbridge Colburn of Ansonia went on detached service to Ohio, and, on returning, died very suddenly of malignant erysipelas. He had been with the command since its first organization as a battalion, and had perhaps done as much hard service as any officer in the regiment. He was greatly lamented.

The regiment, since its growth from a battalion, was fortunate in having a chaplain, and doubly fortunate in the fact that the chaplain was Rev. Theodore J. Holmes. Mr. Holmes had left a thriving parish, — the church of East Hartford, where he was much esteemed, — and enlisted in the army as a private soldier. He was appointed chaplain of the First Cavalry. His piety was of a cheerful, hopeful, sunny sort; and he went with the regiment in its most

LT COL HIRAM APPELMAN
LT COL HENRY ALLEN
MAJ WM H MALLORY
CHAPLAIN H CLAY TRUMBULL
COL GEO P BISSELL
LT COL JNO H PURNHAM
DIVI BRIG GEN ERASTUS BLANCHARD

perilous service, calling on the men to crush the Slaveholders' Rebellion, as he would have called them to do any godly work. He was always helpful, — one of those chaplains, who, like Jacob Eaton, Hiram Eddy, and Henry Clay Trumbull, were never "in the way."

About June 1, Lieut. Edward W Whitaker was transferred from the Connecticut squadron in the New-York Harris Light Cavalry,[2] and made captain in the First Connecticut. He had borne an honorable part in the three-months' service as a corporal in Hawley's company, and then, enlisting in the Connecticut squadron, had served with his company in all the prominent cavalry raids of 1862 and 1863. In June, 1863, he was made first lieutenant for gallantry at Brandy Station, where his brother, Lieut. Daniel Whitaker, was killed leading a charge. He was detailed as an aide on Kilpatrick's staff, and went on the great raid in April, 1864, into the very fortifications of Richmond.

As the weeks wore away, and the graves of the dead grew green with grass and fragrant with flowers under the vernal sun, Grant took his stand at the side of Meade, in command of the unfortunate, but always strong and always eager, Army of the Potomac. By May 3, the great leader was ready to launch his blow against the Confederate right. At twelve o'clock that night, Wilson's cavalry division was saddled, and at sunrise of the 4th crossed the Rapidan at Germania Ford. Warren's corps followed closely during the forenoon. The cavalry pushed on, around the Confederate right; and the First Connecticut bivouacked at Parker's Store, south of the Wilderness. Next morning, near Craig's Church, the enemy appeared, and engaged them spiritedly;

[2] After the squadron joined the Harris Light Cavalry, it was no longer recognized by the War Department as a Connecticut organization. The officers were thereafter commissioned by the Executive of the State of New York. The regiment won honorable fame when the cavalry force was weak. Davies and Kilpatrick both won their first distinction as its officers. It was often and hotly engaged, — at Catlett's Station, Brandy Station, Martinsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg; always doing effective and honorable service. Capt. William M. Mallory of Hartford, who raised the squadron, became major of the regiment, a position which he filled with much credit. The following officers and men were also promoted, — Lieut. L. H. Southard of Hartford to be captain; Lieut. Marcus Coon of Waterbury to be captain; Second Lieut. J. N. Decker of Hartford to be first lieutenant; Sergeants Philo L. Ives of Hartford, Daniel Whitaker of Ashford, Frederick C. Lord of Naugatuck, and Augustus Martinson of Plymouth, and Corporal George Castle of Watertown, to be lieutenants. Lieut. Decker was killed in the advance to Falmouth in the spring of 1862, and Lieut. Whitaker fell at Brandy Station. Both were bold and skillful soldiers.

Lee pushing his whole army towards the Wilderness, to give battle before Grant could deploy on open ground. Major Blakeslee, in his report, says, "Major George O. Marcy of my regiment was sent with Companies C, L, I, and H, to reconnoiter on the enemy's right, on the Pamunkey Road. Capt. Leonard P Goodwin, with Companies F and B, was sent in the same direction by another road. They afterwards effected a junction, and returned only to find that the division had been driven back, and that a large body of the enemy had got in between them and the rest of the brigade. As the only chance of escape, Major Marcy ordered sabres drawn and a charge through the enemy, which feat was most gallantly accomplished. For a few moments, friend and foe were mingled in one confused mass, when Major Marcy and his command emerged, with a loss of six wounded and thirty-seven prisoners, including Lieuts. John Bristol and Levi E. Tyler of Company L. During this time, the remainder of the regiment was supporting a battery, being exposed to the enemy's shell, which fell thickly about us."

The brigade was withdrawn to Todd's Tavern, where it repulsed the enemy's charge, and held them in check until relieved by the Union infantry, now coming up.

The battle began in all its fury, and raged through this tangled forest. Col. Ellis of the Fourteenth was in command of a large brigade of nine regiments, which he was destined to lead during the coming struggles; leaving the regiment to Lieut.-Col. S. A. Moore. The regimental report says,—

"We turned northward, and marched to the cross-roads, about five miles west from Chancellorsville, formed by the junction of the plank road from Chancellorsville to Orange Court House, and the road upon which we marched. The firing was quite heavy when our brigade reached the scene of action. We were formed in line of battle immediately north of the cross-roads, and advanced into the woods, where we at once became engaged with the enemy. The Fourteenth was in the first line of battle, and behaved nobly; at one time executing a change of front under fire to repel an attack on our left. Before going into action, our force was twenty commissioned officers and three hundred and twenty-five enlisted men.

"The battle was resumed at daylight on the 6th. Our brigade advanced to the attack, and moved forward about half a mile through the woods, changing front towards the north-west, and crossing the plank road running westward from the cross-roads. Here the enemy was found in force. After being engaged in the front line until our ammunition was exhausted, the regiment was withdrawn to the second line until again supplied.

"In the early part of the afternoon, the enemy made a fierce and desperate assault upon our left flank, which was for some time resisted; but, our brigade being unsupported on the left, it was obliged to fall back beyond the north and south road before mentioned. During the rest of the afternoon, the regiment was placed in reserve near the road; being occasionally moved, as different points were threatened.

"In the evening, we were moved a short distance up the road, and were engaged most of the night in constructing breastworks along the west side of the road. Our force in this day's engagement was eighteen officers and three hundred enlisted men."

It is unnecessary to give here a full account of this unparalleled combat of the Wilderness. It was not a battle in the ordinary sense, but a mere desperate trial of strength. It admitted of no combinations or tactical movements: it was a deadly struggle, in which every regiment attacked straight in its front, with little thought of support or relief from any other. The fight was in "a dense undergrowth of low-limbed and scraggy pines, stiff and bristling chincapins, scrub-oaks, and hazel. It was a region of gloom and the shadow of death. Maneuvering here was necessarily out of the question, and only Indian tactics told. The troops could only receive direction by a point of the compass; for not only were the lines of battle entirely hidden from the sight of the commander, but no officer could see ten files on each side of him. Artillery was wholly ruled out of use: the massive concentration of three hundred guns stood silent; and only an occasional piece could be brought into play in the roadsides. Cavalry was still more useless. But in that horrid thicket there lurked two hundred thousand men, and through it lurid fires played; and, though no array of battle could be seen, there came out of its depths the crackle and roll of musketry, like the noisy boiling of some hell caldron, that told the dread story of death. There is something horrible yet fascinating in the mystery shrouding this strangest of battles ever fought, — a battle which no man could see, and whose progress could only be followed by the ear, as the sharp and crackling volleys of musketry and the alternate Union cheer and Confederate yell told how the fight surged and swelled. The battle lasted two days; yet such was the mettle of each combatant, that it decided nothing."[3]

[3] Swinton's Army of the Potomac.

But the result was such that Grant, with his eye ever on Richmond, moved off by the left on the night of May 7, and began his march to Spottsylvania.

The cavalry skirmished in the advance; and, on the morning of May 8, Company C of the First Connecticut opened the battle of Spottsylvania, — Lee having hastily withdrawn his army and flung it again in the path of his adversary, to exact a heavy toll in blood. Chaplain Holmes, who remained constantly with his regiment, wrote, —

"No opposition met us till within a mile of the place, when the rebel pickets were driven in, and a gun opened upon us, which was speedily silenced by one of our batteries. The town was then cleared out by a charge led by our regiment; after which, a considerable force dismounted and went into the woods, — the First Connecticut being in the advance. An hour's sharp skirmishing resulted in the rout of the enemy; but they soon returned re-inforced by infantry, when, the object of the reconnoisance being accomplished, the division retired. We were glad when the day closed, and there was promise of rest; but our blankets had hardly been spread upon the ground, after a meager evening meal, before orders came to prepare at once for a long and trying march, — whither no one knew, but every one guessed; instructions being given to leave behind every horse and every man unfit for the toughest of cavalry experience. The night was mostly spent in preparation, — the night whose rest we had so longed for; and by daylight we were off for Richmond, the whole cavalry corps being now together under Gen. Phil. Sheridan."

Again the two armies faced each other resolutely: one lying like a lion in the way; the other, undaunted, determined to pass on.

The official report of the Fourteenth Regiment continues, —

"On the 7th, 8th, and 9th, we were formed in line of battle at various points, changing our position more to the south-west. About dark on the evening of the 9th, we crossed the River Po near Mr. Giles Graves's house, and encamped for the night.

"The next morning our division recrossed the river, and went to the support of the 5th Corps. We marched by a circuitous route to the left,

where we lay for some time exposed to a heavy shell-fire in rear of part of the 5th Corps. Soon our brigade was in line of battle. We advanced over the line of breastworks behind which lay part of the corps we were supporting, and charged forward against the enemy.

"Our advance was through a tangled road, difficult to pass in order, dispersing our men, and obliging us to halt occasionally to re-form our line. To add to the difficulty, the woods were on fire for some distance over which we had to pass. At times the heat of the fire was suffocating. Our men, however, moved bravely forward, under cover of the woods, to within about fifty paces of the enemy's works, which opened upon us a galling fire. Unable to advance farther, we opened fire upon such of the enemy as could be seen, and maintained our position for about six hours, when, our ammunition being exhausted, we were relieved, and lay in the second line, still in front of the breastworks, all that night and the next day. Our force in this engagement was eleven officers and two hundred and twenty enlisted men.

"About midnight we marched eastward, with our corps, to the right of the rebel position; when, about daylight on the 12th, an assault was made upon the enemy's works. We were in the second line, and passed over the rebel intrenchments directly after a portion of the 1st Division, which preceded us. We captured a great number of prisoners, which we sent to the rear in charge of Capt. James R. Nichols. We pursued the flying enemy for about a quarter of a mile, when I found our men becoming scattered, our colors in advance of any other troops, and the fire from the enemy's second line of works becoming serious. The rebels had also rallied, and were advancing a line of battle in our front. I therefore ordered our men to fall back to the first line of works. In this first line were the enemy's cannon, which were all captured. Many of these guns were turned on the enemy. Two of them were worked by the men of the Fourteenth, under the direction of Lieut.-Col. Moore and Lieut. J. Frank Morgan. These guns were drawn off by our men. Our force in this engagement was eight commissioned officers and two hundred enlisted men.

"The regiment was afterwards moved to the left during the day, and lay in the rebel intrenchments all night.

"The 13th and 14th were passed in the same vicinity, with slight changes of position. About dark on the evening of the 14th, our brigade was marched westward to another line of rifle-pits, to resist an expected attack. The Fourteenth remained in the works in line of battle. On the night of the 17th, the regiment being on picket, it was formed into a skirmish-line, with some two or three other regiments, and advanced upon the enemy's position. The whole of the 18th was passed upon the skirmish-line, the regiment being at times under a shell-fire, but meeting with no casualties. We were relieved at night."

On May 17, the Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery, under Col. Elisha S. Kellogg, under orders to join Meade's army as infantry, moved out from the forts opposite Washington, and bivouacked that evening just outside of Alexandria. Next morning, they embarked on transports to Belle Plaine, arriving towards nightfall, and bivouacking among the bushes in a heavy rain. The regiment marched to Fredericksburg, met the wounded from the Wilderness, and hurried forward to the front.

When near Spottsylvania, the regiment, now about sixteen hundred strong, and probably larger than any other regiment under Meade at the time, was assigned to the 2d (Upton's) Brigade, 1st Division, of the 6th Corps, under the gallant Major-Gen. Sedgwick. On the 21st, they were placed in breastworks before the enemy for the first time.

Gen. Robert O. Tyler, formerly of the First Connecticut, commanded an independent division of foot-artillerists on the extreme right, and was posted on an important position. "Ewell crossed the Ny River above the right flank, and, moving down, seized the Fredericksburg Road, and laid hands on the ammunition-train coming up. Tyler promptly met this attack, and succeeded in driving the enemy from the road and into the woods beyond. The foot-artillerists had not been before in battle; but it was found, that, once under fire, they displayed an audacity surpassing even the old troops. In these murderous wood-fights, the veterans had learned to employ all the Indian devices that offered shelter to the person; but these green battalions, unused to this kind of craft, pushed boldly on, firing furiously. Their loss was heavy; but the honor of the enemy's repulse belongs to them."[4]

"Carleton," of the Boston Journal, wrote of this fight, in which the Union troops were so completely surprised, —

"Gen. Tyler, who commanded the division of heavy artillery, called upon his men to move against the enemy. The troops never had been under fire. They had arrived, some of them, only the day before. They hesitated. Gen. Tyler rode to Tannatt's brigade, composed of the 1st Massachusetts and 1st Maine.

"'The sons of Maine and Massachusetts are not cowards!' shouted the general. 'No! no!' was the response. 'Follow me, then!'

"Away they went with a cheer. They came within musket-range, and the contest began, — Ewell's old veterans on the one hand, and the troops who till last week had not handled a musket, on the other. The heavy artillery knew little about infantry tactics, of handling muskets, of loading and firing; but they poured in their volleys — no, not volleys; but each man loaded a piece, irrespective of all orders. It was a continuous roll.

"Meanwhile the rest of Tyler's division — four regiments; one from New York, one from Pennsylvania, one from Wisconsin, and one from Rhode Island — joined, and the contest became more furious.

"The 2d Corps, which was near at hand, was swung round to form a second line; but, before it could be brought into action, the heavy

[4] Swinton's Army of the Potomac.

artillery had repulsed the rebels. It was a short, sharp, decisive engagement. It was particularly marked by the stubbornness of our men. Gen. Hunt, commanding the artillery, was early on the ground, and brought eight guns into position, four of them of Hart's regular battery. The rebel loss was quite severe, as was our own. We took several hundred prisoners, probably six hundred.

"The result has had a great effect on the army, raising its spirits to the highest pitch. Gen. Meade issued a congratulatory order this morning to the heavy artillery, which was received with cheers by the troops."

For two weeks, Grant, persistent, and contemptuous of maneuvering, had stoutly hammered away at the intrenchments of Lee upon the Spottsylvania crest. Hancock had made a breach, and captured Johnson's whole rebel division of four thousand men, with twenty guns and thirty colors, after one of the most terrific and deadly struggles in the history of warfare. In this, as has been seen, the Fourteenth took a gallant part. Yet the success was not a victory, for Lee still maintained a stubborn front. The cost had been frightful. Not less than forty thousand of Grant's army had been placed *hors de combat*.

In the midst of the battle, fell Major-Gen. John Sedgwick of Connecticut, the beloved chief of the 6th Corps, one of the most tried and trusted leaders in the army.

In the mean time, while Grant was pounding away at the rebel front, Sheridan was charging gallantly around the rebel rear, doing infinite mischief. The First Connecticut had already been partially armed with Spencer rifles and Sharp's carbines, in place of the old Smith's, and was now called upon to use them almost every day. On the night of the 9th, the column bivouacked on the North Anna; next night, on the South Anna; and, on the 11th, met Stuart's cavalry at Yellow Tavern. The First Connecticut was drawn up as a support, but was not called to the front. The enemy was routed by Custer's Michigan brigade;[5] and the celebrated rebel leader, J. E. B. Stuart, was killed. Chaplain Holmes wrote, —

"After this, we marched along without interruption, on the main pike to Richmond; and when within three miles of the city, our division being in the advance, took a road for Meadow Bridge, *en route* for the Peninsula.

[5] In this famous brigade was a regiment led by Col. Edward M. Lee, a native of Guilford, Conn. He was brevetted brigadier-general for gallantry. — See Appendix.

About daylight, we were proceeding quietly, — the whole command nearly exhausted from want of food and rest; many sleeping in the saddle, — when a shot, so heavy we knew it must have come from the fortifications by the city, revealed to us that we were in a decidedly perilous locality. A severe fight ensued with the rebel cavalry, in which the First Connecticut was heavily engaged, resulting in a rebel defeat; when we retired out of reach of the heavy guns of their intrenchments. One of our men, killed by a 24-pounder as the regiment was drawn up in line of battle in an open field, we buried under a wide-spreading tree, and during the brief service a shell burst very near us. From our position upon an eminence, we could witness a fierce struggle in the plains below."

At Meadow Bridge there was a spirited fight, in which Custer's brigade again made a magnificent charge, and took the bridge. The force crossed and bivouacked. Chaplain Holmes says, "We had a soft bed that night, — our regiment, at least, — the ploughed ground where we halted being well soaked with the rain, which fell steadily till morning; but though we lay in the mud, with no shelter but such as was afforded by rubber blankets, our rest was as sweet as good friends at home were enjoying in their comfortable beds."

Next day, they proceeded to the James, and communicated with Butler. On the 17th, they started to return, crossed the Chickahominy, marched to Baltimore Cross-roads, and thence on the 22d to White House, to order up supplies. From this point they returned, and renewed connections with the main army.

Grant had now four corps, — the 2d, under Hancock; the 5th, under Warren; the 6th, in command of which Major-Gen. H. G. Wright[6] succeeded Sedgwick; and the 9th, under Burnside. Finding the "hammering" policy too expensive and too slow, he now[7] swung his army again to the left, in what the rebels derisively called "the crab movement," and flanked the impregnable position. Lee evacuated his works simultaneously, and swept southward; and another race began on parallel roads to Richmond.

Hancock first marched out on the extreme left, moving towards Fredericksburg, and then turning south along the railroad. On the 21st, he reached Milford Station, seventeen miles from the point of starting.

[6] A native of Orange, Conn. — See Appendix. [7] June 20.

Col. Ellis of the Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers says in his official report, —

"On Sunday the 22d, we were again engaged in skirmishing with the enemy's cavalry, near Milford Station. About eleven, A.M., on the 24th, we moved across the North Anna River, and were engaged most of the day in a severe skirmish with the enemy. Our line advanced, and drove the rebel skirmishers about half a mile, across a wheat-field on the left, and through the woods on the right. We were relieved at night, with our ammunition entirely expended. Our force this day was seven commissioned officers and a hundred and eighty-five enlisted men.

The next morning, the regiment was again moved to the front, and was engaged all day in throwing up intrenchments. On the 26th, about seven, P.M., the Fourteenth, with two other regiments, was ordered to advance, and drive the enemy from their advanced works on the left of our position; which they did in gallant style, after a terrific struggle which lasted until dark. The strength of the regiment engaged in this encounter was eight officers and a hundred and sixty-five enlisted men."

The Second Artillery had also made a forced and severe march with the 6th Corps, and arrived at the North Anna on the 23d, greatly exhausted. One hundred and twenty men were, however, detailed for picket, and sent across the river. Next morning, the regiment crossed with the corps, and the advance was occupied in skirmishing. Near here, Henry Colby of Goshen was killed. The 6th Corps was not heavily engaged. On the 25th, the Second Artillery destroyed several miles of the railroad, while Hancock's corps at Hanover Junction was attempting to push the rebels from the river.

On the 25th, the whole army was compelled by the admirable position taken by Lee, and the tenacity with which he held it at his center, to recross the North Anna, and march down the Pamunkey, by a flank movement, again to the left towards Cold Harbor. The 6th Corps was in the advance; Sheridan clearing the way with cavalry.

Gen. John Sedgwick was born in Cornwall Hollow, Litchfield County, Sept. 13, 1813. His lineage was illustrious. A remote ancestor, Robert Sedgwick, — removed six generations, — was one of the noble Puritans who struck such sturdy blows for the rights of the people, while marching under the banner of Oliver Cromwell. In that band of heroes, he attained the rank of major-general. John Sedgwick, grand-

father of the subject of this sketch, was a major in the Revolutionary army, and was one of those who stood firm at Valley Forge. On returning at the close of the war, he was made major-general of the militia; and his patriotic neighbors assembled, and built him a house upon the ashes of the homestead which the "peace-men" had burned as soon as he left for the war. He afterwards often represented the town in the General Assembly.

John Sedgwick was a generous, manly, vigorous boy, born to command. At the age of twenty, he entered the military academy at West Point, graduating in 1837. As lieutenant of artillery, he served through the inglorious Seminole War; then upon the northern frontier during the Canadian troubles; and, when slaveholders plunged us in the war with Mexico, he was ordered to the more active service. Here his native intrepidity and military genius began to develop themselves. In many a hot fight, his gallantry was conspicuous. At Contreras and Churubusco and Chapultepec, he obtained the reputation of the bravest of the brave. Promotion rapidly followed merit. In 1855, he obtained the rank of major in the 1st United-States Cavalry.

In 1860, Major Sedgwick was engaged in the construction of Fort Wise in the vicinity of Pike's Peak. He was a Democrat in politics; but he loved his country far better than party; and, when war broke out, he threw himself into the struggle for the Union with all the earnestness of his nature. He was appointed to succeed Robert E. Lee as colonel of the 4th Regular Cavalry. Henceforth, his fame was national; for he was found wherever blows fell heaviest and fastest, and where danger was most imminent. According to the statement of the Prince de Joinville and of Gen. Richardson, the skill, energy, and bravery of Sedgwick, then brigadier-general, was mainly instrumental in rescuing victoriously our army imperiled by a false position at Fair Oaks. Gen. Richardson says, —

"In half an hour more, our column would have been cut in two, which would have secured the defeat of our army. The danger was imminent. But the division of Gen. Sedgwick, advancing at quick time, came up at the critical moment, and formed in line of battle in the edge of the wood, at the skirt of a large, open field. At this point, commencing a fire of

anister-shot upon the head of the column from his twenty-four pieces, e staggered it; and the division, then moving down in line of battle, wept the field, recovering much of our lost ground."

At the bloody battle of Antietam, Gen. Sedgwick was in he thickest of the fight. Twice he was wounded while ttempting to rally his troops and hold them firm where ullets and grape swept their ranks like hail-stones. Faint om loss of blood, he was at length borne in an almost senseess condition from the field. His wounds were scarcely ealed, ere he was again in the saddle and on the field. The houts of his troops welcomed their beloved commander ack to the campaign of Chancellorsville.

Gen. Hooker knew well whom to trust for any adventure hich required the bravery of desperation, and the pruence of the coolest brain. To him and his renowned comnand — the 6th Corps — was assigned the part to storm nd hold the hights of Fredericksburg. Heroically the galant exploit was achieved.

As Sedgwick entered upon this, one of the most thrilling adventures of the war, he said to his men, "Soldiers, he occasion demands that each regiment should perform he work of a brigade."

His men were worthy of their leader. They knew how o appreciate their general, who was every inch a soldier. His courage, his quick eye, his prompt judgment, his energetic action, his sympathy for his men, and the self-sacrifice vith which he shared their toils and hardships, won for him hat strongest of almost all earthly love, — a soldier's heart.

Sedgwick was never married; but he was as affectionate nd tender as a woman. His fondness for his home, and his ove for his ancestral acres, were with him almost a passion.)ne day, standing upon his doorstep, he looked around upon he pleasing landscape before him, hallowed by all the associations of childhood, and exclaimed, "Is there another pot on earth so beautiful as Cornwall Hollow?"

As a soldier, he was a man of few words, but of great leeds. Quiet, unobtrusive, unambitious, he excited little envy; while all were ready to do homage to his virtues and his genius. Twice he was offered the command of the Army of the Potomac, and twice he refused it.

In the battles of the Wilderness, Sedgwick took a prominent part. On Monday, May 9, at Spottsylvania, he was surveying the ground to find a good position to post his troops. The bullet of a rebel sharpshooter whizzed over his head. He quietly remarked, "They can not hit us at such a distance," and went on with his reconnoissance. The next shot was fatal. The bullet struck him just beneath the left eye, and passed through his head. He fell dead without a struggle or a pang.

Swinton, in the Army of the Potomac, says, "Sedgwick was the exemplar of steadfast, soldierly obedience to duty: singularly gentle and childlike in character, he was scarcely more beloved in his own command than throughout the army. The loss of this lion-hearted soldier caused the profoundest grief among his comrades. The army felt it could better have afforded to sacrifice the best division."

The remains of the hero were conveyed tenderly to his friends in Cornwall, escorted by Gov. Buckingham, our delegation in Congress, and other public officers. The legislature proposed a public funeral; but it did not accord with the feelings of the family that one whose life was so simple should be buried in any other way than quietly from the home he loved.

The funeral ceremonies were solemnized in Cornwall, May 15. Thousands attended from all the surrounding towns; and his pall-bearers were near neighbors, who had known him from a boy. Rev. Charles Wetherby of the village church preached an appropriate sermon. The body was enshrouded in the American flag. No military salute was fired above his grave; but, as the body was lowered to its last resting-place, a peal of thunder like the roar of distant artillery reverberated along the heavens, sounding the requiem. And the tired soldier rested.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The First Connecticut Cavalry. — Severe Service. — Battle of Ashland. — Brilliant Personal Encounter. — Bravery and Losses. — Battle of Cold Harbor. — Charge of the Second Connecticut Artillery. — Terrible Losses. — Death of Col. E. S. Kellogg. — Casualties of the Fourteenth. — The Charge of June 3. — Losses of the Eighth, Eleventh, and Twenty-first Connecticut. — Death of Col. Burpee and Major Converse. — Organization of the Thirtieth Connecticut.

O sooner had Grant moved his army south-eastward, down the Pamunkey, than Lee withdrew south-eastward along the front of its right flank. The Union cavalry corps was sent to the right to delay the movement of the rebels. During the day and night of the 31st, the First Connecticut was for eighteen hours on the dismounted skirmish-line, near Hanover Court House. About dark, as they were exchanging occasional shots, a general advance was ordered. "We had the left of the brigade-line," said Major Blakeslee, "and charged rapidly up hill, under a heavy fire. We pushed the enemy at every point, and stood on the line all night, without relief." The fatigue and hunger of the men were hardly diminished by the compliment of Gen. McIntosh, commanding the brigade, "I must have a regiment on the left that I can trust: the First Connecticut must stay all night."

At dawn next morning, the regiment advanced again towards Ashland. It was out of ammunition; and Major Blakeslee sent a detail to obtain a supply. They returned in two hours, having been unable to find the ammunition-train. Another was sent out, returning about noon with the same report. The major then sent Lieut. Henry T. Phillips, with instructions not to return without ammunition. That energetic officer obtained forty rounds to a man. The

regiment, having been in front the day before, was now guarding the trains, and did not expect a fight. But the troops behind were diverted to another road, without warning Major Blakeslee to put out a rear guard.

The rebels fell back rapidly in front, and the column advanced; the First having been ordered simply to "support and protect the battery," which was pushing along ahead of the regiment. Suddenly the enemy charged upon the rear of the regiment, among the servants and pack-animals. A terrible panic ensued; the led horses plunging through the ranks, and making great confusion. A wild rush followed; and instantly the whole road was jammed full of a struggling mass of terrified horses and mules (many of them loose), and mounted servants and soldiers, surging forward away from the furiously firing and yelling rebels in the rear. All regimental and company order was lost. Brave, cool men were driven along in the rush with panic-stricken ones; and the only impulse seemed to be to get away. Major Blakeslee, by the aid of his powerful horse, forced a passage towards the rear, and shouted, "Open right and left, and let the train through! Form line in the woods, on both sides!" Most of the men struggled to obey, and quickly the road was cleared. An irregular line was formed on both sides. A rapid, well-directed volley checked the enemy; and a spirited countercharge, by a few men, drove them back upon their reserves, — a brigade of rebel cavalry, under Fitzhugh Lee, now concentrated there. In this charge, Major Blakeslee had a personal encounter with one of the rebel horsemen. He wrote in a private letter, —

"I was somewhat in advance of my men. The sudden dash of the horses had somehow — I have no distinct idea how — brought this rebel and myself side by side. He was a little in advance of his men, and we met about midway between the opposing troops. He was so near, that I could have laid my hand on his shoulder, when he thrust the muzzle of his pistol three or four inches from my right side, and snapped the cap. It missed. As quick as thought, I raised my pistol to his left side, and fired. He fell from his horse, and died instantly. I saw his pistol drop from his grasp to the ground; and I did what, in a cooler moment, I should not have done, — in the midst of bullets, I leaped from my horse, snatched the pistol, sprang on again, and led his horse to my men. I gave the animal to Sergeant Stephen N. Hinman of Woodstock, who, fighting near me, had had his horse shot under him; but I kept the revolver as a trophy.

The whole occupied but a few seconds. How narrow an escape I had may best be realized from the fact, that, before I was wounded, I fired every chamber of that revolver; and the last one, the same that had been snapped at me, I fired at the man who wounded me, and that, too, without changing the cap."

Capt. Leonard P Goodwin, commanding the rear squadron, fought bravely, ever foremost in the charge, and efficient in rallying the men. He was placed in command at this point, while Major Blakeslee galloped forward to the cross-roads to rally for another stand. Capt. Addison G. Warner now returned at full speed with the absent squadron, having been attracted by the firing. They had barely time to form in line, when back rushed Capt. Goodwin's men, swept like chaff before an overwhelming number. The rebels charged down two of the roads on Warner's position; but the Spencer carbine did the work. The squadron stood splendidly, and resisted the onset, and turned it back. Many saddles were emptied, and the horsemen took to the woods discomfited. Down the road, in another minute, charged another rushing, yelling mass; but their fury was caught on the trusty carbine, and a score of yells ended with the death-rattle. Lieut. Charles E. Briggs was struck by a ball on the temple, and knocked from his horse, — a wound from which he has never fully recovered. Lieuts. W E. Phillips, E. M. Neville, and E. B. Dyer were wounded. Capt. Warner was shot through the body. Though mortally wounded, he kept his saddle, and continued to rally and cheer on his men with determined and extraordinary courage. He soon received another wound, when, faint from loss of blood, he fell from his horse, and died gloriously. Major Marcy now took command of this line, to resist another body of rebel cavalry rushing down; while Major Blakeslee stationed Color-Sergeant Samuel Whipple, with the regimental colors, still farther back, and there rallied another line of battle; when Marcy was shortly driven again.

In this rapid and fierce way of fighting on a run, the regiment formed eight or ten distinct lines, breaking each charging rebel squadron, which, as it became disorganized by the volleys, scattered to the woods, and swarmed upon the flanks. So, as long as the woods continued, it was impossible to

charge in return, or to stand long in a place, for fear of being surrounded. By this time, the favorite battery and the trains were out of the way, saved by the persistent courage of a hundred men.

As pursued and pursuers came out into the open fields, the First Cavalry formed to charge, under a scattering fire in front and flank. At this juncture, Major Blakeslee was severely wounded in the arm and side, and was unable to join. With a shout, the troops dashed away, headed by Capt. Joseph Backus. The little handful pressed forward into the very midst of the enemy, driving them some distance. Lieut. Uriah N. Parmelee of Guilford resolved to capture a rebel battle-flag flaunting in front. He rode far in advance of any of his men, and got so near the flag, that he reached out his hand to grasp it, when a rebel soldier snatched it from the color-bearer, and held it beyond Parmelee's reach. Parmelee wheeled his horse, and escaped unhurt. For his bravery in this action, he was promoted to be captain.

The regiment was soon driven back, or forward, upon the brigade-line, when the rebels charged again in force; and it took the united exertions of all the cavalry and the gunners, with guns double-shotted with canister, to drive them permanently back.

Major Blakeslee remounted as soon as his wound was dressed, and remained in the saddle until two o'clock the next morning, but so weak the latter part of the time as to need the support of his orderly's arm. He had eaten nothing for sixty hours. On coming to a halt, he was placed in an ambulance, where he was next day mustered in as lieutenant-colonel. A few days afterwards, his colonel's commission came. In the mean time, the regiment was commanded by Major Marcy, who had behaved most gallantly in the Ashland fight.

Capt. Addison G. Warner enlisted as a private in the three-months' service, and, on returning, taught a private school in Putnam, where he married. He attained much popularity and success as a teacher; exhibiting tact, enthusiasm, and patience combined. But the call to the field was

irresistible; and, having recruited more than one hundred men for the First Cavalry, he was commissioned captain in January, 1864. He was constitutionally and from principle a brave man. Sergeant Alexander McDonald of Norfolk, who assisted him on the field after he was wounded, writes the following thrilling account: —

"I was only a few feet from him when the rebels came charging upon us, and could hear his calm, bold tone of command, 'Stand fast, boys! Give it to them!' When numbers forced us to retire, and brave Major Blakeslee rallied us again, I saw Capt. Warner standing about a dozen yards in front of the regiment. I rode up, and asked him what he was doing there. He said, 'Mac, I'm wounded in the shoulder.' I urged him to go to the rear. He refused. There was no time for words; for the regiment swept forward again, and we with them. The captain, regardless of his wound, was again foremost in the fight, and held his ground when it became a hand-to-hand contest. We were for a moment separated; when Sergeant Wheeler called out, 'Mac, captain's wounded.' In a moment, I was at his side. His first wound was through his body, close under his shoulder: that he did not seem to mind. The next broke his leg below the knee, and he was unsteady in the saddle. Wheeler caught him as we turned him around, — almost by force; for he insisted on facing the enemy. We had gone but a few steps, when another ball struck him in his thigh, severing an artery. He was in possession of all his faculties; but he did not betray pain. A moment more, and a ball passed through his head, coming out at the left temple; but even this did not cause instant death. He was now very weak; and I had my arm around him, trying to guide the horses with the other. We struck a tree, which separated us; and he fell. His foot caught in the stirrup, and he was dragged some distance, until the horse, by kicking, disengaged him. We rallied, drove the rebels back, and brought the captain off. I took his head on my lap, and asked him if he knew me. 'Yes, — Mac,' said he. 'Oh, my poor wife and child!' And then his face would change, and he would cry, 'Rally, boys! — rally for the old flag!' When we dug the grave to bury our heroic commander, the bullets flew like hail."

Capt. Warner, says Col. Blakeslee, was "brave to a fault, active, energetic, and faithful: he was also in a peculiar manner the friend of his men. He spared no labor for them, and secured a remarkably strong hold upon their confidence and esteem. His loss was sincerely mourned in the regiment."

Color-bearer Samuel S. Whipple of Preston was shot through the body, and instantly killed, while he was standing in the middle of the road in the hottest of the fight. Wrote the colonel, "He was a brave, faithful man, and carried his colors as proudly and coolly in the heat of battle as on parade. Let his name be remembered with honor!"

Private Walter Pierpont of New Haven was also particularly cool and brave, and fell mortally wounded in the fury of a charge.

Chaplain Theodore J. Holmes won a distinguished name by his bravery that day, — a reputation which he always afterwards maintained. He assisted in rallying the men, and holding them to the fight; and while, with his hand uplifted, he was exhorting the men to "stand for the honor of Connecticut," he was shot through the wrist by a pistol-ball.

Capt. Edward W Whitaker was at this time upon the staff of Major-Gen. Wilson; and he wrotc home, "This Ashland fight has become the crowning one in establishing the reputation of the First Connecticut. In the camp-talk. the greatest compliments are paid to the gallantry of both officers and men. The chaplain's coolness and bravery are noted as remarkable."

Gen. Wilson afterwards wrote to Col. Blakeslee, "Your regiment first attracted my attention by its gallantry and steadiness at Ashland Station. Upon this occasion, it exhibited the highest qualities of courage and efficiency, and succeeded in holding the enemy in check until the rest of the brigade could get into position."

As Lee fell back along shorter lines, he was enablcd still to kecp in front of Grant, and cover Richmond. The Confederatc army was soon drawn up on the north bank of thc Chickahominy stream, having its front obstructed by thickets, and cut up by marshes. Grant's dépôt of supplies had been changed from Fredericksburg to White House on the Pamunkey. Gen. W F. Smith, with his 18th Corps and a division of the 10th, — in all sixteen thousand men, — had re-inforced the Union army from the Army of the James.

At eight, P.M., of the 26th, commenced the hardest march the Second Artillery ever had before or afterwards, continuing through the cntire night, with occasional ten-minute rcsts, crossing the Pamunkey near Hanover Town, and halting, at noon of thc 27th, within fifteen miles of Richmond. Sergeant Henry P. Milford of Cornwall was

sent out in charge of the pickets. The 5th Corps and the 9th under Burnside, which had joined the army at Spottsylvania, followed the 6th closely; and Hancock's 2d brought up the rear. The Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers crossed the Pamunkey at four, P.M., of the 28th, and remained for two days near the river with slight changes of position.

On the night of the 31st, Wright's 6th Corps was detached from the extreme right of the army, and directed on Cold Harbor, which had now become a point of strategic value. Lee, detecting the movement, and divining its purpose, sent Longstreet from his own left to seize the roads in front of Cold Harbor. The movement and dispositions were rapidly made; so that when Wright and Smith arrived, on June 1, the rebels were behind earthworks in the edge of a thick wood, approachable only across an open plain several hundred yards in width.

The Second Connecticut Artillery, fighting as infantry, was disposed in three lines as follows: Companies A, B, E, and K, forming the first battalion, under Major James Hubbard; Companies D, F, I, and M, the second, under Major James Q. Rice; and Companies C, H, G, and L, the third, under Major William B. Ells; the whole under Col. Kellogg. The regiment lay in mass under shelter of a hastily-constructed breastwork, about four hundred yards distant from the front line of the enemy, whose sharpshooters and artillery kept up a constant fire from the direct and oblique points. The Second, though never in battle, was assigned to lead the brigade of veterans.

At five o'clock, the order to charge is heard; and the regiment, fourteen hundred strong, springs into line. Bayonets are fixed; but no caps are on the muskets, which are at port. Out into the open space, and steadily forward on the quick step, press the men, towards a re-entering angle of the frowning fortification, where a battery is blazing. From the moment the charge commences, they are under an irregular fire. They dash across an open field into a growth of pines, emerging again into a partial opening. The rebel fire increases here; men fall at the right and left; cannon-shot roar, and bullets whistle: yet on sweep the battalions un-

flinchingly as if composed of the veterans of a hundred fights. Lieut.-Col. James Hubbard says in his official report, "The rebel fire brought men to the ground in every part of the line, and in all the battalions. The ranks, however, were instantly closed. The enemy vacated his first line on our approach, and retired to his second. The first battalion came up to that with a momentum which would have carried it over, had not its progress been arrested by a strong abatis of pine-boughs. A terrific musketry-fight ensued, lasting for half an hour."

The abatis completely stopped for a time the advance of the regiment; and, when it was reached, the rebels opened a terribly destructive fire from their intrenchments not more than five rods distant. Two hundred rebel prisoners were captured by the first battalion, and sent to the rear.

The second battalion, about thirty rods behind the first, and the third just behind the second, lay down, and sought whatever protection the irregularities of the ground afforded. The rebels plied the position with musketry, and swept it with grape and canister. Major Ells was wounded, almost by the first fire. Col. Kellogg, proud of his men, but fearful lest they might shrink in their first encounter, was in advance of the foremost line, his towering and conspicuous form making him a target for the bolts of the enemy; and he, too, fell in the very beginning of the fight, pierced with a dozen bullets. He was a model soldier, whose equal the regiment never before or afterwards saw.

There were no Union troops upon the left; and the Confederates in that direction and in front poured a concentrated cross-fire upon the wood where this regiment lay. Every foot of ground seemed to be in the precise range of musket or cannon; and within the first ten minutes a hundred of the first battalion were killed or wounded. Capt. Luman Wadhams was killed. The companies in front became disorganized and broken by the horrible fire which they could neither resist nor endure; and the shattered fragments crept back to cover, near where the other battalions were lying. Only half of them returned, however; for they left nearly two hundred bleeding on the ground.

This position, within forty rods of the rebel parapet, was firmly held by the regiment, and quietly intrenched. The front was strewn thickly with the dead; and the wounded lay all night calling for help and for water, — calls which could be heeded only at the imminent risk of adding to their number. Next morning, the Unionists strengthened their advance position, and made another charge; when the rebels retreated to intrenchments twenty rods still farther south. The Second advanced, and occupied the vacated line, remaining in possession until a new movement was ordered.

The sufferings and exposures of the Second Connecticut Artillery and the Fourteenth had been very severe. Col. Ellis reported on June 7, "The strength of the regiment is at present seven commissioned officers and one hundred and sixty enlisted men. The present campaign has thus far been a severe one. Since its commencement to the present time, the regiment has been in line of battle, and under fire, almost every day. At night, we have almost invariably bivouacked in line, prepared for an attack. The fatigues and exposure of the night-marches, and continual encounters with the enemy, have been extraordinary; but the officers and men of this regiment have met them nobly and uncomplainingly, cheerfully bearing all the hardships they have been called upon to endure. Among the officers especially noticed for their gallantry in the various actions in which they have been engaged, I would mention the names of Lieut.-Col. S. A. Moore and Adjutant William B. Hincks."

Adjutant Hincks was especially marked for his bravery, capturing personally two battle-flags by riding in advance of the regiment. He was soon promoted to be major, *vice* Major J. B. Coit, who, having received a severe wound, resigned.

Since leaving winter-quarters at Stony Mountain, six weeks before, with barely three hundred and forty-five officers and men, the Fourteenth had lost one hundred and sixty-five in killed and wounded, — more than forty-five per cent. Of these, three officers (Capt. Fiske and Lieuts. Wadhams and Schalk) and twenty-three enlisted men were dead. Among the wounded were Lieut.-Col. S. A. Moore, Major J. B. Coit,

and Lieuts. William Murdock, Robert Russell, Newell P. Rockwood, L. F. Norton, Samuel H. Seward, and George H. Lillibridge.

Capt. Samuel Fiske of Madison was one of the most brilliant of the sons of Connecticut killed in the war. He was born at Shelburne, Mass., in 1828. He was early taught self-reliance; and maintained himself through Amherst College (the youngest and smallest student), graduating with the second honors of his class. He held the post of tutor for three years, studying meanwhile for the ministry, and then went abroad. On his return, his letters to the Springfield Republican were collected, and published in a volume entitled Experiences in Foreign Parts. By Dunn Browne. It was the most witty, genial, and sparkling volume of the year. Professor Tyler of Amherst, in a memorial address, said of Fiske when he first began to preach, "His sermons were full of thought, full of illustration, suggestive, and impulsive to a rare degree. They were also inwardly charged, nigh unto bursting, with wit and humor. He could not always keep his wit and genius out of his prayers. His prayers were not like any other man's prayers: his sermons were not like any other person's sermons. He was a manifest and marked original." He was afterwards settled in Madison, near New Haven, where he was much beloved for his ingenuousness, his great ability, and his consecration to his work. When the second call for troops came, he felt that it was for him; left his pulpit, and enlisted as a private in the Fourteenth. He was soon chosen lieutenant, and promoted to be captain. He insisted that the care of his men was the first duty of an officer, and he honored the theory in practice. Never shrinking from service in camp or field, he yet found time to be an historian, as well as a hero of the campaigns, and photographed the most striking scenes in a series of letters to the Springfield Republican, which, for truth and faithfulness, wit and humor, burlesque and pathos, strangely intermingled, have no superior in all the journalistic literature of the war.[1]

Capt. Fiske fell at the head of his company, shot through

[1] These are republished in a piquant volume entitled Dunn Browne in the Army, remarkable for its graphic pictures of soldier-life.

the collar-bone and top of the right lung. He rode on horseback to the hospital, — a mile to the rear, — and thence was borne to Fredericksburg. Those who loved him best were summoned to his side; and, amid the tears of his friends and associates, he gently breathed his last, just at the close of the holy Sabbath, when stillness reigned, and Nature seemed to be paying him a last tribute of respect.

When a chill came over him, which he took to be the last, he said to his brother, "Asa, do you think heaven comes right off? I shall soon know all about it." On the morning of his death, he greeted his sister with the salutation, "To-day I shall get my marching orders: well, I am ready."

Lieut. Frederick E. Schalk of Norwich died in the hospital at Fredericksburg, of wounds received at Spottsylvania. He was in the three-months' service, and afterwards rose from the ranks to first lieutenant in the Fourteenth. He was vigorous and energetic, yet buoyant in his disposition, always at his post, smiling at hardship, and meeting peril with defiant courage.

Lieut. Henry W Wadhams was one of three stalwart, manly brothers, sons of Edwin Wadhams of Litchfield, all of whom enlisted in the service, and were killed in battle. Henry volunteered as a private, and was promoted for faithful performance of duty. He had passed through many dangers unharmed, and advanced with alacrity to the charge with four small companies, on an angle of the enemy's works, on the North Anna. He led on his men, stimulating them by his gallant example, — on, over the rebel parapet, and fell within the enemy's works, pierced by a bullet. At dark he was borne off, at much peril, by Sergeant Junius E. Goodwin and Thomas Hannah. He suffered intensely, yet murmured not. Love in him overcame excruciating pain; for, forgetting his suffering, he kept saying, "O my poor wife and child!" He lived a few hours, and died, murmuring still of the gentle and patriotic woman who had not opposed his going to the war.

"I have known him long and well," wrote Capt. William H. Hawley, "and can truly say that he was always faithful in the discharge of his duties; always brave and trust-

worthy; always careful of his men, and mindful of their wants." And one of the faithful soldiers who helped, at great risk, to bear him from the field, says, "Sacred be his memory, because he was as good as he was brave."

The Fourteenth had lost more than twenty brave enlisted men, whom the regiment could ill afford to spare. The gallant color-bearer, Henry Lyon of New Haven, had fallen; and Sergeant Charles M. Scoville of New Britain, and William Glossinger, and the fearless Edwin Stroud of Middletown. During the fight at Bristoe Station, Stroud, single-handed, captured and brought in five armed rebels in one squad.

The losses of the Second Connecticut Artillery at Cold Harbor had been heavier in killed and wounded than those of any other regiment from this State in any battle. Seventy-five killed and a hundred and eighty-four wounded was the total footing; and among the killed were Col. Kellogg and Capt. Luman Wadhams; and among the wounded, Major William B. Ells, Capt. James Deane, and Lieuts. B. H. Camp, H. E. Tuttle, and Calvin B. Hatch.

Col. Elisha S. Kellogg was born in Glastenbury, Conn., in 1824. A boyish love of adventure led him to choose the life of a sailor. For many years he was buffeted by waves, and disciplined by hardship, until he grew in stature robust and vigorous; in mind honest, sincere, and kind, with a certain brusque roughness which pertains to the hardy sailor. He went out to California in search of a fortune; came back, and settled in the pretty and enterprising village of Birmingham.

Those who are familiar with the history of our State militia will remember Lieut., Capt., Major, and Lieut.-Col. Kellogg: this is the order in which he rose from rank to rank, until he was acknowledged one of the best-drilled soldiers in the State.

At the first gun, he sprang to arms, called his company about him, and they were mustered for three years into the Fourth Regiment. He was the best officer in the regiment, until Col. Robert O. Tyler came and saved it. After serving gallantly in the battles on the Peninsula, Major Kellogg was

transferred to be lieutenant-colonel of the Nineteenth, and ultimately, as has been seen, succeeded to the command. He made the regiment what it afterwards became as the Second Connecticut Artillery. On the 1st of June, he went boldly to the charge at Cold Harbor. Says a member of his staff, "He was fully impressed with a sense of what was before us; marked out on the ground the shape of the works to be taken; told the officers what disposition to make of the different battalions, how the charge would be made; spoke of our reputation as 'a band-box regiment.' Now we were called on to show what we could do at fighting. He felt confident we would in this our first fight establish, and ever afterwards maintain, a glorious reputation as a *fighting* regiment.

"We were soon ordered to the charge. Col. Kellogg led us in bravely, coolly, and steadily; taking the first line of works, near which he was wounded, he pushed steadily on to the second line, and called on the 'boys' to capture the fleeing rebels. I went to the left of the battalion, and on the way passed Col. Kellogg: his face was covered with blood from a wound in the cheek; he was cheering on the men. On reaching the main works, which were protected by a mass of felled trees and limbs piled up in front, our boys could not get over them; and there they halted, firing over the obstructions. The galling fire of the enemy at last forced our line to give way. I went over where the center had rested, and there my worst fears were realized. On the top of the abatis the colonel lay dead; and near him a score of our brave boys had fallen. He was shot through the head just above the ear, — two shots near together: he was also shot in the arm and face. He fell in advance of his command, leading them on; forgetting his own safety, and thinking only of victory over the traitors to his country and his country's flag."

Gen. Upton, commanding the brigade, said, "That he exposed his own life but too freely is well known to all. A brave and patriotic officer has fallen in the defense of his country: he has done much for the honor and reputation of his native State."

Notwithstanding the vicissitudes of a checkered life, the "immediate jewel of his soul" had been preserved untarnished. He was a man of good conscience. What is ordinarily termed "manhood" was his distinguishing trait of character. This was the one thing never to be sacrificed. Truth, honor, bravery, sincerity, were, in his esteem, cardinal virtues: these were his idols. Hypocrisy, pretense, cant, quackery, were his abhorrence. His patriotism was unbounded: it was sublime in its massive strength and grandeur.

Exteriorly, he was a man of rough mold, yet moved by gentle emotions and kindly impulses. He possessed a quick, ardent temperament; was not slow to anger; not choice in expletives nor careful of consequences when roused. He cherished no malice.

He was a man of excellent judgment; knew how to command and control without exciting opposition or tardy compliance. He always manifested a paternal care, which endeared him to his men, and a capability which inspired confidence. No commander ever exacted more of his command, or held their hearts in a firmer bond of affection.

Col. Kellogg was a most unselfish man: the story of his life is replete with tender charities and kindly ministrations. The stern warrior who could tread with unfaltering steps and unblanched cheek along the fiery front of battle could also bend with tearful sympathy over the victims. And so he was loved; and, when his mortal remains were laid in the pleasant valley at Winsted, a thousand hearts turned tenderly towards the grave.

The colonelcy of the Second was now offered to Lieut.-Col. James Hubbard[2] of Salisbury; but he declined the position. The officers nominated Capt. Ranald S. Mackenzie, a regular army officer serving on the staff of Gen. Wright; and he was accordingly commissioned colonel.

Capt. Luman Wadhams of the Second Artillery was killed a week after his brother Henry fell at the North Anna. He went through the three-months' service; was afterwards a lieutenant for seven months in the Eighth; and, when the

[2] Lieut.-Col. Nathaniel Smith had resigned on May 6, on account of disability.

Nineteenth was called for, he raised a company, and led it to the field. Capt. Wadhams loved his men, and did all he could to help them. When on duty, he was their officer; at other times, their friend. He seldom punished his men; yet they were seldom in the guard-house. If a man was disorderly, he called him aside, pointed out the offense, and tried to inculcate the duties of a soldier. He governed mainly by strengthening self-respect in his men. They, in turn, felt for him the most enthusiastic affection, and found many ways by which to testify their high appreciation. On one occasion, they presented to him a valuable sword. In speaking of the gift, Capt. Wadhams said, "That was given me when I had been with the boys a year and a half; when they knew me and I knew them well. For that reason, I prize it." None were braver than he at Cold Harbor. "I can never," writes Capt. E. W Marsh, "forget his bearing as he led us to the charge. His commanding figure, his determined step, and electric glance, told that he was nerved to his responsible work; and his men emulated his example."

In the moment of success he fell, pierced through the body. His devoted men sprang to his assistance, and bore him to the rear, where he soon expired. His body was buried at Litchfield with Masonic honors, sixteen weeks after his wedding-day. And one soldier expressed the feelings of all as he wrote, "When I heard that our dear captain was dead, I could not keep from crying." Precious ointment for the brow of a dying officer are the tears of his men.

In this bloody struggle had fallen many noble men who held no commissions. Here, in the Second Regiment, fell Joseph P Parke, A. C. Morse, Benjamin Meeker, G. W Potter, Walter C. Sparks, David J. Thorpe, F. W Daniels, Willard Hart, Alonzo J. Hull, George L. Beach, Henry A. Rexford, Samuel E. Gibbs, Joseph B. Payne, George H. McBarney, Charles Adams, jr., and half a hundred others as worthy and as brave. Nathan H. Geer of Bristol lost his leg in this fight, and suffered three amputations. He lived, was discharged, graduated with honor at the Hartford Commercial College, and was on the point of marriage, when abcesses formed; and he died two years after the battle. Two

brothers, Sergeant James A. Greene and Stephen S. Greene of Colebrook, were mortally wounded here, and died; one on the following Tuesday, and the other on Wednesday. They were brave and manly young soldiers, earnest and upright in their lives.[3]

When partial success had crowned this fight for the possession of Cold Harbor on the left, Grant and Lee rapidly disposed their armies for the coming grapple. The Union force was drawn up on the night of June 2: Hancock on the left, then Wright, then Smith, with Warren and Burnside on the right. Gen. Robert O. Tyler commanded the reserve artillery. The plan of battle was simple, and similar to that of Spottsylvania, — a general assault with the bayonet along the whole front of six miles, to be made in column by division, at half-past four next morning. All caps were removed from the muskets. "It was not later than forty-five minutes past four when the whole line was in motion, and the dark hollows between the armies were lighted up with the fires of death. It took hardly more than ten minutes of the figment men call time to decide the battle. There was along the whole line a rush, the spectacle of impregnable works, a bloody loss, then a sullen falling-back; and the action was decided."[4]

In this charge, Brig.-Gen. R. O. Tyler, while gallantly leading his command, was severely wounded in the leg, and carried off the field.[5] Three of his regimental commanders were killed.

[3] A third brother, George, had died in the naval service a year before.

[4] Swinton's Army of the Potomac.

[5] Gen. Tyler received a furlough; and, while detained in Connecticut by his wound, he was presented by his friends with a handsome sword costing a thousand dollars, and before returning to the army was brevetted major-general "for great gallantry at Cold Harbor." The following is an extract from the letter accompanying the sword: "Of the daring and steady endurance of the division which followed you, with courage undismayed, to triumph at Spottsylvania, your commanding general has already assured the country; and the wound which still detains you from active service attests your personal gallantry during the brilliant charges at Cold Harbor. While you are again at your home, we, a few of your friends, have united in presenting to you the sword and equipments which accompany this letter as a testimonial of our high admiration for the honorable distinction you have won in the many engagements of this protracted contest.

"M. M. Merriman; Roland Mather; Edmund G. Howe; N. Shipman; H. A. Perkins; James L. Howard & Co.; J. H. Trumbull; Albert Day, Sons, & Co.; W. H. D. Callender; J. C. Coleman; R. Swift; Watson Beach; Charles M. Beach; James Dixon; H. L. Porter; J. M. Niles; A. G. Hammond; Thomas Smith; J. G. Rathbun; Charles H. Prentice; J. C. Parsons; W. T. Lee; E. Flower; J. A. Butler; Lucius Barbour; William H. Post; N. Kingsbury & Co.; Collins Brothers & Co.; Griswold, Seymour,

The Eighth, Eleventh, and Twenty-first Connecticut were in the charge with Smith's corps; and their losses had been heavy within those few minutes.

The Eighth was least exposed, being held as a reserve, Capt. Charles M. Coit in command. Its losses were eight killed and thirty wounded. Sergeant Albion D. Brooks was among the dead. He was a thoroughly exemplary man, and was studying for the ministry when the war broke out. He promptly enlisted as a private, and re-enlisted as a veteran; reading the Greek testament and studying Hebrew in the leisure of his service. He was widely lamented.

Col. Stedman had led his brigade bravely in the terrible onset. In a private letter written at the time, he said, "We formed in the woods in solid columns. I gave the command, 'Forward!' We started with unloaded muskets and fixed bayonets. I was the first to enter the open field and see the enemy's lines, — a curve. I bade farewell to all I loved. It seemed impossible to survive that fire; but I was spared, while the officers of my staff, who followed me closely, were struck down. We reached a point within thirty yards of the enemy's main works; but the fire was too murderous, and my men were repulsed. We left the woods with two thousand men; in *five minutes* we returned, six hundred less!"

The Eleventh had lost nine killed and seventy-five wounded. The colonel escaped with several bullet-holes through his coat. Major Converse, Capt. Amos S. Allen, and Adjutant Samuel C. Barnum, were mortally wounded, and soon died.

Major Joseph H. Converse of Windsor Locks was born at Stafford, of vigorous and enterprising New-England ancestry. He prepared for college, but did not enter. When the first call came, he enlisted in the first company from the State, and served faithfully as orderly sergeant of Company A. He then prepared himself for an efficient officer, and went out as a second lieutenant in the Eleventh. From rank to rank he rose gradually by his own merits. He was a good

& Co.; E. Fessenden; E. S. Cleveland; Moore & Johnson; E. N. Kellogg & Co.; R. Burkett; Samuel S. Ward; T. M. Allyn; H. & W. Keeney; Tudor Brownell; Bolles, Sexton, & Co; Gurdon Trumbull; E. K. Root; Cheeney Brothers; Owen, Day, & Root; Richard S. Ely; J. G. Batterson; W. C. Alden; H. T. Sperry; Marshall Jewell; E. P. Allen.

scholar, and of refined literary tastes; and his letters to the Hartford Press, descriptive of the battles of Newberne, Antietam, Fredericksburg, &c., are among the best war-sketches published in the State. He was adjutant to Col. Kingsbury at Antietam, and was within a month promoted to be major, for skill and conspicuous valor on that occasion. He wished to remain with his regiment, but was frequently detailed to service requiring scholarly attainments. At Cold Harbor he was serving as aide on the staff of Gen. Martindale. Col. Stedman (shortly afterwards to fall as suddenly) wrote to the father of Major Converse, after the battle, —

"I was waiting in the edge of the woods, my brigade having the advance. Major Converse rode up, and, shaking hands, said, 'Colonel, the general sends his compliments, and says all is ready.' We parted, — he to rejoin the general, I into the open field. As we appeared to the enemy, a volley met us, and in it the major fell. I was not aware of his fate until my return. I had then seen all my own staff killed or wounded, and five hundred of the gallant brigade fallen. I was told by the general that Converse had gone too. It was a sad blow to me; for, through three years of hard service, we had been comrades and intimate friends."

When told that his wound was fatal, he only said, "I am ready to go." Dr. N. Mayer, who knew him well, has thus written, "Allow me a few words on his character. He was a good representative of his age and nation. Without agreeing with any school of transcendentalists, he was essentially a protestant, a protester against established systems and customs. He fully realized the state of transition which the present age and our nation is in; and his satire flashed up broad and indignant against the fetters that yet are timidly thrown around us, because the clear aim and result of our progress can not now be foreseen. He had infinite humor, yet, under the comic mask, wore a strong, feeling heart. He loved well, and hated strongly. It was easy for him to enter on the views and feelings of any person, and from that person's standpoint contemplate subjects, yet not lose his individuality. He was a prompt officer, very absolute and strict; not familiarly popular, but always trusted

and well obeyed. His character was fast rooted in resolute firmness and incorruptible integrity, and adorned with native courtesy and an exquisite sense of honor."

One year before, learning that Capt. Samuel Hayden, a high-minded and gallant friend, had fallen at the battle of Irish Bend, La., he uttered from his heart this touching tribute, "His devotion to the cause which he deemed sacred, and his bravery, have been most sadly attested by his death. The character that he maintained as a citizen needs no eulogium; but on the grave of that Christian spirit, far away on the bank of the Têche, a younger soldier would fain lay his laurel-wreath, and carve on the tombstone of the gallant, *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!*" Thus unconsciously did he pen words most appropriate for his own epitaph.

Of Lieut. Barnum, Chaplain H. C. De Forest wrote, —

"He was Col. Stedman's adjutant-general, always at his side, and therefore always in danger if duty became dangerous. We thought it would prove not a permanent injury, nor lead to amputation. His patient endurance deceived us; for his fortitude in enduring was not surpassed by his bravery in receiving the wound. But we now mourn him also. He died among his friends, who attended him in those last days; but he always had friends wherever he had acquaintances." Of the hospital, next day, he continues, —

"There Major Converse was dying. By his side was the adjutant, smiling, without a groan or murmur, but pale. Not far away, but on the open hillside, where the morning sun was striking, lay brave Capt. Allen, his wound for hours undressed. Near him was Lieut. Horn, wounded in the shoulder; and, on the same rubber blanket, Lieut. Pray, hit by a ball that had become weary in its mission of death. That noble, manly sergeant was George B. Covell of Killingly; and in his death, which soon followed, we lost one of the best and truest and firmest patriots. For him the chaplain mourns. If there was a sabbath service, or a meeting for prayer and song, Sergeant Covell was there. With him would be Sergeant James Souter, his friend and ours, who fell so heroically, and was left on the field.

In the work of the night, Lieut.-Col. W C. Moegling's belt and pistol, following the strategy of the campaign, had slid to the left. In the gray of the morning, a rebel sharpshooter had spied him as he stood at our advance-line reconnoitering with his glass. He aimed well. The ball struck the misplaced pistol, and though it tore the pistol, cleaving woodwork from iron, and left its mark on coat and person, yet, by this displacement, a mortal blow was turned away."

The Twenty-first, Col. Thomas F. Burpee commanding, went gallantly to the charge, leading a brigade in the second line. The regiments of Gen. Marston, in advance, were soon broken by the terrible fire; but the Twenty-first held the ground with great steadiness, and a new line, a little in the rear, was formed and maintained under a heavy fire. The regiment suffered a loss of nine killed and forty wounded. Col. Burpee was mortally wounded at daybreak, on June 9, while going the rounds as brigade officer of the day. Lieut. Luther N. Curtis was wounded dangerously in the neck; and Color-Bearer J. F. Cowles, severely in the side.

Col. Burpee was a native of Tolland County, and before the war was a quiet and unpretending citizen of Rockwell. He enlisted a company for the Fifteenth Regiment, and was chosen captain. He was soon transferred to be major of the Twenty-first, and then promoted to be lieutenant-colonel. He followed the fortunes of the regiment faithfully; and, on the death of Col. Dutton, was promoted to be colonel. His letters tell of his character. He wrote, "Tell Louise" (a sister whose eldest son had enlisted in the Fourteenth) "not to be over-anxious about William. I should rather see him sacrificed for a holy principle than to see him remain in inglorious waiting at a time like this. The Lord has said, 'Whosoever will save his life shall lose it;' and this has often been the case in this accursed Rebellion. The lofty inspiration of this cause is worth living a lifetime to feel; and, if I had a thousand lives, I would not withhold one of them. Should I be laid in the grave, remember our heavenly Father doeth all things well. Look on the bright side, and the bright side only. God bless you and the children!"

To the sister above mentioned, whose son, William Goodell, had fallen bravely fighting at Gettysburg, he wrote, "Nothing can be untimely which is ordered by an all-wise God. The blow which laid *him* low welded our hearts to our country's cause. The sacrifice of suffering and blood which he poured out sanctified to us its soil."

Col. Burpee's last letter was written *in the trenches*, at that period, about the 5th of June, when portions of the hostile lines lay within a few yards of each other; and it breathes

the same spirit. He said, "It is appointed unto men once to die; and it matters little when or where if we are prepared, and engaged in duty."

The Second Connecticut stubbornly held the place it had won. The Fourteenth was not heavily engaged in the charge, being in reserve. Col. Ellis was at this time detailed to command the camp at Annapolis, Md., which important position he held during the summer; fortifying the place when it was menaced by Early's raid.

On the morning of the 4th, regular siege-approaches were begun, running zig-zag towards the rebel works, nearer and nearer day by day. During the following week, the army saw little rest. Again we quote from a letter of Col. Stedman, written in the trenches: —

"Our life in the trenches is like this: first, the trench is a long passage, as its name indicates, running in a direction with reference to the enemy's works. The earth is thrown towards the enemy; and this, with the trench or ditch, forms a protection some eight feet high. The trench is eight or ten feet wide: in this the troops remain, unable to leave it on account of the enemy's sharpshooters. The officers dig holes in rear of the trench, in which our spare time is passed. Like a rabbit, the soldier burrows deeper and deeper as danger increases. At least one-third of the troops are constantly on duty; and at night we are all on the alert."

On the 12th, this work was abandoned; and Grant again swung off to the left to join the Army of the James.

During the preceding fall, another regiment of colored soldiers was called for in Connecticut; and the organization soon began, under the designation of the Thirtieth. They gathered slowly at the United-States rendezvous at Fair Haven during the winter of 1863–64. Capt. Henry C. Ward, who had served most efficiently as adjutant of the Twenty-fifth during its term of service, was appointed to be colonel of the Thirtieth. Among its other officers from Connecticut were Capt. George Greenman of Norwich, Capt. Charles F. Ulrich of Hartford, Capt. R. Cecil Barrett of Somers, Capt. William C. Williams

of Rocky Hill, and Capt. Ira S. Smith of New Haven. In February, 1864, the battalion was addressed by Frederick Douglass, the colored orator from Rochester, N.Y. It finally left New Haven without its minimum complement of men; and in June, near Cold Harbor, it was consolidated with another battalion as the United-States 31st. During the next week, they were detailed as a guard for two or three thousand prisoners to whom the situation was very trying.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

After Cold Harbor. — The First Cavalry. — To Petersburg. — Exploit of the Eighth. — Charge of the Eleventh. — The Second, Fourteenth, and Twenty-first. — The Sixth, Seventh, Ninth, and Tenth at Bermuda Hundred. — Wilson's Raid. — The First Cavalry. — Bold Ride of Capt. Whitaker. — Incidents. — First Connecticut Artillery. — Siege-Work of the Summer. — Battle of Strawberry Plains. — The Thirtieth Connecticut at the Mine. — Death of Col. Stedman and Lieut.-Col. Moegling.

EEP to the left" was Grant's constant formula of command; and every swing brought him nearer to Richmond. A change of base, which Napoleon called "the ablest maneuver taught by military art," was achieved by Grant and Meade, after Cold Harbor, with masterly skill and complete success. One by one the corps were withdrawn from the right, and sent to the rear and left. The right was thus gradually and cautiously refused, and the line developed towards the lower crossings of the Chickahominy. In the mean time, Wilson's division of cavalry, which included the First Connecticut, was sent around the rebel right, straight on Richmond. By this *ruse*, Lee was deceived, and withdrew his army rapidly towards the capital to intercept what he supposed to be Grant's direct advance by the left. Wilson's cavalry, after seizing and holding Long Bridge, on the Chickahominy, dashed towards Richmond, and drove the rebel cavalry and infantry across White-oak Swamp. Here the First Connecticut was in a spirited engagement. Hard and continuous skirmishing followed for several days, while the infantry corps marched rapidly across the Peninsula to the James.

On the morning of June 10, while the First was on picket, the rebel cavalry made a dash upon the line of the 18th Pennsylvania, and penetrated to the post held by Capt. Joseph

Backus. Major Marcy, in his official report, says, "Capt. Joseph Backus made a gallant defense with his little band; but he was overpowered by superior numbers, and would not retreat, and was shot down; the ball passing through his body, and killing him instantly. Then his squadron, having lost their leader, retired to the protection of the infantry. The brigade was immediately called out, and drove the rebel cavalry back behind their intrenchments. The body of Capt. Backus was found lying in the road, where he fell, stripped of every thing but his shirt. I willingly bear testimony to his soldierly and manly qualities. He was a brave and high-toned gentleman; and, in losing him, the regiment was deprived of a superior officer, and the State of a noble ornament. He was truly loyal, having enlisted in the regiment as a private soldier, and by his own merit won his position as captain commanding a squadron."

Joseph Backus was a resident of Hebron, and at the time of his death he had re-enlisted for three years. While he was a sergeant, he was asked if he did not regret having enlisted; and his prompt reply was, that he should never regret it if he lost all his limbs in the service. After the battle of Ashland, he wrote, "My horse was shot from under me; but, mounting another that came in from the rebel lines, I was again ready for the fight. I just escaped capture, as a rebel officer ordered me to halt and surrender; but I turned, and fired at him. It is a wonder that I did not get hit; but, fortunately, I did not receive that compliment, or get the honor of the slightest wound. But my turn may come. I do not wish you to worry about me. If it is my lot to fall in battle, so let it be. I shall be content. I am determined to do my whole duty. I shall never be taken prisoner. I shall sell life as dearly as possible."

He went with Kilpatrick on his celebrated raid into Richmond; and, in the battle near that city, two bullets passed through his clothing. He sent home a flower "picked within two miles of Richmond, and inside the outer intrenchments." He started from the Rapidan with ninety men in his company, and, after thirty-six days almost continuous fighting, he fell; leaving but fifteen survivors on duty. Lieut. H. J. O.

Walker of Mystic wrote of him, "A nobler, truer, more generous friend could not be found. He was beloved and respected by every one in the regiment for his gentlemanly bearing and manliness, and for his superior soldierly qualities. The men of his company loved him, and placed the utmost confidence in him; and he gave promise of soon attaining a much higher position in the regiment. Brave to a fault, always ready and willing to perform any duty assigned to him, no matter how tedious or dangerous, he was constantly eliciting praises from all, and had made a reputation that any might be proud to win."

Smith's (18th) corps took transports at White House, and arrived at Bermuda Hundred in advance of the rest of the army, on June 14. Being here joined by Kautz's cavalry division, Smith advanced directly towards Petersburg *viâ* Point of Rocks. Hinks's colored division rushed on, and carried the first line of works in a spirited manner; capturing one gun and several hundred prisoners. On reconnoitering, the main position was found to be defended by a strong line of redans, partially covered by formidable rifle-pits. The artillery of the works swept the broad, low valley. Smith determined to charge with a heavy line of skirmishers; which, at seven, P.M., of the 15th, were thrown forward from his three divisions. Under a sharp infantry-fire, they carried the line. Hinks's colored troops took four redoubts on the left, while Brooks's and Martindale's divisions captured the important works on the salient. The rebels held their fortifications on the right, and farther to the left.

The Eighth Connecticut was again conspicuous in this advance. Col. John E. Ward had not yet been able to return; Lieut.-Col. M. B. Smith was in hospital; there was no major; and the senior captain, H. M. Hoyt, was on the staff of the brigade commander: so Capt. Charles M. Coit commanded the regiment, now in Brooks's division. In his report of the movements of these days, Capt. Coit says, —

"The line, advancing, drove the enemy a quarter of a mile, through the woods, at which point their strong fortifications were discovered. The men, covering themselves as much as possible by the trees on the left, and a thick jungle on the right, advanced as close to the works as these afforded shelter, and kept up a deliberate fire on the enemy's works; and our right

were enabled to almost entirely silence the artillery in the strong fort in their front. About noon, the enemy charged upon the center of our line, but were repulsed with considerable loss. At six o'clock, P.M., the two companies (G and K), armed with Sharpe's rifles, occupying the center of our line, having during the day expended their sixty rounds of ammunition, and being unable to procure an additional supply of that caliber, were relieved by two companies of the 118th New-York Volunteers. At seven o'clock, P.M., in accordance with orders from Gen. Burnham, commanding brigade, the skirmish-line — the 13th New-Hampshire on the left, and the eight companies of the Eighth Connecticut Volunteers, with the detachment of the 118th New-York, on the right — advanced, and, charging upon the enemy's works, captured them, with two hundred and fifty prisoners and five field-pieces."

Chaplain Moses Smith wrote of this: —

"To cross the open ground, descend into the ravine in front of the works, and then attempt to enter a well-built, and, as was supposed, a well-manned fort, seemed certain death. But, strange to tell, as the line advanced, few men fell; and the skirmishers alone charged up the embankment, leaped over the parapet, and captured guns, colors, men, and all, before the line of battle could come up. We are told that Gen. Smith, as he saw the result from an eminence near by, leaped and shouted for joy; adding that he felt like giving a commission to the whole regiment that had done that gallant deed."

In the middle of Smith's line, also in Brooks's division, was the Twenty-first Connecticut, commanded by Capt. James F. Brown, in the absence, in hospital, of Lieut.-Col. Hiram B. Crosby and Major Charles F. Stanton. The regiment was held closely in reserve, ready to participate in the fighting, if it became severe.

The Eleventh Connecticut was in Martindale's division, in a brigade led by Col. Griffin A. Stedman, and composed of six large regiments. The division advanced along the Appomattox, on the extreme right of the corps; and the Eleventh Connecticut occupied the left of the brigade-line, and was under command of Lieut.-Col. William A. Moegling. The regiment rushed forward across the plain, over a creek and numerous ditches, steadily driving back the rebels until within thirty yards of the rifle-pits. Here a stand was made; but, after a short engagement, the rebels were driven to their main intrenchments. Just as Col. Stedman was about to

storm the works under a heavy fire, the brigade was relieved, and sent to the left to assist the colored troops to hold the position they had taken.

Every consideration urged a prompt renewal of the assault at early dawn. This was Smith's intention; but, not being properly supported by Hancock, he felt compelled to wait, while Lee hurried forward his army, and threw a large force into Petersburg. It subsequently appeared that Smith might have captured the city with his own corps, had he advanced promptly and resolutely.

In the mean time, Stedman's brigade was again relieved, and returned to the right; Stedman sending a scouting-party along the river-bank. During the day (the 16th), being informed that Hancock would attack at six, P.M., on the extreme left, Martindale moved forward as a feint on the right. Col. Stedman advanced his brigade, and, after hard skirmishing, took possession of infantry-parapets and a bastion on the left of the road. The Eleventh was again on the skirmish-line. After a while, it having become evident that the attack had failed, the division was withdrawn to the position of the morning.

Col. Ellis says, in his official report of the service of the Fourteenth, "Early on the morning of June 16, the skirmishers of our brigade advanced upon the enemy, driving their skirmishers back for upwards of a quarter of a mile, and obtaining a much better position, besides capturing about fifty prisoners. Our loss was very small. Private John Geatley of Bridgeport, in this advance, captured with an unloaded gun three armed rebels, and brought them in as prisoners. In the afternoon, upon the skirmish-line, the same man wounded two rebels, one of them apparently fatally.

"Upon the 17th, our brigade was moved to the left with instructions to support Gen. Barlow's division. At night, we were instructed to advance our line nearer to the enemy's position. The regiment did this in good style, moving forward through a dense and thickly-wooded swamp, driving in the enemy's skirmishers, and taking up a position about fifty yards in front of their line, and opening upon them an effective fire. We held this position for two or three hours, when,

owing to the failure of troops upon the left to connect, we were ordered to withdraw."

At five, P.M., on the 17th, the Twenty-first was ordered, with other troops, to the left, to support a charge on the inner line of defenses before the city The next day, Brooks's division, containing the Eighth and Twenty-first, was relieved, and held in reserve.

It was now resolved to make a more vigorous assault next morning, the 18th, though by this time Beauregard had received heavy re-inforcements. The Union line ran thus from right to left: Martindale's and Hincks's division of Smith's corps, Wright's corps, Hancock's, Burnside's, and Warren's. There were in line of battle the Second Connecticut, the Eleventh, and the Fourteenth.

The right of Col. Stedman's brigade in the morning reached to the Appomattox, and the left extended nearly to the City-Point Railroad. The Eleventh, Lieut.-Col. Moegling commanding, was deployed as skirmishers to cover the front of the entire brigade. Stannard's brigade followed as a reserve. The 6th Corps joined on the left. The men advanced through the open oat and corn fields, continually exposed to the enemy's artillery, across a most difficult ravine, beyond which a long line of the rebel intrenchments were brought to view. White puffs of smoke, and the sharp crack of rifles, showed that the advance was to be contested. The Eleventh steadily advanced without firing, a considerable number of wounded falling to the rear; and in a few moments more the skirmishers rushed into the rebel works as the occupants fled to their second line.

A brisk fire was opened on the retreating rebels, which was returned with spirit and severity. Soon the skirmishers were ordered to charge, and advanced with a cheer; broke the enemy's line, captured a rebel major and thirty men, and dislodged the rest, who retreated in great confusion. The regiment was now far ahead of the 6th Corps, and its left flank was exposed and without support; yet so earnest was the purpose of Col. Stedman to capture Petersburg that day, that he ordered the advance resumed. The spires of the coveted "Cockade City" were now in full view, and the men dashed on with another shout.

They were shortly confronted by a stubborn line of battle. The skirmishers halted under a withering fire, and awaited support. The sixty rounds brought in the morning had long been exhausted, and the want was supplied by ammunition captured at the rebel defenses.

Stannard's brigade came up, and the advance was resumed; the enemy's line firing rapidly, and falling back within the strong defenses. Here a charge was made upon the breastworks at a double-quick, along the whole line; but it failed utterly. Night coming on, Stedman's men made a line of rifle-pits, using as intrenching tools their bayonets, cups, and plates. They constructed a line, which covered them from the enemy's fire; and all through the darkness of that night of weariness, but not of sleep, the rebels could be heard busily at work strengthening their intrenchments. Firing was kept up at intervals all night. Hungry, and worn with fatigue, the Eleventh kept its place in the advance until ten o'clock next morning; when it was relieved and fell back.

The Second Connecticut, nearer the center of the line, as soon as it was dark enough to cover the movement, was taken into the front line, near the enemy, — only a single wheatfield intervening. Here they lay all night and the next day, scooping up the dirt into earthworks; and every man who raised his head made it a target for a rebel sharpshooter. Several men were killed and wounded here. When night again came, they were recalled to a line a few rods in the rear, where they were hardly less exposed; for the rebels had artillery and musketry range in front and flank. At dark they were relieved.

The Fourteenth Connecticut was in the second line, and its losses were only one killed and four wounded.

In the fighting of the three days, ending with the repulse of the 18th, the Eleventh had lost five killed and fifty-four wounded. Among the severely wounded were Capt. Randall H. Rice, Lieuts. David A. Hoag and Smith S. Gilbert, and Sergeants David B. Mansfield, John B. Butler, and Marshall Kenyon.

Among the killed was Capt. William H. Sackett of Hartford. He had served faithfully in the three-months' service,

and was appointed to a second lieutenancy in the Eleventh. He was promoted after the battle of Newberne, and again for gallantry at Antietam. For several months, he was detailed to Connecticut in charge of recruits, but rejoined the regiment before Petersburg. In the fight of Friday, June 17, he received a wound in his right arm; "and though" (as he says in a letter to a friend) "suffering much from it, I shall not allow it to keep me from the command of my company." Chaplain De Forest, in a letter, said, "In Capt. Sackett's death we have lost a most heroic, devoted, and efficient officer. He did not expect to survive this terrible campaign. He seemed to have a presentiment of death. He gave directions for the disposal of his effects, and the embalming of his body. This foreboding, which proved too true, did not diminish his noble courage. He fell in the thickest of the fight, — a heroic leader among heroic men. His death was easy: without a struggle, he fell into the arms of a brother officer, and expired."

The Eighth had lost two killed and seventeen wounded. "Of the dead, Sergeant Fitz G. Hollister was as worthy a man as ever graced the ranks of the Eighth. He was diffident, but intelligent; retiring, but influential, and faithful even unto death, both to God and his country. He is embalmed in the hearts of all who really knew him. Dead, he yet lives." [1]

Col. William C. Moegling, in a report at this time, said, "Since the 9th of May, the Eleventh has been under fire twenty-three times, and has lost four hundred men in action, and over one-half of its officers: it has marched many miles, with but very few stragglers, and has always done its duty without flinching. The health of the command at present is excellent, although the heat is intense, and the duty in the trenches very hard in consequence."

The casualties of the Twenty-first had been light. The regiments were alternately in the front and rear lines. "We spend forty-eight hours in the trenches," wrote Col. Stedman, "then retire for rest to a deep ravine in rear of our works." On June 24, he wrote, —

[1] Letter of Chaplain Moses Smith.

"Last night, we came from the front line, and are now in the third; giving the troops an opportunity to pitch their shelter-tents. I enjoy this wild, hard life. But one thing makes me sad, — the loss of so many friends. Yesterday, I learned that Adjutant Barnum's leg had been amputated; and to-day, that he is dead. I loved him very dearly. Always cheerful and happy, he was a most efficient officer, and a perfect gentleman. I do not think I ever heard him utter a word that he might not say to ladies; and, as I once told him, I consider that the best rule for one's guidance is never to say or do among men what would be improper before a mother or sister."

During the night of the 21st, the Second Connecticut was marched with Wright's corps off to the extreme left, to participate in the attack next morning upon the line of the Weldon Railroad. After a rest, the regiment moved on into an open lot; immediately forming in line of battle. This was now the extreme left of the army, the 2d Corps joining upon the right. In a few minutes, the rebel pickets were encountered, and a lively skirmish ensued; the regiment losing six killed, seven wounded, and six missing. Col. Mackenzie lost two fingers. The men quickly improvised a breastwork of rails, and held the line, the rebels retiring. Thick woods enveloped the place. The next day, the troops were maneuvered back and forth, feeling the ground and securing positions. The Second Regiment remained near here some weeks; and the position was never abandoned.

Butler, at Bermuda Hundred, had attempted to intercept and turn back the re-inforcements which Lee was hurrying forward for the rescue of Petersburg. On the night of June 15, while the Tenth was picketing at the extreme right of the line, next the James, the enemy's line appeared very weak. Lieut.-Col. Greeley, commanding the regiment, pushed forward his vedettes, and re-inforced them with the pickets. His report says, —

"We engaged the enemy, and drove him from his rifle-pits; taking as prisoners three commissioned officers and twenty-six men, with thirty stands of small-arms. We then advanced, and took possession of the enemy's main works; he having fallen back into a second line. I then brought up my reserves, and again advanced the skirmish-line; and, after a sharp engagement, drove the enemy from this line, and took possession of it also. Subsequently, Sergeant Sayers of Company K, with two men, while out as scouts, captured five prisoners. The regiment held this position until the return of the 1st Division, under Brig.-Gen. Terry, from the Petersburg Pike; when it was withdrawn to a position near the Weir-bottom Church.

At about four, P.M., Pickett's division charged on our rifle-pits, but w easily repulsed."

On June 17, simultaneously with Hancock's assault, Ter threw his division forward from the intrenchments to tl Richmond and Petersburg Railroad. The Sixth, Sevent and Tenth were engaged in this expedition. By some m take, the rebels had withdrawn from the front; and o brigade proceeded to destroy the track and communicatio while the rest pressed on towards Richmond. These la soon met a heavy column under Longstreet; and the div ion fell back to the intrenchments after heavy skirmishin The Sixth lost in this affair five killed, sixteen wounded, a eighteen missing. Among the severely wounded we Lieuts. Clovis E. Hammond, Sylvester Davis, and Willia H. Reynolds. Capt. Charles H. Nichols was among tl captured.

On June 22, Gen. Wilson, with his own division of cavalı and half of Kautz's, cut loose from the left of the army front of Petersburg, and started on his great raid. — to c the rebel communications south and west of Richmond. I the absence of Col. E. Blakeslee, wounded at Ashland, tl First Connecticut Cavalry was led during this expeditio gallantly and well, by Major George O. Marcy

The force marched *viâ* Reams's Station, striking the Lync burg Road at Ford Station, and proceeding westward towar Lynchburg. The road was completely destroyed; and Mehering, the command struck the Danville Road, the ma reliance of the rebel army Richmond was now nearly eas From this point, they continued down the Danville Road t Roanoke, destroying it thoroughly all the way. Here th enemy contested the passage. "Seventy-five men and tw commissioned officers were called for from the First Conne ticut Cavalry to take the railroad bridge spanning the rive at this point. It was considered a forlorn hope, and this wa the regiment honored by the selection of the men to com pose it. Capt. J. B. Morehouse commanded this detac ment; and Lieuts. Alfred V Burnham and Edwin M. Nevill were selected to accompany him. That gallant body of me who started off that night, knowing that they were going o

a desperate errand the result of which might be fatal to each and all of them, can not be sufficiently honored by their State. The accomplishment of the affair was considered such a desperate undertaking, that the order was countermanded, and Capt. Morehouse with his men returned to the regiment the next morning."[2]

The force now turned their faces towards Petersburg again. There had been little rest thus far, and little food. All the sleep the men had was generally snatched while lying at their horses' heads. An immense amount of damage had been done. "On the night of the 25th, Gen. Wilson, finding himself in a precarious situation, from which there must be immediate escape, moved his whole command, at midnight, through a ravine within five or six hundred yards of the enemy's guns, planted upon bluffs on either side. The movement, from its very audacity, was not suspected nor discovered till our forces were well out of the emergency, started in the direction of Black's-and-White's Station. On the morning of the 26th, the First Connecticut was ordered forward to hold the bridge over the Mehering River, which they did effectually till the main column came up early on the 27th; when the march was resumed to Nottoway River, and thence to Stony Creek."[3]

Here a large force of rebel infantry showed itself, disputing the crossing of the Petersburg and Weldon Road. Gen. Wilson immediately engaged them, but was repulsed. Finding that it would be impossible to force his way through, he sent Kautz with the trains by a circuitous route to the left, to Reams's Station, supposed to be by this time in possession of the Union troops. "Wilson's division protected the passage, and brought on two fierce night-attacks of infantry, both of which the division repelled; the men being dismounted, and protected by breastworks of rails thrown up at the moment by themselves. The First Connecticut held the center of this line; and in the interval between the two attacks, most of the trains having passed by, one regiment after another was quietly withdrawn from behind these temporary barricades, so that when the last attack was made no regi-

[2] Official Report by Major Marcy. [3] Narrative by Chaplain T. J. Holmes.

ments were left to withstand it but the First Connecticut and 1st Vermont. Major Ives commanded the left of our line, and I commanded the right; and it was not until after the fight was over, and we were retiring to mount our horses, that I knew of the twofold danger the regiment was in; and I can not be too thankful for its preservation, and the superior conduct of officers and men."[4]

Gen. Wilson, anticipating trouble at Reams's Station, dispatched Capt. E. W Whitaker of the First Connecticut, serving on his staff, with forty men, directed to cut his way through to Gen. Meade, and bring relief. Capt. Whitaker, who had already won an enviable reputation for gallantry, started at once upon his desperate mission. He found Reams's Station occupied by rebel infantry, and avoided the place after a slight skirmish. He came upon two infantry camps, but changed his course, and rode around them. Rebel cavalry and guerrillas harassed him all the way He was repeatedly beset by a superior force, and obliged to escape across the fields and through the woods; keeping due east. At last he charged through the enemy's pickets, and actually succeeded in taking two prisoners; arriving at Meade's headquarters with fourteen out of the forty men who started with him.

Meade moved an infantry corps instantly; but it arrived too late for assistance. The Second Connecticut was in this movement. Kautz had fought his way through to our lines, after burning all the trains; and Wilson had turned about, and escaped by a long *détour* to the south, with a loss of all his guns. Major Marcy says, "The order was given for men to throw off all superfluous baggage. The wagon-trains were parked and set on fire; the ammunition was destroyed; and the ambulances, with the wounded, were abandoned. The First Connecticut Cavalry was given its order of march; and I was informed that the 5th New-York and the 2d Ohio were to follow us. Both of these regiments, however, being cut off, were unable to join the column; and the responsible position of rear-guard devolved upon the First Connecticut. This position was kept by us all the night of the 29th of June; and the story of that

[4] Report of Major Marcy

day and night is told, when the report shows sixty-two enlisted men and two officers killed, wounded, and missing. That night's march was the most exhausting and fearful of any of our marchings. The regiment destroyed bridges in rear of the column, and put every obstruction in the way of the enemy, and was especially thanked by Gen. Wilson for its services. The men themselves, worn and hungry as they were, were cheerful and cool; and when twelve volunteers were called for to cross a bridge, and bring over a caisson belonging to Fitzhugh's battery, twelve men sprang from the ranks of the First Connecticut Cavalry, crossed the bridge, and brought over the caisson, and reported with it to Gen. Wilson."

The regiment lost seventy-two in killed, wounded, and missing. Chaplain Holmes wrote, —

"Some of the time there was keen suffering from hunger. Five days' rations, issued at the start, could not be comfortably stretched over ten days. Not more than once was permission formally given to unsaddle and make coffee, though it was possible to nibble at hard-tack and salt pork at odd moments of halting, or in the saddle. All suffered, too, very much, from want of rest. During the ten days, not more than two hours out of the twenty-four, on an average, could be afforded for uninterrupted sleep. One of the chief surgeons in the division told me he had not, at one time, slept at all in seventy-two hours; and his whole nervous system by the fatigue and excitement was almost entirely prostrated. It was his opinion, that the greater portion of the missing had fallen out from exhaustion, and were captured. Very many of the horses became worn out; having been almost constantly saddled, marching over three hundred miles, kept on short forage, going sometimes for forty-eight hours without a drop of water. Then, to appreciate these sufferings of horses and men, it needs to be remembered that the ten days consumed by the expedition embraced the very hottest of the hot weather, for which this summer is becoming somewhat marked; and during all the time there was but a single shower, — not enough to lay the dust. Some of the men who had been dismounted were fortunate enough, or sharp enough, to avoid Libby Prison.

"Sergeant F. A. Lamb of Hartford, Peter Miller of Hartford, and John Cunningham of Greenwich, with perhaps others, were three or four days within the rebel lines, hid in the woods, living on berries, with an occasional bite of hoe-cake furnished by friendly negroes; and, with the assistance of negro scouts, finally got safely back. It was several days before all came in. Major Marcy, on returning to camp, went North on furlough, leaving the regiment in command of Major Brayton Ives, whose soldierly skill and energy had an ample field in gathering the fragments, and reorganizing the command."

A remarkable incident is related of Private William F. Clark, a Hartford boy only seventeen years old. Being on

a mule in the rear, he struck across lots, and came out ahead of the column. He had not gone far, when he was halted and captured by eight or ten guerrillas, disarmed, and hurried into the woods. Clark thus relates his subsequent experience, "After the column had passed, they went into the rear, and picked up one of the 2d New-York Cavalry, and a colored servant belonging to some of the officers. When it was near night, we took up our line of march for prison, we supposed. They marched in the woods, for they said that was the nearest way; but, when they got to the thickest part of the woods, they shot us all, and left us for dead. The other two were killed immediately; but I am alive and kicking yet, and inside the Union lines, in an officers' hospital. I have got something like ten bullet-holes in me, and my shoulder is broken. The wounds are flesh-wounds, and are not very painful: the shoulder is the worst. I hope you will excuse this writing; for I am lying on my back, with only one hand to work with."

Gen. Wilson drew from the First Connecticut not only the most enterprising member of his staff, but Lieut. W C. Spellman of Hartford, and his entire escort of sixty men. In his report of the expedition, written before he had met Capt. Whitaker, or received any official report of his movement, he said, "I have since learned that he gallantly rode through the enemy's cavalry and infantry columns in motion, escaping with twenty men."

In the fight at Reams's Station, the First Connecticut had lost three killed, seven wounded, and fifty prisoners. The killed were Sylvester Bugbee, Giles P Lucrenia, and Michael Flynn. Lieuts. J. H. Kane and E. B. Dyer were wounded. Quartermaster-Sergeant John S. Jameson was captured in this engagement.

The rebels continued active and aggressive upon the Petersburg front, near the Appomattox, where Col. Stedman's brigade was located. We quote from the report of Capt. J. F Brown, commanding the Twenty-first: "Early on the morning of June 24, the enemy opened upon us a heavy artillery-fire, which was continued for an hour or more; when he advanced a strong line to carry our works,

supposing, as we learned from prisoners, that our force had been mostly withdrawn. Our men kept well concealed till the enemy were close upon them, and then opened a most deadly fire, that threw the enemy's line into complete confusion. Most of those who escaped the first fire at once threw down their arms and surrendered. Several hundred prisoners, in addition to the killed and wounded, thus fell into our hands. The enemy never repeated this attempt upon that portion of our lines."

On June 23, the regular siege-train of the First Connecticut Artillery arrived at Bermuda Hundred. Col. Henry L. Abbot was appointed by Gen. Grant to be the commanding officer of the siege-artillery, both of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James; so that all the siege-artillery in front of Richmond and Petersburg was served under him, and chiefly by the First Connecticut.

Lieut.-Col. Nelson L. White was appointed by Gen. Butler acting inspector-general, and discharged the functions of that office in a thorough manner, and with excellent judgment.

The regiment had a train of sixty artillery-wagons. Most of the ammunition was kept afloat, being landed only as required. We quote from the official report of Col. Abbot, made in March, 1865:—

"Capt. S. P. Hatfield was placed in command of the dépôt, assisted by First Lieut. W C. Faxon and First Lieut. C. Gillette, all of First Connecticut Artillery Capt. Hatfield had commanded a siege-battery during a part of the Peninsular Campaign of 1862, and had been ordnance officer of my brigade in the defenses of Washington for more than a year. To his high professional attainments and energetic character, and to the zeal and ability of his assistants, the excellent administration of his department during the campaign is to be attributed. Although some eleven hundred tons of ammunition, hauled an average distance of nearly seven miles by wagon, have already been fired during the campaign, in no single instance has a battery failed to be amply supplied for ordinary or even extraordinary demands; and in no case has a useless accumulation of ammunition occurred.

"Advantage has been taken of the comparative stability of the command to have all the regimental sick properly cared for by Surgeon S. W Skinner, First Connecticut Artillery, who has organized one of the best field-hospitals I have ever seen. The patients have varied from thirty to seventy in number. By avoiding the sending of those lightly diseased to General Hospital, much has unquestionably been done to keep up the numbers of the

command. The comfort of the patients has been quite unusual for the field, owing to the attention of the surgeon in charge, and to the efforts of Chaplain S. F Jarvis, First Connecticut Artillery, who has actively exerted himself in their behalf.

"Assistant Surgeon J. S. Delavan has devoted himself to the sick of the regiment in the batteries in front of Petersburg; and Assistant Surgeon N. Matson, until broken down by his exertions, to those in the command on the lines of Bermuda Hundred. Although so much scattered, I believe few troops have enjoyed as good medical care during this campaign as mine.

"For the prompt and accurate transaction of the various office-work of the command, I am indebted to Capt. B. P. Learned, First Connecticut Artillery, acting assistant adjutant-general."

Considerable praise was also given to Lieut. G. P Mason for the skill and energy with which he managed the commissary department.

Grant felt, by the first of July, that the hope to carry Petersburg by surprise was futile. A systematic line of intrenchments was begun; and a few days' hard labor rendered these strong enough to be easily held, and to permit an extension of the line to the left. The Confederate line of defense also became so formidable, that direct assault was pronounced impracticable.[5] Their new chain of redans, connected by powerful infantry parapets, stretched from the Appomattox away to the south-west.

In this attitude, a *coup de main* was projected. Burnside's corps occupied commanding ground within a hundred and fifty yards of the enemy's line; and in the direct front was a fort on a re-entering angle of the rebel works. Under this, a mine was dug, and a large amount of powder concealed. July 30 was at last fixed upon for the assault.

The Eighth, Eleventh, and Twenty-first Regiments remained in the 18th Corps along the Petersburg front. Chaplain Moses Smith of the Eighth wrote on July 20, —

"A month of siege-work; lying in the trenches; eyeing the rebels; digging by moonlight; broiling in the sun; shooting through a knot-hole; shot at if a head is lifted; artillery compliments passing and repassing; our lives endangered by shells from both sides; officers falling; comrades dying; everybody wearied by the monotony, and exhausted by heat and watching; dull hours enlivened and lonely hearts encouraged by kind words in the

[5] See Report of Major Duane, chief engineer.

mail-bag, and good fruits in the sanitary issues; numbers growing less, but hope never dying, — such is an epitome of the month since I wrote you before. Here we have remained constantly under the enemy's fire. Occasionally, for one or two days, the regiment has been withdrawn from the pits, beyond bullet-range, but not from artillery-shots. Rebel sharpshooters and rebel mortars have been busy upon us, both while in the front and when relieved. In return, our men have played the sharpshooter, and burrowed under ground.

"Twenty casualties have occurred in our regiment during these thirty days. Most of the wounds have been severe, and five of the men are dead. Among our losses we sorrowfully record three honored captains, — Roger M. Ford, commanding Company G, wounded in right leg; Elam T. Goodrich, commanding Company H, wounded in the hip; and Henry C. Hall, commanding Company F, instantly killed by a rifle-ball. It is said, 'Death loves a shining mark.' Surely he selected such a one among us, — Capt. Hall, young and vigorous, cool and resolute, faithful even unto death, whose words were never tarnished by an oath, nor his taste defiled by poison of drink or drug. The death of no other officer of the line would have caused wider or sadder disappointment than did his. We can not think of him as never to return to us again. So among the non-commissioned dead. No man in Company B can fill the vacancy caused by the death of Sergeant Joseph Glover. Youthful, tender-hearted, honoring religion, faithful to every duty, true to his calling, and loved by all, he fell in a moment, and we mourn his loss."

The experience of the Eleventh was similar, — constantly under fire. Lieut.-Col. William C. Moegling reports, as the casualties for July, six killed and nine wounded.

Col. Stedman wrote in a private letter at this time, "I have won the silver star! After the fight of the 19th instant, Gen. Martindale forwarded his report, in which I had the honor to be the only officer mentioned. The general urged that I should be promoted, and that speedily. Every one of my four promotions has come to me unexpectedly. This is a surprise; and, should the appointment not come, I should lose nothing of my gratification at receiving the unqualified approbation of my superiors — soldiers who know me."

As early as June 20, Butler had secured a lodgment at Deep Bottom, north of the James, and ten miles from Richmond, by crossing Gen. Foster's command to maintain possession. The Tenth Connecticut was a part of this force. "The enemy occupied the position at that time; and on Col. Otis devolved the delicate and difficult task of establishing, between midnight and morning, a safe picket-line, in a portion of country he had never visited before; pressing back the rebel pickets as he posted his own."[6] Weeks of picket-duty

[6] The Knightly Soldier, p. 249.

followed; the regiment being under occasional artillery-fire. Adjutant H. W Camp wrote at this time, "The regiment has stacked arms where the shaded path winds pleasantly up from the river-bank. Headquarters are under a large tree, just in rear of the line. Henry and I, who always carry writing materials in a little haversack which we keep by us, are writing our letters in the intervals of rest. The gun-boats are firing over our heads at the rebels in front; and each explosion, so near are we to the muzzles of the guns, makes one feel as if both ears were being boxed with sledge-hammers, and the top of his head flattened with a pile-driver."

Here, for several weeks of summer, the Tenth, with the other regiments of the brigade, was busy in erecting long lines of earthworks in the intense heat of a Southern mid-summer, and picketing before a vigilant and determined foe. Several companies, under Capt. E. D. S. Goodyear, were sent down the river on two occasions, to destroy large stores of grain gathered by the rebels; and fully accomplished their work. On another occasion, on the 11th of July, fifty men of the Tenth, under Lieuts. James H. Lindsley and Albert F. Sharpe, volunteered, on the request of Major-Gen. Butler, "for an arduous and difficult but serviceable expedition;" and, with about an equal number of men from the 3d Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery, moved up the river to Dutch Gap, and by night across the country to Cox's Wharf; making an attack, in the early morning, upon a strong rebel picket-force; capturing a lieutenant and fourteen men; securing a torpedo, with boxes of powder, galvanic battery, and floats, in a wagon just down from Richmond, designed for use against our navy; and then setting fire to extensive steam saw and flouring mills, stores, and barns, — this destruction being the purpose of the movement.

The Tenth was warmly engaged on July 26. Col. Otis, at seven, A.M., received orders to move his command to the east side of Four-mile Creek, to assist in forcing the enemy from a piece of woods, and retake, if possible, an important position, covering the road from Richmond to Malvern Hill. Having to cross the James River twice before reaching the

position, considerable time elapsed; but, on their arrival, sharpshooters were sent out, under Lieut. James H. Lindsley, to re-inforce the skirmishers, with four companies of the line under Capt. B. L. Graves. Major Greeley, with four companies more, supported the First Connecticut Battery, and another battery in the redan. Heavy skirmishing continued all the afternoon.

Lieut. Lindsley was wounded early in the engagement, and Lieut. Henry A. Peck was placed in command of the sharpshooters. The enemy's skirmishers, having the advantage of position, and being several times re-inforced, contested the ground obstinately: but were steadily forced back, until they reached a strong rifle-pit, from which they had driven a regiment of the 18th Corps the day previous. Here they made a determined stand; but were driven out by the skirmishers of the two regiments, at the point of the bayonet.

The enemy was still forced back, and the Tenth alone held the picket-line during the night. Capt. E. D. S. Goodyear and Capt. J. S. Engles counted four guns that were placed in the opposite battery before morning.

Chaplain Trumbull, in the Knightly Soldier, adds, "The pickets of the Tenth lay concealed in the low underbrush. If they discovered themselves by the crackling of a twig, they were liable to be silenced by a shot just in their front; and the preparations for the morning, which they could hear the enemy making, were any thing but encouraging. Artillery was brought down, and so planted that they could almost have looked into the gun-muzzles; while a single discharge of grape from the battery could sweep them away like chaff from the enfiladed picket-line. They could hear the braggart threats of annihilation of the venturesome Yankees when the daylight came, and they realized their danger; yet all who were unwounded remained firm and true.

There was not much sleeping that night among officers or men of the Tenth, — only an anxious waiting for the morning, whose sun must rise in blood."

Lee had already sent several divisions across the James, and these now environed the little brigade of Foster; but, next morning, Hancock, with his 2d Corps, brought welcome

relief, and the whole force prepared to move forward to menace Richmond from the east, and to destroy the rebel pontoon-bridges swung across at Chapin's Bluff. The movement was also a cover for the explosion of the mine. The Fourteenth had marched from the extreme left in front of Petersburg, and now engaged in the demonstration on the rebel works at this point. The Ninth, under Col. T. W Cahill, had arrived at Bermuda Hundred on the 20th from Connecticut, and now participated in this movement with its usual alacrity. In an immediate advance the rebel works were taken, and several guns captured.

Col. Otis of the Tenth says, "A portion of my own line became engaged, and assisted materially in driving the enemy from his works, and capturing his guns; our position being such as to cover the Richmond Road, and effectually prevent the enemy from taking away the guns after withdrawing them from battery. The action being over, at eight, A.M., I was ordered to march my command back to the west side of the creek. Our entire loss was one commissioned officer and eight men."

On the night of July 29, the 2d Corps returned to the works before Petersburg, to support the assault which was to follow the explosion. The Fourteenth marched twenty miles, and arrived at daylight.

At five o'clock on the morning of the 30th, the mine was exploded; and was followed by a feeble assault, a mournful slaughter, and an utter, terrible failure.

The 31st United-States (including the colored battalion from Connecticut) had moved to the vicinity the night before, marched silently to within a hundred yards of our outer rifle-pits, and lay down to a fitful sleep on their muskets, with bayonets fixed. The division of negro troops lay all about them, waiting for the explosion. When the great shock came, Ledlie's inefficient division of white troops sprang forward to the assault, followed by the blacks. Up to the crater they went in the impetuous charge. Here many sought refuge, and were killed; while thousands pressed forward more than a mile, the Confederates having left the ground clear. Now came the fearful recoil. The rebels

rallied, and replied in a counter-charge; the Union troops were not supported; and blacks and whites rushed pell-mell into the vast bowl of crumbling earth where the fort had been. Then the helplessness; then the butchery! Burnside was on another part of the line.

Our little battalion of four companies of the 31st United-States had lost more than a hundred men. Lieut.-Col. W E. W Ross and Major T. Wright were wounded; leaving the command to Capt. Charles Robinson, who was soon afterwards made prisoner. Capt. Richard K. Woodruff was killed. Lieuts. W H. Ayres, J. B. Mason, and H. A. Downing, were among the wounded. Major Wright reported, "I can not speak too highly of both officers and men in this engagement. More bravery and enthusiasm I never witnessed. Besides their patriotic ardor, they went into that action with a determination to command the respect of white troops; which we knew could only be obtained by hard fighting."

Capt. Richard Kirtland Woodruff was son of Rev. Richard Woodruff of Westbrook. He entered Yale in 1859, and the service of his country in 1862; was promoted to be captain, and was mortally wounded at the "mine."

Among the colored martyrs who sealed their devotion with their blood this day was Orderly-Sergeant Tilghman S. Wood, of Capt. Woodruff's company, — a quiet, faithful, and fearless man, killed at the moment when he called to his comrades, "Come on, boys!" Sergeant Thomas B. Daley fell by his side, while pressing up the hill. A score of others were dead; but they had proved their valor, and earned the gratitude of all Americans.

The Twenty-first Connecticut was stationed well forward among the supports. Their work was to keep up a constant fire of musketry, and divert the attention of the enemy from the assaulting party. Nobly did they perform the task, though one of the enemy's batteries enfiladed the line; and his shot frequently swept down inside the rifle-pit, through its whole length. The sun, too, poured down with such intensity, as it rose higher, as to render it almost impossible to keep the works manned. Many received severe sunstrokes. So rapid was the firing, also, that the gun-barrels became so

heated as to scorch the hands of the men. Yet they stood nobly to their work while required. The regiment there lost three men killed and twelve wounded. One of its bravest officers there fell, — Capt. Francis S. Long of Willimantic. Being in command of a corps of sharpshooters, he was on the extreme front, directing their movements, entirely neglectful of self, when a piece of shell pierced his neck, killing him instantly. He was just in the prime of life, and full of bright promise.

The point in front of the explosion was covered by the First Connecticut Artillery. The following table exhibits the amount of siege-artillery put into position preparatory to the explosion of the mine, commanded by members of this regiment: —

Commanding officer.	Armament.	Locality.
Capt. John H. Burton,	3 30-pdr. Parrotts,	Battery 4.
Capt. Charles O. Brigham,	4 " "	Battery 1.
Lieut. L. W Jackson,	4 8-inch Mortars,	Battery 10.
Lieut. William A. Lincoln, / Lieut. George M. Williams,	5 Coehorns,	3 to Battery 9. / 2 to Battery near Fort McGilvray.
Capt. Edwin C. Dow,	3 30-pdr. Parrotts / 4 8-inch Mortars,	Battery 5.
Major Thomas S. Trumbull,		To assume command of Batteries on Line of 18th Corps.
Capt. Albert F. Brooker,	6 4½-inch Guns,	Battery 17
Capt. Albert F. Brooker,		To assume command of Batteries on line of 9th and 5th Corps.
Capt. Edward A. Gillette,	4 8-inch Mortars,	In front of Battery 14
Lieut. George D. Sargent,	2 8-inch Mortars,	Near Battery 11.
Lieut. Benjamin Andrews,	5 Coehorns,	Near Battery 12.
Capt. Wilbur F. Osborne.	1 13-inch Mortars,	On R. R. near Battery 3.
Capt. Franklin A. Pratt,	6 4½-inch Guns,	Fort Morton.
Capt. Henry H. Pierce,	10 10-inch Mortars,	Near Fort Rice.
Lieut. Henry D. Patterson,	6 8-inch Mortars,	Near Battery 20.
Total,	63 Pieces.	

Col. Abbot, in his report, says, " On July 30, the mine was sprung; and a heavy cannonade was instantly opened, and continued until about ten hours, thirty minutes, A.M., when it gradually ceased; the assault of the infantry having failed, and the attack being discontinued. The part assigned to the artillery — to keep down the fire of the enemy upon the flanks of the column of attack, and to keep back his re-inforcements — was successfully executed."

Immediately in front of the mine supporting the First Connecticut Artillery lay Burnside's 9th Corps (now the weakest and poorest corps in the army), with Smith's 18th directly up as a reserve. The Eighth and Eleventh lay all night upon the ground, ready to spring into the gap after Burnside's men.

After the disgraceful recoil, — more disgraceful to officers than men, — Gen. Stedman wrote. "Then we asked why we were not sent in? Why is the 18th Corps kept back? We can carry the position, let us go! But it was not permitted.

I do not like to write or talk much of our failures. I feel less a soldier when I do so; for there is much to make one say unpatriotic things. I see to-day a notice of the death of Capt. Reynolds, my adjutant-general, wounded in both arms at Cold Harbor. Poor fellows! — they all die!"

These were, probably, the last words Gen. Stedman ever wrote; for shortly after he was under a fatal fire. Aug. 5 was a dark day for the Eleventh; for the missiles of that day swept down Gen. Griffin A. Stedman, still commanding the brigade, and Lieut.-Col. Moegling, commanding the regiment. Both were hit by random shots; and the wound of Gen. Stedman was mortal.

Lieut.-Col. Moegling was wounded slightly in the foot. Chaplain Henry S. DeForest wrote of him, "He was at the time indisposed. Ill health followed, and, after a partial recovery, he grew worse again. His sickness finally became a typhoid; and it was thought advisable that he should visit his home, and try a northern climate. But he went home to Danbury to die. Exposure and hardship during four campaigns had been doing this work. The vital powers were overborne. No care of friends or home-attentions could avail. He had been thrice wounded, and had been in frequent battles and desperate charges, yet had escaped them all, only to meet death in another form. To this land of his adoption, to constitutional government and to universal liberty, which is the same in every land, he gave the blossom of his manhood and his life. He had the real Germanic love of liberty, and its opposite, — a keen hate to slavery. He was one of the first to join the first regiment

from the State. He served faithfully, fought fearlessly, and, having before spilled his blood, finally offered his life in the national cause."

The chaplain also tells of the death of Gen. Stedman, "He lay in his own tent, within sound of the enemy's guns, with his face turned towards their lines, but his eyes turned heavenward. His staff were about him, and others from the Eleventh. The tide of life ebbed away gently at the last. The soul was free, and the body at rest; but the soil which drank that blood is ours, and shall never be abandoned.

"His culture, his refinement, his urbanity, his taste, his delicacy, and purity of sentiment, fitted him well for social concourse and the evening assembly. But he had royal and martial qualities to which a drawing-room could give no scope. His promotion in military life only followed acknowledged merit, and that at a long interval. While acting brigadier-general in this terrible campaign, he had been recommended for that rank by all his superior officers,— by Gen. Martindale of the division, Gen. Baldy Smith of the corps, and twice, and in most flattering terms, by Gen. Butler of the department; and yet, as if to mock all earthly honor, his brevet as brigadier only came after he had received his mortal wound. But more than of his valor, do I love to think of his virtues. His voice was not the loud trumpet of war, but those silver tones which the ear of friendship could gather in, and which come back from the grave in still sweeter echoes. These virtues were his crowning excellences while living; they make his memory sacred when dead. The vices of the camp did not tarnish him. The leprosy was all around him; but it spared him. His integrity was rooted fast. It stood like the monarch of the forest, while the weaker fibre of other growth yielded to the tempest, and fell."

Dr. Nathan Mayer, surgeon of the Eleventh, in a biographical sketch of his friend, wrote, "He was an aristocrat in the noblest acceptance of the term, when aristocrats were the representatives of mental power and culture, of moral strength and purity, of grand aims and lofty deeds,

and of the most exquisite sentiments perpetuated in the pages of romance. Conceive Tennyson's Sir Galahad, or any of King Arthur's mail-clad champions; imagine Kingsley's Francis Leigh, or any of Queen Elizabeth's pure and chivalrous courtiers; conjure up, in short, a nature with the purity, delicacy, and innocence of a maiden, bound to the valor, firmness, and power of a hero, a hundred charming weaknesses blended with adamantine strength of principle, an elegance of thought that did not impair the mind's inexorable firmness, an affectionate disposition that lessened not the strength of character, a number of iron qualities bound together with garlands of roses, — and you have an idea with what eyes I viewed him to whom I bowed in the fullness of my hero worship."

The doctor gives the following reminiscence of the days under Col. Kingsbury: —

"There sat, mostly at Col. Kingsbury's side, upon a tiger-skin blanket, the subject of this sketch. A large, heavy brow, with ponderous developments, and very short, light hair, overshadowed features lovely and mirthful as a schoolboy's. Only the jaw's powerful sweep, and the long blonde mustache, relieved the lower part of his face from that gay and roguish look, that boyish smile, that always lingered there. There was Major Moegling, with his straightforward face and brilliant color, and Adjutant Converse, pale, quick, and spiritual. Furthermore, there was the old surgeon (Dr. J. B. Whitcomb), stout as a live-oak, with kindness and good sense beaming from his eyes, and his ruddy cheeks always ready to smooth out their thousand wrinkles in a good laugh. How late we used to sit talking of the world and its manners, of the brilliant actions of renowned men; recapitulating the wittiest sayings, the rarest thoughts, and the queerest stories! How we tried to discuss that exquisite politeness, that delicate chivalry, which graced the last days of Francis' old *régime*, and that wonderful spirit of devotion and consistent purity which characterized the days of knighthood! These were favorite themes with Col. Stedman.

"While the force of strict rules, and splendid external

management, at first controlled the regiment, Col. Stedman slowly substituted for these a chivalric feeling, a *corps d'esprit*, that made every private as anxious to uphold the reputation of the regiment as the commander himself. The tinge of patriotism which made every man individually adore himself as a hero and martyr of liberty was brushed away; and they felt themselves soldiers, links of a chain, pieces of machinery, but pieces that were conscious of the glory which was earned by the whole, and that strove for it unitedly, and each in his place. It only remains for me to lay the friend's wreath of immortelles upon the grave on which they have written, Brig.-Gen. Griffin A. Stedman.

Happy their end
Who vanish down Life's evening stream
Placid as swans that drift in dream
Round the next river-bend!
Happy long life, with honor at the close,
Friends' painless tears, the softened thought of foes!
And yet, like him, to spend
All at a gush, keeping our first faith sure
From mid-life's doubt and eld's contentment poor:
What more could Fortune send?

I write of one,
While with dim eyes I think of three:
Who weeps not others fair and brave as he?
Ah! when the fight is won,
Dear Land, whom triflers now make bold to scorn,
(Thee from whose forehead Earth awaits her morn!)
How nobler shall the sun
Flame in thy sky, how braver breathe thy air,
That thou bred'st children who for thee could dare
And die as thine have done!

CHAPTER XXXVII.

General Assembly. — Adjourned Session in January, 1864. — Spring Session. — Governor's Message. — The Ballot given to Soldiers in the Field. — Calls for Troops. — Recruiting. — The Quotas filled. — How it was done. — Presidential Election. — The Twenty-ninth (colored) in South Carolina. — The Eighteenth Regiment. — Home on Furlough. — Advance with Sigel. — Defeat at New Market. — Victory at Piedmont. — Loss of Brave Men. — Pushing South. — Across the James. — Advance on Lynchburg. — Repulse and Retreat. — Early attacks Washington. — Affair at Snicker's Ferry.

VERY success or reverse of the soldiers at the front was met by patriotic effort at home. The adjourned session of the General Assembly of 1863 was held at Hartford on Jan. 12, 1864. Volunteering was progressing rapidly; and the payment of the three-hundred-dollar bounty was continued by special enactment.

This session lasted only four days; and most of the time was spent in debate upon the proposed amendment of the State Constitution, allowing all electors of the State in the volunteer military service of the United States to vote in the field during the Rebellion. At the special session of the previous winter, the Democratic members had opposed giving the ballot to the soldiers, on the ground that it was unconstitutional: now they resisted it on other grounds.

During the debate, some of the opponents of the amendment alluded to the soldiers as "the armed cohort of despotism;" and the effect of their voting for State officers and president was compared to the disgraceful sale of the imperial purple by the prætorian guard in the latter days of the Roman Empire. The amendment was adopted by the House on the last morning of the session by a party vote of a hundred and seventeen yeas to seventy-seven nays. As it

was the first year it was acted upon, the Senate was not required to vote; and it went over for further action.

The spring election of 1864 was very quiet, and resulted in the re-election of Gov. Buckingham. Only 73,982 votes were cast; and William A. Buckingham had a majority over Origen S. Seymour, of 5,658. The Republicans elected more than two-thirds of the Lower House, and eighteen out of twenty-one senators.

The General Assembly met at New Haven on the fourth day of May. But little interest was felt in its proceedings; for the legislative machinery to supply the sinews of war was in full operation, and public attention was entirely wrapped up in the tremendous preparations being made by Grant and Sherman for those two wonderful campaigns which crushed the life out of the Rebellion.

The Senate was organized by the election of John T. Adams president *pro tem.*, and H. Lynde Harrison clerk.

The House of Representatives elected John T. Rice speaker, and William T. Elmer and John R. Buck clerks.

O. H. Platt of Meriden was appointed chairman of the judiciary committee, thus making him by courtesy the leader of the majority party in the House; and Col. Dwight Morris of Bridgeport was placed at the head of the military committee. The message of Gov. Buckingham exhibited the same calm dignity, clear statements, and intense loyalty, that had characterized his previous official communications. He thus tersely stated the argument for the amendment giving soldiers the ballot: —

"Freemen who sustain and protect a government by baring their bosoms to the deadly shafts of its enemies should have an opportunity to express an opinion in respect to its policy and the character and qualifications of its officers."[1]

He closed the message by urging national legislative action abolishing slavery, and said, —

[1] A newspaper at this time thus put the matter: "Perhaps we are prejudiced; but it seems to us that a man who does nothing worse than shed his blood for the old flag ought not, for so small an offense as that, to be disfranchised like a common thief."

"Slavery is not dead. Its life is in the custody of its friends; and while it shall so remain there will be no peace. The events of the past urge us to adopt some measure which shall terminate in favor of freedom that controversy which must ever exist so long as a part of the nation remains free and a part enslaved. Let us embrace this opportunity, and perform these duties [establish justice and form a more perfect union] with humble confidence, that, under the guidance of the King of kings, this revolution will carry the nation onward in the path of prosperity, intelligence, and influence, and upward to a higher level of freedom, civilization, and Christianity, until every man, whether high or low, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, of whatever tribe or race or nation, shall be protected in all the inalienable rights which God has given him under our national emblem of liberty, union, and power."

More than four million dollars had been expended during the year, and the total indebtedness of the State was about seven millions.

Gen. Stephen W Kellogg of Waterbury was very active and efficient at this session in procuring important modifications of the militia law, by which the annual encampment was extended to four days, two spring parades were provided for, and a commutation of five dollars annually was authorized to be paid to each member of the militia force who should provide himself with a complete uniform. This law proved to be an excellent one.

The constitutional amendment providing for the extension of the elective franchise to the soldiers in the field was passed in the Senate by a party vote of eighteen to three. In the House, the amendment received a hundred and fifty-three votes (all Republicans) against seventy-one votes of the Democrats. The affirmative vote lacked five of being two-thirds of the whole number of members elected; viz., two hundred and thirty-seven. It was immediately claimed by the Democrats that the amendment had failed for want of a two-thirds vote of the whole house; and the speaker, guided by a precedent in his favor, decided that the amendment was not carried. Mr. Platt of Meriden immediately appealed from this decision; and a long debate ensued, which was continued through two daily sessions. The yeas and nays were called upon the appeal, which was sustained by the party vote of a hundred and thirty-two yeas to fifty-four nays; and the speaker thereupon declared that the amendment had passed by the requisite constitutional majority.

This amendment was submitted to the people on the third Monday of August, and was then ratified by a large majority; only a few of the strongly Democratic towns giving majorities against it. The popular verdict was as follows: Hartford County, yes, 4,783; no, 3,520. New-Haven County, yes, 4,761; no, 3,028. New-London County, yes, 2,808; no, 1,108. Fairfield County, yes, 3,578; no, 2,088. Windham County, yes, 1,980; no, 668. Litchfield County, yes, 3,102; no, 1,923. Middlesex County, yes, 1,795; no, 1,029. Tolland County, yes, 1,523; no, 873. Total, yes, 24,280; total, no, 14,231. Majority for the amendment, 10,049. The governor then declared the amendment to be made, by vote of the people, a part of the Constitution of the State of Connecticut.

A statute was passed at the same session for the purpose of carrying the amendment into effect, by which commissioners were authorized to be sent into the field, camp, and hospital to receive the votes of all the electors of the State. Under its operations, the soldiers renewed their rights as citizens, and with remarkable unanimity voted the Republican ticket in November, 1864, and April, 1865.

Hon. Charles Chapman of Hartford was the Democratic leader in the House; while Messrs. O. H. Platt, H. K. W. Welch, —— Watrous, Charles Ives, Dwight Morris, David Gallup, and many others, were prominent upon the Republican side.

The Assembly adjourned *sine die* on the ninth day of July.

At the beginning of the year 1864, Connecticut had the proud honor of being the only State east of the prairies whose quota was full.

During the year, there were two calls for troops; requiring an aggregate of eight hundred thousand men. The first was issued on July 18, for five hundred thousand men; and the quota of Connecticut was declared to be ten thousand one hundred and twenty-one. This number being largely in excess of any quota theretofore assigned under a call for the same number of men, and the reason being

apparent, Adjutant-Gen. Horace J. Morse ascertained how many not subject to draft were enrolled in the various sub-districts; and Gov. Buckingham made a representation of the facts to the War Department, which secured a diminution and re-assignment of the quota at 8,408.

By a law passed at the May session, the paymaster-general of the State was authorized to offer a bounty of three hundred dollars to every enrolled person who should furnish a substitute upon the quota of the State for the term of three years; and the provisions of the family-bounty act were extended to the families of all such substitutes. The three-hundred-dollar bounty was also made payable to all recruits for the navy; and many young men in the coast towns volunteered under its provisions. The recruiting agents whom the governor sent into the Southern States obtained about one thousand men, who were credited on the quota.

Much fraud was practiced; and "bounty-jumping" had become an occupation with a large class of vagrants who went from town to town, and from State to State, enlisting under various names and disguises; taking the large bounty, and deserting at the first opportunity.

Capt. Isaac H. Bromley resigned his office of provost-marshal of the Third District; and Capt. Theodore C. Kibbe was appointed his successor. In taking leave of the office, Capt. Bromley hinted at the perplexities of the position in the following farewell to the many characters he had dealt with, —

"The retiring officer has had the satisfaction of knowing, that, in the discharge of duties eminently calculated to 'make everybody hate you,' he has met with the most cheering success. Without a pang of regret, he bids an official but affectionate adieu to the gentlemanly substitute-brokers who always have 'two or three first-rate men of good moral character' they want to get in; to the patriotic selectmen and town agents who would 'like to look over the lists to see if James Henry Alexander's name is down;' to the short-haired substitutes, with a complication of diseases, who swear they are 'tough enough to stand marching and fighting;' to the timid young gentlemen from the rural districts who 'have the rheumatism very bad in wet weather,' and 'have never been very well' since the war broke out; to the anxious parties who have for the past three or four weeks waylaid him in the streets, and opened their attacks with a dreadful series of 's'posens;' to the aliens from Ireland and the

aliens from Germany, the aliens who were willing to swear they were aliens, and the aliens who would 'be d—d if they'd do any thing of the sort;' to the mild-mannered men who 'couldn't understand it,' and to those rough-spoken people who 'know all about it,' — to those and to all of them he bids a fond and affectionate farewell. We presume they are all pleased with the change. He certainly is."

A draft was ordered for the fifth day of September. The energy of the State was given unreservedly to the work of recruiting. "Before the time for the draft, the quota of the State was considerably more than filled; but a few of the sub-districts had failed to furnish the required number. In these a draft was made; but in most cases, before the date at which the drafted men were ordered to report, the towns filled the quota by volunteers; and the drafted men were not held to service." [2]

The inducements held out to all persons who were liable to be drafted, to obtain substitutes in advance, at once created a large demand for substitutes; and very many of the recruits were of this class. During the year, three thousand eight hundred and forty-nine (3,849) substitutes for enrolled men were mustered, and paid their bounty. More than one-half deserted before reaching the front.

Of this, the adjutant-general says in his report for 1865, —

"I here allude to this fact for the purpose of showing that the disgrace of this should not be charged upon Connecticut. *These were not Connecticut men.* I have before referred to the demand for substitutes which sprang up immediately upon the passage of the act paying a bounty of three hundred dollars to each man who would furnish a substitute before being drafted. During the greater part of this time, no bounties were being paid by the neighboring large cities; and as a consequence of this, and to meet the demand for substitutes here, large numbers of worthless characters and professional bounty-jumpers, who only entered the service to desert and enlist again, found their way into the State from these cities, from Canada and elsewhere, were presented at the offices of provost-marshals, mustered into service, and sent to the rendezvous. Either there, or after leaving for the field, they deserted, receiving assistance from confederates outside, who furnished them with citizens' clothing, and facilitated their escape.

"After a thorough investigation, I am satisfied, that, of the substitutes who have enlisted and thus deserted, *not one in a hundred was a citizen of Connecticut.*"

On Dec. 19, the President issued another call for three hundred thousand, to fill the deficiency caused by deserters

[2] Adjutant-General's Report for 1865.

under the previous requisition. The quota of Connecticut under this call was not announced from Washington, for the reason indicated in the following communication, afterwards received: —

WAR DEPARTMENT, PROVOST-MARSHAL-GENERAL'S BUREAU,
WASHINGTON, D.C., March 1, 1866.

GEN. HORACE J. MORSE, *Adjutant-General, Hartford, State of Connecticut.*

GENERAL, — In reply to your communication of the 27th ultimo, requesting to be informed the quota assigned to the State of Connecticut under the call of Dec. 19, 1864, without any additions or deductions on previous calls, I am directed by the provost-marshal-general to inform you that there was no quota assigned to the State of Connecticut, from the fact that there was no deficiency

I am, general, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
GEORGE E. SCOTT,
Major Vet. Res. Corps.

The quota of Connecticut was full, and more than full, at least on paper. She had gone into the fashionable competition as to which State could soonest expunge its debt on the books of the provost-marshal-general's office; and, enlisting all her enterprise and energy, had come out among the first.

Yet the substitutes and recruits of this period, obtained at a high bid, were generally worthless vagabonds, who intended to desert at the first opportunity, and enlist again. A few unselfish patriots protested that the method was inherently vicious, tending to bestow money on hundreds of thousands of scoundrels, without materially strengthening the army. Gen. Hawley, from the front, denounced the "reckless, cowardly, quota-filling madness;" and wrote, "The very best men are needed in soldiering, as in any other serious, great, and dangerous work. The idea that material of the sort now sent us, though inexpressibly vile and piratical, is the best timber for soldiers, I often hear intimated or suggested; and nothing but the knowledge that it is not so intended prevents me receiving and resenting it as a stinging personal insult. This is the most trying period of the war by all odds; yet the men you send now do not intend to go into battle!"

Chaplain H. C. Trumbull wrote with equal earnestnes in August, 1864, —

"Do you know what it is that to-day tends more to dishearten New England soldiers in the field than all other causes combined? It is not th situation at the front, but the public sentiment at home. I can no keep silence if I would. I see a perishing army the sole safeguard of a tottering nation; and I must cry out in the hour of that army's and tha nation's need against the ruinous theory, that an able-bodied citizen ha performed his whole duty to his government and to himself, when he ha given to a substitute-broker a check, large or small, while refusing th help of his own right arm to the brother who dies for him. What! Is a professed Christian to receive commendation for hiring a proxy to kee the sabbath for him, while he goes on a squirrel-hunt? Out on such a standard! This season of the war is the nation's sacred holy day. Ou government, of more than parental claim and preciousness, is struggling i agony for life this hour. None are exempt from the duty of doing thei utmost while there is still such peril to all."

Capt. Samuel Fiske, scarcely more given to ambiguity o speech than the two other soldiers above quoted, exclaimed "Shades of the Greeks and Romans! I suppose Quintu Curtius, if he had lived in these times, instead of plun ging with his gallant steed into the yawning gulf, woul have pitched in a bag of brazen asses, and — avoided th draft." These fierce remonstrances, doubtless, reflected th sentiment of the soldiers. The writers were charged witl "rashness" and "indiscretion" by their friends at home but the sequel amply justified the protests. The whole o this extravagant bounty-system tended to ruin. It dis couraged and disgusted the veterans in the field, stimulate desertions, degraded patriotism, and filled the quota withou filling the army. A few of the substitutes were good an faithful men; but nine-tenths of them were never under fir and a large majority deserted before they reached th front. But the Confederacy had begun to lose its spirit and even "filling the quota" seemed to give momentum t its downfall.

The presidential canvass of 1864 was conducted vigo ously by both parties in Connecticut. The Democrats agai appealed for peace; the Republicans insisted on a mor vigorous prosecution of the war. The Democrats made cor spicuous the fact that the Union had not yet been restore

by the armed hand; the Republicans took notice of the specious claim only to show how much of the rebel territory had been overrun, and to resolve anew that the rest should be so reclaimed. The struggle brought forth all the "peace-men," — those who had opposed the war from the beginning, — more numerous in Connecticut than in any other Northern State. The war-party was strengthened by its aggressive attitude; and again the State was hotly contested and close. The official majority for Lincoln over McClellan was 2,406: J. Hammond Trumbull, Secretary of State, declared the whole number of votes received by commissioners from soldiers in the field to be 2,898. He estimated that the whole number that arrived in time to be deposited in the ballot-boxes did not exceed 2,400.[3]

On April 7, the Twenty-ninth (colored), under Col. William B. Wooster, was armed with the best Springfield rifles at Annapolis, and next day received orders to proceed to South Carolina. The regiment disembarked at Hilton Head after a comfortable voyage, and went thence to Beaufort, where it arrived on the 13th. A fine camp was laid out; and the work of converting the raw material of the regiment into good soldiers was vigorously and systematically commenced. The men learned rapidly, and were faithful in the performance of their duties. While here, although the utmost attention was paid to all that pertained to the health of the regiment, much sickness prevailed; the change of climate telling severely upon the untried soldiers. In less than two months, a decided improvement in drill and discipline had been effected; and the dress-parades began to attract marked attention. Here, and in these duties, the regiment remained through the spring and early summer, until the stress in Virginia required its transfer to that point.

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[3] The New-Haven Register, commenting on these figures, said, "So that by official figures it is seen, that, on the home vote, the voice of Connecticut was for McClellan." In this conclusion, it is conceded that the soldiers voted unanimously for Lincoln, which is not quite true.

After a pleasant winter in Martinsburg, Va., the Eighteenth Regiment was ordered on March 7 (1864) to proceed to Harper's Ferry. Here it was encamped for a time on Bolivar Heights; detached companies doing provost-duty in Maryland. The weather was very disagreeable, and the soldiers sighed for their cosy quarters at Martinsburg. Soldiers are a privileged class: they may grumble as much as they please if they continue to obey orders.

On March 28, the regiment was given a furlough; and the men started for Connecticut in high glee. The fact that the State election was on the *tapis* at this precise time, and that a majority of the members were voters, was suspected to have some influence in procuring the visit home. A few pleasant days in Norwich, almost a solid vote for Buckingham, another good-by, and back to Bolivar Heights on April 9. After a harmless scout up the Loudon Valley, they arrived at Martinsburg on the 28th.

Next day the regiment, now numbering ten officers and six hundred men, still under Major Henry Peale, started with a large force under Gen. Sigel. This officer had not been uniformly successful; and the phrase, "I fights mit Sigel," had lost some of its talismanic power. The Eighteenth, too, remembered the Winchester of a year before; but they turned their faces hopefully southward, and marched away, bandying jokes suggestive of the past and future. Long before this time, many tender relationships had sprung up between the gallant fellows of the regiment and the ladies of the city; and the repeated partings had grown more and more affectionate.

A rapid move to Bunker Hill and Winchester, and the regiment marched over the ground where so many were captured a year before: there the gallant Porter fell; there the charges were made; there the surrender; there the captivity in the fort. They encamped two miles below town, and tarried nine days; while Sigel reviewed his troops, and the rebels counted them, and reported to Richmond. Before moving again, it was doubtless definitely known at the rebel capital about how many men and guns Sigel had, and how many would suffice to crush him. On May 9, they

pushed forward towards New Market; the Eighteenth being detached on the 14th, and sent to Edinburgh to support the 28th Ohio, where they had a slight skirmish. At three o'clock, next morning, these regiments were pushed forward to New Market, and arrived at ten, A.M., in a drenching rain. The Eighteenth was marched into a piece of woods north-west of the town; and, while partaking of a breakfast of coffee and hard-tack, the men were ordered into line of battle to the support of a battery. The enemy was shelling the position from a wooded eminence. After an hour's cannonading, the three regiments that had come up advanced a short distance in line, the Eighteenth on the right, and came to a halt. Companies A and B of the Eighteenth were deployed as skirmishers under Capt. William L. Spaulding. Firing began briskly The skirmishers of the enemy advanced rapidly, driving ours back to the lines. At this time, Capt. Spaulding was mortally wounded in the abdomen, and died an hour later in an ambulance at the rear.

The rebels soon came down in three strong lines of battle, with a reserve of seven thousand men. Sigel's main force was still far behind. The enemy took advantage of this, rushing in with great vigor, and driving the regiments back to an eminence. Here a stand was made. The official report of Major Peale says, —

"The skirmishers of the enemy now appeared on the brow of the hill, and rapid firing ensued, in which Capt. J. Matthewson, Company D, was wounded, as also several men of his company. As our skirmishers retired around our flank, the line fired several volleys; when, it being apparent that the line of the enemy greatly outnumbered our own, and that further stay in that position was worse than useless, the commanders of regiments on left of brigade gave the order to retreat, which movement was followed by the Eighteenth. The regiment marching by the flank at double-quick, on emerging from the lane, found itself some distance in rear of the retreating line, and was thereby thrown into some confusion; but, with some exceptions, the men were rallied and were re-formed with the rest of the first line in rear of the second line, which now awaited the shock. The cannonading was at this time extremely rapid, the rebels shelling our position with great accuracy; while the batteries of our first and second lines poured grape and canister into their infantry, which came on in splendid line. As they drew near, our second line fired and charged, partially checking their advance, but, having suffered severely, was forced to retire. For the same reason, the enemy contented himself with sending forward strong lines of skirmishers to harass our now retreating force; himself advancing very slowly.

"Desultory fighting was continued for three hours by our first and second lines alternately; when, two fresh regiments arriving, the broken forces were assembled in rear of them, and marched on the pike to the north bank of the Shenandoah, from whence it continued to march until within two miles of Woodstock, where it halted at five, A.M.; having marched nearly thirty-five miles in twenty-six hours, in addition to that incident to its participation in the action."

The retreat was continued by Sigel until he reached the east side of Cedar Creek, where the Eighteenth went into camp on May 17

The regiment had lost one killed, thirty-six wounded, and nineteen missing, as reported by Adjutant E. B. Culver from Strasburg; but several of the missing were dead in the enemy's hands. In Capt. William L. Spaulding, Eastford had another martyr. He was a son of Reuben Spaulding of that town. Early in life he resolved to obtain a liberal education; and, wishing to be thoroughly prepared for college, he took a course of study at Wesleyan Academy Wilbraham, Mass. He graduated at Middletown in 1860 bearing off the highest honors of the institution.[4] He studied law in the office of Judge Elisha Carpenter, who says, "I never knew any young man who possessed such aptness to learn with such quick perceptions and sound judgment. He had natural abilities of the very first order, and must have attained a high place at the bar." While the battle was raging, after expressing satisfaction and confidence in the future life, he asked Chaplain Walker, "Are they driving us?" and soon after expired.

At this point, Col. William G. Ely, after a long imprisonment, returned to the regiment, and resumed command. He was very warmly welcomed, and responded to the demonstrations of his men in a pleasant address. Capt. G. W Warner, and Lieuts. M. B. V Tiffany, J. T. Maginnis, I. N Kibbe, and others, returned at the same time. Lieut.-Col Monroe Nichols, on being released from his terrible captivity, resigned on account of protracted ill health.[5]

[4] Wesleyan University maintained during the war its well-earned reputation for loyalty. One hundred and fifty-one students and alumni enlisted in the war, and served with great credit. Major-Gen. George W. Cole, and Brig.-Gens. A. J. Edgerton and John B. Van Pelton, were graduates of this institution. A score of her officers and men died in service.

[5] Lieut.-Col. Nichols died in January, 1868, at St. Paul, Minn., whither he had gone

Sigel was now succeeded by Gen. Hunter, who put the army in snug fighting trim, cutting down baggage to the minimum, and sending the surplus to the rear; so that during the next month any officer who wished to indulge in the luxury of a clean shirt was obliged to sit in garments of the same texture as "the emperor's new clothes" while his single shift was going through the "laundry."

On May 27. the little army started again up the Shenandoah, which a waggish soldier with the Virginia dialect now wrote of as "the back 'doah' of the Union." They waded through Woodstock in the mud, ate supper in the mud, slept in the mud, rose and set out again in the mud; remained in New Market four days, and advanced; crossed the Shenandoah at Port Republic on a pontoon-bridge, May 4; marched two miles towards Staunton in the evening, and bivouacked, the enemy making demonstrations in the front. Next morning, the column was early on its march; but the rebels skirmished spiritedly, and on arrival at Piedmont they were found posted advantageously on elevations prepared to receive battle. Hunter passed his regiments in rapid review, and said to the Eighteenth, that he "expected them to sustain the honor of Connecticut. Here was an opportunity to wipe out New Market."

Strong lines of skirmishers were thrown out from both armies. Our line advanced under a severe fire of shell and musketry, and drove back the rebel skirmishers towards their main force. It was all open ground; and the rebels had the advantage of cover, and fired rapidly: but the Union skirmishers never wavered. Soon the order, "Forward, double quick, march!" was given, and was followed by an impetuous

to reside for the benefit of his health. He was materially strengthened in the exhilarating air of that beautiful young State; but over-exertion induced a fatal relapse. Col. Nichols was born in Thompson, Conn. He graduated at Middletown in 1857, and after the battle of Bull Run raised a company, and was made lieutenant-colonel of the Eighteenth. After he resigned, and returned to Connecticut, he was elected a member of the General Assembly of 1865, and served with distinction. The St. Paul Press says of him, "Col. Nichols, during a brief residence of two years in this city, had won for himself by his brilliant talents, his fine attainments, and attractive personal qualities, a high position in the esteem of the community and in the regards of many admiring friends. To the graces of the scholar and the purity of the Christian gentleman, he added the generous enthusiasm and devotion of the Christian patriot. He was one of those knightly souls who went forth from our colleges and schools to do battle for freedom and the Union against the hosts of treason; and he died, in fact, a martyr to the barbarity of the rebel jailers into whose hands by the fortunes of war he fell."

charge by Hunter's whole force. The rebels stood a few moments, straggled, turned, and fled to their principal breastworks just in the rear. The ground thus gained gave our men much encouragement. But repeated attempts to dislodge the enemy again were not so successful. Finally, a battery was ordered up, which fired rapidly and accurately; driving the rebels from a portion of their works.

The Eighteenth was on the right, fighting most gallantly under Col. Ely, giving and taking a severe fire. Lieut. Maginnis had received a bullet in his brain, and fallen, his face to the foe. Adjutant Culver was dying. Enlisted men lay on every hand. About five, P.M., the regiment was ordered forward simultaneously with a charge by a flanking force at the left, and moved calmly up to a last furious attack. The rebels fought desperately for a few minutes, but finally broke in a total rout. Several pieces of artillery were captured, and fifteen hundred prisoners, exclusive of wounded. The Eighteenth had conducted itself splendidly this day, and was thanked by Gens. Hunter and Sullivan. The bearing of Col. Ely and Major Peale was calculated to inspire the men with courage. Col. Ely, in his report, said, —

"Our troops fought with undaunted bravery, and at five, P.M., routed the rebels, captured two thousand prisoners and five thousand stands of arms, and found a large number of severely wounded among the rebel dead. The Eighteenth Connecticut Volunteers was on the right of Gen. Hunter's line of battle: its colors took the lead in the first charge, and floated defiant till we triumphed. All of the color-guard were wounded except one. Our banner riddled by Minie-balls and cannon-shot, and a loss of one hundred and twenty-seven in killed and wounded, tell our story. Officers and all men behaved most gallantly; obeying orders with alacrity, even in the thickest of the fight."

The regiment had lost nineteen killed and one hundred and fifteen wounded. Among the wounded were Lieuts. E. S. Hinckley, J. P. Rockwell, and John Lilley, — the last severely. Among the killed, were Lieuts. Culver and Maginnis, and such men as Charles T. Fanning, W H. Paine, W L. Adams, Jerome B. Cahoone, J. T. Bradley, and John B. Scott.

Lieut. John T. Maginnis was a native of Stamford. He learned the trade of a printer, and was for some time foreman of the New-York Herald office, and afterwards proof-reader there. In 1849, he engaged in mercantile business. When the war broke out, he was dissuaded from enlisting; but he helped to raise a company for the Eighteenth, and with noble modesty declined to receive a commission until he should earn it. He was soon promoted, and was constantly with his regiment. Captured at Winchester, he was kept in prison for nine months. He suffered from cold, privation, and exposure, and contracted a cough from which he never recovered. He received a furlough on being released; but he was restive at home, and insisted on going back to the front. His lungs were perceptibly affected; but he could not be restrained. "The boys are in the field," he said, "the country needs the help of every arm: of what account is my poor life, or a million such, if thereby our nation is saved?" He hurried back, and wrote from Woodstock in his last letter, "I regret that my health is not good enough to justify much exposure; but, poor as it is, I shall not shirk my duty in the hour of trial. If I am to fall," said he, "let it be on a victorious battle-field, amid the cheers of the 'boys in blue'!" His prayer was answered.

Lieut. E. Benjamin Culver of Norwich, adjutant, was severely wounded in the head, and died next morning. Before going into the battle, he said, "I am prepared to receive my death-wound to-day." He was an officer of great merit, brave to a fault, and a universal favorite. He fell in the thickest of the fight in the first charge.

The Eighteenth, greatly reduced in numbers and much exhausted, made its bivouac in the rear of the rebel position; and next morning, sad at thought of the losses, but elated by the victory, the column pushed on to Staunton. On the 10th, Hunter was re-inforced by the commands of Crook and Averill; and, now pushing resolutely southward, he passed through Lexington next day, destroying much public property. The soldiers captured a Confederate flag over Stonewall Jackson's grave, and split up for trophies the black-walnut memorial slab at its head. Rations began

to grow scarce; and the army was two hundred miles from its base. The column arrived on the 14th at Buchanan, a town on the James River twenty miles west of Lynchburg, where for the first time the old flag was hailed by the cheers of the citizens; and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs from the windows. The army crossed the James in canal-boats and on the ruins of the old bridge. A wet night; and the men slept with empty stomachs.

June 15 was a tiresome, exciting day, marked by the ascent of the Blue Ridge near its highest point, — the peaks of Otter. Night was passed upon the mountain with little to eat. Next morning, the grand scenery was left behind; the force descended, destroyed the railroad, and pushed towards Lynchburg. The Eighteenth lay on its arms all night, while the advance skirmished sharply with the enemy within four miles of the city. It was evident that the rebels meant to contest further advance. On the 18th, an artillery duel continued through the day; and the enemy made two unsuccessful charges on our line. Col. Ely had a narrow escape here: he was wounded in the throat, and was temporarily disabled. Eight others in the regiment were wounded.

Gen. Early had now re-inforced the rebels; and Hunter, his rations and ammunition nearly exhausted, after an indecisive battle, fell back north of the James, and retired through West Virginia.

Surgeon J V Harrington of Sterling was left behind when the Eighteenth moved. His consumptive tendency had long been apparent, and crossing the mountains produced a hemorrhage.[6] His absence from his post at this time imposed great additional care upon Surgeon Lowell Holbrook, whose labors had been increasing every day.

The next ten days brought the severest trials the regiment ever experienced, — tedious marches with little sleep and less food; the whole army hurrying forward to escape

[6] Dr. Harrington was taken as prisoner to Charleston, and held until October, when he was exchanged and went home, completely broken down in health. He died in December, — another on the long roll of martyrs. He had fought a good fight. When he was left at Lynchburg, Chaplain W C. Walker wrote, "He is sadly missed in the regiment. His kind and gentlemanly deportment and faithful attention to his duties render him very popular, and make his loss the greater."

starvation in the mountains. "The scenes of that terrible march will never be recalled by any survivor without a shudder. The Eighteenth conducted themselves with soldierly manliness and propriety."[7] The retreat was from Liberty, back through Salem, across the Alleghanies, thence to Newcastle, Louisburg, Meadow Bluff, Gauley Bridge, and Camp Piatt on the Kanawha; arriving very much exhausted on July 3. Next morning, the Eighteenth went to Parkersburg, *viâ* the Kanawha and Ohio Rivers, and thence to Cumberland, Md., and marched back to Martinsburg; arriving there jaded, ragged, dispirited, and broken down, with a total of one hundred and fifty officers and men. Hunter had made a bold dash on Lynchburg, had gone far from his base of supplies, and had met with failure; but the individual regiments are entitled to great credit.

Lee eagerly took this opportunity to relieve his army from investment at Petersburg. The Shenandoah Valley was again open to the North; and he flung through it his choice corps of twelve thousand men under Early, to sweep Hunter's shattered army out of Virginia, and swoop down on defenseless Washington. Hunter, Crook, and Sigel retired precipitately across the Potomac.

Grant immediately met the movement, not by raising the siege, but by detaching Wright's 6th Corps, and sending it on transports to Washington. The Second Connecticut Artillery, still serving as infantry, was in this force. "We disembarked at Washington on the 12th," says Capt. Theodore F. Vaill of Litchfield in his diary, "and marched straight through the city on Seventh Street to Tenallytown, where the pickets were engaging the rebels, now in plain sight. At ten, A.M., we were marched out some two miles, and remained till morning." Early had hesitated too long, and lost his opportunity; and, finding that the 6th and 19th Corps were up, he withdrew, and recrossed the Potomac, the 6th Corps in hot pursuit. Capt. E. W Whitaker was here in command of a squadron of cavalry.

On July 14, the Eighteenth, in Crook's column, passed from Harper's Ferry down the left bank of the Potomac, and

[7] Narrative of Chaplain William C. Walker.

next day recrossed, and pushed southward through the Loudon Valley; Early crossing at the same time at Point of Rocks. The two corps were again in close proximity. Crook's cavalry made a successful raid upon the enemy's trains; and the infantry pushed on towards Snicker's Gap, which was reached and passed on the 18th. In the afternoon, the enemy was found posted across the Shenandoah to hold the ferry, and resist the passage of the river. Crook posted a battery so as to command the position, and then began crossing by the ford, two miles below. The Confederates permitted one brigade (including the Eighteenth) to cross without molestation; and then made a vigorous onset from the woods, rapidly driving the whole line towards the river. The order was given to retreat by the ford; but great confusion prevailed. "The Eighteenth held its position on the right until flanked, and was the last regiment to recross; suffering a loss of six killed and twenty-five wounded. The regiment acquitted itself creditably. It was exposed to a cross-fire, but did not waver, nor retreat until ordered."[8] Orderly-Sergeant Thomas J. Aldrich of Thompson was drowned. Capt. Joseph Mathewson was wounded in the thigh. Lieuts. M. V B. Tiffany and F. G. Bixby were also wounded.

After being thus disgracefully entrapped, Crook drew off, and awaited the arrival of the 6th and 19th Corps, which came up next day. The Eighteenth Regiment, now numbering less than a hundred rank and file, passed slowly westward to Winchester, and camped on the night of the 22d in familiar ground. Next morning, they moved out two miles on the Romney Road, and lay all day in line of battle; the enemy being not far off. On the 24th, the Eighteenth was on the west side of the Strasburg Pike, and found the rebels advancing in force. They soon furiously attacked the left of our line, which gave way; exposing the extreme right held by the Eighteenth, and compelling it to fall back. It retreated in good order over the ridge west of Winchester, halting twice, and forming in line of battle to check the pursuing force. On the left, our cavalry had been driven back

[8] Diary of Chaplain W. C. Walker.

in confusion upon the infantry; and the Eighteenth narrowly escaped capture within a short distance of the fatal disaster of the year previous. The whole army was again in full retreat; and the Eighteenth reached Martinsburg early next morning with a loss of ten or twelve men, prisoners, and arrived at Williamsport, and forded the Potomac with the army at dawn of the 26th. For several days, the regiment remained along the Potomac in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, where a force now gathered to intercept the raid of Early in Pennsylvania, where he had already burned Chambersburg.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Dead-Lock at Petersburg. — Flank Movement on the Right. — The Sixth, Seventh, Tenth, Fourteenth, and Twenty-ninth Connecticut, and the First Battery engaged. — Four-mile Run. — Battle of Deep Run. — Charge by Terry's Division. — Strawberry Plains. — Withdrawal. — Casualties. — The Fourteenth at Reams's Station. — Casualties. — Incidents along the Line.

ICHMOND and Petersburg were still under the rebel flag. The terrific struggles of the summer of 1864 had resulted in a dead-lock of the opposing armies. For thirty miles, the parallel lines of earthworks, batteries, and forts, bristling with cannon, and well-manned by tried and veteran troops, overlooked the hostile camps but a few rods distant. Experience had taught that the attempt to take the rebel lines by direct assault was too expensive for frequent repetition. Every shock seemed only to settle and strengthen the defenses.

The mine *fiasco* had left no alternative but flanking; and the plan now was to strike the rebel army upon the extreme right and left simultaneously, and so confuse and bewilder the enemy as to cause him to leave some point exposed. Two corps, the 2d and 10th, were selected to operate against Richmond from Deep Bottom, under Hancock; while Warren struck for the possession of the Weldon Railroad on the left.

Gen. Gilmore had been relieved from the command of the 10th Corps; and Gen. A. H. Terry succeeded him for a time, showing great ability in discharging the duties of the position. Major-Gen. Birney was soon appointed by the rule of seniority; and Terry returned to his gallant division. The Twenty-ninth Connecticut (colored), under Col. William B. Wooster, was now ordered up from Beaufort, and joined Hinks's (colored) division.

On Aug. 13, the movement on the right commenced; the troops being embarked on transports, as a feint, and landed at Deep Bottom. The Connecticut regiments present at this point were the Sixth, Seventh, Tenth,[1] Fourteenth, and Twenty-ninth, and the First Light Battery.

Foster's brigade still occupied the little semicircle on the bluffs projected into rebel territory; and Col. Wooster was put in command of a brigade to hold the ground, while the rest of the force attacked. A short distance below, a small tributary called Four-mile Run joins the James; and up this (towards Richmond) the advance was made at daylight on the 14th, the 10th Corps on the north side, and the 2d Corps on the south side, of the creek. This was a movement against the rebel left.

Foster's brigade made a successful charge on the enemy's line, maintaining its position until recalled. Of this advance of Sunday, Adjutant H. W. Camp of the Tenth wrote, "We formed line, threw out skirmishers, and advanced, connecting with other regiments on the right and left. A very few minutes, and the fight was brisk. The main body of the regiment was halted, and the men lay down; while officers moved up and down the line, skirmishers dodged from tree to tree, and bullets pattered fast in all directions. Going down the line, I stopped to deliver an order to Lieut. A. F. Sharp. We stood for a moment talking; and I had hardly turned away, when a bullet passed through his head just behind the eyes. Officers went down fast. Capt. H. F. Quinn had charge of the skirmishers. Two of his men, stepping in succession behind a large tree that seemed to offer excellent shelter, fell, — one dead, the other severely wounded. He moved to

[1] In accepting the resignation of Lieut.-Col. Leggett at this time, Gen. Butler issued the following well-merited order: —

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA,
IN THE FIELD, VIRGINIA, Aug. 17, 1864.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 225. . 15. — Lieut.-Col. Robert Leggett, Tenth Connecticut Volunteers, having tendered his resignation, it is accepted, with regrets that so gallant an officer, with honorable wounds received in the service, is obliged to leave it. Col. Leggett's patriotic endeavors to remain in the service, notwithstanding his partial disability in the loss of a limb, are appreciated by the commanding general, who desires to thank him for the example of courage and endurance he has set to the officers and soldiers of his command.

By order of Major-Gen. Butler, R. S. DAVIS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

the same place, and was instantly shot dead,—all three within two minutes. Capt. W M. Webb was wounded, and carried back; and presently we saw two men helping Lieut. G. H. Brown to the rear, with a bullet through his leg. A moment after I left Sharp, I came upon one of our men lying on the ground with the blood pouring from a wound in the shoulder. Asking his name of those who stood by, I was told it was Cornelius Dwyer of Sprague. He looked up as I inquired. 'I am a dead man, adjutant.'—'I hope not,' said I; but he knew too well. He did not live to be carried from the field.

"There was a yell from the rebels in front; a louder crash of musketry. Our skirmishers stood fast, and drove back the advancing enemy. This had lasted more than an hour, when the 24th Massachusetts, which had been held in reserve, came marching up in double column: they were to charge through the dense wood, upon the rifle-pits beyond. We had orders to follow and support them. They moved forward splendidly, with well-closed lines and steady step. They passed us a few rods, and the undergrowth hid them from sight. We came after in line of battle. Two or three minutes passed. The same irregular fire in front, and, with a long, tremendous cheer, the 24th made their rush. Our boys needed no orders: a shout burst from every throat, and the whole line dashed on. But, instead of the fierce volleys we expected to meet, there, on reaching open ground, was the line of works deserted. The yell and the charge had been too much for the nerves of our friends in gray; and almost without another shot they had turned, and made the best of their way to the rear."

Col. J P Rockwell commanded the Sixth; and Capt. John Thompson of Middletown, the Seventh. These regiments proceeded across the James with their brigade (Hawley's), and advanced against the rebel position simultaneously with the Tenth, but were less heavily engaged. Lieut. John B. Young commanded companies B and G of the Seventh on the skirmish-line. The Confederates showed such a stubborn front, that it became evident that the attack was not far enough on the flank. With this conviction, the troops

were withdrawn at nightfall; ground gained in the partial success was abandoned; and during the night and next morning the whole force moved four miles farther to the right. The report of Capt. Thompson says, "Directly in front of us was a corn-field, and beyond that a deep ravine and mill-pond, which separated us from the enemy's main works. The following officers were present for duty at this time; viz., Assistant Surgeon E. C. Hine; Lieut. J. I. Hutchinson, acting adjutant; Lieuts. C. E. Barker, H. B. Lee, and M. A. Taintor. Capt. E. S. Perry, and Lieuts. T. C. Wildman, John B. Young, and Byron Bradford, were sick and unfit for duty; and Lieut. Henry B. Gill had received a slight wound two days previous, from which he had not recovered. Surgeon George C. Jarvis was detached from the regiment, being senior medical officer of the brigade. Owing to the excessive heat, an unusual number of the enlisted men were compelled to fall out of the ranks while on the march, from sun-stroke and excessive fatigue, being burdened with their knapsacks; so that, on the morning of the 16th, they numbered but 161 men."

On the 16th was fought the battle of Deep Run by Terry's division; resulting in carrying the enemy's intrenchments, and capturing two hundred prisoners and a stand of colors. Col. Hawley's brigade took a prominent part in the work of this day. At three, A.M., Hawley ordered his men to throw up some sort of protection in front as a guard against the enemy's sharpshooters. Rails were collected; and the position rendered more safe. At eight, A.M., the brigade moved half a mile by the right flank, and marched on the Confederate works. After approaching about four hundred yards, the men lay down in line of battle.

Capt. Thompson, in his report, thus outlines the fight of the brigade: "Col. Hawley informed his whole brigade that a brigade in front of us was to charge the enemy's works, and cautioned the whole command to remain firm, and, in case the leading brigade was repulsed, to allow them to pass over us to the rear; and then to hold our position at all hazards. The brigade in front of us then rose up, and rushed forward through the woods, towards the enemy's

works; when a galling fire of musketry greeted us from the enemy. When they had proceeded about fifty yards, I heard Col. Hawley give the command, 'Forward, second brigade!' when my regiment rose up instantly, and rushed forward at a double-quick, cheering loudly, and following the leading brigade in as good line of battle as the dense woods and the nature of the ground generally would permit.

"On arriving within about fifty yards of the works, we came upon a slashing of fallen trees, very difficult to pass; but through it we went with a will, and over the works, driving the enemy before us. On crossing the enemy's works, without halting, I moved the regiment by the left flank, to avoid a dense thicket of young trees, in order to reach an open field about a hundred yards to the left. We then formed in line of battle, and moved forward across an open field about four hundred yards, and halted in the edge of a piece of woods, in order to guard against the approach of the enemy on our right flank. Other regiments coming up to our support, a severe and general engagement with the enemy ensued. During the engagement, I perceived the enemy coming down through the woods on my right flank. I changed my line of battle accordingly, so as to front the enemy, and opened on them vigorously with the Spencer carbines, and soon succeeded in driving them from before us.

"I soon received orders from Col. Hawley to fall back to the enemy's works, which we had passed over. Here I formed the regiment in line of battle, fronting the enemy. I then received orders from Gen. Terry to march my regiment to the rear; our ammunition being very nearly exhausted. Of the six officers who were engaged in battle, four were either killed or wounded; and, myself being very ill from the effects of sunstroke a few days previous, I turned over the command to Lieut. Morton A. Taintor of Colchester, the only remaining officer."

The Sixth participated in the charge; and the Tenth joined with a will farther to the left. "We knew that Hawley's brigade was charging. The Massachusetts 24th took it up. Our boys sprang to their feet, and joined in the

shout. Col. Otis gave the word; and the line rushed on over the brow of the hill, through the undergrowth where the skirmishing had been so sharp, straight on without halt or hesitation; while the rebel skirmishers vanished from before, until the main line of rifle-pits was reached and occupied."[2]

While this was going on, Col. Wooster received orders from Gen. Butler to push forward cautiously with a strong line towards a body of troops advancing from Dutch Gap above; and at about five, P.M., he moved out. Company C of the Twenty-ninth, under Capt. Thomas G. Bennett, was thrown out to skirmish. The enemy's pickets gave ground, firing briskly; and shortly the right flank of the regiment became warmly engaged near the Kingsland Road. The rebels were soon driven, and fell back. The force from Dutch Gap failing to come up, Col. Wooster withdrew at dark to the defenses.

Terry's division held their hastily-constructed breastworks for forty-eight hours, but were attacked in front and flank by the heavy re-inforcements which Lee had transferred to this side of the river. The rebels showed much vigor and strength in these repeated assaults; and, the movement on the Weldon Road having succeeded, Hancock withdrew his forces to Strawberry Plains on Thursday, followed closely and hotly by the flushed and confident foe. Skirmishing was constant; there was little sleep; and these were days and nights of weariness and exhausting effort. As usual, the Tenth was the rear-guard;[3] and, after fighting and marching in rain and mud, the whole of the two corps had recrossed the James before daybreak of the following Sunday, Aug. 21. The Twenty-ninth, in the mean time,

[2] Extract from a full narrative in the Knightly Soldier, p. 271.

[3] Gen. E. D. S. Goodyear, writing of this battle, thus refers to the chaplain of the Tenth, "Chaplain Trumbull displayed an amount of personal courage and efficiency which people at home would hardly have conceived possible in a minister of the Prince of Peace. A battery opened a rapid fire, and exploded their shells and spherical case exactly over our line; wounding several of our men. One shell exploded a few feet over Mr. Trumbull's head, knocking him down; and we supposed him to be dead. As soon as the smoke rose and the dirt settled, he rose up, partially stunned, and shook the dirt off his clothes. Just at this moment, three or four shells burst in the ranks of a couple of the regiments on our left, and they broke, panic struck, for the rear. In an instant, the chaplain, pistol in hand, sprang into the midst of the disordered mass of flying men; and no officer ever exerted himself with more energy or firmness in a like disaster than he did on that occasion."

had rejoined the 10th Corps, and returned with it to the Bermuda Hundred front.

Nothing directly had been accomplished, and the losses on both sides had been heavy. Of Connecticut troops, the Sixth had lost six killed, sixty-four wounded, and eleven missing. Among the wounded were Capts. Bennett S. Lewis, John Stottlar, and Dwight A. Woodruff (severely), and Lieuts. John Waters, Joseph Miller, and George Bellows. Capt. Woodruff suffered the amputation of his arm, and died after a few weeks of pain. He was a brave and faithful soldier. He entered the army as a private, and was steadily promoted for good conduct. When told that death was near, he said, "That is a small wound, — a slight hurt to take a man's life. But I received it in a noble cause, — the cause of my country." His remains were taken home to West Avon, and buried with Masonic honors.

The Seventh had lost seven killed, thirty-one wounded, and seven missing. Among the wounded were Lieuts. Edwin J. Merriam, Charles E. Barker, Henry B. Lee, John I. Hutchinson, and Henry B. Gill, the first three severely. The wounds of Lieut. H. B. Lee and Lieut. C. E. Barker (both of Derby) were mortal, and they died in the enemy's hands. Capt. Thompson says in his report, —

"Lieut. Hutchinson was wounded and disabled during the assault on the enemy's works, while gallantly performing his duty, and compelled to retire. Lieut. Merriam had been wounded in the engagement of the 14th, but resumed his command, and was again wounded while nobly discharging his duty; and too much praise can not be awarded him. Lieuts. Barker and Lee, I regret to say, were wounded in the latter part of the engagement (supposed mortally), and of necessity were left on the field to fall into the hands of the enemy. They displayed great coolness and courage throughout the entire engagement.

"Surgeon George C. Jarvis and Assistant Surgeon E. C. Hine were deserving of great praise for their efficient and untiring efforts in caring for the wounded of the command.

"The men displayed unusual zeal and bravery during the whole engagement; and, where all who were with me have done so nobly, it is difficult to mention any particular individual as worthy of most praise. I will take the liberty, however, to give the names of Sergeant S. W. W. Plumb of Meriden, Lewis A. Cook of Stamford, W. G. Smith, Benjamin Starr, Charles M. Shailer, W. W. Whaples, Willard Austin, William Cook, and Corporal Edwin W. Clark."

Lieut. Merriam's wound soon proved mortal; and the State lost no more devoted son. He enlisted from Durham, and,

after three years of service as a private, re-enlisted as a veteran. He was a Christian soldier, following with equal fidelity the cross and the flag. When his time expired, he said, "I have determined to re-enlist in order that I may, during the three years to come, try to do good to the souls of my fellow soldiers." Chaplain Wayland says, "He was the best man I ever knew anywhere, uniting more virtues with fewer weaknesses." And to Chaplain Eaton he said, "I am willing to give up all my worldly interests and enjoyments, if I can thereby secure the invaluable blessings of universal justice and freedom to those who shall live after me."

Lieut. Henry B. Lee was the oldest of five brothers, born in Pleasant Valley, Conn. Four of them were in the army at one time; and the fifth offered himself, and was rejected. The youngest was Capt. E. R. Lee of the Eleventh, killed at Antietam. Henry was a citizen of Derby when the mad appeal to arms was made; a member of the company whence Col. Kellogg, Col. Chatfield, and Col. Russell graduated. He was a thorough soldier, but did not ask for a commission. It came to him, however. When the veterans were re-enlisting, his brother at home wrote him, saying, "You ought not to re-enlist: your family need you at home. If more are needed from our circle, let the government give me a place. If I am disabled, I can do a man's work in some place." His reply was, "I have re-enlisted; I will fight the enemies of my country while I live; I'll see the end of this, or it shall see the end of me." Lieut. Lee was a brave, faithful, uncomplaining soldier; an honest, conscientious, devoted patriot; a kind, loving, tender husband and father. He left a family of four little ones, and gave his life for the land he loved. He was buried by the enemy, and sleeps in an unknown grave.

The casualties of the Tenth had been, Capt. Horace F. Quinn, killed; Lieut. A. F. Sharp, mortally wounded; Capt. Selleck L. White and Lieuts. H. A. Peck and George H. Brown severely, and Capt. M. M. Webb and Lieut. W L. Savage slightly wounded: four enlisted men killed and twenty-two wounded.

Capt. Selleck L. White died Sept. 11, of wounds received in this action. He was born in Danbury, Conn., and entered the service at the organization of his company, Oct. 1, 1861, as a sergeant; was in command as first sergeant during the summer of 1862; and rose rapidly, by superior merit, through all intermediate grades to that of captain. He fell, severely wounded, while gallantly leading his men in a charge on the enemy's rifle-pits. Adjutant Camp wrote, "Capt. White was one of the finest officers in the regiment." He was buried at home with military honors.

Capt. Horace F. Quinn, killed in action here, entered the service in the Second Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, and served as a private through the three-months' campaign. On the organization of the Tenth, he joined it as first lieutenant of Company H, under Capt. Leggett. Said Col. Greeley, "No more brave or daring officer ever led a company than Capt. Quinn. Although young in years, he was a veteran soldier: twenty years of age at his death, he had seen more than three years' active service."

Lieut. Albert F. Sharp, mortally wounded, was born in Providence, R.I.; entered the service as a private in the Second (three-months') Regiment, and again as a sergeant in the Tenth upon its organization. Col. Greeley wrote, "He early distinguished himself by his bravery, and was finally promoted for gallant and meritorious services in the last campaign. In him the regiment lost one of its most promising and faithful officers, and the State one of its most patriotic citizens."

Lieut. Sharp had received a medal from Gen. Gilmore, and had been complimented for gallantry by Gen. Butler. He died from the effects of a ball which tore out both of his eyes. Chaplain Trumbull wrote of him, "Lieut. Sharp was as brave a man as ever lived; as prompt and as efficient in the performance of duty as any soldier I ever knew. He was always ready to do any thing by which he could help forward the cause to which he had joined himself; and he lived prepared for every emergency. His record is a noble one."

In the battle of the 16th, Col. Otis was hit again, — the third bullet or shell contusion which he had received in battle.

Here, also, Cyrus A. Green of South Coventry was killed. He was a brave and faithful soldier.[4]

"Poor Dennis Mahoney was shot through the body early in the day It was he who sent for Henry [Chaplain Trumbull] to come to the hospital and see him. He was the ideal of a private soldier. Tall and fine-looking; always neat and soldierly in dress and equipments; always cheerful and prompt in duty; brave to recklessness; never missing a chance to volunteer for an expedition, a scout, or any service of danger; full of fun and dash and spirit: it would have been difficult to match him in the regiment."[5]

Sergeant Charles H. Clock of Darien received his death-wound on this day. He had borne a gallant part in nearly every important battle in which his regiment (noted for its high character) had been engaged — from that of Roanoke Island to those of this summer before Richmond. At Kinston, N.C., he was wounded in the shoulder, and for a time disabled. For his meritorious conduct while on Morris Island, under the hot fire of the enemy's batteries, he received from Gen. Gilmore a medal and certificate of honor.

The Fourteenth had been held as a reserve; and its loss was but one killed and six wounded.

The 10th Corps, on returning, relieved the 18th Corps on the Petersburg line, on Aug. 26; and the latter took position again along the Bermuda-Hundred defenses.

If the movement across the James had not accomplished much directly, it had been of the greatest service in compelling Lee to withdraw troops from his right, and enabling Warren to strike there an effective blow. He advanced boldly; seized the Weldon Railroad, a chief avenue of supply

[4] Cyrus A. Green was one of six sons of William A. Green of South Coventry (formerly of Norwich), Conn., all of whom were in the service, and had an honorable record. One of the brothers, Thomas L., was killed in the charge at Cold Harbor; another, Charles A., was a member of the 15th Massachusetts, fought in several battles, was captured, and languished for nine months in as many rebel prisons; William H. was in both the Eighth and Eighteenth, but was discharged for disability; George H. was in the Twentieth, but his health was soon impaired, and he served less than a year; Nelson H. enlisted without his parents' consent, and followed the fortunes of the First Artillery through four years' service, and was among the first to enter the city of Richmond. As if the martial record of the family was incomplete, the father himself desired to enlist; but his age barred his admission. Four of his sons lived to see freedom vindicated and the nation saved.

[5] Mahoney was a young Irishman, and enlisted from Manchester.

for the rebel army; and stubbornly held it at the end of series of desperate encounters. No Connecticut regimer participated in this advance of the 5th and 9th Corps.

On returning from Deep Bottom, Hancock marched h corps immediately to the extreme left of the line; takin position in Warren's rear along the Weldon Railroad. O Aug. 24, the Fourteenth Connecticut, commanded by Lieu Col. S. A. Moore, was engaged in destroying the railroa track in the vicinity of Reams's station. During the nigh the brigade was massed in a sugar-cane field, awaiting attac and at eleven next morning advanced to ascertain th strength of the enemy. Four companies of the Fourteent were out as skirmishers, under Capt. John C. Broatch. Th brigade advanced in line of battle, under a heavy fire c musketry and artillery; driving the rebel skirmishers mo than half a mile. As they were moving steadily forwar Capt. William H. Hawley was killed.

The brigade commander, suspecting that he had advance far enough, sent back for orders. Before these reached hir however, the sound of heavy firing almost directly in th rear induced him to return towards the station to prever being cut off from the main body of the corps. This w done under an artillery-fire. We quote from Col. Moore report: —

"We found the main body of the corps drawn up in orde of battle in the form of two sides of a square; one of th sides west of the railroad, and parallel to it, and the other sid running at a right angle to it, and from west to east. In th form they had already successfully repelled two attacks mad by the enemy.

"Our brigade was ordered to throw up a breastwork ru ning in an oblique direction across the same field in whic we had been massed in the morning, to connect the ends o these two lines; thus forming an irregular triangle, in whic the troops stood behind slight breastworks facing outward Before we could complete our slight barricade of rails an earth, the cavalry skirmishers in our front were driven in At the same time, a heavy artillery-fire was opened upon u from our right flank and rear. This was followed by a thir

attack by the enemy, made in heavy force upon that portion of the line directly in our rear. The troops who occupied this position of the line being principally heavy artillery regiments belonging to the 1st Division, and composed, to a great extent, of raw recruits, broke, and that admitted the rebels into our inclosure.

"The Fourteenth was now faced by the rear rank, and formed in line of battle on the reverse side of our breastwork. We were then ordered by Gen. Gibbon, our division commander, and Gen. Hancock in person, to charge, and try and recover a portion of the lost ground. We went forward at a double-quick, exposed to a heavy fire of both musketry and artillery. The left wing, with the lieutenant-colonel and Major James B. Coit, succeeded in retaking a portion of the line left by the troops which had broken. This position they held until after dark, firing all the time, when they were ordered by Col. Smyth, the brigade commander, to withdraw, which they did; hauling off, and thereby saving from falling into the hands of the enemy, one brass cannon and one limber belonging to McKnight's battery, and one caisson and one limber belonging to the 3d New-Jersey battery. The right wing, after losing heavily both in killed and prisoners, was compelled to fall back to its original position. This it held until about dark, when the heavy fire poured into it from front, rear, and one flank, forced it, in common with the rest of the division, to fall back a short distance to a better position, where it commenced throwing up a new line of breastworks. During the night, however, the corps was withdrawn to the line of the defenses around Petersburg."

The Fourteenth went into this fight with seventeen officers and one hundred and fifty enlisted men; of whom it lost five killed, eighteen wounded, and twenty-seven missing.

Capt. William H. Hawley of Bridgeport was one of the best officers in the regiment. He enlisted as a private, and was promoted to a captaincy for efficiency and gallantry. The officers assembled, and adopted the following: —

Resolved, That in all the varied experience of the service, we have ever found Capt. Hawley fully equal to every emergency; in camp, the trusty

counsellor, the agreeable companion, the faithful friend; on the march, while a strict disciplinarian, not without mercy; in action always composed, and brave to a fault. He had the respect and love of all who knew him; and his manifold virtues will ever be remembered."

"At the time of his death, he filled the office of brigade-inspector, and was acting upon the staff of the colonel commanding the brigade. This responsible and difficult station he filled alike with credit to himself and his regiment, and to the satisfaction of all with whom he came in contact. His loss is deeply felt, not only in this regiment, but throughout the entire brigade." [6]

Among the wounded were Capt. George N. Brigham, Capt. James F. Simpson, and Capt. James R. Nichols, and Assistant Surgeon Levi Jewett, who had fearlessly exposed himself in the performance of his duty. Capt. Henry Lee and Lieut. James M. Moore were taken prisoners.

Capt. Nichols, dangerously wounded after a gallant fight, was also left for a time in the hands of the enemy. They robbed him of his purse, revolver, and papers; and it was not until after dark that he was found by his fellow-soldiers, and brought within our lines. He was sent to hospital at Washington, where he suffered for six months in a remarkable spirit of patience, and made for himself many friends. At last, the next February, he joined the great army of martyrs. In his regiment, — a regiment of gallant officers and men, — his reputation for gentlemanly conduct and soldierly valor was second to none. He was greatly respected and sincerely beloved.

Among the bravest men who fell here was Sergeant Junius E. Goodwin of Hartford. He had been among the foremost in all the battles of the regiment, and was the first to mount the Confederate works on the North Anna. A comrade wrote of him after Reams's Station, "I need not tell you of Sergeant Goodwin's noble and gallant conduct while engaged in that terrible battle; for you have, doubtless, heard it many times. He was badly wounded in the thigh; the ball crushing the bone, and entering the other leg. I assisted in the last effort that was made to get him off. He was very weak from loss of blood. We carried him with great difficulty a quarter of a mile in a terrific thunderstorm. We had to pick our way in the darkness by the

[6] Report of Lieut.-Col. Moore.

flashes of lightning; and, as we had no stretcher, it was almost impossible to carry him. His wound was so painful, that he begged to be put down; but we cheered him up as well as we could till we reached the spot where we had left the regiment, and found it gone. There was no means of conveyance at hand, and we were obliged to leave him. His mind appeared to be wandering, and he seemed to be saying something of home. We did not think he would survive the night. We covered him with an overcoat, and placed a pillow beneath his head, and left him to his fate. He was a noble and patriotic young man. We all loved him."

This recoil did not loosen Warren's hold upon the Weldon Railroad. He strengthened his position, and formed a line of redoubts connecting himself with the former left of the army.

For more than a month did the 10th and 18th Corps lie in the trenches at the east and north of Petersburg, with nothing to break the monotony. There was artillery firing on both sides; and the sharpshooters kept up an intermittent crackle: but even fighting had by this time become monotonous. The siege was little less than one constant, prolonged battle; and half the time the men were under fire. The Eighth, Eleventh, and Twenty-first were still along the Bermuda-Hundred front. A soldier of the Eighth wrote, —

"We are in the pits two, and sometimes four, days at a time, through night and day, rain and sun, mud and water. When a shell comes bowling along, down we all go with a jerk. There is nothing lost, I notice, by being polite. We have to lie low, of course: and when we are relieved, and get behind our breastworks, it is not much better; for, if a head or hand is lifted in sight, fifty bullets are sent after it. The enemy's guns have good range upon our camps, and sometimes open upon us about midnight, supposing us sound asleep after our fatigue in the trenches, and keep us awake all night, and many times drive us into our gopher-holes. Thus we stand the storm; our works growing stronger day by day, and our faith strengthening with our works."

An officer of the Twenty-first wrote afterwards, —

"The greatest praise is due our noble soldiers for the patience and fortitude with which they endured the almost intolerable heat during this period. The line held by the regiment, being in the open field, was fully exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, which poured down with the

utmost intensity. The men were obliged to lie under ground, as it were, where no circulation of the air could be obtained; and one could do nought but lie still and swelter in the sultry air. Any appearance of a head above the breastwork was sure to secure attention of some hard-hearted Southron with a crack and a whistling ball by no means pleasant to hear. The advent of the company cooks was always hailed with delight: a commotion was at once visible. Tin cups joined in a lively chorus; and hungry stomachs began to grow ravenous. The usual amount of grumbling must be bestowed upon these devoted sons of the *cuisine*, who finally retired from the field abashed, ducking their heads around each corner, calling forth roars of laughter; and then the usual quiet resumed its sway."

Chaplain DeForest of the Eleventh wrote, "We lived in ditches and holes of the earth, exposed to the sun and dog-star by day, the dew by night, and both rebel fire and diarrhœa at all times."

The Sixth, Seventh, Tenth, and Twenty-ninth were in front of Petersburg, next the Appomattox. "On the picket-line, in the trenches, in camp, there was constant danger of death. Rifle-bullets went whizzing past, or striking near one, wherever he went. A sharp cry at dead of night more than once gave indication that some one had been wounded while asleep in his tent; and casualties came to be so frequent, that officers and men moved about with an ever-present consciousness that they might fall the next minute."[7] Here Capt. Francis G. Hickerson from Derby, of the Tenth, was severely wounded in the face by a rebel bullet, and Henry Lyman of Saybrook, one of the most tried and reliable soldiers, was shot and died on the skirmish-line.

Occasionally there was a friendly truce between the Union and Confederate pickets. "One afternoon, while the Tenth was on picket, there was a rest from active hostilities. Then a rebel soldier showed himself on the parapet of his works, and, shaking a newspaper as a sign of truce, sprang over into the cornfield. At once a hundred men from either side were over their lines, and side by side, exchanging papers and coffee and tobacco, and renewing old acquaintances or forming new ones."[8]

While the Tenth lay in the trenches here, Adjutant Henry W Camp received his well-earned commission to be major.

A detail of twenty-five men from the Eighth was sent to

[7] Chaplain Trumbull in the Knightly Soldier. [8] Ibid.

establish a line of telegraph from City Point to Fort Powhattan; when sixteen were captured by Wade Hampton in a raid within our lines after beef.

The Twenty-first had been almost constantly exposed, and during these weeks had lost six killed and thirty wounded. Among the wounded were Capt. Isaac D. Kenyon and Lieut. Walter P Long. The former was struck in the shoulder; and the hurt proved mortal a few days thereafter. He was young, ardent, and enterprising; and, when the war began, was engaged in mercantile pursuits in Voluntown. "His young comrades called on him to lead them; and he closed his business and accepted the call; and thenceforth, on every battle-field and in every camp, he was the same courteous, brave, and humane soldier, having a tender care for the comfort of his men; an excellent disciplinarian, who inspired them with a pride of subordination, and at the same time taught them to think; and a patriotic citizen, who instilled into their minds the principles of freedom and love of country, and set them an heroic example in the sacrifice of even life itself. Peace to his ashes!"[9]

[9] Narrative by Dr. Harvey Campbell of Voluntown.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Still in Front of Petersburg. — Demonstration on the Left. — The Fourteenth. — Advance of Butler. — Chaffin's Bluff. — Capture of Fort Harrison. — The Eighth and Twenty-first. — The Sixth, Seventh, Tenth, and Twenty-ninth on the Right. — Rebel Repulse. — Casualties. — Attack on Terry's Line. — Repulse. — Counter-Attack. — Death of Major H. W Camp. — Hawley's Brigade on the Darbytown Road. — The Twenty-ninth as Skirmishers. — The Second and Fourteenth on Hatcher's Run. — Hawley's Division at New York. — The First Artillery. — Butler fails to capture Fort Fisher. — Terry takes it by Storm.

EN. GRANT resolved, towards the end of September, on a further advance in the direction of Richmond from Butler's front; and, in order to cause the weakening of forces on the rebel left, he ordered another demonstration by Warren and Hancock. This was successful, and the enemy gave ground. The Fourteenth Connecticut was in a brigade of observation, stationed at Prince George's Court House. Here it remained until Sept. 26, when the 2d Corps moved to the right to relieve the 10th and 18th Corps.

On the afternoon of the 28th, Butler faced his army to the right, and moved in the evening towards the James. At nine in the evening, the 18th Corps had arrived at Aiken's Landing, and the 10th had crossed the Appomattox, and was hurrying forward. At two in the morning, the 18th Corps began moving over the pontoon-bridge; and by four they were all over, massed in column by division, and moving up the Varina Road, on familiar ground. The Eleventh Connecticut, being detached for artillery-service, remained at Bermuda Hundred. Lieut. W P Long of the Twenty-first wrote, "The gallant 1st Division of the 18th Corps swept up the hill, which brought them in contact with the enemy's skirmishers. These, however, were pressed steadily back about

four miles, to their main line of works, thrown up along the crest of a hill, — a strong position by nature, — where they had a large square fort mounting about eight guns, and surrounded by a ditch ten feet deep, with perpendicular sides. From this, on either side, stretched a heavy rifle-pit, intersected with small redoubts mounting one or two guns, and which enfiladed our approach in every direction. Just before our line of battle was formed, seven companies of the regiment, with our commanding officer, then Capt., now Lieut.-Col., J. F. Brown, were sent out as skirmishers on the left of the line, where, gallantly led by Capt. Brown, they pressed the enemy back in the face of a heavy fire even to their stronghold. The remaining three companies, with our colors, kept on with the column."

The Eighth furnished two companies for skirmishers, while the rest of the regiment headed the storming column. This was a gallant charge across nearly a mile of open field to Chaffin's Bluff. The new recruits vied with veterans. Now the muzzles of the rebel guns frowned from Fort Harrison directly in the front; now little puffs of smoke revealed an alert foe, and the batteries showered destruction upon the advancing column; now the Eighth deployed in line of battle, and, closely followed by the rest of the division, dashed away over the field. It was a fearful distance to traverse such a field under such a fire. "Without a moment's delay, the brigade moved to the position assigned it, and advanced through a dense slashing, and under a heavy artillery-fire, to the assault. The enemy's gunboats, in the mean time, dropped down the James, and threw a heavy cross-fire into the assaulting columns. No halt was made, however, until the troops reached a slight cover at the foot of the hill, on which was situated the main work of the enemy, and less than a hundred yards from it. A moment was spent here in resting and re-forming the men; and then with a shout they rushed into the ditch, and over the parapet; and Fort Harrison, with its garrison, and armament of twenty-two pieces of heavy ordnance, fell into the hands of the 1st Division of the 18th Corps." [1]

[1] Official Report of Lieut.-Col. Brown.

The Eighth and the three companies of the Twenty-first led the way over the ramparts; and at eight o'clock the standard of Connecticut replaced the Confederate flag. Chaplain Moses Smith wrote, "We had really surprised the rebels. Ten minutes' delay would have lost the battle, and sacrificed whole hecatombs of precious lives. It was a race for the prize. Re-inforcements were coming down at 'double-quick.' Our men saw them approaching, but were soon enough to snatch from them the otherwise impregnable hights." Both the color-sergeants of the Eighth — William S. Simmons of Plainfield and Jacob Bishop of Wilton — received commissions "for meritorious daring;" and Sergeant Nathan E. Hickok of Danbury, the choice of a commission, or thirty days' furlough.[2] The following is an extract from the order issued by Gen. Butler: —

"Acting Adjutant P. Long, Twenty-first Connecticut, is recommended to his Excellency the Governor of Connecticut for promotion for gallantly planting his colors among the first on the rebel fortifications. Corporal F. Clarence Buck, Twenty-first Connecticut, is recommended to the Secretary of War for a medal for courage. Although wounded in the arm, he refused to leave the field until the engagement closed. In addition, he will have his warrant as sergeant."[3]

Col. Brown says, "Justice requires me to state that others performed their duty with equal gallantry and distinction on that occasion." A soldier of the Twenty-first, writing of this day, speaks of others who conducted themselves nobly, "Among the first, then, Corporal Howard A. Camp of Company I, although severely wounded before reaching the summit, stood by the flag he carried till safely transferred to Corporal Rix of Company G, who bore it on till just as we were scaling the parapet. He, too, was wounded, but careful to see it again safe in other hands. Lieut., now Capt., E. P. Packer of Company G, while gallantly leading his division in the charge, was seriously wounded in the head by a fragment of shell, and fell senseless a short distance from the fort. Sergeant George P Edwards of Company A received a serious wound in the arm just as he leaped over the parapet. And then a little band of nine rallied round the dear

[2] He declined the commission, and, before receiving a furlough, was wounded in a subsequent action, and fell into the hands of the enemy.

[3] Long was promoted to be captain, and Buck first lieutenant.

old flag in the moment of victory. George F. Curtis of Company C, John Coon, Noah Wilcox, James S. Tucker, and Ransom Colgrove of G, L. M. Maynard and Isaac G. Fardon of I, and Willis D. Rouse of K, were the first inside of the fort. A gallant color-guard, and worthy of their colors!"

The following is also an extract from Gen. Butler's order: "First Lieut. C. W Cook, Twenty-first Connecticut, aide to Brig.-Gen. Stannard, has special mention for distinguished gallantry, and is recommended for promotion." The recommendation was concurred in.

Meantime, the 10th Corps pushed out on the extreme right, along Four-mile Creek, and advanced vigorously up the New-Market Road. A soldier who witnessed the gallant charge of the Twenty-ninth (colored) writes, "Dashing across the space beyond the Kingsland Road, the line of breastworks are carried in one vigorous charge; the enemy retreating to a stronger line a short distance in the rear. The troops pause for a moment before this line; and silence intense and penetrating succeeds to the clamor of battle. This lasts for a few moments, that seems an age. Again Col. Wooster gives the order to charge; and the leveled bayonets press forward, at first steadily and in order; but, maddened by the fire from the breastworks, the steady tramp becomes a double-quick, and the double-quick a run, increasing until the line is reached: here the advance is for a moment checked, and a fierce struggle ensues. Musketry rattles briskly, and shells explode in the ranks. Away at the left, where the 18th Corps is fighting, comes the thunder of cannon and the faint echo of victorious cheers; and now, above cannon and musketry, rise the ringing hurrahs of the negroes, as they leap with their leader over the works." Without delay, they push quickly forward; and pursued and pursuers reach a third line of works almost simultaneously. Giving the foe no time to rally, the 10th Corps rushes along in the direction of Richmond, and effects a junction with the 18th Corps towards Fort Harrison.

Then the whole line from right to left advanced. On the left, the 18th Corps moved rapidly forward, and confronted Fort Gilmer, where it received a check. On the right, Ter-

ry's division, including the Sixth, Seventh, and Tenth Connecticut, advanced during the afternoon up the Darbytown Road towards Richmond; the head of the column reaching a point within three miles of the city, of which the roofs and spires were in full view. The incompleteness of the success on other parts of the line rendered it inexpedient to press forward into Richmond; and at night Terry retired to the new line now being intrenched. Battery Harrison was a position too valuable to be tamely surrendered. The following day, Gen. Lee brought up three brigades of veterans from Petersburg to retake the fort. The occupants had improved the night in constructing temporary defensive works, and the men waited behind them in the utmost confidence.

The Twenty-ninth (colored) had been moved to this point. A single shot from Fort Gilmer passed over the regiment, followed by heavy cannonading along the lines. Intrenching tools were quickly thrown down, and the troops rushed to arms. It was soon discovered that the point of attack was Fort Harrison. A powerful rebel force, screened from view by the trees and by the inequalities of the ground, had been massed in front; and, when the fierce artillery-fire had somewhat slackened, the column of attack swept into view, and with the well-known yell came forward at double-quick. The Twenty-ninth had a position just on the right of the fort, connecting with the left of the colored troops of the 18th Corps: in the fort itself were the Eighth and Twenty-first. From rampart and breastwork waved our old State flag, amid the deadliest storm of battle; and beneath its folds that day two widely different races bravely maintained its honor with their lives. The musketry-fire was now perfectly terrific; but the attacking column soon exhausted its fire, and prepared to rely on the bayonet. Our men had generally retained their fire, waiting for this moment. Just as the gray column reached the crest of a neighboring knoll, the whole line opened fire — one unbroken blaze and crash. The head of the column seemed to sink to the earth: the rest tottered for a moment, and rolled back in confusion to the valley. Two more charges followed, more determined than the first; but we held the position.

Lieut. W P Long of the Twenty-first tells of the sequel, "Most of the rebel column turned and fled. The rest dropped to the ground, and took shelter behind the bushes and any thing they could find, unable to retreat or advance. Here and there a dirty handkerchief raised above the bushes indicated the owner's desire to surrender. Then the order, 'Cease firing!' was given; and the air resounded with, 'Come in, Johnnies, come in!' of which invitation a large number took advantage, and found refuge and safety behind the works of the detested Yankees. Our picket-line was quickly re-established, and, being sent out by the flank, completely surrounded those who had not already given themselves up, and gathered them in. Nearly two hundred were thus secured, while the ground in our front was thickly strewn with killed and wounded. As we fought behind breastworks, our losses were comparatively light. Yet a number received honorable scars, though but one was mortally wounded. The regiment here, as everywhere, did honor to its native State. I think the men never fought with more enthusiasm."

The capture of Battery Harrison had not been effected without severe loss to Connecticut troops. The casualties of the Eighth were eight killed and sixty-five wounded. Among the killed were Lieut. James B. Kilbourne, Lieut. Charles N. Irwin, Sergeant Seth F Plumb, William H. Durfee, Gilbert G. Reynolds, William H. Peterson, William A. Smith, and other brave men.

Lieut.-Col. Martin B. Smith, leading the regiment, was wounded severely in the leg. Among the wounded were also Capt. William J Roberts, Capt. Andrew M. Morgan, and Lieuts. Samuel S. Foss, John A. Rathburn, Amos L. Keables, and Thomas S. Weed. Chaplain Moses Smith wrote, —

"Among the lost were two lieutenants, — Charles N. Irwin of New Milford, whose term of service had just expired, and who was expected home each train when the melancholy tidings arrived; and James B. Kilbourne of Hartford, who had but recently been commissioned. One other name I must mention among our honored dead. Our rolls record him only as an enlisted man, with rank of sergeant; for, although having been commissioned, he had never been mustered as lieutenant. But fairer character never graced a soldier's uniform, and he lives embalmed in the affections of home and in the hearts of his comrades. He led in the closing prayer of that last

meeting an hour before the march; and his last words as the column moved for the charge were respecting 'that good meeting.' Even the casket in which such a jewel has been carried is prized; and, as we write here in camp, weeping friends are preparing in the burying-ground of Litchfield, Conn., the grave of our dear comrade, Seth F. Plumb."

The Twenty-first had lost four killed and twenty-four wounded. Among the latter were Lieuts. W. S. Hubbell, George P Edwards, and E. Perry Packer.

Capt. Henry R. Jennings of Stonington was mortally wounded in the breast. He died a month afterwards. Lieut.-Col. Brown wrote, "No truer patriot or braver soldier than he has fallen in defense of the nation's life. He fell as a soldier would wish to fall, in the hour of victory; leaving a noble record for his comrades to emulate."

The Sixth, Seventh, and Tenth had met with slight loss.

The Twenty-ninth, thus far, had lost four killed and forty wounded. Among the killed was Lieut. Thomas H. McKinley, a brave and efficient young officer. Among the wounded were Capt. E. A. Thorp, and Lieuts. Thomas G. Bennett and Eugene S. Bristol.

On Oct. 1, Gen. Hawley's brigade advanced towards Richmond with the division, and was for a short time under a severe fire on the Darbytown Road. The Tenth moved out on the New-Market Road to Laurel Hill, as a diversion, going beyond the picket-line and beyond all flank-supports with a battalion of only a hundred and fifty rifles; Col. Otis commanding. There was but one line-officer present, Lieut. Benjamin Wright, the rest being sick or excused.

The next week was full of exposure and privation. The troops stood to arms much of the time, and were frequently under fire. The Connecticut regiments had left Deep Bottom in light marching order, and were now without tents, and many even without blankets. The utmost activity and vigilance were demanded. Heavy fatigue-parties were kept at work night and day.

On Oct. 7, the enemy made a vigorous attack on the part of the line held by Terry's division. The cavalry came rushing in, and the infantry immediately sprang to arms. The Tenth moved from the left around to the right of Hawley's brigade to strengthen that part of the line where Kautz's

position had been turned. The principal force of the enemy came down from their right; and the Sixth was the first Connecticut regiment engaged. Major H. W Camp wrote of the action of the Tenth, —

"When the brigade next to us became engaged, including the Seventh Connecticut with its seven-shooting rifles, the crash was beyond any thing I had ever heard. We shook our heads, and listened! ammunition could hold out but very few minutes at that rate; and we knew that, as always, nine shots out of ten must be wasted. Yet, as it afterwards proved, that tenth shot did fearful execution.

"We had not long to wait and comment. A rattling volley in our own front showed that the skirmishers were engaged; and, in a moment more, they came hurrying back through the dense pine-woods before us — the rebels close upon them. While the bullets of the rebel skirmishers flew among us, their main body was forming line just behind for the attack, their feet plainly to be seen beneath the low-growing foliage, which concealed their bodies as they dressed their ranks. We opened fire. The rebels opened in return, and bullets flew fast. Col. Otis stood near the right of the line; I at the left. We had hardly a hundred men in the ranks; and the regiment looked like a single company, with a captain and lieutenant to manage it. The men needed little in the way of orders or instruction: they knew just what to do, and they did it. At the first fire, the regiment on our right [100th New-York] turned and ran. Our men saw it; knew that their flank was now exposed; nothing there to hinder the immediate advance of the enemy. Nothing is so apt to strike men with panic. Our men paid no other attention to it than to give a rousing cheer just to show the enemy that they had no thought of giving ground; then turned steadily to their work. Each man stood fast. Where a comrade fell, they gave him room to lie. — no more. There was no random firing in air, but rapid loading, cool aim, and shots that told. It was good to see such fighting. Those whom we met were no raw recruits. They fought well. For a while, though unable to advance, they stood their ground. Broken once, they rallied again at the appeal of their officers, and once more tried to move forward through the fire that mowed them down. It was of no use: again thrown into confusion, they fell back, leaving their dead and wounded on the field."

Gen. Plaisted said of the Tenth in this engagement, "The Tenth Connecticut, Col. Otis commanding, held the vital point of the position; and its splendid behavior when the regiment on its right gave way saved us from disaster. In this connection, I can not fail to mention Chaplain H. C. Trumbull, who was constantly at the front with his regiment, as is his wont at all times. He was conspicuous on this occasion, with revolver in hand, in his efforts to stay the crumbling (New-York) regiment. An hour later he officiated at the burial of our dead, while the skirmish-line was still engaged, and every moment a renewal of the attack was

expected. The sound of prayer mingled with the echoes of artillery and musketry, and the crash of falling pines for hastily-constructed breastworks. His services to the brigade, not only on this, but on many other like occasions, are gratefully acknowledged."

The Sixth, commanded by Col. A. P Rockwell, and the Seventh, led by Capt. S. S. Atwell, had a similar experience; and the enemy, repulsed at all points, withdrew to his old line of works. Terry's division strengthened the position it had defended. The Twenty-ninth arrived in time to assist in restoring the original picket-line, which it held till midnight.

Gen. Terry was now placed in command of the corps. An attack upon the rebel right was planned; and at four in the morning of the 13th the regiments were on the march. They passed beyond the works, by the Cox Farm, through the woods, across the ravine, thence over the Darbytown Road to the plains beyond. The skirmishers opened fire, and advanced. The enemy's advanced line was pressed back to his intrenched position. The desultory fighting was brisk for several hours. Four companies of the Tenth were out as skirmishers under Lieut. James H. Lindsley.

About noon, Major Camp was sent to the right on a mission from the corps commander. Before he returned, the Tenth had joined Pond's brigade, and was moving rapidly to the desperate assault on the rebel fortifications. Those works were strong intrenchments, with slashing in their front. The advance to them must be for several hundred yards by a dense thicket of scrub-oaks and tangled laurels and vines, through which men could force their way but slowly, even if otherwise unimpeded; and which was raked by a deadly fire of artillery and musketry on both front and flank. Camp hurried back, and joined the regiment as it went in. "Col. Otis led the right and front. Lieut.-Col. Greeley led the right of the second line, the left of which was assigned to Major Camp. 'May I not as well take the left of the *front* line, colonel?' Camp asked in his quiet way; believing that he could thus do most in encouraging the men in their terrible trial."[4]

[4] The Knightly Soldier, pp. 314, 315.

The peerless regiment leaped eagerly forward, though it seemed like a hopeless rushing to destruction, — forward, undaunted by the shower of bullets, or the crash of grape and canister; and to all that charging brigade, Camp set a splendid example. He forced his way on up to the far front of the bloody advance, and there, in full view of the enemy's works, sought to rally the scattered remnant of his little band as he stood right before the bristling parapet in the face of open-mouthed artillery, and over against the double battle-line of the defiant foe. His tall form was the target for a score of hostile rifles. "Waving his sword, he called out cheerily, 'Come on, boys! come on!' then turned to the color-sergeant just emerging from the thicket, that he might rally the men on the regimental standard. As he did so, a bullet passed through his lungs; and, as he fell on his side, he was pierced again and yet again by the thick-coming shot. His death was as by the lightning's stroke. His eyes scarce turned from their glance at the tattered, dear old flag, ere they were closed to earth, and opened again beyond the stars, and their field of blue."[5]

The Tenth, after a stubborn fight, retired with the line of the brigade. The Sixth and Seventh also fell back, and the assault was abandoned. The Seventh lost twenty killed and wounded. The Twenty-ninth was on the skirmish-line, but was not involved in the charge. The Tenth had lost five killed and thirty-five wounded. Among its slain were Sergeants George G. Bradley, Caleb M. Holmes, and Orlando S. Goff.

Col. Otis, in his report, said, —

"My regiment has taken part in more than forty battles and skirmishes, — never before fell back under fire, and never behaved better than on this occasion. I have no apologies to make for it. I have not seen so hopeless a task undertaken since I entered the service, as that attempted by the assaulting column to-day. Assistant Surgeon Hart was, as usual, constantly near the regiment, rendering prompt and efficient aid to our wounded.

"The memory of Major Henry W Camp, the gallant officer lost in this affair, is deserving of more than a passing notice. The country has never suffered a heavier loss in an officer of his grade. Brave and cool in every emergency, of spotless character and refined intellectual culture, he was one of the brightest ornaments of the volunteer service, — a soldier 'without fear and without reproach.'"

[5] The Knightly Soldier, pp. 314, 315.

A life of rare symmetry and of high promise was closed to earth when this young officer lay down to die. He was a fine scholar, of clear head, close reasoning powers, and mature judgment. His correctness of taste and delicacy of sentiment were as marked as the vigor of his intellect and the strength of his character. He seldom uttered an idle word. His sentences were full, forcible, and polished. His purity of speech was proverbial; yet he had the keenest appreciation and enjoyment of humor, and his wit was of the sharpest edge. He was as graceful and attractive as he was manly and dignified. His unbending integrity, his strict conscientiousness, his high sense of honor, were well known, and remarkable. None ever knew him to do a mean or ungenerous act, or heard from his lips an ungentlemanly expression. And above all, his retiring modesty was as marked as his ability.

"My impression of him is," says Rev. Dr. Bushnell, "that I have never known so much of worth and beauty and truth and massive majesty, — so much, in a word, of all kinds of promise, — embodied in any young person. Whatever he might undertake, whether to be a poet, or a philosopher, or a statesman, or a preacher, or a military commander, or, indeed, an athlete, he seemed to have every quality on hand necessary to success. When he fights a college boat-race at Worcester, or the sea at Hatteras Inlet, or the enemy at Newberne, or the dreary rigors of a prison, or the impossible rigors of an escape, it makes little difference whether he is successful or not; everybody sees that he ought to be." Gen. Plaisted said of the young officer, "Our cause can not boast a nobler martyr than Henry W Camp."

As winter approached, Grant made a last effort to turn the Confederate right; and, to cover the movement, dispatched the Army of the James on Oct. 27 to demonstrate in force against Richmond. This movement was made along the Darbytown Road, and was led by Gen. Butler in person. All the available troops were engaged. The Twenty-ninth was attached to Hawley's brigade, and was deployed on the skirmish-line of its entire front, commanded by Capt. F. E.

Camp of Middletown. There is no part of battle more full of intense excitement than that enacted on the skirmish-line previous to the encounter of lines of battle. Skirmishing is more a duel than a battle. Each man seems opposed to a single, personal enemy; and these two aim and fire, deliberately and purposely, at each other; and they take a deeper interest in the result of the contest than when they are atoms in a huge mass. There is none of the confusion and dense smoke of battle; nothing to distract the thoughts, or obstruct the vision. You plainly see the charge rammed home, which, the next instant, may seek your life.

Stubbornly was the advance contested; but from tree to tree, from bush, rock, and rifle-pit, the rebel skirmishers were driven, until they broke, and fled into the works. The brigade remained in the woods while the Twenty-ninth pushed forward, nearly six hundred strong, until they had made their way close up to the breastworks, from which poured a heavy fire. At this time, the enemy opened upon the Twenty-ninth from a battery in an angle of the works; sweeping the line with shot and shell, and threatening to render it untenable. A well-directed rifle-fire silenced it. The gunners fell at their guns. Comrades attempted to crawl up; but they were shot down or forced back, and the guns remained as silent as if spiked. The blacks exhausted their ammunition, but replenished their supply from the dead or wounded. They vied with each other in deeds of daring. In a lull of battle they would call out, "How about Fort Pillow to-day?" "Look over here, Johnny, and see how niggers can shoot!" They exposed themselves with the utmost recklessness and indifference; and Capt. Camp was obliged to restrain them from useless exhibitions of their courage.

During the afternoon, various points of the rebel works were assaulted, but without success. The Twenty-ninth remained in front, firing until the muskets became so foul that the charge could not be rammed home. Nightfall found the regiment still engaged with unwearied enthusiasm where they had been for fifteen hours. By eight o'clock, the firing gradually slackened, and finally ceased; and the

regiment remained on the skirmish-line till daylight. A violent storm drenched the men completely; but they were vigilant until relieved.

By this time, our negroes had showed that they could fight, if anybody had sincerely doubted it. On the skirmish-line this day, the Twenty-ninth had lost twelve killed and sixty-seven wounded. Among the latter was Capt. James C. Sweetland. During the advance of the morning, Sergeant Jacob F Spencer of Clinton ran far ahead of the line, and captured, single-handed, two armed rebels, and brought them back prisoners. They afterwards declared that they would never have surrendered to him if they had known he was a "nigger." Gen. Weitzel presented Spencer with a medal for gallantry.

Adjutant H. H. Brown said in the regimental report, "Though twenty-three hours on the skirmish-line, and the men excessively fatigued, I beg to call especial attention to the fact that there are none missing. When we returned to camp yesterday afternoon, we brought every man we took out, excepting those killed and wounded." Sergeant James B. Johnson of Sharon, killed, was mentioned for coolness and bravery.

Sergeant-Major George A. Gesner of the Sixth, and Sergeants William H. Haynes, Benjamin A. Hill, and Lewis A. Cooke of the Seventh, were recommended by Gen. Butler for promotion for gallant service.

Capt. Charles M. Coit of the Eighth, serving on the staff of the commander, received a severe wound, which it was feared would be mortal; but, after a doubtful struggle between life and death, he rallied, and recovered. He was an accomplished and fearless officer, and had often led the regiment in battle.

On the same morning, Warren and Hancock struck Lee's right vigorously. The work assigned to the latter was to swing to the west side of Hatcher's Run, and advance to seize the Southside Railroad. Hancock advanced rapidly, and crossed the run. The direct attack of Warren and Parke failed; and the enemy fell on the right and left flanks

of Hancock with great fury, and not inferior numbers. They met a bloody reception. Here the Fourteenth Connecticut was engaged.

Early in the morning, the regiment, under Lieut.-Col. S. A. Moore, had left its camp near the Vaughn House on the Weldon Railroad, and marched westward until daylight; when Col. Moore deployed four companies on the right, under Lieut. William Murdock, as flankers to cover the brigade. Three companies were also detached on the left, under Major John C. Broatch. Advancing a quarter of a mile, the force came in sight of the Confederate works on Hatcher's Run. Here the regiment formed in line of battle, and charged across the run, and up the hill into the enemy's works; taking some prisoners. Major Broatch was severely wounded in the thigh in this charge. Sergeant Albert DeForest of Stratford, being at the head of the flankers on the right, was the first to observe the telegraph-wire running in rear of the enemy's works, which he promptly cut.

The regiment then re-formed, and marched by a road running in a northerly direction about two miles, where it halted, and was joined by the companies which had been acting as flankers on the right, under command of Lieut. Murdock; they having been relieved. After a rest of half an hour, the column again proceeded, the regiment having two companies, under command of Capt. Frank E. Stoughton of Vernon, deployed as flankers on the left, and another company, led by Lieut. Robert Russell of Middletown, on the right. Near the plank-road, the Confederates attacked; and the regiment deployed in line of battle with the brigade, and advanced across an open field to the right, facing the enemy's works. Lieut.-Col. Moore in his official report says, —

"At this point we lay under a shell fire, directed from the front and right flank, for about one hour; when we were ordered forward to and across the plank-road, crossing a brook on its westerly side, and were formed facing to the south, under cover of a bank. Firing being heard on our right flank, we were ordered to file to the right, under cover of a hill. This was done on the double-quick; and, the cavalry being driven in at this point, we charged over the hill, and drove the enemy from their works. Our loss was small. The regiment occupied the works thus

vacated, remaining in them till nearly five o'clock, P.M.; when I was ordered to take the regiment from the works, and deploy it on the road on the left flank of the brigade. Before this could be done, however, the enemy attacked us in front. It was at this time that Lieut. Perkins Bartholomew of Company I received the wound of which he soon after died. I at once sent a sergeant to the general commanding the brigade for further orders, and was directed to hold the position then occupied. The enemy, being repulsed in this attack, fell back to their works. We remained in the works till about eleven o'clock, when, pursuant to orders, we withdrew; leaving a strong picket-line. Throughout the whole day, the conduct of both officers and men was deserving of praise. Lieut. Bartholomew, who was killed, was one of our most promising young officers. Surgeon Frederick A. Dudley of New Haven was left behind with medical supplies to take charge of the wounded who could not be moved."

The losses of the regiment in this engagement were two killed, thirteen wounded, and fourteen prisoners.

Next morning, the whole force returned to the original lines before Petersburg; the expedition having resulted in failure, though Hancock had repulsed the Confederates, and inflicted on them terrible losses, much heavier than his own.

The Fourteenth returned to winter-quarters on the Weldon Railroad. It was now armed throughout with Sharp's rifles, reported one hundred and eighty men for duty, and was pronounced second best in the division. The regiment was, in fact, one of the best in the army; spirited, brave, proud of its name, always prompt and ready. In practical fighting efficiency, it had few equals.

On Dec. 1, the Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery returned to Petersburg with the 6th Corps, from the Shenandoah, and on the 5th went into camp near Meade's headquarters at Parke's Station.[6] The locality was precisely the same where the regiment had skirmished with the enemy, and lost twenty men, on the 22d of the previous June; and the works which it had improvised under fire, in an unbroken forest, had grown to be permanent defenses, prepared with consummate engineering skill. Here the regiment lay until the re-opening of active operations.

On Sunday morning, Feb. 5, 1865, the Fourteenth was again called out to participate in an advance of the 2d

[6] Lewis Luddington of the Second Connecticut Artillery died Oct. 20, at the hospital in Baltimore, and was buried from his home in Bethlem. This is the first time since the commencement of the Rebellion, that the citizens of that place have been called to follow to the grave a deceased soldier, native of the town. — *Norwich Courier.*

Corps, now under Humphreys. The regiment marched down the Vaughn Road to Hatcher's Run, and before noon reached its position on Armstrong Hill, in support of the 10th Massachusetts Battery.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, the rebel artillerists commenced throwing shot and shell into the position, but did not continue the fire long. About four o'clock, the rebel infantry commenced an attack. Its main force was directed against the 3d Division, with the evident intention of breaking through our lines, and cutting off the 2d Division. Five times the charge was made and repulsed. The 3d Division was *en échelon* in reference to the 2d, in consequence of the conformation of the ground. When the firing commenced, the Fourteenth changed front on the first company, which brought it to face the rebel flank. But as the enemy were in thick woods, and could not be seen, this regiment did not actively participate, though several shots were fired into them by sharpshooters, and the battery which they were supporting did good service.

The first division of the 6th Corps, containing the Second Connecticut Artillery, came to the rescue, and opened fire on the Confederates with good effect. After the enemy was repulsed, the Second was engaged in throwing up breastworks, which thenceforth became a part of the permanent advanced line. The regiment had lost seven wounded and two missing.

The Fourteenth had lost one killed (Lieut. Franklin Bartlett of Bridgeport) and seven wounded. Among these was Lieut. Ira A. Graham of Durham, severely. He was an excellent officer. Lieut. Bartlett was an officer of great promise, had been recommended for a captaincy, and was highly esteemed by officers and men. He was acting as adjutant. The regiment was under command of Lieut.-Col. Moore, whose bearing and promptness gave courage to the new recruits on this day, the first time they had come under fire. Lieut. Murdock of Company A captured three armed rebels.

At this juncture, the Confederates put in execution their counter flanking movements, by the Vaughn Road, against

Crawford's division; and the usual result followed, — a checking of the Union advance. But the important position was held. Grant's left was extended to Hatcher's Run.

During this severe service of the autumn, the Connecticut regiments at this point had been partially re-organized. The men who had served the three years for which they originally volunteered went home, materially reducing the strength of the regiments raised in 1861.[7] These men were received in Connecticut with enthusiastic demonstrations of gratitude for their patriotic and honorable services.

Col. A. P Rockwell commanded the Sixth; Lieut.-Col. Lorenzo Meeker resigned, and was succeeded by Major Daniel Klein; Capt. Hiram L Grant being promoted to be major. Again the regiment received a chaplain, — Rev. Charles C. Tiffany, formerly pastor of the church at Derby, a young man of high character, finished scholarship, and genuine sympathy for the cause and the soldiers. He proved a capable and enthusiastic assistant.

Col. J. R. Hawley of the Seventh was promoted to be brigadier-general, Sept. 17; Lieut.-Col. D. C. Rodman, still disabled from his wound, resigned; and Seager S. Atwell, who came into the regiment as second lieutenant, was made lieutenant-colonel.

Col. John E. Ward of the Eighth frequently commanded a brigade. Capt. William M. Pratt was made major; the position having been declined by Capt. Charles M. Coit.

The regiment at this time lost the services of Surgeon Melancthon Storrs of Hartford, who resigned and returned home, after three years of devotion to the good of the sol-

[7] Lieut. H. H. Lincoln of the Tenth died at his home in South Coventry in November. He had risen from a private soldier for good conduct in every battle. He led his company in many sharp engagements with the enemy; and, during Lieut. Camp's imprisonment, he was adjutant of the regiment. He reached home, on furlough, so exhausted from the stress of constant service, that his mind was already wandering in the first delirium of fever. In a week, he was dead; not having had an hour of consciousness for intelligent converse with the dear ones who had waited so anxiously for his coming.

Capt. Frederick B. Osborn of the Sixth, from New Haven, was honorably discharged at this time; and within a year met his death by accident on the New-York and New-Haven Railroad. He was born in Derby in 1825; and, during the four years preceding the war, had cruised twenty-one thousand miles as a marine. He was on the frigate Niagara when it was engaged in laying the Atlantic cable. He enlisted in the three-months' service. He afterwards joined the Sixth as a private, and was steadily promoted to a captaincy for efficiency. Through his great bravery, the colors of the regiment were saved at the bloody assault on Fort Wagner. He was buried with honors from his residence in New Haven, his coffin draped in the flag which he had carried on Morris Island.

diers. He had showed himself diligent, quietly faithful, skillful, cool in peril, quick to see, and steady and calm in executing. He was often summoned from his regiment to positions requiring ability and reliability at corps and general hospitals. So manifest was his excellence, that, when he was sent for a special purpose to Washington, Dr. McMellan, a surgeon of the regular army, in charge of the mammoth hospital near Fort Monroe, in indorsing his orders, added the statement that Dr. Storrs was "the most efficient surgeon ever on duty at this hospital."

Col. John L. Otis of the Tenth resigned,[8] and Lieut.-Col. E. S. Greeley was promoted to fill the vacancy. Capt. E. D. S. Goodyear became lieutenant-colonel.

Col. John H. Burnham of Hartford declined a commission as colonel of the Eleventh; and the regiment, having no field-officers, was commanded by Capt. Randall H. Rice, who had received a wound at Petersburg, which, it was feared, would be mortal. He had been promoted from the ranks. Major John Kies of Killingly had been compelled to leave the service from continued ill-health, incurred by continued exposure in the field.

Col. Hiram B. Crosby of the Twenty-first,[9] being prostrated with intermittent fever, resigned; and the regiment was commanded by Lieut.-Col. James F Brown. Capt. William Spittle was promoted to the majority.

Many line-officers resigned at this time, having served three years; until a majority of the officers of every regiment had been promoted from the ranks. In such regiments

[8] Col. Otis was a merchant before the war, but left his lucrative business and his quiet home in Manchester to volunteer in his country's service. He sought no prominence, but accepted the humblest commission an officer can receive, — a second lieutenancy. His practical efficiency could not remain unnoticed, and even before leaving Annapolis he commanded a company. His services were always timely and valuable; and his promotion was steady. He did his whole duty in the Carolinas and Florida, and was hardly out of a fight during the months of battle. At Drury's Bluff he made, at imminent peril, a personal reconnoissance of the Confederate works, which saved a brigade from repulse and slaughter. At Bermuda Hundred, as general officer of the day, he conducted several sharp fights; repelling the enemy's assault at one time, and recovering a lost position at another. At Deep Bottom, Strawberry Plains, White's Tavern, on Darbytown Road, and before Petersburg, he performed distinguished service. His regiment had implicit trust in him, and deeply regretted his loss when he resigned at the end of his three-years' service.

[9] Lieut. F. W H. Buell died of fever during the winter. He was a son of William G. Buell of Chatham. He enlisted in the ranks in 1862, shared all the toils and perils of his regiment, and was promoted for excellent conduct. He was a young man of high promise and worth, of good personal appearance, and noble bearing.

as the Tenth and Fourteenth, indeed, there was not one of the original officers left in the line.

Our regiments along the hostile front now hastily built for themselves winter-quarters, and awaited the opening of another campaign. The works were strengthened, and sharpshooters were busy along the line. Chaplain Henry Clay Trumbull wrote at this time, "The manner in which the skill of the sharpshooter is criticised in the army might strike a civilian with surprise. If he does his work well, a soldier gives him credit for it. I have heard many a compliment to a rebel marksman, even from those whose escapes from him were most narrow, or whose dearest comrades he had recently picked off. 'What admirable range!' 'How capitally they fire!' 'Isn't their shooting excellent?' and other similar remarks were freely uttered in the picket rifle-pits in front of Bermuda Hundred, while the enemy were pouring in an artillery-fire upon us on an afternoon in June,— and that while limbs were being mangled or brains scattered wide by the death-dealing fragments of the spherical case. After a prolonged skirmish-fire on the edge of Strawberry Plain a few weeks ago, a brave and faithful private of the 11th Maine was commenting on the work of the day, in which he had borne an active and honorable part. 'They've got some good fellows out here,' he said, referring to the rebel sharpshooters — 'picked men. They've given us a bully good shootin' They gave us first-rate shootin' t'other day when we were here. And they've given us a good shootin' to-day. There was one of our fellows! they put a ball right into one of his cheeks under the eye, and it came out under his t'other ear. Killed him dead. And he was behind a good tree, too. But they brought a flank fire on him, and they dropped him. Now thaat's what I call good shootin'"

On Nov. 3, threats of violence at the polls being made by the peace-men of the North, and alarming frauds being discovered having for their object a stuffing of the ballot-boxes of New-York State with forged votes, Gen. Butler was transferred to the command of that department; and he was accompanied by a division of troops under Gen. Joseph R.

Hawley. The division consisted of two brigades of three thousand men. In the first brigade were the Sixth Connecticut Volunteers under Lieut.-Col. Daniel Klein, Seventh under Lieut.-Col. Atwell, and Tenth under Col. Greeley. Col. Rockwell of the Sixth commanded the 2d Brigade.

Chaplain Jacob Eaton of the Seventh wrote, —

"The expedition was attended with great hardships to both officers and enlisted men. Many brave men who have served faithfully for three years have assured me that their privations and sufferings during the past week, on board government transports, and in the unfinished works on Staten Island, have been greater than their privations and sufferings during any previous week of their army-life. The troops were not landed in the city at all. Officers and enlisted men were not allowed to go on shore, or even communicate with their friends, who had come many miles to see them. The soldiers were kept on small vessels: they were crowded and huddled together, exposed to cold, drenching storms, and subsisted for a time on half-rations; so that the enemies of the government who had riot, murder, and treason in their hearts, could have no excuse for an outbreak. Many were aware that their parents or wives were in the city, only a few rods off, having come many miles and waited many days to see them; and yet they must return disappointed and sad to the homes they left. The boats were anchored, — some in the North River, and some in the East, and there remained for a few days, guardians of liberty and justice. Gen. Hawley's headquarters were on the fast steamer Moses Taylor, at the foot of Twenty-third Street."

Immediately after the presidential election, the troops returned to the front, and resumed their places in the line. The Tenth, finding its former cabins pre-occupied, was obliged to rebuild its log-village.[10]

As the Connecticut regiments were at this time reduced in size by the muster-out of tried soldiers, they were soon increased again to a minimum by the muster-in of large numbers of untried recruits. An officer of the Eleventh wrote at this time. "Two hundred and sixty recruits have arrived, 'substitutes' for patriots who stay at home. Of these five have put down their names as having been born in the United States of America. The rest represent twenty-one different nationalities."

[10] Lieut. George Northrop of the Tenth died Nov. 10, of wounds received in action on the Darbytown Road, Oct. 13.

"He was born in the town of Bethel, Conn.; served as a private in the Third Regiment during the three-months' campaign; enlisted, and was appointed sergeant in Company D of this regiment, Oct. 1, 1861, and re-enlisted as veteran volunteer. He was promoted for gallant and meritorious conduct while commanding his company in the charge on the enemy's works on the Darbytown Road. Lieut. Northrop died regretting only that he had but one life to give for his country." — *Report of Col. Greeley.*

The white troops of the 10th Corps were consolidated with those of the 18th, in a new corps known as the 24th; and the Eighth Connecticut was detailed to guard headquarters. The Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth Connecticut Volunteers (colored) were now in the 25th Corps, where all the colored regiments were gathered under Gen. Weitzel.

The First Connecticut Artillery still manned the defenses. Col. Abbot had thirty-three guns and mortars in position at Bermuda Hundred, and twenty-nine in front of Petersburg. The following changes of ordnance were made during August, September, and October: Lieut. L. W. Jackson with a mortar stationed on railroad at Petersburg front; Lieut. T. D. Cashin with two howitzers sent to Battery Burpee; Capt. E. C. Dow with three 30-pound Parrotts sent to Petersburg front; Lieut. J. H. Cummings with one 100-pounder Parrott sent to Dutch Gap; Capt. E. A. Gillette with four mortars and two guns sent to Petersburg front; Capt. F A. Pratt with eight guns sent to Fort Sedgwick, Petersburg; Capt. A. F Brooker with two Coehorns and three mortars sent to Dutch Gap; Lieut. L. W Jackson with one mortar to Battery No. 4, Petersburg; Lieut. L. G. Logan with three 30-pound Parrotts, four Coehorns, and one 20-pound Parrott, respectively to Battery 5, Redoubt Dutton, and Battery Drake; Capt. F. A. Pratt with four guns to Battery 17; Lieut. E. P Mason with two mortars to Battery 20; Capt. H. H. Pierce with one 100-pounder Parrott and three 30-pounder Parrotts to Fort Brady; Lieut. E. P Mason with four mortars to Fort Sedgwick; Major Thomas S. Trumbull with eight guns and two 30-pound Parrotts sent to the City-Point lines; Lieut. C. R. Bannan with one 12-pounder to redoubt at Broadway Landing. Capt. H. H. Pierce took charge of Battery Burpee. Capt. Wilbur F. Osborne was transferred to Battery No. 11. Capt. John H. Burton was stationed at Fort Converse. Major T. S. Trumbull was in command of all the siege-artillery in front of Petersburg.

Col. Abbot reported as follows: "Since the battle of the Mine, the firing in front of Petersburg and near the James River has been heavy. The average weight of iron thrown daily has been, during August, 5.2 tons; during September,

7.8 tons; during October, 4.5 tons; during November, 2.7 tons; during December, 2.1 tons; during January, 1.6 tons; during February, 1.1 tons. The aggregate number of rounds fired during this period has thus been 37,264, amounting to about 793 tons of iron. The total expenditures of ammunition from the beginning of the campaign to March 1, 1865, has been 55,325 rounds, amounting to 1,118 tons of iron. Upon the Petersburg lines the firing has been so frequent as to render it difficult to select special instances for mention. At all hours of the day and night sudden artillery battles have occurred, often involving the entire line, and demanding the expenditure of many tons of ammunition."

"After the advance upon Fort Harrison, the rebel fleet habitually lay in the reach near the graveyard, in plain sight of our lines, occasionally firing upon them. A surprise was planned for them by Gen. Butler, whose chief engineer, Major Michie, erected a battery commanding their position. During the night of Oct. 21, three 30-pounder Parrotts, served by Company C, and Ashby's battery of four 20-pounder Parrotts, the whole under command of Capt. H. H. Pierce, were placed in position, and at daylight opened suddenly upon the fleet at a range of about fifteen hundred yards. The effect was excellent. The rebel papers admit that a gun-carriage was hit on the gunboat Drury, by a shell, which wounded five men; that the smoke-stack of the ram Fredericksburg was considerably perforated, and six men on her wounded; and that a plate was started on one of the iron-clads. It is believed, from the number of times the wooden boat was hit (sixteen), that her injuries were more serious than admitted. Certain it is, that the fleet all steamed away as fast as possible, and that the wooden boats have not again exposed themselves in this reach.

"The most important event during January, on these lines, was the attempt of the rebel fleet to pass the obstructions in James River, on the night of Jan. 23, when I think it may fairly be claimed that the First Connecticut Artillery prevented a serious disaster. Three rebel rams, the wooden gunboat Drury, a small steam torpedo-boat, and perhaps more, passed Fort Brady about eight, P.M., under cover of the darkness."

These gunboats created great alarm and consternation, as their purpose was to reach and destroy the Union transports, laden with ammunition and supplies, in the river below. In this they were foiled. The boats were shelled furiously from Fort Brady, and Batteries Parsons, Wilcox, Spofford, and Sawyer. At daylight, two rams and the Drury were discovered aground near the left bank, some fifteen hundred yards above Parsons. Fire was at once opened from that battery with long percussion-shell from the hundred-pounder. The second shot struck the Drury; and the third exploded

her magazine, completely destroying her.[11] The rest escaped up the river about noon. Col. Abbot says, "During the firing, my batteries, especially Forts Brady and Parsons and Wilcox, were under a very heavy fire from the rebel land-batteries. Three men were killed in the former, and a large number slightly injured from fragments. Too much commendation can not be given to Capt. H. H. Pierce, commanding Fort Brady, and to Lieuts. Henry A. Pratt, E. P. Mason, and Charles N. Silliman, commanding the other batteries, for their excellent conduct."

The regiment had, long before this time, accquired an enviable reputation; and the most penetrating eye would not have detected in it any resemblance to the Fourth Connecticut, which, three years before, had wandered through Maryland, inefficient and insubordinate. The New-York Journal of Commerce now declared that this model artillery regiment had been of more service to the government than any other, regular or volunteer, in the field.

In December, an effort was made to reduce and capture Fort Fisher, at the mouth of Cape-Fear River, N.C., in order to supress the immense amount of rebel blockade-running at the port of Wilmington.[12] To this end Gen. Butler was dispatched with sixty-five hundred men, assisted by Admiral Porter with seventy-three vessels, carrying in all six hundred and fifty-five guns. The fort was of very formidable construction, and heavily armed and manned. An assault was feebly made and repulsed, when Butler concluded to leave, "finding that nothing but the operations of a regular siege would reduce the fort, and in view of the threatening aspect of the weather." The whole force returned to Hampton Roads.

Porter was not satisfied with the effort; and Grant immediately decided to make a more resolute attempt. "It was necessary that the confidence of the armies in their commander should be confirmed. It was necessary that

[11] The firing from Fort Brady was mainly conducted by Lieut. Sterling A. Woodruff, of Company C.

[12] The total value of cargoes sent into this port by English capitalists between January, 1863, and December, 1864, was estimated at sixty-six millions of dollars.

Grant, by taking Fort Fisher, should demonstrate that it could be taken. It was necessary that he should prove that he was no butcher, who dashed his men against impregnable battlements, and slaughtered them in hopeless enterprises. Under these circumstances, Grant cast his eyes upon that brilliant galaxy of generals by whom he was surrounded, and looked for one who would have the courage to attempt, and the skill and tenacity to execute, the great work which needed to be done. He looked for one to whom he could intrust the hopes of the nation and the army, and into whose keeping he might safely deliver his own great reputation. His choice fell upon Alfred Howe Terry." [13]

He had known Terry, and marked his skill and sagacity as leader of a division, and occasional commander of the 10th Corps, and did not hesitate in the selection. Eight thousand infantry were given him; and he went down the James with Porter and his fleet, not knowing whither he was bound. During the night, Grant came aboard, and directed him to "take Fort Fisher — by storm if practicable; if not, by siege." Included in the force, at Terry's request, were the Sixth and Seventh Connecticut, in Hawley's brigade, now commanded by Col. J. C. Abbott, Hawley being left with the remainder of the corps. Col. H. L. Abbot of the First Artillery also accompanied the expedition, with twenty officers, five hundred and sixty-eight men, and a siege-train of sixteen 30-pound mortars, twenty Coehorns, and fourteen thousand rounds of ammunition.

"Fort Fisher consists of one inclosed fort or bastion, from the opposite angles of which spread out at right angles to each other high parapets, or curtains of earthwork; the sea-face to a distance of sixteen hundred yards, and the north face to about a third of this distance. At regular intervals, these curtains are crossed by high traverses, which at the same time serve as bomb-proofs; and between which are mounted, sometimes one, and at others two, heavy guns. On the north face are fifteen of these traverses; and, should an assailant succeed in capturing the first of these, the second is an earthwork behind which the rebels could retreat; and so on, successively, until our men reach the bastion, which is inclosed on all sides."

On the morning of Jan. 13, 1865, Porter opened the bombardment from his iron-clads; again showering the fort, as he

[13] Speech of Henry B. Harrison in the General Assembly, on a resolution of thanks to Gen. Terry.

had done a few weeks before, with shot and shells at the rate of four a minute for eight hours. In the mean time, the infantry had landed; and intrenchments were speedily thrown up across the sand-spit, cutting off the fort from any relief from Wilmington. In these works, Abbot's brigade was posted; while Ames's division moved up to within a hundred and fifty yards of the fort by daybreak of Sunday the 15th, and prepared for immediate attack.

The cannonade had been furious. "I was told by the secretary of Col. Lamb commanding, that the concussion within the fort from exploding shell and solid shot was terrible and deafening beyond description. It seemed as if volcanic fires were leaping and thundering from the ground. The air hissed, quivered, and flamed with missiles of destruction: one unceasing thunder of artillery shook the earth. Shot and shell fell either upon or within the fortress to the number of three hundred and sixty in a minute, or twenty-one thousand and six hundred an hour. Probably a more concentrated and powerful naval fire was never witnessed; probably it was never equaled." [14]

Some guns had been dismounted, stockades broken, and barracks shivered to kindling wood. Yet the fort was not breached, nor its defensive strength seriously impaired. Within its walls were two thousand and two hundred men, brave and vigilant.

At three, P.M., two storming columns advanced, — one of two thousand marines and sailors, led by Capt. Porter against the sea-face; the other, Ames's division, of about three thousand and three hundred veterans, against the north-western face, — the most difficult point. The navy column made a desperate dash, fought with great valor, but were quickly driven back in disorder, with heavy loss. The enemy, doubtless, mistook the seamen's attack for that of the main body, and poured into them a terrible fire. The diversion was favorable to the advance of Ames's column, which Terry was pushing down upon the land-face. On they came rapidly.

The defiant cheer of the rebels as the sailors sullenly retired had hardly died away, when another cheer was heard.

[14] Narrative by Chaplain Jacob Eaton.

Alfred Terry

The rebels met it with a yell and a simultaneous fire. On rushed the three brigades of Ames's division. The fighting was at close quarters. The carnage became terrible. The leader of each brigade, and the commanders of half the regiments, went down in the storm. No man turned his face to the rear. Terry led them gallantly. The Pennsylvania regiments were first in the fort. At five o'clock, after the most desperate fighting, foot by foot, we had possession of half the land-front. The division was almost exhausted. Terry sent for Abbot's brigade, with the Sixth Connecticut, and his old regiment the Seventh. Its place in the defensive line was filled by the naval brigade, and it moved splendidly forward to re-inforce the weary and shattered ranks.

There is brief consultation. Ames's division is ordered to keep the rebels busy. The fresh column is moved in the deep shadow of the frowning parapet — noiselessly but swiftly along the entire land-front to the very point where the fierce assault of the navy boys had failed.

Gen. Terry and Gen. Ames are with the brigade — all cool, but anxious. Minutes now are worth ordinary years.

When the brigade reaches the sally-port, the Seventh is thrown forward to form a skirmish-line near the center of the work. Capt. John Thompson is wounded, and borne to the rear; and his place is taken by Capt. William S. Marble of North Manchester, who leads the regiment, with equal coolness, to its post of peril. Here it remains during the hours of evening, while the other regiments close in and press forward, returning the fearful fire, and seizing point after point. Spencer rifles and veteran bayonets are irresistible. The rebels are driven from their foot-hold: Fort Fisher is won!

Terry springs to the head of the column, leads it through the fort in pursuit of the retreating rebels, pushes them along the sea-front to the last corner into Fort Buchanan, and compels instant and unconditional surrender.

The result was a capture of seventy-two guns, two thousand men, with garrison equipage and ammunition; and succeeding captures swelled the number of guns to a hundred and sixty, and included seven valuable blockade-runners.

The Sixth was commanded by Col. A. P Rockwell. The Seventh lost two killed and five wounded.

Lieut. Edward K. Wightman of the 3d New-York, a native of Middletown in this State, was killed while leading his men to the charge. He graduated at the Free Academy in New York, in 1854; became a contributor to several of the journals; and contributed one article to the Shoe and Leather Reporter, which was republished in Great Britain, Germany, and France, and was used by the Home Department of the United States. He enlisted in the 9th New-York Volunteers, in 1862, and served with them until they were mustered out, when he was transferred to the 3d New-York. He thrice declined commissions, and the last one did not reach his regiment till his death.

After taking possession of the fort, the great magazine exploded, and buried more than a hundred men — rebel and loyal entombed together. The disaster was probably the result of carelessness; though many believed that some mortally wounded Confederate prisoner had applied the match. The men from Connecticut were mostly at some distance, and escaped. Paymaster Robert H. Gillette, a son of Hon. Francis Gillette of Hartford, had obtained permission to go ashore with some other officers, and was examining the fort when the explosion took place. He was instantly killed. His was a noble, manly, generous nature; and not only to his own kindred, but to thousands of others the intelligence of his death came to imbitter the cup of victory.

The capture of a work that had been declared to be impregnable startled the country; and Terry became immediately "the hero of Fort Fisher." President Lincoln at once nominated him to be major-general of volunteers, and brigadier-general in the regular army; and the Senate hastened to confirm the appointment.[15]

Admiral Porter telegraphed, "The troops have covered themselves with glory." "These works," wrote the admiral afterwards, "are tremendous. I was in Fort Malakoff a few days after its surrender to the French and the British. The

[15] At the close of the war, Gen. Terry was made a major-general by brevet in the regular army; the highest promotion received by any volunteer officer in the country.

combined armies of those two nations were many months capturing that stronghold, and it did not compare in size or strength with Fort Fisher."

"I have spoken of Gen. Terry as a soldier. Let me speak of him also as a man. In person he is tall, — over six feet in hight, — with light hair, blue eyes, and a grave but gentle expression of countenance. He possesses an intellect strong and remarkably versatile; and few men surpass him in variety, extent, and precision of information. In temperament, he is ardent, impetuous, quick, and sometimes rash in his prepossessions. He is modest, generous, tender-hearted, apt to bend down to little children and caress them; a good son, a kind brother, an unflinching friend. Porter evidently appreciated him when he so enthusiastically pronounced him the '*beau idéal* of a soldier and a gentleman.'" [16]

Gen. Grant expressed in very strong terms his admiration of the achievement; and both houses of Congress enthusiastically passed the following: —

Resolved, That the thanks of Congress are hereby presented to Major-Gen. Alfred H. Terry, and to the officers and men under his command, for the unsurpassed gallantry and skill exhibited by them in the attack upon Fort Fisher, and the brilliant and decisive victory by which that important work has been captured from the rebel forces, and placed in the possession and under the authority of the United States; and for their long and faithful service, and unwavering devotion to the cause of the country, in the midst of the greatest difficulties and dangers.

Butler still went on insisting that Fort Fisher could not be captured, or rather that no man had a right to capture it after competent officers had declared it to be impregnable. Thereupon, he was relieved of his command; and he retired to Lowell, leaving few friends and no admirers in the armies before Richmond. From his retreat he fulminated a series of ill-tempered dispatches, arraigning his great commander; but every word came back upon him like a boomerang.

[16] Speech of Henry B. Harrison.

CHAPTER XL.

The Fifth and Twentieth in Tennessee. — Guarding the Railroad. — Fight with Guerrillas. — Retaliation. — Advance of the Spring. — The Twentieth at Boyd's Trail. — Battle of Resaca. — Amusing Incidents. — The Fifth and Twentieth at Peach-tree Creek. — Sherman's Flank Movement. — Atlanta occupied. — Casualties in the Connecticut Regiments. — A Rest. — The March to the Sea. — At Savannah. — Second Connecticut Battery. — In Louisiana and at Mobile. — "The Bay Fight."

REPARATIONS were made in the East and West, as early as the spring of 1864, to move forward simultaneously and give the *coup de grâce* to the wavering Confederacy. The enemy was bankrupt in men and means, and his military spirit was declining; but the momentum of three years of war enabled his armies still to show a stubborn front wherever assailed.

Connecticut was to be worthily represented in the victorious column of Sherman. The 11th and 12th Corps were transferred from the Army of the Potomac to Tennessee in September, 1863, to meet Longstreet's army, already thrown into the western scale in aid of Bragg. Rosecrans had been pushed into the fortifications around Chattanooga; and Bragg was investing the place, while operating on the Union communications with strong detachments. The enemy occupied Lookout Mountain, and the railroad and river back to Bridgeport, Ala. The Union army was on half-rations. Every day their provision-trains were attacked and wagons captured.

The 12th Corps traveled night and day from Virginia, westward. The Fifth and Twentieth Connecticut were stowed away in freight-cars. Dispatch was indispensable. Comfort could not be considered. On they sped, through

Harper's Ferry, Martinsburg, Hancock, Piedmont, over the wild Alleghanies, past Bellaire, Zanesville, Columbus, Dayton, Richmond, Indianapolis, Jefferson, to Louisville, Ky. The commissary had preceded; and at regular intervals the train stopped for sandwiches and coffee for the soldiers. All through Ohio and Indiana, the troops were greeted with an ovation. Thousands turned out at every stopping-place; and ladies brought to the veterans bouquets and wreaths of flowers, and articles of utility. Haversacks were seized, and filled with fruit, cake, baked meat, pies; and the pork and hard-bread came to be despised. From Louisville to Nashville, thence to Murfreesborough and to Tullahoma. The rebel guerrillas infested the whole country; and they now cut the railroad immediately in the rear of the re-inforcements. A division of the 12th Corps was ordered to guard the track from Bridgeport back towards Nashville; and the guerrillas became, for a time, more timid, and their raids less frequent. The Fifth Connecticut under Col. W W Packer, and the Twentieth under Col. Samuel Ross (now released from captivity), went through Tennessee to Stephenson, Ala., where they arrived on Oct. 4. Here the 12th Corps had its headquarters, and was occupied in guarding the lines of communication for the army at Chattanooga. Lieut. Edward A. Doolittle, of the Twentieth, from New Haven, died at Stephenson, in December, of typhoid fever. He enlisted as a private, and was promoted for good conduct and efficiency. "His personal gallantry at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg forms a proud memoir in our history," wrote Col. Ross. And his brother-officers said of him, "Noble without ostentation, faithful beyond any influence of fear or favor, and patriotic without desire of praise, he had endeared himself to us all."

The Fifth started immediately north again, and chased the rebel cavalry for two weeks; maintaining the reputation for celerity which they won at the East. The regiment at last went to Cowan, Tenn., *viâ* Decherd and Tantallore, and arrived on Oct. 26; being soon joined by the Twentieth.

Grant was now in command, and had an army of one hundred thousand veterans in and around Chattanooga. During the succeeding weeks, he moved on Lookout Moun-

tain and Mission Ridge; defeated the rebel army with great slaughter; captured six thousand prisoners, seven thousand stand of arms, and scores of cannon; and pursued the shattered hosts of Bragg to Dalton.[1] The Fifth and Twentieth Connecticut were still guarding the lines of communication. In December, a member of the Fifth wrote, "The location of the regiment is at present very agreeable, on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, near Cumberland Tunnel, the safety of which is intrusted to our care. Col. Packer is in command of the post." Yet before the winter was over the position proved to be no sinecure. In March, a member of the Twentieth wrote from Cowan, from which town the regiment was scattered now along the railroad in squads for forty or fifty miles, —

"Our duties the past winter have been very arduous; and twice within a few weeks have we suffered from guerrilla raids. At Tracy City, in January, Company B stationed at that place was surprised by about one hundred and fifty mounted land pirates, who dashed into our lines, and attempted to capture or murder our boys. David B. Rowell of Derby,[2] a guard, was shot dead from the first fire. Capt. Andrew Upson of Southington, commander of the post, was murdered in cold blood. While he was trying to join his company, only a few rods distant, he was shot twice through his body after his surrender, and has since died from the effects of his wounds. He was one of our finest and most gallant officers, beloved by all, a Christian gentleman, and a most honorable and high-minded man. Peace to his ashes! Lieut. Theodore Jepson showed the genuine Yankee pluck in bravely defending his little band of soldiers against the one hundred and fifty rebels who tried in vain to drive them from their stockade.

A part of this same force of guerrillas, on the 16th of March, attacked a freight-train of eleven cars, about seven miles from Tullahoma. A rail had cautiously been displaced from the track, which threw off the approaching train with a terrible crash. Instantly a gang of rebels jumped from behind trees and ledges, and commenced the work of bloodshed and plunder upon the passengers; simultaneously firing the train, which was loaded with hay, lumber, &c. Capt. Ambrose E. Beardsley of Derby, our brigade inspector, who is sometimes *unlucky*, then again *lucky*, happened unfortunately to be on board. Three soldiers were shot down by his side; and a musket was leveled and fired at him, which missed its mark, just grazing his neck. Beardsley, in company with two lieutenants and three negroes, brakemen on the train, was then taken under a guard, and run off three miles into a dense wood. The poor negroes were shot. Beardsley expected the same fate; but was finally simply robbed of his watch, three hundred and eighty dollars in money, his coat, hat, and boots; and then asked to sign a parole. He refused; and, after stripping the two lieu-

[1] Douglass Bushnell, a native of New London, was killed in the battle near Chattanooga. He was major of the 13th Michigan.

[2] Rowell was a quiet, unassuming young man, devoted to the cause for which he so bravely gave his life.

tenants, who were with him of all they had, they were then left by their cut-throats to grope their way back through the woods, barefooted, which they did, guided by the light of the burning cars."

The Unionists had learned prompt and bloody retaliation. Next morning, a squadron of the Tennessee Union Cavalry went in pursuit, overtook them, defeated them, killed eleven, and captured seventeen. None of the prisoners were brought into camp. The captors reported that they "lost" them.

The Twentieth Regiment maintained good health, having received a supply of esculents from the soldiers'-aid societies of Bridgeport and Derby.

In Cowan and Tracy City, as elsewhere in the South, the women were more violently disloyal than the men. A story is told of one of these, who, besilked and befeathered, sheered off in passing the Union headquarters one day, and gave her skirts the usual flirt to show her contempt for the drooping flag; when a soldier retorted with the following bit of torture: —

"O marm! how dirty your stockings are! Just look at 'em!"

Female skirts and female pride went down together, while the irrepressible roars of his comrades winged the sarcastic shaft, and sent it home.

Bushwhackers and guerrillas abounded; scarcely a day passed without damage being done to the railroad at some point. The utmost vigilance was exercised. Squads were stationed at every dépôt, bridge, or watertank; and redoubts and stockades were erected along the whole route. Guards patrolled the road.

Yet the rebels plied their ingenuity. "Torpedoes were placed on the track. Rails were loosened so as to launch the next train off an embankment. The timbers of bridges were sawed nearly through. Rocks were rolled down the mountain upon the rails. With infernal malignity they watched and waited for trains laden with soldiers, on which to practice their schemes of destruction. Union soldiers caught alone were robbed and murdered."[3]

[3] Col. Buckingham's MS. History of the Twentieth.

An order of terrible retaliation was immediately issued by Gen. Grant, which made bushwhacking dangerous and unpopular. Ten thousand Union refugees were provided for by large levies upon the property of secessionists. Guerrillas were hunted down, tried by court-martial, and shot.

As the spring of 1864 approached, the veterans of the Fifth took their furlough; and the non-veterans were temporarily transferred to the Twentieth, commanded at this time by Capt. Ezra D. Dickerman. Col. Ross commanded the brigade. Rev. A. L. Frisbie of Ansonia here joined the regiment as chaplain, and he made himself of great service.

Gen. Sherman now succeeded Grant[4] in command of the armies of the West; and the different corps were re-organized and mobilized. The 11th and 12th Corps were consolidated, and became the 20th Corps. The Twentieth Connecticut Volunteers was placed in the 2d Brigade, 3d Division.

An immense dépôt of supplies had been gathered at Chattanooga prior to April, 1864. The roads rearward had been rebuilt; the defenses strengthened; the veteran guards relieved by hundred-day men, and recalled to the front. Sherman gathered his host in Lookout Valley.

On April 27, the Twentieth took its place in the 20th Corps, and again the regiment was led by Lieut.-Col. Buckingham.

The veterans of the Fifth had returned from their furlough home, and the non-veterans had resumed their places in the ranks.

The veterans, after passing Indianapolis on the return, exchanged the doubtful comforts of second-class cars for the certain discomforts of freight-cars. That jolly soldier, Isaac B. Rogers of Danbury, wrote the next week from Decherd, Tenn., "It would be useless to attempt a description of the thumps, bumps, contusions, jams, knocks, whacks, cracks, pokes, and jars experienced by the 'soldier patriots of Connecticut' while in process of transportation as government freight. One thing is certain,— we found plenty of exercise in jumping from the cars, and pushing the train up each successive grade from Indianapolis to Decherd; the locomo-

[4] Gens. Grant and Sherman are both of Connecticut ancestry.

tive having been constructed for the government by contract."

At Decherd, they crept under shelters, and had few conveniences of any kind. The weather was unseasonably cold and wet, and much disease was engendered. Sergeant J. W Burley of Woodstock died of small-pox in April; but the case was isolated. Chaplain Moses C. Welch of Hartford wrote of him, "He possessed an uprightness of character that secured him the respect of all. He was intelligent, thoughtful, and independent."

While it is true that the exposure incident to soldiers is often destructive to life, yet in many instances its effects are favorable to the health of men. This is strikingly exemplified in the case of Capt. William Spencer[5] of Cheshire, who enlisted as a private in the Twentieth Regiment. He was of a delicate constitution; but three years and a half of service in the field — during which he never received a furlough, and never was absent from his regiment — rather improved than impaired his health.

On April 30, the Fifth had again removed to Bridgeport, Ala., whence it marched, and joined, in Gen. Knipe's brigade, the forces under Gen. Sherman.

The armies of the Ohio, Tennessee, and Cumberland, advanced by different routes upon Dalton. The 20th Corps moved down to the right, then marched westward towards the town, crossing Taylor's Ridge. After an unsuccessful effort (May 8) to break through the fortified passes, Col. Ross was directed to take and hold Boyd's trail in the mountains, to keep the enemy from coming through into the valley. Col. Ross's command consisted of the Twentieth (Lieut.-Col. Buckingham commanding) and the 19th Michigan, — in all about a thousand men. He started a little after midnight, and moved in the dark four miles, arriving at the trail at four, A.M. The pass was held by two Virginia regiments. Col. Ross threw out a double line of skirmishers under Capt. E. D. Dickerman. The advance was so rapid and vigorous, that the enemy's picket-reserve

[5] He participated in eleven general battles, and escaped without the slightest injury. Capt. Spencer was educated in France, and is a high type of the patriotic soldier.

barely escaped capture. By eight o'clock, the enemy were driven from the trail to the top of the mountain. Col. Ross says in his report, "I then established a picket-line in a circular form, from the rocky face of the mountain on one side of the trail, around and across it to the same on the other side. I next established the main body on a 'hog-back' hill commanding the main road (where the trail connects with it) and much of the trail, and fortified my position so as to hold it against large numbers. I remained in this position, undisturbed by the enemy, save occasional shots from sharpshooters from the top of Rocky Face, until noon on the 11th instant, when I was relieved. From thence my command marched to Snake-creek Gap, where it joined the brigade. I desire to thank and commend the officers and men under my command for their uniform promptness and bravery. Not an officer or man faltered."

Meantime, Johnston's rebel army fell back rapidly on Resaca, and Sherman pressed forward. The Fifth and Twentieth moved in the column; though, of the particulars of the movements of the Fifth, we find no adequate record. The colonel furnished a report of only three lines from time to time, submitting a list of casualties. The Twentieth was in line of battle during May 14 and 15, and was, with the Fifth, engaged in the battle of Resaca. Col. Ross says in his report, "In passing the open ground, after crossing the first hill under a heavy fire of musketry, grape, and canister, the color-bearer was hit, and fell out of line: thereupon Adjutant C. Jay Du Bois seized the colors, and gallantly carried them forward; holding them until our line was re-formed on a new front, when he surrendered them to the sergeant designated to carry them."

Immediately in front of our line at this point, and just behind the rebel intrenchments, was a battery of four guns, from which the gunners had been driven during the charge on the afternoon of the 15th. The Union troops had charged up to the very muzzles of these guns, but had been compelled to leave them, and fall back a few rods, behind a slight elevation. The pieces were now on disputed territory; and both Union and Confederate soldiers had striven in

vain to drag them off during the daylight. The ground about the battery was strewn with the dead of both sides. In the evening, Lieut.-Col. P B. Buckingham was directed to take a detachment of men, and get the guns. He soon reached the low ground in front; when he and Capt. John H. Doolittle of Derby, and Capt. Oliver R. Post of Hartford, crept up to reconnoiter. The result was, that the men were quietly set at work digging broad trenches straight up to the muzzles: ropes were carefully attached; and before daybreak the four new, brass 12-pounders had been safely removed to our lines. Not a man was lost, though a fierce attack broke out about midnight, during which the working party was subjected to a hot fire of artillery and musketry from both sides. Lieut.-Col. Buckingham was commended for this exploit in general orders.

Of a movement on Cassville on the 19th, Col. Ross reports, "About two, P.M., the division made a demonstration on the enemy with infantry and artillery. In this movement, the 19th Michigan and Twentieth Connecticut, under my command, covered the right flank, and supported our artillery. The division advanced about half a mile, and swung around on Cassville (the enemy retiring); when these regiments under my command were posted on the right of the division, my left connecting with the right of the 3d Brigade.

"The formation for a general advance of the division being completed, these two regiments, thus posted on the right, advanced with the division in good order to the road near the seminary. Officers and men acted promptly and bravely. The Twentieth was then advanced a few rods to support our artillery batteries; sending skirmishers to the front to drive back the enemy's sharpshooters. About eight, P.M., these two regiments, — the Twentieth Connecticut and 19th Michigan, — assisted by no other troops, in line of battle, with fixed bayonets, assaulted and captured Cassville, and occupied it until the morning of the 20th instant; when we marched to the present camp.

"I desire to mention the following company commanders for promptness and good conduct throughout these opera-

tions: Capt. Ezra D. Dickerman of Hamden, Capt. Samuel S. Woodruff of Southington, Capt. Wilbur W Smith of Seymour, Capt. Oliver R. Post of Hartford, Capt. John H. Doolittle of Derby, Capt. Ezra Sprague of Derby, Capt. Horace G. H. Tarr of Hartford, Lieut. John E. Royce of Derby."

The Fifth Connecticut Volunteers entered Cassville immediately afterwards, from another direction, and assisted in holding the village through the night. The citizens fled in terror, leaving their aged and invalids in an utterly helpless condition, to be taken care of by "the Yankee Vandals." Col. Buckingham says, "At a house found tenantless, and occupied for the headquarters of the Twentieth Regiment, a table waited, already spread with strawberries, warm biscuit, and a nice boiled ham, smoking hot, which furnished the officers of the regiment with a supper after their hard day's work."

Col. Buckingham wrote in May, —

"Here is some of the finest land in Northern Georgia. The people have obeyed the behests of Jeff Davis; and, instead of the cotton and tobacco formerly raised, all the arable land is planted with corn, or some with wheat. It is said that rebel soldiers were detailed in the spring to assist in planting the crops; but in the track of the armies not much will be reaped; for, spreading over the land like a swarm of locusts, the troops eat up and destroy every green thing. The droves of cattle driven along to furnish beef for the army are pastured in the fields of waving wheat; outlying troops of cavalry feed their horses upon the young corn; and cavalry and infantry tread down all that is left."

The same officer thus tells of the passage of the formidable gap at Alatoona by the 20th Corps, by a *ruse* of its commander, —

"Yesterday, on arriving at the gap, we found strong rebel works; but they were abandoned. The officer in command had moved to another point on the order of Gen. Hooker. It occurred in this way: At daylight in the morning, Hooker and staff, accompanied by his body-guard, started from near Raccoon Creek, and, moving on three or four miles in advance, halted for breakfast by the roadside. While sitting here, a rebel courier rode in among them, bearing a dispatch from Gen. Johnston to the officer in command at the gap, directing him to hold it at all hazards, and saying it was of the utmost importance to delay the advance of the Federal troops for a day, or until he could reach Dallas. Hooker pocketed the dispatch; directed one of his own orderlies to exchange uniforms with the rebel courier; gave him the pass from Gen. Johnston; and wrote a new order (from 'Gen. Johnston') to the officer at the gap, directing him to remove his troops to another point some miles distant. The new courier mounted a captured 'C. S.' horse, and rode away with the order. He found the

officer on the *qui vive*, with his troops drawn up ready to repel the Yankees. He delivered the bogus message, showed the genuine pass, and, after being thoroughly questioned, had the satisfaction of seeing the rebel army move off in obedience to the commands of Joe Hooker. The officer said he must obey orders, he supposed; but Gen. Johnston was either crazy, or a d—— fool. The brave orderly made a *détour;* and, after several adventures with rebel scouting parties, was at last captured by our own cavalry."

The women were intensely "rebel" in their feelings and conversation. An officer rode up to a house one day, to get a drink of water. While obtaining the beverage, the lady of the house appeared, with the inevitable pine-splinter in her mouth (most of the women of this locality are snuff-dippers), and accosted the colonel with, "I don't see what you uns comes down heah to fight we uns for. We uns hain't done you uns any harm; and you uns can't never beat we uns neither."—"Well, madam," rejoined the colonel, "we came down here to compel the people to submit to the authority of the United-States Government. As to our not succeeding, I think we make pretty fair progress. We have driven your army down to this point, and have defeated it every time it stopped."—"But you uns don't fight we uns fair," persisted the lady. "When we get all fixed, with a row of dirt in front, Mister Hooker he takes his regiment and comes down on the eend of our men, and that's the way he doos all the while. And," continued the lady after a pause, "hain't you got a man o' the name o' Sherman long o' you uns?"—"Yes," confessed the officer. "Wall, he doos jes' so too, with his regiment; and my man—he's in the army—he writ home, and says, if 'twa'n't for Mister Hooker and Mister Sherman with their regiments, we uns should beat you uns all the while." The officer acknowledged that it was probable, and rode on.

During the succeeding three months, Col. Ross was detached from the Twentieth, and placed in command, first of Cassville, then of Marietta, while the column advanced on Atlanta. About dark of June 17, the Fifth and Twentieth crossed the Chattahoochie, and, after advancing four miles, bivouacked in column by division. A line of battle was formed the next forenoon; and an advance was made, the enemy's skirmishers retiring rapidly.

On the 20th, the column again moved forward, and about noon crossed Peach-tree Creek, in front of Atlanta, and halted in column by division. After a rest of an hour, the army was deployed in line of battle, and assailed Hood's intrenchments. The Twentieth Connecticut was in the front line, on the extreme left of the division adjoining the 4th Corps. Col. Buckingham reported, —

"After being formed in proper order, the command was given to advance to a ravine about a hundred rods in our front. This was accomplished under a heavy fire from the skirmishers of the enemy, who were driven back, our line advancing in excelleut order. Here we again rested for about three-quarters of an hour, until other dispositions were made; when, in connection with the 4th Corps, our whole line was advanced to the crest of a hill in our front. On arriving at this point, the enemy, who was concealed in a ravine, made a desperate charge along the entire front of the 20th Corps and the right of the 4th. This was received with a steady and terribly destructive fire from our front line, which stood firmly, determined not to give a single inch of ground.

"The brigade of the 4th Corps on our immediate left was compelled, after a short but severe struggle, to fall back some twenty or thirty rods, in considerable confusion; but soon re-formed, charged, and drove the enemy back, recovering the lost ground. When this brigade fell back, the enemy followed closely; and thus not only threatened the left flank and rear of my regiment, but actually opened fire upon us from that position. I immediately threw back five companies on my left, so as to face the enemy, and opened fire in that direction; thus contributing not a little in repulsing the enemy on the front of the right of the 4th Corps. After that corps had recovered its position in line, we were again ordered to advance through a ravine, and to the top of a high ridge in our front, which we were to take and hold at all hazards. Our skirmishers had, before this, been compelled to take refuge within our lines, and we were again advanced, drove the enemy out of his ravine, up and over the hill; punishing him severely as his scattered regiments retired over the rising ground, as the numerous dead and wounded in our front bore witness. On arriving at the top of the ridge, we halted, formed the line in perfect order, and held the ground firmly until the battle was over. The right of the 4th Corps, on account of the determined opposition received, was not able to advance up to our line, but held their line some twenty-five rods to our left and rear. The enemy was soon discovered, not only advanciug at a charge in our front, but also to our left, against the 4th Corps; and two companies on my left were ordered to face the flank of the enemy, and open fire in that direction, while the remaining companies maintained a determined fire against the three lines of the euemy advancing in our front. The attack was repulsed, and the enemy fell back in confusion; and, although repeated charges were made during the afternoon, our lines remained firm and immovable. The regiment stood for four hours in the open field, and fought with most determined courage; and both officers and men are entitled to praise for their coolness and steadiness during this most obstinate battle. The regiment was relieved by the 136th New-York, at about sundown, after having fired one hundred and fifty rounds of ammu-

nition per man, and after the muskets had become so foul from use as to be almost entirely unserviceable. On being relieved, we fell back a short distance, and remained under fire, supporting the 136th New-York, until the enemy retired. Soon after dark, the enemy fell back, leaving his dead and wounded on the field.

"Wounded rebel officers belonging to the 3d, 33d, 55th, and 144th Mississippi Regiments, left on the field in front of the Twentieth, remarked that they had lost more men during this engagement, in killed and wounded, than they had before during the war. During our advance, a rebel color-bearer in front of the right of my regiment was killed; and a rebel officer who sprang forward and seized the colors to bear them off was also shot dead; but a soldier from the 26th Wisconsin Infantry succeeded in obtaining the flag. During the action, our division captured seven stand of colors."

A soldier writes from the field the following account of the honorable part taken by the Fifth: "On the morning of July 20, we crossed the creek, and, advancing about half a mile, halted for the purpose of arranging the line, and other details incidental to a change of position. The 1st Division had no formation for battle; when suddenly, and as unexpectedly as an earthquake, the storm of battle broke out upon the left, and rolled rapidly down from the 2d Division upon the left, through the 3d, and speedily enveloped the 1st in its uproar.

"It was almost a complete surprise; but the men who formed the line of July 20 were too familiar with the rattle of musketry and odor of powder to yield to panic, or flee without being driven: and as the enemy came shouting and yelling from the woods within twenty yards, flaunting their flags in the assurance of an easy victory, the old division closed sternly in, and the answer to their yells was Union bullets and Union cheers. For three hours, the battle raged, the enemy being repeatedly repulsed, and as often returning to the charge, only to find the wall of fire and steel more impenetrable than before, and to lose increased numbers of their misguided soldiers upon the field. At a little before sunset, the battle ceased. The returns of the Fifth exhibit a loss of sixty men killed and wounded, out of less than two hundred who went into action; among whom were many of the best and most valued men of the regiment."

Hood was now in command of the rebel army. Several

successive desperate assaults were repulsed by Sherman, and again the Union forces crept forward and encircled Atlanta. To avoid a direct assault on the intrenchments, Sherman extended his line rapidly to the right, and reached around to the south-eastward of the city. The Fifth and Twentieth Connecticut Volunteers were constantly active. Col. Buckingham relates the following: —

"A day or two after, as our division was on a reconnoissance beyond our right, we rode up to a house occupied by a half-dozen of the feminine portion of the Confederacy, — an old lady and her daughters. The phiz of the old lady was adorned with a clay pipe; and three of the daughters closed their teeth upon delicious pine sticks, and the pink of their pretty lips was blended with the brown of moistened snuff. We inquired if there had been any rebel troops in that vicinity in the morning. 'Deed they has!' replied the old lady. 'How many?' — 'Oh! a right smart of 'em,' she answered. 'Some o' you uns come along here about sun up, and they formed a streak of fight right through my garden.' — 'Were the rebel troops you saw infantry or cavalry?' asked the officer. 'Dunno,' was the reply. 'Were they on horseback, or on foot?' he explained. 'No,' briskly responded the dame. 'They was all critter men, you uns and we uns both.' So we learned that there had been a cavalry skirmish."

The hostile lines were now pressed closely together. Intrenchments were advanced and strengthened. Every cannon-shot fired by Sherman's army went into Atlanta. Col. Buckingham wrote of sharp-shooting, "There are many excellent shots in almost every regiment, and there are companies of sharpshooters, so called; but the genuine sharpshooter is an institution by himself. Though nominally attached to some regiment, he acknowledges obedience to no organization. He is detached, and reports only to the headquarters of the division or corps. He goes to the front when there is any chance for game, and hunts rebels as he would deer, — for the fun of it. Armed with a rifle that would break down any ordinary man, with telescopic sights upon it, and a patent muzzle, he is a dead-shot at six hundred to a thousand yards. He loads his piece with as much precision as if he were shooting for a wager; and just at daylight goes out to the skirmish-line to hunt rebels for the day. His particular business is to pick off the rebel artillerymen; but he doesn't object to draw a bead upon any vertical piece of gray cloth. He comes in at night with a long stick in his hand, with a row of notches cut in it, indicating the number 'certainly killed,' 'probably killed,' and 'winged.'"

Very deliberate murder this, — cold-blooded, atrocious, reminding of the Indian who takes the scalp. But all war is barbarous and horrible; and perhaps that which kills the surest, and ends the quickest, is least inhuman after all.

The 20th Corps remained north of Atlanta, while Sherman gradually stretched his right away to the south, then closed suddenly in on the Macon Railroad. Hood met him stubbornly: there was another great battle, and another Union victory. Hood evacuated Atlanta, and withdrew southward; while the 20th Corps leaped over the breastworks, and rushed into the city. Here Sherman paused; and the army, which had been in an almost constant battle for four months, took breath, rested, and re-organized.

The Connecticut regiments had both suffered heavily. In the battle near Resaca, May 15, the veteran Fifth lost eight killed and forty-three wounded. Among the wounded was Lieut. George W Titus in the head, severely, and Lieut. John H. Brewster. In the fight near Dallas, the Fifth lost two killed and twenty-nine wounded. In June, the regiment suffered three killed and twenty-five wounded. Among the wounded were Lieut. Perry P. Wilson of Woodstock, who lost both legs; and Lieut. James Stewart, wounded severely in the thigh. In the battle of Peach-tree Creek, the Fifth was in the hottest of the fight, and lost from its now feeble line fifteen killed and forty-four wounded. Among the wounded were Lieut. and Adjutant William A. Daniels, Assistant Surgeon Andrew I. Gilson, Lieut. L. M. Snow, Lieut. Isaac N. Weldon, Lieut. Albert L. Gavitt. In a skirmish of July 31, the Fifth also lost three killed and seven wounded.

The losses of the Twentieth had been scarcely less. On May 15, it had lost one killed and thirteen wounded; on the 19th, one killed, three wounded, three missing; July 20, Peach-tree Creek, ten killed and forty-five wounded; and during the succeeding week three killed and six wounded. In the battle of Peach-tree Creek, among the wounded were Capt. Ezra D. Dickerman, Capt. Horace G. H. Tarr, Capt. Oliver R. Post, Lieut. Theodore Jepson, Lieut. Wellington Barry, Lieut. Ebenezer B. Fenton, Lieut. Edward J. Murray and Lieut. Edward Root. Capt. Dickerman and Lieut. Jep-

son were wounded very severely in the head; and the injuries of the former ultimately proved mortal.[6]

Capt. Oliver R. Post of Hartford died next day of his wound, in the hospital at Atlanta. He was a native of Essex, and a son of Capt. Ambrose W Post of that town. At the time of his enlistment, he was assistant editor of the Hartford Press. He had served with great acceptance in the regiment; being seldom absent from his company for any reason. His body was embalmed by his comrades, and sent home for burial.

From Atlanta, a soldier of the Fifth wrote, —

"In a hundred days, the division to which this regiment is attached has been engaged in four pitched battles, in all of which the command has borne its part, and left its traces in fresh mounds and rudely-carved head-boards upon every field and skirmish-line for a hundred miles. The regiment started upon this campaign with about four hundred and fifty men for duty, and at this writing has one hundred and thirty: of the first number, nearly two hundred have fallen in battle, and are either buried on the field of battle and victory, suffering with wounds in hospitals,[7] or enjoying the soothing influence of home and its ministrations."

[6] Ezra Day Dickerman of Hamden entered the service as a private soldier in the Tenth; was in the expedition to the North-Carolina coast, and wounded in the chin at the battle of Roanoke Island. He attracted much notice by his bravery, promptness, soldierly appearance and conduct, and studious habits. When the Twentieth was organizing, he was promoted to a second lieutenancy, and sent home to recruit a company for that regiment, which was composed largely of his personal friends and acquaintances. He was immediately chosen captain. This company was known as the Whitney Rifles, being under the patronage of the generous founder of Whitneyville, near New Haven. At Chancellorsville, he was again wounded, receiving a bullet in his hip. While at home on a furlough, before he had fully recovered from this wound, and before his furlough had expired, rumors were heard of a coming battle; and he at once started to join his regiment at the front, near Washington, which place he visited for information as to its position. Failing to get definite directions, he jumped upon a supply-train, which carried him to Westminster, the nearest railroad point, and yet twenty-five miles distant from the field of Gettysburg. This distance he walked, with halting step, and presented himself before Col. Wooster for duty about five minutes before the commencement of the great battle of July 3. At Peach-tree Creek, near Atlanta, July, 1864, he received a bullet in his head; was reported mortally wounded, and by the surgeons on the field was passed as a hopeless case. A faithful friend and comrade attended him, and procured his removal to the officers' hospital at Nashville, where, after a period of thirteen days of almost entire unconsciousness, the ball was with great difficulty extracted from a depth of three inches. Possessing a vigorous constitution and perfect health, promoted by strictly temperate habits, he soon rallied, but with the loss of the sight of one eye; and was able to visit his home in Connecticut. After some months, he was detailed for duty at the conscript camp at New Haven, in charge of the commissary department, where he remained until March, 1865; when he was promoted to be major of the Twentieth, and ordered to join his regiment, which he did at Richmond, Va. At the close of the war, he was mustered out with the regiment, after four years of service. He lived nearly three years thereafter, with occasional periods of intense suffering, arising (as since ascertained) from the formation of an abscess in the head. In December, 1867, in one of these agonizing attacks of pain, he died at the age of twenty-seven years. The key of his excellent military record is found in the words *Christian patriot*. He shrank from no duty however perilous; and has left the reputation of a gallant, faithful soldier, and a most estimable man.

[7] Private Gilbert M. Stocking died at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., Jan. 24, 1865. He was a native of Waterbury, and graduated at Yale in 1861; standing sixth in a class

From the first of August up to the first of October, a tacit armistice prevailed. At this latter period, Hood, who, though impetuous and imprudent, had succeeded Johnston in command of the Confederate army, struck northward past the flanks of the Union army, crossed the Chattahoochee, and moved rapidly on Sherman's communications. Sherman sent Thomas along the road to Nashville with three corps of his army, but maintained his position at Atlanta. About Dec. 1, Hood menaced Thomas in front of Nashville, swearing, foolishly as profanely, that he "would water his horse in the Cumberland River or in hell." Three weeks later, he was flying from the battle-field with an army defeated and utterly ruined.[8]

On Nov. 16 began the wonderful march to the sea. Sherman's army moved in two divisions, with four corps, of which the 20th Corps was on the left flank. The great commander abandoned his rearward communications, as Cortez burned his ships, and fixed his eye on Savannah.

Col. W W Packer of the Fifth commanded the brigade for a few weeks as the successor of Gen. Knipe, in which office he showed zeal and ability; and soon afterwards resigned, having served faithfully more than three years. Lieut.-Col. Henry W Daboll commanded the regiment, assisted by Major William S. Cogswell. Col. Daboll, in his report of the march, said of the condition of the regiment when it left Atlanta, "There were present with the regiment but six line-officers; and one of these was acting as adjutant. Notwithstanding this, and though the nature of our marches (depending almost entirely upon the country for supplies, and regiments and companies being broken up to guard and assist trains stretched over long intervals) was necessarily such as would try the *morale* and discipline of a command, I am happy to state, that, during the entire campaign, the regiment behaved in a manner not only gratifying to myself, but eliciting the commendation of my superiors."

of ninety-seven. He enlisted in 1863 in the Twentieth. The severe duties of the Atlanta campaign proved disastrous to his health, and he retired to a hospital to die.

[8] The following epigram was current at this time: —

"Where Hood is, 'twere not difficult to tell.
He swore he'd go to Nashville or to hell;
And hasn't gone to Nashville — very well!"

What need to describe in detail the colossal stride from the mountains of Georgia to the sea? There was little in the experience of the Connecticut regiments that was peculiar. They remember the sublime illumination of the heavens over burning Atlanta; the clamor and clatter of the setting-out; the steady progress and constant resistance the frightened rebels hiding while the hurricane passed; the negroes gathering along the rear, a black triumphal escort the liberal foraging; the burning of houses, mills, and towns and the desolation of the broad track of the army, almost as complete as the wasting of the Palatinate by Turenne the occasional skirmish; the private campaign of the "bummer" astride his mule, hovering along the flanks, and dragging in his ill-assorted plunder; the construction of corduroy roads over hundreds of miles for the artillery; the wonderful panorama of the march, and the quaint tableaux of the nightly bivouac; the sombre caravan of ambulances the ponderous cannon with the fighting-cock mounted atop the weary toil, beguiled each day by new scenes and fresh encounters as the old flag was borne from county to county and from State to State in the grand pageant. In January of 1865, the army — "Sherman's iron-clads" as they were called by the Confederates — rested for a few weeks in and about Savannah, after one of the most remarkable campaigns in the wars of the world.

The Second Connecticut Light Battery, Capt. John W. Sterling commanding, left Brashear City, La., on June 17, 1864, and moved to Algiers, and pitched tents. On July 30, the battery was embarked on board transports, and moved down the Mississippi, and through the Gulf, landing in the rear of Fort Gaines, at the mouth of Mobile Bay. It here went into position, and was engaged with other forces in the bombardment and capture of the fort after the passage of Farragut's fleet.[9] No other field-battery part

[9] Connecticut had still other participation in the fight for Mobile. Lieutenant-commanding Edward Terry of Hartford, was in command of Farragut's flagship, the Hartford. Lieut. J. C. Kinney, son of Rev. E. D. Kinney of Westford, was Farragut's signal officer on the flagship, and sat on the cross-trees of the fore-topmast. Both showed great efficiency throughout the terrible battle. On the different vessels of the fleet were ma

cipated. On Aug. 19, two sections of the battery, under Lieut. Frank H. Whiting (Lieut. W S. Hotchkiss being ill at the time), were transferred to the rear of Fort Morgan, across the entrance to the bay, and opened fire upon the fort at a distance of three hundred yards. The cannonading was continued at brief intervals for four days, when the fort surrendered.

The battery remained in this vicinity until Sept. 3; when it was re-embarked and returned to Algiers, remaining there a few days, and then going into excellent barracks in New Orleans. Here the men tarried two months. Capt. John W Sterling resigned in October, after a severe and creditable service of three years, and was succeeded by Capt. Hotchkiss. Nov. 13, the battery proceeded up the Mississippi to White-house Landing, Ark., where it went into winters-quarters on the island formed near the confluence of the White River with the Arkansas. The quarters were not tempting; but the men had ample time to construct huts of logs and clay. A droll and philosophical member wrote at this time, "We are only supplied with shelter-tents in this department; but a veteran will not sleep cold or wet a second night, with a shelter-tent, a hatchet, and a mud-hole to start with."

Early in February, 1865, the battery arrived at Greenville, La., *viâ* Kennerville; where it remained a short time, and was ordered to Florida. It reached Fort Barancas on the 26th, and parked where the Twenty-eighth Connecticut Volunteers encamped in 1862–63. On March 11, a division of Union troops, in which was the battery, left Barancas, and marched to Pensacola; thence slowly, through swamps on corduroyed roads, to Pine-barren Creek; thence, after fighting and dispersing a large Confederate force, to Blakely, Ala. Here the enemy was met, intrenched and prepared for battle. The batteries went into position, and shelled the rebels fiercely; when the Union infantry charged, and swept

Connecticut men in service; among them, Henry Howard Brownell of East Hartford, a nephew of Bishop Brownell, who served on Farragut's staff. Mr. Brownell described "The Bay-Fight" in the most stirring epic which the war inspired; writing some of the most vigorous stanzas on deck in the hottest moments of the combat. He has published his war-poems in a volume that is received with much favor.

away the whole, taking many prisoners. John S. Mills of Bridgeport was killed by a torpedo. This was on April 9 and was one of the last battles of the war. Mobile immediately capitulated; and there the Second Battery went into camp, until it was transferred for a few weeks to Selma This battery was in arduous service more than three years It never lost a gun or a flag; and so well had its property been taken care of that it returned home with the same harnesses with which it was first equipped — never having drawn even a bridle.[10]

Meantime, the Fifteenth remained in Newberne; and Surgeon Mayer, being speedily exchanged, reported there During the summer of 1864, the yellow fever broke out The first cases occurred in the Fifteenth, during the latter part of September. Then it came out in the United-States General Hospital Foster in full violence. At that time, Surgeon Mayer was in charge of this hospital; and Assistant Surgeon Eli F. Hendrick of the Fifteenth, from Danbury, was one of the resident surgeons. The epidemic increased rapidly. It was some time before efficient means could be devised for saving any of those attacked. Surgeon Hendrick labored nobly and fearlessly. Surgeon Mayer wrought with zeal and eminent success. With the management of a large hospital the nurses and cooks of which had to be replaced by new inexperienced men as frequently as once in four days, because, on an average, they sickened with the fever after serving that length of time; with the machinery of the hospital loose, and the clerks who kept record dying one after the other; with new patients, often men that had ventured into town, and, being suddenly attacked, were brought into the hospital speechless, to die there, — with all this to manage and superintend, Dr. Mayer also, on account of the dearth of surgeons, had medical charge of five wards; and in those, during the entire yellow-fever epidemic, he succeeded in saving seventy men above the percentage of recoveries

[10] This result was due not more to the attention of the officers than to the practical vigilance of the saddler, Daniel W. Hawley.

under other hands. The doctor was himself seized with the epidemic on the 3d of October, and, expecting to die, made his arrangements for the future calmly; requesting that his body might be dressed in the uniform, and "plenty of roses be put in the coffin," for Newberne was then aglow with flowers. He recovered, however, and took charge of the hospital again on the 20th of October; keeping that position until the end of the year, when he was made medical purveyor of the District of North Carolina. Assistant Surgeon Hendrick was also atacked by the fever after the most faithful and Christian discharge of his difficult duties, not only in the hospital, but also caring for many of the poor citizens of Newberne, as he found opportunity. The chief clerk of the Foster Hospital, W Chester Case of Bloomfield, a private of the Sixteenth Connecticut, labored unceasingly to keep the machinery of the hospital in order, and to secure data for ascertaining the heirs of the deceased soldiers. "After the epidemic had passed, there remained two trunks of gold and silver watches, and a safe containing thirty thousand dollars left by these poor victims." These were restored to relatives. At that time, Surgeon D. W Hand, the medical director, transmitted Surgeon Mayer an official letter from which we quote the following passage: "I shall never forget your manly conduct during this epidemic, and how nobly you did God's work in that time."

When North Carolina became a department, under Gen. Schofield, Surgeon Mayer was made medical purveyor of the department. He provided medical stores for Schofield's and Sherman's armies, and received, and took an official inventory of, a half-million of dollars' worth of captured property which fell into his hands; leaving the office, when the Sixteenth went out of service, with the thanks of his superior officers. Gen. Harland and staff resided at Newberne during the epidemic; and the general, being in charge of the city, did the utmost to prevent any spreading of the disease.

He sent most of the Northern troops out of the city into camp, substituting colored troops who were acclimated. Only surgeons, and officers of the quartermaster's and commissary's department, were retained. The general even sent away

members of his own staff; permitting none to remain with him more than a few days at a time. Believing that, if he himself left, panic or confusion might ensue, he quietly staid in the city. He was ill much of the time, and his surgeons insisted upon his departure, especially when three died of the terrible malady at his own house; but, resolute in purpose, he remained at his post, and survived.

Soldiers and citizens died at the rate of thirty to forty a day. Not a church or store was opened for weeks. The pestilence raged malignant and uncontrollable. Everybody fled that could get away. Only six Northern men who remained in the city were spared the visitation; and one of the six was Gen. Harland.

The Fifteenth Connecticut, which had been relieved from provost-duty on the approach of the disease, and encamped outside of the city, yet suffered fearfully. Almost every day there were some deaths. Chaplain John B. Doolittle of New Haven, the faithful chaplain of the regiment, attended thirty-two funerals of soldiers and citizens during the week ending with Sunday, Oct. 2. On Oct. 6, Capt. Septimus S. Smith of New Haven, and six enlisted men of the Fifteenth, died. During the pestilence, the regiment lost fifty-eight men, including Capt. Smith, and Lieut. (Quartermaster) Marshall C. Anger and Lieut. William W Thompson, both of Meriden. Capt. Smith was a brave soldier, and a capable officer.

At the news of the death of Lieut. Anger, the flags in Meriden were displayed at half-mast, and there was profound sorrow. Probably no officer of the regiment was more highly esteemed. Surgeon H. V C. Holcomb of Branford wrote, "As a man he was one of the truest-hearted, most genial, and obliging souls that ever lived. I believe, without any exception, he was the most popular man in the regiment; esteemed alike by officers and men. There was in his composition a vein of genuine wit and good humor which often enlivened the sometimes gloomy hours of a soldier's life; and a keen sense of the ludicrous took off the edge of many a hard service. He never lacked for friends. I see not how he could ever have had an enemy. As I think of his noble,

manly traits, his heart overflowing with kind and generous feeling, it is difficult to realize that I shall feel the warm grasp of his hand no more."

Towards the end of October, the fever began rapidly to abate. The Fifteenth was temporarily divided between Slocum's Creek and Evans's Mills, — outposts a few miles distant.

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CHAPTER XLI.

Sheridan takes Command in the Shenandoah. — The First Connecticut Cavalry, Second Artillery, and Ninth, Twelfth, Thirteenth, and Eighteenth Infantry. — At Winchester. — Kearneysville. — Skirmishes. — Battle of Opequan Creek. — Casualties. — Spring Hill. — Cedar Creek. — Defeat and Victory. — Heavy Losses. — The Pursuit. — Roll of Honor of Yale College and Wesleyan University. — The Seventeenth in Florida. — Battles and Raids. — Successes and Disasters. — Incidents. — Casualties.

ESOLVED to push the enemy at all points. Grant ordered aggressive movements in the Shenandoah. On Aug. 1, 1864, Gen. Hunter was, at his own request, relieved of the command of that army; and Sheridan was appointed his successor. The new commander was given three infantry corps, — the 6th, 8th, and 19th, — and ten thousand cavalry. Of Connecticut regiments, there were the Second Artillery, still fighting as infantry in Wright's 6th Corps; the Eighteenth in Crook's 8th Corps; the First Cavalry in Wilson's division; the Ninth, Twelfth, and Thirteenth (which had joined the army again), from the Department of the Gulf, in the 19th Corps. The Second was commanded by Col. Mackenzie, assisted by Lieut.-Col. James Hubbard, and Majors William B. Ells, James Q. Rice, and Jeffrey Skinner. The Eighteenth was commanded by Capt. M. V B. Tiffany. The First Cavalry was under Col. E. Blakeslee. The Twelfth was commanded by Lieut.-Col. Frank H. Peck, who became colonel Aug. 26, *vice* Ledyard Colburn resigned; Major George N. Lewis succeeding him as lieutenant-colonel, and Capt. Sidney E. Clark becoming major. The Thirteenth was still commanded by Col. Charles D. Blinn. Homer B. Sprague was lieutenant-colonel; and Apollos Comstock, major. The Ninth was led by Capt. John G. Healey.

Brig.-Gen. Henry W Birge commanded a division. Col. William G. Ely commanded a brigade, including the Eighteenth, under Crook.

Early was posted at or near Winchester: Sheridan had headquarters towards Harper's Ferry; and for weeks the two armies advanced and receded, each making feints, but hesitating to bring on a general engagement.

On Aug. 16, Sheridan had pushed forward to Winchester; and a brigade of Wilson's cavalry was stationed south of the town. The First Connecticut Cavalry was dismounted, and in the extreme front. About dusk, the rebels issued from the woods in double lines, and charged heavily all along the left of the position, driving in our pickets, and advancing on the east towards the town. The First was just west and south of a fort; and into this the enemy charged on a run, as the Union guard vacated it. The regiment held its post behind a stone wall, not knowing that the rebels had attacked on the west simultaneously, and driven in our forces there also. At last they pressed forward to the stone wall in heavy force; and Col. Blakeslee withdrew his men up the hill. It was too dark for the enemy to distinguish whether they were friends or foes; and the silence was not disturbed. By the time the cavalry had reached their horses, posted in a little valley just back of the fort, the rebels had swung round on the fort as a pivot, until their line extended far towards the town, in which direction fighting was brisk. In this hollow, Col. Blakeslee found detachments of the 1st New-Jersey and 18th Pennsylvania Cavalry; and at their request assumed command. The enemy's infantry were within pistol-range; and his men could not mount. The colonel immediately made his arrangements. Major George O. Marcy concealed the men in some bushes; while Major Brayton Ives withdrew the horses carefully over the brow of the hill. By this time, the Confederates and "Yankees" had struck up a wordy war. "Who's in them bushes?" demanded a rebel. "First Connecticut Cavalry," shouted Capt. John B. Morehouse; while others added the names of a dozen other regiments.

The horses were promptly got in line; the men, at the

whispered word of command, stole out of the bushes; the rebels followed like shadows. This would not do: Col. Blakeslee posted a squadron of his men behind a stone wall, while the rest mounted. They, in turn, were then defended by the horsemen wheeled to the front; and the force took a hasty retreat across the fields. The enemy had advanced from the east and west, and was now fighting our infantry in the very streets of Winchester. The regiment took a circuitous route, passed to the west, and, without the loss of a man, joined the column in retreat north of the town. Gen. McIntosh was surprised and delighted at the apparition; for he supposed the force was cut off and captured. There was much comment on both the skill and good fortune of the escape. The whole brigade fell back towards Harper's Ferry.

Early on the morning of Aug. 25, Wilson's cavalry division marched from Halltown towards Winchester in column by brigade. Near the railroad station of Kearneysville, the advance met the rebel outposts. Col. Blakeslee of the First said in a narrative at the time, "As the head of the regiment rose over a little hill, a scene presented itself more like the book-fights than any other I ever saw. In front was a large plain, without fences, one-third of a mile across; a large tract of tall, old woods beyond the farther edge. The wood was ringing with the sharp crack of muskets; and out of it our mounted skirmishers were skurrying across the field towards us. The plain was full of mounted men surging backwards, followed by the sharp 'ping' of musket-balls. On our right, Custar's brigade battery, six guns, was showering shot and shell into the woods. His fine brigade-band was arrayed on white horses, playing 'The Star-spangled Banner' at the loudest; and his men stood with sabers drawn and colors flying, ready to charge."

The regiments were now dismounted, and moved forward to fight on foot. The men of the First were all eager excitement. Across the plain they charged, into and through the woods, close on the heels of the flying enemy. The latter made a slight stand in a cornfield, but broke when down the line rolled out a terrible volley from the Spencer

carbine. They rallied no more until reaching their reserves, — Early's main force, — when, the object of the reconnoissance being effected, the cavalry retired.

During the next few weeks, the regiment was in the saddle almost constantly, reconnoitering and skirmishing daily in the vicinity of Berryville, Millwood, White Post, and Winchester; the most important affair being on the 14th of September, on the Winchester Pike, where Capt. Joab B. Rogers's squadron assisted a detachment of the 3d New-York and 2d Ohio in surrounding and capturing an entire regiment of South-Carolina infantry with their colors. Sergeant Charles Griggs of Woodstock was killed at this time.

The Eighteenth continued with the 8th Corps until Sept. 12; when, after the sharp and successful skirmish at Berryville, it was detached to recuperate. Its recent severe service under Hunter had sadly diminished its numbers and impaired its efficiency; and it was ordered to Martinsburg, and was not engaged in the succeeding battles of the autumn. Col. William G. Ely, who had been a brave and skillful officer, and who had retained in a marked degree the confidence of the regiment, here resigned, and received the compliment of promotion to the rank of brigadier-general by brevet. He had served more than three years faithfully. Capt. M. V B. Tiffany, commanding the regiment in the temporary absence of Major Peale, wrote of Gen. Ely, —

"I can not but express in behalf of the regiment the sincere regret we feel in parting from one who has so long been our champion leader, and endeared himself to us by his many ennobling qualities. On the long, weary march; in the sanguinary engagement; when the enemy surrounded, and danger on every side threatened, — he has ever been present with us. He has been most faithful to his trust; strict in discipline; firm, resolute, but just, in the exercise of his authority. By his undaunted courage, by his calm and deliberate judgment, by his own patient endurance of hardships and sufferings, and his ever-cheerful willingness to comply with the requirements of his position, he has won for himself the entire confidence, respect, and esteem of his command; in a word, we have always been proud of our colonel. It has filled us with admiration, strengthened our courage, and inspired us with renewed confidence, as we have seen him in the impetuous charge, dashing forward on the leading flank, and cheering on his men by his own enthusiastic bravery. During the latter part of his term of service, he has been in command of the 2d Brigade, 1st Division, Army of West Virginia; in the exercise of which command he has

acquitted himself with that ability, efficiency, and characteristic bravery which ever distinguished him as a regimental commander, and thus gained for himself the deserving commendations of his superiors in command."

About the middle of September, Grant visited Sheridan, and, being assured by the latter that he could defeat Early, permitted him to advance. Before daybreak on the 19th, the whole force was in motion. The rebel army lay on the Winchester side of the Opequan Creek.

On the previous night, the First Connecticut Cavalry, under Major George O. Marcy, had struck the first blow; advancing five miles, routing the rebel pickets, and taking possession of Limestone Ridge, — a strong position commanding the ford. The ridge was held until three, A.M., when the rest of the brigade came up; and the First joined in a charge across the creek. They chased the enemy two miles, and charged and carried the first line of intrenchments; holding them till the infantry came up. For this exploit, the brigade was commended by Gen. Sheridan.

The plan seemed to be to advance with the 6th Corps on the left, and the 19th on the right; and then to strike the enemy's left with the 8th Corps, and follow with cavalry. The 6th Corps crossed the creek passed through a long, narrow gorge, debouched from the road, and deployed opposite Early's right. Grover's division of the 19th Corps assumed the same position nearly opposite the rebel center. From its first station, it was ordered to advance to make room for the 8th Corps and Dwight's division of the 19th Corps coming through the gorge. The Thirteenth was in its place, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Sprague; Col. Blinn being prostrated with a fever. Forward they went with a will, many mistaking it for the final charge. The line was raked by a direct and oblique fire from hostile batteries; while the rebel infantry poured from their concealment incessant volleys. The steady advance became a rapid charge. A tremendous fire was now tearing up every portion of the field. Col. Sprague's horse was here shot under him, and he led his regiment on foot. The enemy's first line bent back before the swift advance; but his batteries kept up a furious fire. A halt was ordered. Both lines were blazing with musketry.

Early now struck a terrible blow, determined to overwhelm Grover's division, take possession of the exit to the gorge, cut Sheridan's army in two, and then defeat it in detail. This plan of vivisection nearly succeeded. By some unexplained blunder, when Early plunged forward an order to retreat ran down Grover's lines; and sullenly back the regiments marched, pursued and fiercely beset by the Confederates, sweeping down, an avalanche of steel. Sheridan sent word that the point must be held at all hazards; and a few made a desperate stand; while the enemy, flushed and eager, surged about and ingulfed them. Here Col. Sprague and Lieut. William C. Gardner, standing to hold the position, with a handful of brave men who had heard Sheridan's orders, were captured, after delaying for a few minutes the rebel charge.

Dwight's division in which was our Ninth and Twelfth, Upton's brigade in which was the Second Artillery, and the 8th Corps, were now in sight, and rapidly advancing. The retreat of Grover's division had become precipitate. Capt. John W DeForest of the Twelfth describes the scene in Harper's Magazine, —

"Grover's and Rickett's divisions reached the base from which they had advanced, in a state of confusion that threatened wide-spread disaster. The 6th-Corps men and 19th-Corps men were crowding together up the line of the Berryville Pike; while to the right and left of it the fields were dotted with fugitives, great numbers of them wounded, bursting out of the retiring ranks, and rushing towards the cover of the forest. Some regiments disappeared for the time as organizations. Early's veterans advanced steadily with yells of triumph and constant volleys of musketry, threatening to sweep away our center, and render our struggle a defeat almost before it became a battle. It was the bloodiest, the darkest, the most picturesque, the most dramatic, the only desperate moment of the day."

Dwight's division now came steadily up; Grover's division rallied; and both moved forward more deliberately to recover the lost ground. The Twelfth Connecticut Volunteers advanced slowly at first, then on the double-quick, to the position formerly held by the Thirteenth; and in this advance Col. Peek was mortally wounded. He was succeeded by Capt. S. E. Clark, who nobly led the regiment in the charge. The Ninth was also in the front. The Thir-

teenth, under Capt. William E. Bradley, again moved up. The Second Artillery was at the left, fighting as resolutely as at Cold Harbor, and again suffering terribly.

The 8th Corps formed in dense column on the extreme right, and at four, P.M., started on that brilliant charge which turned the Confederate left. The three corps and the cavalry advanced simultaneously; and Early's line was broken, and his forces swept through Winchester closely pursued; those in the rear throwing away arms and equipments, and running for their lives. The First Cavalry was hanging upon their left flank. The victory of Opequan was complete.

The losses of the First Cavalry were light, although they had been almost constantly in the saddle and near the left front.

The Second Artillery had been five hours in battle, and had again lost fearfully, — no less than twenty-five killed and one hundred and seventeen wounded. Among the killed were six officers, — Major James Q. Rice of Goshen, Capt. Fred. M. Berry of Kent, Lieut. Franklin J. Caudee of Plymouth, Lieut. James P McCabe of Goshen, Lieut. William H. Cogswell of Cornwall, and Lieut. Horace Hubbard of Plymouth. Col. Mackenzie and Major Jeffrey Skinner were among the wounded.

Major Rice had been a faithful soldier. He was a native of Sullivan County, New York, and a resident of Litchfield County for ten years before the war. He had graduated with honors at Middletown, and had been obliged to abandon the study of the law on account of impaired eyesight. The call of 1862 found him conducting a flourishing academical school at Goshen, assisted by his accomplished wife, a daughter of Gen. Cook of that town. He raised a company of intelligent and worthy young men, and joined the Nineteenth. The next month he was on the staff of Gen. Slough at Alexandria, Va., captain of the picket and patrol of the city. He gave the highest satisfaction. In the spring of 1863, he was on the staff of Col. Leverett W Wessells, commanding the 2d Brigade in the south defenses; and the succeeding fall he was assigned to the command of Fort Ellsworth, an important post covering the city of

Alexandria. In the carnage of Cold Harbor, he issued orders to the men in the midst of the storm, in the same clear, unruffled voice they used to hear on their brilliant dress-parades at Fort Ellsworth. In the battle of Winchester, he was struck by a grape-shot, and instantly killed. His remains received a soldier's burial on the field, but were afterwards removed to Goshen, and committed to earth with Masonic honors.

Lieut. William Cogswell was a half-blood Indian of the Scoticoke tribe; and there was united in him the cunning, endurance, strength, courage, and elasticity of spirit, that belong to both races. It is related of him that he would often carry the muskets of five or six of his weary men on his own broad shoulders. In fleetness, he was unsurpassed in the State. His comrades tell many stories of his exploits.

The Twelfth had also lost very heavily, — eleven killed and sixty wounded. Among the killed were Col. Frank H. Peck of New Haven, Lieut. William S. Buckley of Hartford, and Lieut. George W Stedman of Stonington. Among the wounded were Capt. A. C. Hendricks, Lieut. Edward Bushnell, Lieut. A. D. McCall, and Lieut. Smith Canfield.

Col. Peck was struck in the midst of the charge. "As the command, 'Forward, double-quick!' was on his lips, a shell exploded within a very few feet of his head: a piece nearly two inches long passed through his right knee, stopping in the stirrup-strap, and wounding his horse. He was taken to the division hospital, where every attention was paid him by sympathizing friends and surgeons; but the shock and loss of blood was so great, that he died the next morning at half-past seven o'clock." [1]

Col. Peck was born in New Haven in 1836. He entered Yale College at the age of sixteen, and graduated with credit in the class of 1856.[2] He studied law with fine

[1] Narrative of Chaplain James H. Bradford.

[2] The roll of honor of Yale College in connection with the war for the Union is one which that venerable institution may well exhibit with pride. Of graduates and undergraduates, the whole number of those who served against the Rebellion was seven hundred and fifty-eight. Of these one hundred and six were killed in battle, or died of disease while in service. Of the seven hundred and fifty-eight in service, six hundred and forty held commissions. Of these, seventy-six were chaplains, one hundred and forty-three surgeons, and one hundred and eighteen colonels, lieutenant-colonels, and majors. Yale furnished to Connecticut regiments alone no less than twenty chaplains and fifty-seven surgeons and assistant surgeons; and her proportion of the other officers was equally

promise; and in 1861 went out with the Twelfth, as major. Col. Peck was the only regimental commander that the Twelfth ever intimately knew; Cols. Deming and Colburn having been almost constantly on detached service. At Port Hudson, he was severely wounded, but led the regiment to the last. At New Iberia, he commanded a brigade. When the regiment came home on veteran furlough, four hundred and fifty having re-enlisted, Col. Peck responded to the address of Mayor Morris Tyler. From the response we quote: —

"Two years ago this month, we left this city to join the army of Gen. Butler. Since that time, we have been in active service in the face of the enemy: how active that service has been four hundred vacancies on our rolls to-day show. But discouragements and failures have never yet appalled us, we assure you. On the contrary, not to have re-enlisted would have seemed like abandoning the principles which actuated us in entering the service. At a proper time, we shall be ready to take the field again. And let me say, it depends upon you who remain at home, as much, if not more, than upon us, what the result of this contest will be. You who remain enjoying the blessings of peace should see to it that you are loyal in your legislation, loyal in your conversation, loyal in all things; and *we pledge you our lives* to carry your flag and our flag with honor into the face of the enemy."

That pledge was gloriously redeemed.

As has appeared in the course of this record, he was constantly at the front, and was a great favorite with his command. He had been a Democrat in politics, but now insisted that the war must be settled at the point of the bayonet. His last message to his family was, "Tell them I die cheerfully in the performance of my duty at the front."

Capt. S. E. Clark, in his report, says, "Lieuts. Buckley and Steadman were brave and efficient officers, and men of unimpeachable moral character."

The Thirteenth had lost six killed, thirty-seven wounded, and thirty-one prisoners.

Among the trophies of this victory were twenty-five hundred prisoners, five pieces of artillery, and nine battle-flags. The losses on both sides were heavy. During the next two

remarkable. The Union general officers, alumni of the college, were Major-Gens. Alfred H. Terry, Cassius M. Clay, H. W Benham, A. S. Williams, Frank P. Blair, and T. Runyon; and Brigadier-Gens. James S. Wadsworth, W. H. Noble, L. B. Parsons, William Birney, O. S. Ferry, C. H. Crane, W B. Woods, J. A. Wilcox, J. W. Noble, A. W. Bishop, Edward Harland, J. C. Rice, Stewart L. Woodford, Wager Swayne, J. T. Croxton, C. L. Fitzhugh, C. C. Dodge, Horatio Jenkins, and L. M. Dayton.

days, the pursuit was eagerly pushed; and, wherever the dispirited rebels bivouacked to get a little food and rest, they found Sheridan's victorious host upon them. Early did not pause in his retreat until he reached Fisher's Hill, near Strasburg, thirty miles from Winchester. Here he seized a very defensible position, and fortified it. Sheridan arrived in front on the morning of the 22d, and prepared for immediate attack. The First, under Major Marcy, went around to the rear of the position, with two divisions of cavalry. The infantry corps were maneuvered for some hours; and the Twelfth and Thirteenth, and Second Artillery, were brought under heavy fire several times during the early part of the day. At last an attack of cavalry was made upon the right, under cover of which the 8th Corps crept up, and at a dash plunged over the works, and drove the rebels out. An impetuous attack along the line completed the victory; and again Early fled, leaving sixteen pieces of artillery and several hundred prisoners.

Sheridan pushed on after the disorganized fugitives. Roads and fields were strewn with muskets, provisions, broken wagons, wounded and exhausted men. The flight and pursuit were continued through Hawkinstown, Woodstock, Edinburgh, Mount Jackson, New Market, Harrisonburg, and Mount Crawford. Early had lost half his army; and Sheridan retired at his leisure to a position behind Cedar Creek, near Strasburg, less distant from his base of supplies. On his return, he laid waste the valley, so as to render it untenable for the rebel army. He destroyed over two thousand barns filled with hay, wheat, and farming implements; burned more than seventy mills of flour and grain; and killed or drove away over seven thousand head of cattle and sheep.[3]

These were weeks of hard service for the First Connecticut Cavalry. They had ridden to Harrisonburg, where rebel recruits had been ordered to rendezvous; had fought and been driven at Waynesborough; had fought and driven the enemy at Bridgewater; had escorted a train to Martinsburg; enjoyed an interview with the paymaster; and sent

[3] *Vide* Sheridan's dispatch from the field.

home to Connecticut twenty-five thousand dollars. On Oct. 17, the regiment met with misfortune. Chaplain Holmes thus narrates it, "While a squadron were on picket at a place called Spring Hill, they were, just before daybreak, surrounded and attacked by a force of over two thousand rebels, two brigades of infantry, and one of cavalry under Gen. Rosser. Of course, resistance to such a body was vain; and the whole squadron — two officers, Capt. Uriah N. Parmelee and Lieut. William H. Havens, with forty men — were compelled to surrender. Unfortunately, Major George O. Marcy was with them at the time, and was taken with the rest. He has, in the absence of Col. Blakeslee, commanded the regiment since Sept. 16, through the severest part of this Shenandoah campaign. He will be greatly missed as a beloved comrade and an esteemed commander. He and many of the others taken with him, after three years of faithful service, were about to leave the army for home."

For three weeks, Sheridan's army rested at Cedar Creek. The men were so inspirited by repeated victory, that Early was not inclined to force further fighting in open field. But he resolved on retrieving his fortunes, and selected the night of Oct. 18–19 for an attack on the flank under cover of darkness. Sheridan had gone to Washington, leaving Gen. Wright in command. The 8th Corps was on the Union left; the 19th in the center; and the 6th on the right. Early, re-inforced by twelve thousand fresh troops, was supposed to be at Fisher's Hill.

He now gave orders for a division of his army to divert our right wing; while, before midnight of the 18th, he had begun a flank march around our left, which was admirable alike for the boldness of its plan and the rapidity and success of its execution.

The division of the rebel Gen. Gordon was marched a short distance along the Manassas-gap Railroad, then turned westwardly around the furthest extension of the Union flank; when it crept cautiously, with light steps and whispered orders, straight up to the rear of the 8th Corps! A heavy fog aided the movement as at Drury's Bluff. Artillery was wheeled noiselessly into position; Gordon's division extended

its right to overlap the rear of the 19th Corps; and other divisions of Early's twenty thousand closed silently in upon the left and front. The movement was a sublime stroke of genius, recalling the brilliant exploits of Stonewall Jackson.

At a given signal, they rushed in and captured the Union pickets, and sprang upon the sleeping host. Across the vast encampment swept the rebel line, hedging in and turning to the rear masses of prisoners, capturing battery after battery, and wheeling the guns upon the terrified and retreating masses. The surprise and triumph was complete. As many of the hapless soldiers as had escaped instant capture charged through the camp of the 19th Corps, where the sleepers dropped the thread of their dreams, and sprang bewildered from their tents. Those who were not overwhelmed and borne away in the torrent got into line. The Twelfth Connecticut, under Lieut.-Col. George N. Lewis, was one of the first regiments to rally, in a brigade which almost immediately thereafter was struck by the masses of Gordon's division in the rear. Col. Sprague says, "Most gallantly did that noble sister regiment uphold the honor of the State on this as on every other occasion. They fired three volleys; but the far superior weight of the enemy crushed them, as an elephant would trample down a bull-dog." Other brigades and divisions shared the same fate. Molineux' brigade, containing the Thirteenth, rallied in the trenches, and made a brief resistance; but they were soon a part of the general chaos. The Ninth had turned out early, and reported at the breastworks; but the battalion was soon ordered down the hill. "As we reached the foot of the hill," says Col. Healy "an aide of Col. Birge ordered us back up the hill, and we returned in good order, and delivered another volley at the advancing enemy." To stand long was impossible; and the surging masses fell back fighting.

Wright was now pushing the 6th Corps towards the Winchester Pike to secure the line of retreat. Early struck the pike about the same time; and a brief and desperate struggle ensued for the right of way. Says the narrative of Capt. T. F. Vaill of the Second Connecticut Artillery (in the

6th Corps), "Our brigade was formed in line, filed to the left, and moved on a double-quick to a position where we were posted to check the victorious advance of the enemy, now in full pursuit of the routed 8th and 19th Corps. We lay down for shelter behind the remnants of a fence; but it afforded next to no protection, and many of our men were killed and wounded while thus lying down. Col. Mackenzie was wounded in the foot, and his horse was shot dead under him. Some of our men, and other portions of the brigade, began to fire; but it was worse than useless, for we were surrounded on three sides, and the rebels were marching upon our left, not more than thirty rods distant, with firm and unbroken line. In three minutes more, they would have been in our rear. Col. Mackenzie gave the order to retreat; and it was made at first in tolerably good order, but soon broke into an utter rout."

Day began at this time to dawn. The shattered fragments of the dismembered army surged back five miles to Middletown. Here the pursuit lost much of its vigor. Wright was everywhere active, directing movements of defense, and evoking order from the confusion. The rebels stopped to ravish the abandoned camps and to plunder the dead. The 8th Corps had attained the rear; and portions of the 6th and 19th Corps rallied at a road running across the valley, where the fugitives collected and re-organized. Early found some difficulty in rousing his men from their pillaging; and, before he was ready to charge the new position, Wright, resolved to contest the passage, had established a firm line, and thrown skirmishers to the front. The Twelfth was here in order again; and the two wings of the Thirteenth united, and went to the skirmish-line under Col. Blinn. The Ninth and the Second Artillery had also gathered compactly.

At this pivotal moment, Sheridan, alarmed by the firing, came dashing in from Winchester, his black horse flecked with foam; and, as he rode down the ready lines, he was hailed with cheers and screams of welcome. At last, a part of Early's army paused in their depredations, and advanced in solid columns to the charge. They came on impetuously.

They were beaten, broken, routed, and driven wildly backward in a terrible stampede. The victors became the fugitives. The pursued were now the pursuers. Down the road to Cedar Creek, through the camps of the morning, the Confederates were driven by the angry army of Sheridan; Gen. Birge leading his division in the advance, and moving quickly upon the heels of the foe. The rout was total.

The casualties of the Second Connecticut Artillery had been very heavy again; footing up, — killed, seventeen; wounded, one hundred and twelve; and missing, sixty. The latter were mostly comprised in Company L, captured entire while on picket at the right front. Many of the wounded died of their injuries. Capt. B. F. Hosford of West Winsted was among the killed; Capt. A. H. Fenn and Lieut. J. M. Gregory lost each an arm; and four other officers were wounded.

The Ninth had lost two killed, eighteen wounded, and ten missing. Among the wounded were two officers. Capt. Healy said in his report, —

"I desire to make particular mention of Sergeant W Perry and Private John J. Morrow, who, after the color-sergeant had been wounded, seized the colors, and pushed forward. These men were always in the advance, few if any color-bearers being able to keep up with them. The colors of my battalion were the first on the recaptured works from where the 8th Corps were driven in the morning. In less than five minutes, no less than a dozen stands of colors were around us."

The losses of the Twelfth had been terrible; no less than twenty-two being killed outright, fifty-five wounded, and ninety-two made prisoners; total, one hundred and seventy.[4] The casualties were mostly suffered in the attack at daybreak, when it changed front, and plunged into the thickest of the fight to defend the assailed position. During the repulse, the regiment was exposed to an enfilading fire, causing many to seek refuge in a ditch, where they were made

[4] "In the course of a few days, the bodies of all the men of the Twelfth who had fallen on the field were collected, and decently buried within a neat little inclosure, — a substantial head-board at each grave, the whole sodded smoothly, and inclosed by a cedar rail-fence, and, a little later, by young trees planted along the fence. We could do no more for them. That little mound has been visited by thousands, attracted to the spot to honor the regiment that honor their dead. Every company is represented there, — a monument to the valor and courage of the Twelfth Connecticut, — two officers and twenty men, who heroically gave their lives for their country."— *Narrative by Chaplain J. H. Bradford.*

prisoners. Among the killed were Capt. John P. Lowell of New Haven, and Lieut. Horace E. Phelps of Windsor Locks. Among the wounded were Lieut. George M. Benton, Lieut. William Berry, Lieut. E. W Bushnell, Lieut. John Mullen, Lieut. Francis Smith, and Lieut. Alexander Cohn. Lieut. Benton suffered amputation of a leg, and died two weeks thereafter. He was a generous, noble-hearted, brave man, and was sincerely and widely mourned.

Capt. Lowell was a very efficient officer. He had been promoted from a lieutenant. In Louisiana, after eight hours' labor, he put in running order a locomotive which the rebels thought they had entirely disabled. He and Lieut. Phelps led their companies fearlessly at Cedar Creek, and died "in the high places of battle."

Sergeant Charles E. McGlaflin of Hartford received a mortal wound in this campaign. A Minie-ball entered near his left eye, and lodged in his head, beyond reach of the surgeon. He returned home; but the wound induced a paralytic shock, of which he died. He was a member of Hawley's three-months' company, and one of the first volunteers of the war.

The Thirteenth, under Col. Blinn, had lost two killed, eighteen wounded, and nine missing. "Among the killed," says Col. Sprague, "was our brave color-sergeant, George A. Winslow of Killingly. He fell, pierced through the forehead by a rifle-ball, beneath the folds of the flag he bore so gallantly and loved so well." Among the wounded was Major Comstock, whose hand was badly cut by a fragment of shell. Capt. Frank Welles of Litchfield received honorable notice for his conduct at the battle.

The First Connecticut Cavalry had an honorable part in the battle of Cedar Creek. The regiment participated in the disaster of the morning and the subsequent successes; and at four o'clock, under Capt. E. W French, was ordered by Custar to charge the rebel cavalry on the flank of the retreating artillery. Chaplain Holmes says, "The regiment charged up the hill, with an ardor and a spirit that were warmly commended by the general and his staff, who watched with some anxiety the result; but when they reached the top, and drove

the enemy flying before them, their shout of exultation was taken up by the division waiting below." Custer instantly wheeled his division over the hill, and captured the rebel battery, which was thus uncovered.

During the pursuit, the artillery lost in the morning was recaptured, and twenty-three pieces in addition. The Confederates lost two thousand killed and wounded, and fifteen hundred prisoners. Our cavalry followed the victory with rapid steps and ready sabers; and Early, in despair, fled from the Shenandoah, with the wreck of an army, never to return.

After Col. Joseph R. Hawley left Florida with his brigade for the Army of the James, in April, 1864, Col. William H. Noble moved down from Jacksonville, and took command of the post at St. Augustine, supported by the Seventeenth, and the rest of his brigade.

Already Major Allen G. Brady of Torrington (lieutenant-colonel of the Third in the three-months' service) had been transferred from the Seventeenth to the Invalid Corps, and Capt. Henry Allen of Norwalk had succeeded him; while Capt. Albert H. Wilcoxson of Norwalk, who served as first adjutant of the regiment, was promoted to be the third lieutenant-colonel, in place of the gallant Douglass Fowler. The appointments proved the very ones to be made.

The Seventeenth led no holiday life in Florida. Most of the troops of the department had gone North; and the few that remained had increased burdens in picket and fatigue-duty. On April 25, Col. Noble started on a foraging raid with a large part of his brigade, including the Seventeenth, to Volusia, seventy-five miles up the St. John's River. Straight south through the State they went, through the picturesque scenery of the everglades, through vast piney woods and immense cypress-swamps and lagoons all day. They marched twenty miles, and bivouacked as the yellow light of sunset played through the oaks, and turned to gold the changeful foliage and the swaying tassels of long moss. Ten minutes after the halt, officers and men were uproarious

with excitement over the discovery of shad in the river. Squads went eagerly at the pastime of angling, and through the evening plied their seductive arts. There was more fishing than fish; but the boys caught an appetite if not a supper, and retired with somewhat modified merriment to their banquet of pork and coffee.

The next day, by a forced march, they arrived at their destination, captured a large amount of property, and returned to St. Augustine in three days more; driving before them a thousand head of cattle, and bearing much other valuable spoil.

The officers and men cultivated amicable relations with the citizens of the ancient town of St. Augustine. Col. Noble won the esteem and respect of the people, while performing his duty strictly and faithfully.

Early in May, there was another memorable raid under Gen. William Birney, commanding the district, in which six thousand cattle were brought in. Picket-posts were established by Birney at Walaka and Saunders, on the St. John's, about eighty miles from St. Augustine; and Capt. Charles A. Hobbie of Darien, and Lieut. John Harvey of Stamford, with a portion of Company B, were placed there on duty. The rebel cavalry soon dashed down upon them, and captured the whole, after a short fight, — thirty-nine men in all. Another picket had been established at Volusia, under Capt. Enos Kellog of New Canaan, and Lieuts. Albert W Peck of Bridgeport and George B. Ruggles; and it was supposed to be lost: but communications were re-opened. The picket owed its safety to the precaution of the officers in setting the camp on an open field where they could not be surprised. They were soon withdrawn, leaving many Union citizens without protection.

Although the regiment was nominally in garrison at St. Augustine, a raid somewhere was made almost every week.

On June 1, Col. Noble, with his brigade of about twelve hundred men, marched from Jacksonville towards St. Mary's, to attack the formidable rebel earth-works on McGisto Creek. The force crossed quietly in boats; and the position was as-

saulted in the rear. The men were led to the attack in column by companies, and, on coming near, were deployed in double lines of battle. A few of the skirmishers were wounded, and the rebel skirmish-line was driven in. The enemy, taken in flank and rear, fled without firing a gun from the fort, leaving many arms, and extensive earth-works three miles long. The works never could have been taken by attack in front, except by a very large force or a regular siege. The bridges in the vicinity were destroyed; the captured property gathered, and sent to the rear; the buildings burned; and the place evacuated next day. The brigade returned to Jacksonville greatly fatigued with the long march and considerable privation. "I do not think," says Col. Noble in a letter, "that our whole march for a month after Lee was more exhausting and enervating than the six-days' raid of last week."

The Fourth of July was duly celebrated: the bells were rung, a cannon was fired upon the plaza, and the national flag floated from the ramparts of Fort Marion, the oldest fortress in the United States, — the ancient Spanish "Castillo de San Marco." Citizens and soldiers assembled; and the Declaration of Independence was read by Lieut.-Col. Wilcoxson.

On July 18, Capt. William L. Hubbell of Bridgeport, with three companies, marched to Picolata, on the St. John's, eighteen miles from St. Augustine, and remained until Aug. 29, when he returned with Company D to headquarters; leaving C and K under Capt. Wilson French of Stratford. On July 22, Lieut.-Col. Wilcoxson went to Jacksonville with Companies A, E, F, and H, and joined an expedition organizing under Gen. Birney Col. Noble commanded the entire infantry force, and a light battery, and a company of home cavalry, in the expedition. "The cavalry," said Col. Noble in a letter, "were a body of mounted Floridians, commonly called 'crackers;' and Falstaff's men in buckram could form no comparison to them in appearance. They were of all sorts and sizes, and arrayed in all kinds of homespun disuniform, from gray-back to butternut, and all intervening shades, mounted on horses ranging from the pony, weighing about as

much as his rider, up to a sizable animal. Modern times have seen few such cavalcades." Moving up the St. John's and Black Creek, the force landed near Middlebury; and by three days' rapid marching reached a point in rear of Baldwin, a stronghold of the rebels. The enemy fled on the approach of the Union troops, after a short skirmish between the cavalry. The detachment of the Seventeenth remained at Baldwin, without tents or a change of clothing, until Aug. 5; and then returned to Jacksonville, and went by boat to Magnolia, a point twenty-five miles up the river, where Col. Noble assumed command.

On Sept. 1, Companies A, C, I, and K, constituted the garrison at Picolata, commanded by Major Allen. Lieut.-Col. Wilcoxson was with the rest of the regiment at St. Augustine.

Early in December, Col. Noble, hearing that the rebel conscription officers had headquarters at Enterprise, one hundred and fifty miles south, determined on capturing the place. He made a rapid raid, dashed on them in the evening, and captured them assembled in a militia meeting. Twenty-nine rebels were taken prisoners, including the bold guerrilla chief, Col. Watson. Forty horses and other spoils were also taken back to camp. But the rebels had speedy revenge for the audacious achievement.

On Dec. 22, Col. Noble left Jacksonville, where he had been attending a general court-martial, to return overland to St. Augustine. He refused to take a guard, on account of the supposed safety of the route. When he had ridden about half the distance, three rebels dashed out of the woods in front and rear, and made him prisoner. He was taken to Andersonville and other prisons, and finally released in March, 1865. He was deeply impressed by the horrors of that place; and, on the way home, he lectured in Vicksburg, Miss., on behalf of the tortured prisoners released with him.

It was now proposed to send the Seventeenth to Hilton Head; but at the earnest request of Gen. Hatch, then commanding the district of Florida, it remained.

On Feb. 3, 1865, the rebel guerrilla, Capt. Dickinson,

dashed across the St. John's River, and captured an outpost nine miles from St. Augustine, and made prisoners of Capt. Henry Quien and Lieut. George B. Ruggles, and eleven enlisted men of the Seventeenth, near the house of one Salana.

Of another unfortunate affair next day, Major Henry Allen reports to the adjutant-general from St. Augustine: —

"An expedition under command of Lieut.-Col. A. H. Wilcoxson started from this post on the 3d of February, with four officers, including himself and thirty-six men (all belonging to the Seventeenth Connecticut Volunteers), and ten wagons, for the purpose of procuring some cotton belonging to a rebel colonel, which was stored in a house near Dunn's Lake, about seventy-five miles from here.

"He had got the cotton, and was about seven miles from there on his return, when he was attacked by Capt. Dickinson, with some eighty men. The colonel was wounded, and taken prisoner; the adjutant, Lieut. H. Whitney Chatfield, was instantly killed in a hand-to-hand encounter with the enemy; and Capts. Wilson French and Frederick C. Betts, and thirty-two of the men, were taken prisoners. The brave young Chatfield fell, shot through and through the body. He was in the act of cutting his way through the rebels when he received the mortal wound. He died as he had lived, a courageous soldier, and an honor to the State and our country."

It appears, that, when Wilcoxson was ordered by the general commanding to send a force for the cotton, he regarded it as an imprudent and hazardous expedition, and so resolved to lead it himself. The attack was so sudden, and by such an overwhelming force, that little effective resistance could be made. The mounted officers in the rear were first attacked. Lieut.-Col. Wilcoxson fought with his pistols, and received two severe wounds. He would not surrender; but, when his horse was shot dead and fell upon him, he was captured. The brave man could not walk; but was taken to a rebel hospital in Tallahassee, where, away from friends, and lacking the presence of his loving wife, who waited for him at St. Augustine, he died alone, and in the night. There seems to have been avarice and possibly cruelty practiced towards him in his last hours. He is believed to have had money about him; and the rebel surgeon, Dr. Miner, still sports a valuable Masonic ring taken from the finger of his deceased patient, and refuses to surrender it to the afflicted widow.

Albert H. Wilcoxson was born in Huntington, in 1834, and passed his youth in the rough country near the boundaries of Seymour and Oxford. He was athletic and vigorous — first in all boyish games. He was also an apt scholar, and was studying for the ministry when the war called him to the field. He enlisted as a private soldier; was made adjutant, then captain, of Douglass Fowler's company; then lieutenant-colonel over all officers intervening. He had ease, self-command, and dignity as an officer; and was enthusiastic in the performance of every duty. He was cheerful and genial in his disposition, fluent and often witty in conversation, in character upright and honorable, firm in conviction, prompt and energetic in action. When the second call for three-years' troops came, he quietly said, "That call is for me;" and straightway ended the course of theological study he was pursuing with Rev. Dr. Mead of Norwalk, bade adieu to his wife, and went at once. Before leaving the State, he prepared a brief, frank, and half-playful but truthful autobiography, in which he made grateful recognition of the loving-kindness of God in keeping him from being "the slave of appetite or of any vice or licentiousness."

Adjutant Henry Whitney Chatfield of Bridgeport, went out as a private in the Seventeeth at the age of eighteen. Being a young man of education, he was detached for service under Adjutant Wilcoxson, and afterwards at the headquarters of Adjutant-Gen. Meisenburg, where he was a great favorite. He was promoted to be adjutant for his distinguished gallantry at Chancellorsville. At Gettysburg, Lieut.-Col. Fowler was shot dead by his side: Chatfield's horse was killed, his haversack torn in pieces, and a Revolutionary sword at his side broken into fragments; yet he was unharmed. While on Morris Island, he volunteered with the other officers of the brigade to storm Fort Sumter, when its defenders were bewildered under the first crash of Gilmore's batteries. In Florida, he was adjutant of the brigade. Gen. Noble writes of him, "The loss of young Chatfield was sadly felt by a large circle of friends in and out of the army. He was a true man and a brave soldier, who served from convictions of duty and patriotic devo-

tion. With a heart as true as steel, and brave as the bravest, there was a charm of genial gentleness which attracted all, and made him friends wherever he went."

Albert O. Seeley of Darien died Jan. 5, 1865. He was captured at Gettysburg, released, captured again in Florida, and dragged out long and dismal months at Andersonville. No rations whatever were issued to his party for three days after release from prison; and the privation brought him very low. Notwithstanding the care he afterwards received, he sank steadily, and died. He was a man of correct habits and high character, and a faithful and uncomplaining soldier.

From the 1st of March, 1865, until the 7th of June, the headquarters, and the largest portion of the Seventeenth, remained at St. Augustine; the regiment having garrisoned the town and its fort more than a year. About the middle of May, Companies G and I, under Lieut. Charles Smith of Ridgefield and Lieut. Henry North of Bridgeport, were ordered to garrison Tallahassee, the capital of the State. At the same time, Companies C, F, and H, under Capt. Enos Kellogg of New Canaan, were detailed to hold Lake City, a considerable place near the Olustee battle-ground; the second in command being Lieut. William L. Daniels of Danbury. "The conduct of these companies," says Col. Noble in his final report, "separated so far from the regiment, at towns lately captured from the enemy, was most admirable for discipline, military bearing, and decorum; while they commanded good order in these communities, and respect for the authority of the Union and her soldiers. The deportment of these detachments is but another proof of the good character of the regiment."

Major Allen had now become lieutenant-colonel,[5] and Capt. William L. Hubbell was promoted to be major. On June 9, the regiment was relieved at St. Augustine, and

[5] Lieut.-Col. Allen was born in Norwalk in 1842. He served in the three-months' campaign as a private in the 71st New-York, and re-entered the service as lieutenant in the Seventeenth Connecticut Volunteers. On transmitting his promotion to lieutenant-colonel, Col. Noble said, "Your good conduct and soldierly bearing alone have secured your advancement." His only brother was killed in front of Petersburg, and his father commanded the steamer Hussar during the war. On muster-out, Col. Allen was examined by a board of officers, and recommended for a captaincy in the regular army, a position which he declined.

ordered to Hilton Head, *viâ* Jacksonville. Arriving at the latter place, it was detained by Gen. Vodges, and kept at work for weeks in the reconstruction of the Tallahassee Railroad. About the 7th of July, Lieut.-Col. Allen succeeded in getting all but one hundred and twenty-five recruits transported to Hilton Head. Col. Noble received the brevet rank of brigadier-general.

CHAPTER XLII.

Prison Experienee of our Soldiers. — Testimony of a Confederate Surgeon. — Experience of Weston Ferris on Belle Isle. — Great Privation and Suffering. — Condition of Prisoners at Camp Ford, Tex. — Gen. E. M. Lee in Libby. — Capture of Major Sanford and Men of the Seventh. — Adventures of Three Officers of the Sixteenth. — Fidelity of Surgeon Nickerson. — Thrilling Narrative of Lieut. Bailey. — Deaths at Andersonville. — Incidents of Martyrdom.

E have already narrated something of the prison-experience of the soldiers of Connecticut. They occupied at one time or another every military dungeon and stockade of the South, and shared, as has been seen, their starvation, exposure, and death-laden atmosphere. The world has shuddered at these pictures of wretchedness, — the hopeless prisoners wandering wearily across the dead-line, and asking to be shot rather than longer endure the torture; the invalids, their feeble bodies made the home of thousands of writhing worms, while yet the tenement of an immortal soul; the skeletons crawling northward to Annapolis like so many graveyard specters.

Shocking to contemplate, all this, even when we remember the utter exigencies of the rebels themselves! It is probably true, that while these prisoners were on half-rations, or less, the rebel soldiers were on half-rations, and came flocking through our lines by thousands, — a squalid throng, — because they could not get enough to eat; that the Confederate armies were always in such a strait, that so few soldiers were left to guard the prisons, that a discipline inhumanly rigid seemed to them the only resource; that starvation resulted as much from the coarse quality as from the meager quantity of the food served.

Many will believe that the destruction of prisoners entered into the Confederate plan of warfare for the reduction of the

Union army; that starvation, killing without cause, and the introduction of fatal diseases, was the deliberate purpose of the leaders; and that this unexpressed wish was instinctively excuted by the subordinates. Many others will now and always hesitate to believe any thing so diabolical of Americans, — a complication of dastardly and cowardly crimes, from which even the most barbarous nations would recoil.

We have only to deal with facts. Prof. Ellerslie Wallace of Philadelphia has made an official report of the condition of Southern prisoners, in which he states that the maximum average amount of solid food given per day was eighteen ounces, and the minimum average five ounces: whereas, it requires thirty to forty ounces to keep the system of an adult male in proper condition. Prof. Joseph Jones of Augusta, Ga., made to the Confederate authorities an official report, dated Oct. 19, 1864, presenting a loathsome picture of the sanitary condition of the prisoners at Andersonville. From this we extract: "More than thirty thousand men crowded upon twenty-seven acres of land, with little or no shelter from the intense heat of a Southern summer, or from the rain and dew; with coarse corn-bread, from which the hull had not been removed; with scant supplies of fresh meat and vegetables; with little or no attention to hygiene; with festering masses of filth at the very doors of their rude dens and huts; with the greater portion of the banks of the stream flowing through the stockade, a filthy quagmire of human excrements, alive with working maggots generating by their own filthy exhalations and excretions an atmosphere that so deteriorated and contaminated their solids and fluids, that the slightest scratch on the surface, even the bites of small insects, were frequently followed by such rapid and extensive gangrene as to destroy the extremities, and even life itself. . In this state, the muscular strength was rapidly diminished, the tissues wasted; and the thin, skeleton-like forms moved about with the appearance of utter exhaustion and dejection."

Major Charles Farnsworth and twenty-four of his men, captured in Virginia on July 14, 1863, were detained for

many months in prison at Richmond. One of these, Weston Ferris of New Canaan, has furnished us with a record of his experience, some extracts of which we subjoin: —

"The rebels hurried us on to Charlestown, fearing that our cavalry would recapture us. We here turned over our horses, each rebel claiming the one he captured as his private property. After a disagreeable march of six miles through the mud to Gen. Jones's headquarters, we were all ordered to lie down as closely as possible on the ground. The major and I shared our small blankets, and the rebels lent us another. The major took a quart cup for a pillow; I a canteen. It rained hard almost all night. We made a breakfast of the rations we still had. In the morning, we walked to Winchester, eighteen miles. Here we were quartered in the old Court House, and staid a week, until it was crowded with prisoners. By this time, there were three hundred of us; one-half being sick or wounded. Our rations were a pound of flour and a pound of fresh beef a day We made the flour into dough, and cooked it in the ashes. This was the programme for the rest of the way, — march all day, and cook all night or go hungry.

"Arrived at Culpeper, we were put into cattle-cars, without any thing to eat that day, and hurried forward. At Gordonsville, we each received five pieces of hard-tack and one-third of a pound of bacon, and sped to Richmond. On our arrival, boys came around with cakes, pies, &c., which the guard would not let us purchase; but demanded our watches and money, and threatened that if any thing was kept it would be confiscated. Much was given up; but considerable money was concealed and retained. They even robbed us of most of our cups as we passed over to Belle Isle.

"Belle Island is in the James River, opposite Richmond. It is approached from Manchester by a bridge; from Richmond, by a scow pushed with poles. The upper part of the island is broken and rocky: the lower part comprises about twenty-five acres of sandy plain; and here the famous prison-pen was set. This was merely a patch of ground inclosed by an embankment of earth, with a ditch inside of

it. At this time, the inclosure was one hundred and thirty-five yards long, and eighty-five yards wide. About four hundred old tents and eighty Sibley tents were pitched here. We were all counted off into squads of ninety men in a mess. I was placed in charge of mess No. 40. We found the tents all full; so we had to occupy the streets, where we were alternately soaked by the rain, and blistered by the hot sun. The nights were always damp and chilly In the daytime, the sand was like an oven. The shades along the bank were forbidden us.

"We drew rations twice a day. Our breakfast was for each a quarter of a loaf of bread, and two ounces of fresh beef; and for supper we had the same quantity of bread, and half a pint of bean or rice soup. This last consisted of a few table-spoonfuls of beans or rice to a pailful of water; and the men used to call their soup 'James-river water.' The cooking was all done outside by detailed prisoners; and those who had kept any money gave it to the officers for the privilege of going to cook. About the first of August, a thousand of the sick were exchanged, and there was much plotting to get upon the sick-list that day. Next day, we were all driven out, and again searched for money. A rebel sergeant of the name of Samuel Hyatt had immediate charge of the prisoners. He was a fiend in human shape, and spent much of his time contriving means of torture. Commissary Roe was also a mean and cruel man. I have seen him knock men down for picking up crumbs from the flour of the cook-house. He used to sweep up the crumbs, and sell to the prisoners.

"What we received seemed only to aggravate our hunger; and even then, if we were not there at the moment, the whole squad would lose their rations. Men would stand for hours and watch the cook-house, so painfully were the pangs of hunger felt. We were at last driven to extremities. Hunger haunted our dreams. Men would often lie down at night naming over the choice dishes they would have when they got home again. Alas! how few of them ever reached home — except that home where hunger never comes.

"We counted the hours before the next scanty allowance. Nothing was wasted. Men would chew up the bones like dogs. If a bone was by any chance flung into the street, it would be greedily seized by some hungry man, who would crush it with a stone, and suck it to extract more nourishment. Some would keep the corpse of a dead comrade in their tents for several days for the purpose of drawing his rations.

"Dogs we came to consider a luxury If one visited the inclosure, he was a gone dog. The lieutenant had a nice, fat bull-dog which he prized highly. One morning all that could be found of the dog was his hide. The owner said, if he could find out who ate it he would shoot him.

"There were now three thousand of us on the island. We suffered greatly for water. Our only supply was from barrels sunk in the sand of the prison-pen. These were fed very slowly; and sometimes I have seen twenty at each barrel, the foremost waiting for the water to run in, and the rest waiting their turn. We used to get up in the night when the barrels were full, and pour water on each other to wash. In the same way, we washed our clothes. Soap was a luxury not often indulged in. We bought all we had.

"After a while, a brisk trade was carried on with the guard. They stealthily brought food across in boats at night, landing on the back part of the island; then watched their chance to bring it over to us. If they were caught, they lost their goods, and were punished. There were some houses on the island, and they drove a business in making pies and biscuit for us. The pies were made of dried apples, and the crust without shortening; so they were not liable to smash by being flung over the fence. They cost about a dollar apiece. The rebel sergeant, Hyatt, caught a fellow trading with the guard one day, and took him out to search him for his money. The prisoner had a ten-dollar bill, which he put in his watch-pocket, and crammed a wet quid of tobacco in atop of it. The sergeant, when he came to the fresh quid, searched no farther, but snapped his fingers, and said, 'Go into camp, you nasty rascal!' Rations grew worse and scantier. Our numbers increased. Thomas Carver, a tent-

mate, and myself, drove for a time a thriving trade with a gold ring and set of studs; but these gave out, and our last resource was gone. I grew weak from want of food, so that I could walk with difficulty. Men died rapidly. At last, new clothing came from our government; and again we were protected from the weather. But many would exchange their clothes for food, then die for want of clothing. A few boxes came from home; but the rebels finally refused to deliver them, and hundreds lay in storehouse.

"By January of 1864, the whole number in prison was swelled to nine or ten thousand; and the camp was packed full. The small bundle of wood that had been allowed to each squad was now cut off; and a great many had their feet frozen, while several froze to death.

"About this time, Major Farnsworth, confined in Libby, sent me five dollars, which was a great relief. I bought bread, and distributed to the members of the First Cavalry. He afterwards sent us two boxes containing coffee, sugar, tea, crackers, cheese, codfish, fruit, books, and soap. The box was sent him from home, and he generously transferred it to us. That unselfishness, doubtless, saved some of our lives. Major Farnsworth came over on Jan. 27 with the officers, dealing out clothing. How much good it did us to look again upon his cheerful, kindly face! He told me secretly of the tunnel they were digging, and gave me a map of the route to our lines, in case I should get a chance to escape. Occasional attempts were made, and many poor fellows were shot or drowned.

"About the 1st of February, our meat-rations — three or four mouthfuls a day — were stopped. The men grew weak very fast in consequence. I felt the change very sensibly. Considerable of our time was occupied every day in searching our clothes for the natives of the island. The cold did not seem to trouble them much. The ground of the prison was alive with them. Examining our clothing for these 'gray-backs,' as the boys named them, was called going skirmishing. If brisk skirmishing was not kept up every day, they increased very fast. I have seen men completely covered with them; so that you could not put your finger on them without touching vermin."

During February, these men were most of them (including the Connecticut men) taken to Andersonville, where they shared the starvation, exposures, and tortures of that horrible pen.

Some facts have already been given concerning the capture of a part of the officers and men of the Twenty-third, and their imprisonment at Camp Ford, Tex. A few of the Twelfth and Twenty-fifth were confined at the same place. A correspondent writes from New Orleans, on the return of the prisoners, —

"The stockade at Tyler, or rather at Camp Ford which is somewhere about four miles from Tyler, consists of an inclosure made of pine-trees, cut some seventeen feet in length, split in half, and set upright in the ground; making a stockade some fifteen feet in hight. The size originally was an area of about two acres, which was, however, enlarged after the Red-river expedition to embrace some seven acres in extent. There, in that pen, some four thousand five hundred of our men have been cooped in hunger, nakedness, filth, and wretchedness, for months past; and until the last of June no means were allowed to the men for removing the filth which had during the time accumulated inside their inclosure.

"During all last winter, our men were barefooted almost to a man; many had no shirts; scarcely any one had any blanket at all in which to wrap his shivering limbs from the winds; wood was doled out in quantities insufficient even to cook their scant rations of corn-meal and hard corned beef. To be explicit, two sticks of cord-wood were issued per week to cook the rations of a mess of twelve men; and this was packed in on the men's back, from the adjacent forests, under strict guard. Not even straw was permitted to the shivering men.

"It would be absolutely impossible in words to express to your readers the abject squalor, destitution, and wretchedness of these noble soldiers, as they filed up past the headquarters of Gen. Canby, on St. Charles Street, on their way from the boat, to the quarters assigned them in the Alabama and Factors' cotton-presses. With scarcely an exception, they were barefooted; ragged to a degree that can not be conceived of; many were absolutely destitute of sufficient rags to fulfill the requirements of common decency; large numbers were without shirts or hats of any kind, infested with vermin, their dingy rags fluttering in the wind, and bound upon their persons with strips of bark and strings; but they marched into New Orleans proudly, in spite of their squalor; and with stout loyal hearts cheered the old flag in defense of which they have so cruelly and needlessly suffered."

Gen. E. M. Lee of the Michigan cavalry, a native, and now a resident, of Guilford, Conn., wrote from Libby Prison in December, 1863, "The authorities here have ceased to receive stores from associations or private individuals at the

North, so I am now reduced to the inconsiderable rations issued by the South to its soldiers and prisoners. Hunger stares us in the face, but does not frighten me. Better men than I have suffered; better men than I have died. The last fate may not necessarily be mine, however; for the rations supplied *will* keep soul and body together. My health, too, is excellent; so you see I am well qualified for the experience which will go to make up a part of the great problem of life we are all trying to solve. Never believe that I am disheartened; for 'none of these things move me.' No human misfortune can swerve me from the purpose to live or die for the Union."

Major O. S. Sanford was captured with a company of the Seventh, in the summer of 1864. A correspondent relates some incidents that followed: —

"Col. Rutledge, of one of the North-Carolina regiments, ordered the guard to take off Major Sanford's overcoat, and bring it to him. There being no alternative, the major gave it up; but, upon arriving at the headquarters of Gen. Bushrod Johnston, they stated the case to Major Watts, Gen. Johnston's adjutant-general, a very gentlemanly officer, and a former graduate of West Point, whom they had met several times by flag-of-truce. He reported it to Gen. Johnston, whereupon the general sent down to Col. Rutledge, and ordered the coat given up immediately; and it was brought back and returned to the major. About one hundred of the enlisted men of the regiment were captured at the same time they were; and on the march from Bermuda Hundred to Petersburg, as they were resting by the side of a brook, Gen. Wise (Ex-Gov. Wise) rode along and stopped to give his horse a drink, and accosted the men with, 'You d——d white niggers and d——d black abolitionists, don't you think you ought to be ashamed of yourselves, down here fighting to get our niggers away from us? D——n you! every one of you ought to be sold like niggers, and sent into the field!"

The escape and recapture of several officers of the Sixteenth, including Capts. Thomas A. Burke, T. B. Robinson, and A. A. Dickerson, has been referred to; also their final escape from Camp Sorghum, near Columbia, S.C. Of this last adventure, Capt. Dickerson writes, —

"Upon the evening of the 3d of November, 1864, a large number of officers were paroled for the purpose of bringing wood for cooking and building purposes. Three of us — Capts. Burke, Robinson, and myself — finished getting wood, saw our paroles destroyed, returned to camp, and, after a short time, recrossed the guard-line, and, unsuspected, made our way to the woods. We kept slowly through the woods, until we were

safely beyond the reach of the rebels. Night coming on, we traveled through the fields and woods, until we struck a road which ran parallel with the Congaree River; and traveled southward about twelve miles. We then left the public road, and traveled through the woods, toward the river, which was about eight miles distant. Upon the afternoon of the 4th, we fell in with five other of our escaped prisoners from the same camp, who escaped two nights previous to ourselves by bribing the guard. They had been in the swamp two days, and had made an arrangement with the negroes for provisions, and information where two boats could be found. We joined our parties; and in the evening the negroes met us, and furnished us with the promised necessaries. Proceeding to the river, which was about two miles distant, we found the boats, which accommodated all of us. At about eleven o'clock, all things being ready, we embarked in our boats, and paddled down the river. Early in the morning, we landed, having secured a hiding-place for our boats and ourselves, and devoted the day to cooking and sleep. Darkness again found us upon the river; and we soon passed the bridge of the South-Carolina Railroad, which was guarded by sentries; paddled all night; and again secured ourselves for the day.

"While engaged, some in cooking, others in sleep, our attention was attracted by loud talking; and soon we discovered a boat below us, upon the river, being poled up the river by negroes. One of our party posted himself upon the bank of the river, where he could hail the boat without discovering the presence of the rest of the party, and, hailing the negro in charge of the boat, informed him that he was in want of provisions. The negro replied that he had no time to stop, and persisted in keeping on his course. When all entreaty failed, the captain told him that he was a 'Yankee' officer, escaped from rebel prison, making his way North, and needed provisions, and information regarding obstructions in the river. The negro no sooner learned his true character than he immediately landed, secured his boat, staid with us all day, cooking rations, and giving very valuable information. He claimed, in return for his service, a sight of the rest of the party, whom he had instinctive shrewdness to know were concealed close by. Night again found us upon the river; and after a few hours' sail we landed at a farm, of which we had been informed by the negroes, where we succeeded in capturing a goat, which supplied us with meat to our journey's end.

"Monday and Tuesday nights nothing occurred to delay our progress toward the desired goal. Wednesday evening, we had been going down the river but a short time, when we reached a ferry, where we made the acquaintance of four negroes, who furnished us with a large quantity of sweet-potatoes, salt, and meat. Upon parting with them, they bade us God-speed and a safe journey. Elated and happy with our success, we kept steadily forward; and soon after we landed to again consult the negroes, who told us we were but five miles from a battery, mounting two pieces, upon the right bank of the river, guarded by rebel soldiers. After receiving other information and provisions, we parted company with the last of our negro friends, and proceeded down the river, passed the battery in safety, and, landing, waited for the darkness of the night to finish our journey to the coast. Thursday night, full of hope, we again took to our boats, and, meeting no interference, reached the coast safely.

"The light of Friday morning, Nov. 11, revealed to us the spars of a ship, which we soon made out to be one of the United-States blockade.

It was the Canandaigua, Capt. Harrison; and after sundry attempts we succeeded in getting safe on board, under the protection of the star-spangled banner. We came North on the Fulton."

When the Sixteenth was captured at Plymouth, Dr. Nehemiah Nickerson of Saybrook stood by his comrades in their extremity, and rendered great service. The officers of the regiment, in prison and camp, united in resolutions from which we extract, —

"With a constitution weakened by a long sickness, from the effects of which he was still suffering, and while other surgeons, availing themselves of the opportunity for immediate exchange, left for the North, Dr. Nickerson voluntarily remained with our suffering wounded, laboring night and day for a month, until nearly worn out himself, arriving at Macon, Ga., some time after, only to suffer an extended imprisonment of five months. But here also were his professional services cheerfully rendered, with skill and success, amidst the greatest difficulties.

"While we claim that a soldier should do his duty under all circumstances, we can not but admire the noble self-sacrifice which prompts him to volunteer and render his services, when, if disposed, he might shrink from those duties, to his own advantage, and without incurring censure; and we take this method of acknowledging with pride and admiration the manliness of character, professional skill, and patriotic zeal which he has exhibited in discharging his duties to his country and to his suffering fellow-soldiers."

Lieut. G. W Bailey, aide-de-camp on the staff of Gen. M. L. Smith, was captured in the battle of Peach-tree Creek, and escaped from rebel hands after several weeks' wandering through the Southern States. He was a native of Bridgeport, Conn.; and gave to the Standard a graphic account of his experience, a portion of which we subjoin: —

"I was taken to Atlanta, where the utmost joy existed at what they termed a 'Confederate victory.' Some of the rebel soldiers amused themselves and the citizens of Atlanta by trailing our captured banners — the old 'stars and stripes' — through the streets behind their horses. Every rebel was jubilant. The troops going to or from either flank, passing through the city, were cheered lustily. The women tantalized us with 'Ah, boys! you've got into Atlanta at last, haven't you?' &c. We were marched through Atlanta on exhibition, and the same night to East Point, some six miles below Atlanta. During the march, a major and myself attempted to escape; but we narrowly escaped being shot, as we were detected. At East Point, we were corralled, like mules, in an open place, without rations, or blankets to sleep upon. We were without food for over twenty-four hours; and, when we were furnished with some, few could eat it. Being very hungry, I ate my twenty-four hours' allowance at once. I put my bacon down to break my unbolted wheat-flour 'hard-tack,' and brush away the worms and cobwebs from it; and, after clearing my bacon in like manner, I shut my eyes, and ate a hearty meal.

"I closely watched every possible chance to escape; but found it would be certain death to attempt it there: so I anxiously bided my time. At last it came. We were corralled near Griffin, Ga. I found a favorable gully in a blackberry-patch; and two hours before day lay in the narrow place, and got some of the officers to cover me with pine-boughs, grass, &c., and cut blackberry-briers, and stick into the ground around me. This was nicely done, as I discovered upon my exit. My friends put some 'hard-tack' at the head of my hiding-place. Every thing was lively: at length the 'fall in' was ordered; and the 'Yankees' marched out into the road, *en route* for Andersonville. I was stepped upon twice; but was not discovered. The lot being clear of Yankees and rebels, the negroes, and some white children from a near plantation, wandered about me; and a hog discovered my hidden 'hard-tack,' and coolly ate it above my head. I dared not make known my serious objections to such proceedings. At last a shower of rain cleared the coast for me; and after carefully peeping in every direction I ventured forth; and although my right arm was much paralyzed (as it is at present), caused by lying upon it, I immediately struck upon a double-quick for the woods near by. Here I fell in with a soldier, — a cavalry boy, — who had also escaped in the same manner; and, as 'misery loves company,' I consented to his accompanying me on my journey through Dixie northward. The rain now fell in torrents; and the swamp I had chosen to be our hiding-place was overflowed: so there we stood ankle-deep in water, like two drowned rats. Night came at length; and we approached the road, just dodging a patrol of rebel cavalry. We stealthily went near a plantation-residence; passed around to the negro-quarters, avoiding the dogs; stopped at a fence near one of the huts; and threw a small stone against the door. It was slowly opened with, 'Who dar?' — 'Me, aunty,' said I; 'come out here!' After some hesitation, she came out; and I told her who we were. 'We are Yankees,' said I. 'Is you, sah? De Lord bress you!' Telling her we were hungry, she gave us some wheat-bread; and when it became late we went into her hut, dried ourselves nicely; and, filling our haversacks, she bade us God speed. Soon we were off again. Avoiding roads, and going north-eastward, we traveled until daylight. The rain had made the corn-fields through which we had to pass almost impassable; but, encouraging each other by turns, we trudged slowly along through the dark, dreary forests, ascertaining the direction by letting lightning-bugs crawl on my little pocket-compass, which I had procured, with maps of the country, from some of the officers among the prisoners. By day, we took turns on watch. I consulted my maps, intending to round Stone Mountain, and follow the Northern Georgia Railroad into Decatur. Finding the fields impassable, after two or three nights' journeys, I resolved to try the roads. We made better time, of course; but had to be continually on the *qui vive;* hiding several times behind trees or bushes to let rebel cavalry pass us, squads of which were incessantly hunting conscripts and deserters. We passed several picket-posts with much danger.

"The roads being traveled considerably, I again took the fields, making northward slowly, living on blackberries, and the bread always cheerfully furnished by the negroes. Occasionally a meal was made from some old planter's melon-patch. We could easily tell where plantations were at early morn by the crowing of chickens. We were always warmly welcomed by the negroes, who, most of them, never saw a Yankee before, and who were our means of escape. They would come from their huts,

each laden with some good things for us. Of course, the first point of inquiry was regarding their freedom, which I explained to them as best I could. Twice did we hear hounds yelping on our track; but we avoided them by running through swamps, down streams, &c. Over two weeks we were thus making very slow headway through deep swamps and almost impenetrable forests, wet through every night, drying out our clothing every day. I became, I must acknowledge, very down-hearted for the first time; was taken sick twenty-five miles from Atlanta, and lay in the woods near Mr. S——'s plantation; the negroes taking excellent care of me. 'Aunt Mary,' an experienced nurse in the sick-room, took especial interest in me, insisting upon my remaining there, and recovering from my fatigues and hardships. I did so; and under her kind care soon recovered my strength and spirits. 'Aunt Mary' brought our meals to us as regular as clock-work. About this time, our cavalry was raiding through the country near S——'s plantation; and, after I recovered, I was induced to remain there over a month, in hopes that our raiders would reach me. Three times they came near me; once within three miles, but in broad daylight; and the rebel cavalry were too thick for me to undertake to reach our forces.

"While waiting here for the blue-coats to make their appearance, we amused ourselves by fishing in Cotton River, near by; and, by setting fish-baskets, we obtained frequent messes of fish, which were very acceptable after passing through 'Aunt Mary's' hands. At last my companion started with a negro guide for our lines; but his awkwardness was fatal —he was retaken.

"I now determined to try it myself; and, in company with the negro Jim, pulled out on my journey. We crossed South River, in a dug-out, safely; replenished our haversacks at a plantation on the east side of the river; and the next night struck Conger Station on the Northern Georgia Railroad; passed through it at midnight, resting at daylight on the railroad between Congers and Lithonia. I disguised myself in Jim's clothes as a rebel soldier, and went to a citizen in a neighboring cornfield, represented that I was taken by the Yankee raiders, but escaped; and was trying to reach the Confederates, but was afraid of Yankees. He sympathized with me hugely; said there was 'not a d——d Yankee east of Atlanta:' they had all left, and gone west, preparatory to falling back to Chattanooga. I thought it was one of Sherman's tricks; but our rations had given out, and the negroes had all fled to the Union lines: so I concluded to wait at a neighboring plantation. I resolved to try the whites; and made myself known to a white man, F——, said to be loyal. I found it safe, and tarried two weeks. Rebels often took meals at the house; and relatives of the family often stopped over night in an adjoining room to mine. I was never introduced to them, but saw them all from my hiding-place. He was a member of the 30th Georgia, but declared that he would never fire upon the old flag. I wrote him an extension of his furlough, which was accepted by the conscriptiug officer as genuine.

"The roads being clear, I resolved to go again for the Yankee lines. Having secured a carbine left in South River by one of our raiding parties, and making some cartridges, filling the large haversack the girls made for me, and taking a change of underclothing which I confiscated from an old rebel's trunk, and my rifle, I bade an affectionate farewell to those who had risked their lives and property for me. Pulling out for Lithonia, on the Northern Railroad, we marched partly through fields the same night,

within three miles of the place; halting at daylight. We went to a poor woman's house: she was Union, and welcomed me, but had heard so much about the Yankees being such horrible creatures, she hardly believed I was a 'Yank,' even after I had removed my gray cape, and exposed my uniform to view. We safely passed several rebel cavalry posts.

"When within a mile of Decatur, we selected a spot by the side of a small stream as headquarters during the day; and Jim and I watched and slept alternately. My feet were so sore, I could hardly remove my boots from them. As we had marched nearly thirty miles, we were very tired. Jim went to sleep 'on picket.' When I awoke, a man stood over Jim, and another over me, demanding surrender; taking care before this to remove my carbine beyond my reach. I inquired if I was to be treated as a prisoner of war. He replied, 'most assuredly' I should. I saw no alternative (but instant death); so I surrendered. We talked and chatted gayly about matters and things in general. My captor was the spokesman; the other said little. He proceeded to search me, omitting to find a small ring and my compass, which were concealed on my person. My maps being on cloth, I easily presented the wrong side, and passed them as handkerchiefs. I had given my watch and other valuables away to those who took care of me. He then marched us off 'to turn me over to the cavalry.' Going through the woods, I remarked that my feet were completely raw. He coolly replied, I wouldn't want to use them much longer.

"We halted. The spokesman, setting my carbine against a stump, and coolly cocking his rifle, remarked to me, 'My friend, this is as good a place to die as any man could wish. Soon, sir, you will be no more. You have done all the damage to our cause you ever can.' 'Well,' continued the spokesman, 'if you wish to say any thing, or to pray a little, you have just exactly two minutes to do it. I shall then put you out of the world without any more ceremony.'

"Just then a thought struck me: it was to take the last chance for my life, — to run.

"They said my two minutes were about up, and I must hurry. I bent my knees as if to kneel again; but, instead, I gave a sudden spring backwards, turned, and was fairly flying from them. Of course, my spring was the signal for them to fire. They did so. The three rifles were fired in rapid succession; and one of them was reloaded and fired. The first shot missed me; but I imagine the bullet came very near my head. The second shot took effect in the right shoulder, passing through the shoulder-blade, and shattering the upper rib in passing out. The ball knocked me flat; and a deadly quiver passed over my right side as my arm fell useless by my side. No sooner down than up. As I rose, the third shot took my cap from my head. It being an old one, I didn't stop to pick it up. Away I went like the wind, holding my right arm up with the left one. The fourth shot scattered the leaves beside me, evidently intended to hit me in the legs. As soon as the villains emptied their pieces at me, the negro followed after at double-quick. The traitors followed a very little way, and gave it up, concluding, no doubt, that I was an 'iron-clad' Yankee. I ran over a mile, the blood spirting out fitfully at every pulsation. Not feeling safe so near the villains, I continued at a walk two miles and a half further south, Jim helping me over the fences. All this while the blood was flowing freely, literally filling my boots. I now sank down exhausted, hardly expecting to recover; but thankful to die away from such blood-thirsty fiends. As I grew dizzy and weaker, I felt as though my

moments on this earth were few. I told Jim who I wished to have written to; and fell asleep, hardly doubting that it was to be the sleep of death.

"But I lived; and Jim took my compass, and succeeded in reaching Atlanta, whence a body of Kilpatrick's cavalry was dispatched, and I was taken within the Union lines."

The general experience of Connecticut soldiers in Andersonville has already been given. Almost every regiment was represented there. We add some accounts of personal experience: —

Edward T. Abbott of the Twentieth was captured before Atlanta. In his narrative, he speaks of having witnessed the escape from the gang of prisoners of Lieut. Bailey, whose story is given above. Abbott shared for two months the horrible experience of Andersonville. He writes, "The drinking water is got as near the dead-line as the prisoners dare go; and some, venturing too far for clear water, get shot. One instance I saw. A man was reaching after the water when a guard fired at him, missing him, but hitting another man farther back, in the head. He fell backwards into the water, his blood mingling with the stream; while hundreds were near by washing, and thousands of men in sight, unable to avenge his death. I tell you it made my blood boil; and I should certainly have shot that guard as he stood coolly loading his gun afterwards, had I had my rifle in hand. Day after day we waited, watched, and prayed for deliverance; and at last thought our prayers were heard, for we learned that Stoneman was on the way to set us free. We had some reason to believe the story; for the rebels immediately began strengthening their works, setting three hundred slaves at work to build another stockade around the one already built. But we were soon discouraged again by hearing of Stoneman's capture."

Edward Smith and Elbert Sutliff, members of the Bristol company of the Sixteenth, survived their Andersonville captivity, were exchanged, and, when returning, both perished; the former when the Black Diamond went down, and the latter at the burning of the ill-starred vessel, Gen. Lyon. There were many Bristol soldiers in Andersonville.

Among those who escaped from Andersonville was Andrew J. Spring of the Sixteenth, from Collinsville. He and two comrades were five days in reaching our lines; living on sugar-cane, green corn, and persimmons. They traveled in the woods mostly, guiding themselves by the moss, which always grows heaviest on the north side of trees. They had to pass three lines of rebel pickets. The first one they passed without difficulty The next line they came upon about four o'clock in the afternoon, and hid in the woods until evening, when a thunder-shower came on; and in the thick darkness, and by crawling about a quarter of a mile in the wet grass on their hands and knees, between the picket-posts, they got safely through. The next line was a cavalry picket; and the fugitives got through by caution and some smart "flanking" operations. They soon struck the railroad, and afterwards our picket-line, and were safe once more under the flag of the Union. He said of the prison, —

"Before Stoneman's raid, the rebels had a chain-gang in the stockade, made up of such as had attempted to escape. Thirteen poor fellows were chained together by the ankles in a line on one side; each man having a 32-pound ball attached by a chain to the leg. A short chain ran from one leg to the other, giving each man a step of eight inches. On the other leg, every fourth man had a 64-pound ball chained to his leg. When the gang moved, each man carried his 32-pounder on one side; and on the other side a rod was run through rings in the balls, and four men carried each of the 64-pounders. And so the poor soldiers were kept day after day. When one must go to the swamp, among the filth of that horrible place, all must go, in their eight-inch step, and lugging the terrible weight of iron with which they were encumbered. This chain-gang was released when Stoneman was making his raid; the rebels not caring to have that general find such an evidence of barbarity, in case he surprised them at Andersonville."

Peter J. Smith, on being released, made affidavit that the following barbarity was practiced upon himself and others by Major Allen of the 2d Virginia Cavalry: —

"At one time he took eight of us, myself amongst the number, all non-commissioned officers; and upon our refusing to take the oath, and to persuade the privates to do so, tied each of us, our hands and arms to our sides, and our feet together, so that we could not use them; laid us on our sides; and then took a loaded pistol, and, resting it on our ears, fired it off, causing us the greatest agony, and the blood to flow from our ears. He caused the pistol to be thus fired on my ear twelve times, saying, 'I will make you so you can't hear the command of another Yankee general or

commander.' The hearing of my right ear has been destroyed in consequence of this treatment."

Color-Corporal Charles E. Lee of Guilford was one of three sons of James E. Lee, all of whom enlisted in the army. Charles was captured with the Sixteenth, and taken to Andersonville. The following are extracts from his diary: —

May 9. — Our rations to-day are reduced; the whole being only enough for a very scanty meal. In the evening sang together till nine o'clock.

June 5, Sunday. — Spent the day principally in reading my Testament. For rations, some bread so sour that we could not eat it.

July 4. — To-day is the anniversary of our National Independence, and instead of celebrating it in old Connecticut, as I have been wont to do, I am held in the most disgusting captivity; yet I am perfectly willing to suffer it all, if I am thereby doing any thing towards saving our glorious Union.

Aug. 11. — Two years ago to-day, I enlisted in the glorious cause of freedom; and, though I am now suffering so much for my country, I still rejoice that I enlisted when and where I did.

At the close of the year, reviewing his sad experience during the months of imprisonment that had passed, he writes as follows, "Again I am called to bid adieu to the passing year; but under very different circumstances from any in which I have ever been. During the year 1864, I have passed eight months in the most degrading imprisonment. In that time, our inhuman captors have not furnished shelter of any kind; and we have repeatedly been for two and three days at a time without a morsel of food; and even that we have received would at home have been generally thought unfit for swine. We have not had a particle of meat for forty-two days, and but little molasses, or any thing to take the place of it. Our rations chiefly consist of about a pint and a half of coarse corn-meal, and half a teaspoonful of salt daily. Now and then we receive a few beans or sweet-potatoes. Many a night have I lain awake because I was so hungry that I could not sleep." At last, emaciated from exposure and lack of food, he was exchanged; and arrived at Washington, N.C., only to die under the flag for which he had fought and suffered.

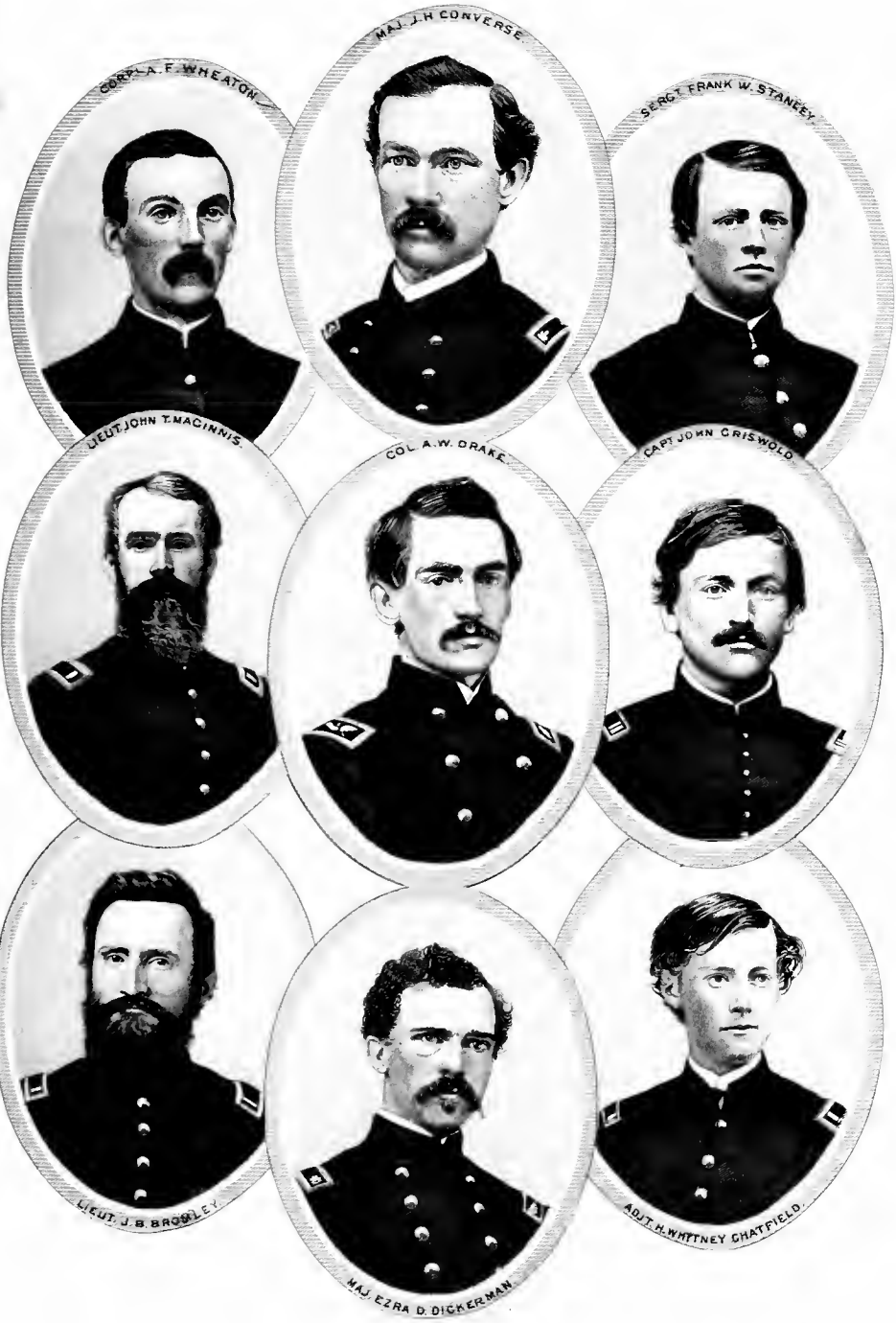
Sergeant Frederick Beardsley of Orange narrates the trials of himself and Corporal P. M. Barnum of Middlebury

at Andersonville. Beardsley says of his comrade, "Like the rest of us, he became thin and weak; our only rations being one pint of coarse cob-meal per day, with occasionally a small piece of rusty bacon. We had no shelter whatever: our clothes were very poor, the bare ground our couch, and the cold dews of heaven our only blanket. About the first of August, 1864, poor Barnum was taken sick with scurvy. Could he have had a small quantity of vegetables daily, with which the country in the neighborhood of the stockade abounded, he might have been spared; but, as it was, his disease stole rapidly upon him in its very worst form. His teeth became so loose, he could take them from his mouth with his fingers; and his lower limbs, from gangrene, became useless. He was not removed to the hospital, had no medicines, and no addition or change of diet, — nothing, in fact, did he have to put into his mouth but what made him absolutely worse. On the twenty-third day of August, Mr. Barnum died, — died like thousands of others in the stockade, as no brute in a civilized land would be permitted to die."

Sergeant John S. Jameson was another worthy martyr to the cause of nationality. Family restraints withheld him from entering the war at an early period; and it was 1864 when he entered in the First Cavalry as a recruit from West Meriden. In all the subsequent engagements of that regiment he fought, and was finally captured in the battle at Reams's Station. He was kept at Libby till midsummer, when he was transferred to Andersonville, where he died on Aug. 31 in the prison hospital, in the dawn of early manhood, and with a love of country that knew no abatement. He was a native of Hartford, and a young man of high attainments and unusual promise. He was a *protégé* of the artist Church, who often spoke of his rare qualities, and predicted for him great success as an artist. His talents were highly versatile; for he was proficient in music, and possessed a poetic turn of mind. A friend wrote, "He was honored by all who knew him, for his intelligence, generous impulses, and cheerful performance of duty; was beloved as

a companion; and was tenderly thoughtful and affectionate as a son."

Among others from Connecticut who died at Andersonville, almost literally starved to death, were James M. Kieth of Manchester, C. Wallace Woodford of West Avon, John W Crabtree of Hartford, and Robert K. Reid of Waterbury. The last-named died in the arms of his father, a fellow-soldier, and a prisoner at the same time and place. A full roll of our Andersonville martyrs will be found in the appendix.


CORP. A. F. WHEATON
MAJ. J. H. CONVERSE
SERGT. FRANK W. STANLEY
LIEUT. JOHN T. MACINNIS
COL. A. W. DRAKE
CAPT. JOHN GRISWOLD
LIEUT. J. B. BROWLEY
MAJ. EZRA D. DICKERMAN
ADJT. H. WHITNEY CHATFIELD

CHAPTER XLIII.

Affairs before Richmond. — Grant and Sherman of Connecticut Stock. — Genealogy. — Location and Organization of Connecticut Regiments. — The First Cavalry returns to Petersburg. — Whitaker captures Major Gilmor. — Twelfth and Eighteenth Regiments. — First Artillery. — Death of Lieut.-Col. Trumbull. — Second Artillery. — First, Second, and Third Batteries. — Sixth and Seventh. — Death of Chaplain Eaton. — Eighth, Eleventh, Twenty-first, and Twenty-ninth. — Ninth and Thirteenth. — Tenth and Fourteenth. — Sherman's Great March Northward. — The Fifth and Twentieth. — Incidents of the Campaign. — Battles and Victories. — Casualties. — Disaster of the Fifteenth Connecticut. — The Sixteenth.

LYSSES GRANT was not the man to relax his grip on Richmond. When the spring of 1865 stirred among the sentient roots of grasses, and woke the beauty latent in the hills, he had strengthened his chain of redoubts, tightened his cordon of rifles, and reached farther outward and forward with his armored left, in the death-clasp that was to encircle the enemy's citadel. The *matériel* of war was renewed. Every regiment was put in the best fighting-trim. He felt that this was the head of the Rebellion; and, with Sherman and Terry working steadily at the giant's limbs, he knew that his adversary would soon become an amorphous monster, — a mere torso, easily enough dispatched. As the people of our State looked on at the struggle, they recalled with pardonable pride the fact that these three soldiers, — Grant, Sherman, and Terry, — who had become the supreme hope of the nation in its hour of agony, had all sprung from a long line of ancestors, who were born upon the soil, and trained in the district-schools, of Connecticut.[1]

[1] J. Hammond Trumbull of Hartford, and Richard A. Wheeler of Stonington, have ascertained and arranged the genealogical record of Gen. Grant. He is descended from an ancient and worthy Connecticut family. The immigrant ancestor was Matthew Grant, who, with his wife Priscilla, came over in the ship Mary and John to Dorchester, Mass.,

Lee was on the defensive; but he was weak, and appealed earnestly for re-inforeements. Mr. Davis saw the peril of the situation, and again he roweled with fiereer spur the flanks of the jaded Confederacy. No response came. The South was utterly exhausted,—not in men, but in motive; not in strength, but in effective will. Its master passion was worn out; for a majority of the promoters of seeession were dead. Its body was rent sore; and the devils of State supremacy and slave ehivalry had been expelled. Lee in front of Grant, and Johnston again in the path of Sherman, had barely eighty thousand soldiers; while a hundred thousand men hid in the mountains, avoiding the officers of conseription. From the regiments of Lee, a hundred men deserted every day. The end was drawing nigh.

The loeation of most of the Connecticut regiments was essentially the same as at the beginning of winter. The

in 1630. He and his neighbors came in 1635 to Connecticut, and founded a town, which for the first year they called Dorchester, and subsequently Windsor. Grant became an active and prominent citizen of Windsor; being for many years town-clerk, and surveyor of lands, and also deacon of the church. Says Dr. Stiles in the history of ancient Windsor (published before Gen. Grant had attained any distinction), "Few men filled so large a place in the early history of Windsor, or filled it so well, as honest Matthew Grant. His name figures in almost every place of trust." In the diagram of the "palisado plot," a fortification which inclosed the first houses of the settlement for defense against the Indians, the residence of Matthew Grant is posted, like a sentry-box, at the single gate of entrance. In Windsor, Priscilla died, leaving four children; and Deacon Grant afterwards married widow Susanna Rockwell.

The following is the family pedigree:—

1. MATTHEW GRANT m. Priscilla ——, Nov. 16, 1625; he d. Dec. 16, 1681. Chil.: *Priscilla*; (2) *Samuel*, b. Nov. 12, 1631; *Tahan*; *John*.

2. SAMUEL GRANT of Windsor m. Mary Porter, May 27, 1658. Chil.: (3) *Samuel, jr.*, b. April 30, 1659; *John*; *Matthew*; *Josiah*; *Nathaniel*; *Mary*; *Sarah*; *Abigail*.

3. SAMUEL GRANT, Jr., of Windsor, m., 1st, Hannah Filley, Dec. 6, 1683, by whom he had a dau., Hannah, who d. young; m., 2d, Grace Miner, dau. of John of Woodbury, April 11, 1688. Their chil. were: *Hannah*; *Samuel*; (4) *Noah*, b. Dec. 16, 1692; *Abigail*; *Ephraim*; *Grace*; *David*; *Ebenezer*.

4. NOAH GRANT located in Tolland, Conn., soon after that town was settled. He m. Martha Huntington, dau. of John of Norwich, and a descendant of the second wife of Matthew Grant. They had the following chil.: (5) *Noah*, b. July 12, 1718; *Adoniram*; *Solomon*; *Martha*.

5. NOAH GRANT removed from Tolland to Coventry about 1750. He and his brother Solomon, who was also a resident of Coventry, joined the expedition to Crown Point in 1755, and were both killed the same year. He m. Susannah Delano, Nov. 5, 1746; and had chil.: (6) *Noah*, b. June 20, 1748; *Peter*.

6. NOAH GRANT was a captain, and served with distinction in the Revolutionary War. He removed from Coventry to Pennsylvania about 1787. He m., 1st, Mrs. Anna Richardson in Coventry; she d. before he emigrated; he m., 2d, in Pennsylvania, Rachel Kelley in 1791. Chil. by 1st wife, b. in Coventry: *Peter*; *Solomon*. Chil. by 2d wife, b. in Pennsylvania: *Susan*; (7) *Jesse Root*, b. Jan. 1794; *Margaret*; *Noah*; *John*; *Roswell*; *Rachel*.

7. JESSE ROOT GRANT, father of Gen. Grant, was named for Hon. Jesse Root of Coventry, the learned and able Chief Justice of Connecticut during a former generation. He settled in Ohio; and m. Miss Hannah Simpson, June 24, 1821. Their chil. were: *Gen. Ulysses Simpson*, born April 27, 1822, and others.

It will be seen by the above record, that Gen. Grant is a descendant in the eighth generation from Matthew Grant of Windsor; the line being as follows,—1, Matthew; 2, Samuel; 3, Samuel, jr.; 4, Noah; 5, Noah; 6, Noah; 7, Jesse Root; 8, Ulysses Simpson.

Besides the Grant blood, there is intermingled in the veins of the general, by successive marriages, the blood of some of the best Connecticut families,—the Huntingtons, the Lathrops, the Porters, the Miners, the Putnams,—all strong names, and significant of good training and sturdy growths.

First Cavalry was still under Sheridan in the Shenandoah. The regiment had been engaged in raids and skirmishes all winter. On the 20th of December, 1864, under Major E. W Whitaker, it formed a part of the division of Gen. Custer, bivouacked at Lazy Springs, Va. Before daybreak, a division of rebel cavalry dashed in among the slumberers.

Major E. W Whitaker says, "Though some regiments did not stand firmly under the excitement of the sudden charge, and a temporary confusion ensued, the First Connecticut was firm among dazzling camp-fires, facing the flashes of the enemy's rifles. The enemy was driven from our bivouac by the dawn of light; and we were assigned the important duty of covering the rear and left flank in the retrograde movement decided upon by Gen. Custer. In this affair, the officers and men of the regiment deserve especial credit for the remarkable coolness and firmness with which they stood the charge of the enemy under the peculiar disadvantages. Neither the recent arousing from an icy bivouac, the dazzling of fires in the darkness of the storm, the demoralization witnessed in other commands, nor the fiendish yell of the enemy, nor all combined, could shake for a moment the solid ranks of the First Connecticut, formed and moving to a charge under the enemy's fire."

Col. E. Blakeslee resigned at the end of three years' distinguished service, and received the brevet rank of brigadier-general. Lieut.-Col. Brayton Ives became colonel; Major E. W Whitaker, lieutenant-colonel; and Capt. John B. Morehouse, major.

On the 4th of February, Lieut.-Col. Whitaker, promoted *vice* Ives appointed colonel, achieved a brilliant exploit. The famous rebel raider, Harry Gilmor, had charged through Maryland, destroyed the Baltimore and Washington Railroad, captured a major-general and many officers on the train,[2] and escaped across the Potomac. Col. Whitaker was designated by Sheridan's chief of staff to lead three

[2] Among the passengers on the train that was stopped and burned by Gilmor was Lieut.-Col. M. B. Smith of the Eighth. He slipped his watch and pocket-book into his boot-leg; and, when a soldier demanded his boots, he saved them by appealing to an officer. Col. Smith was made prisoner; but, while the raiders were busy with plunder, he sauntered off to a neighboring house, concealed himself, and escaped that night to our lines.

hundred picked men, and capture the bold rider. He straightway chased and captured Gilmor, and delivered him over to the Federal authorities. Of this adventure, we only learn the following from his report: "A difficult march of all day and night over the Alleghanies, of seventy miles, thirty of which were within the enemy's line, enabled me to reach and surprise Major Gilmor in vicinity of his camp. I returned successfully, having accomplished the object of the expedition; making a march of one hundred and forty miles in a little over forty-eight hours."

Col. Whitaker acknowledged his great indebtedness to Lieut. Elias S. Brown of Ledyard, and Lieut. Lester W Cowles of Hartford; also to surgeon George A. Hurlburt of Glastenbury, who accompanied the expedition. In February, Lieut.-Col. Whitaker was detached as division inspector to Gen. Custer; and Col. Ives took a short furlough.

About the first of March, Sheridan started to return to Grant's army, *viâ* the valley and Lynchburg. The First Connecticut started from Winchester, commanded by Major Leonard P Goodwin. The enemy was met at Waynesborough, March 2. Says Col. Ives in his report, —

"The First Connecticut, with two other regiments, was dismounted by Gen. Custer, and put upon the rebel flank [the three regiments being led by Col. Whitaker]. Although the men could move but slowly, owing to the depth of mud, still they advanced with so much enthusiasm, that the enemy broke; when the rest of the division charged, mounted, and put them completely to rout. In this affair, our side lost but nine in killed, wounded, and missing; while our captures consisted of thirteen hundred prisoners, one hundred and fifty wagons, eight hundred horses and mules, eleven guns, and eighteen battle-flags!"

It was evident that the Rebellion was waning; that the soldiers had lost their spirit and hope. The column moved to Charlotteville, when Sheridan abandoned his plan of crossing the James, and pushed eastward, *viâ* New Market, Columbia, King William's Court House, to the north of Richmond. Lieut.-Col. Whitaker says, —

"March 13, as Gen. Sheridan neared Richmond, I was given the command of my regiment in advance, and routed Gen. Early with his escort of two hundred and forty men, scattering all not taken prisoners to the woods. Passing to within nine miles of Richmond, we moved north-

ward to Ashland, when the 2d New-York Cavalry was sent to re-inforce me while destroying railroad dépôt, &c. On the next day, the regiment was in line, confronting the enemy, who was feeling us at Ashland. Gen. Sheridan, desiring to learn the force of the enemy about to intercept his column, ordered an attack to develop his strength. Gen. Custer directed me to charge his lines to discover, if possible, any infantry. Leaving a greater portion of the regiment as reserve, and taking Capt. E. M. Neville's squadron, I succeeded in pressing in the enemy's cavalry to their reserve, and on to a strong infantry command of Longstreet's corps. I regret to report the loss, in this last charge, of Lieut. J. W Clark, killed; a brave and faithful officer, who was loved and respected equally by subordinates and superiors." Sergeant Frank Newbold and John Geiger, valued soldiers, also fell here at the extreme front of danger.

When the army crossed the James, Col. Ives returned, and resumed command of the regiment.

The First Artillery still manned the long line of guns in front of Petersburg. The casualties of the regiment during the year had been one officer and twenty-nine enlisted men killed, and four officers and forty-four enlisted men wounded. Sixty-eight had died of disease and exposure.

Col. Abbot's report says, —

"To Lieut.-Col. Nelson L. White I am indebted for cordial support and gallant service. Acting as inspector-general on my staff, and for a time as commanding officer of the batteries in front of Petersburg, he has been the model of a high-toned gentleman. After serving until the end of the campaign, about six months beyond his original term, he left the army regretted by all. Lieut.-Col. Thomas S. Trumbull has highly distinguished himself for ability, courage, and devotion to duty. Entering upon the campaign with health much impaired, and placed at first in command of Fort Anderson, where he was under fire night and day, he seemed to throw off disease by determined will. Transferred to the command of the most important line of batteries in front of Petersburg, his only fault was in laboring beyond his strength. In October, when recovering from a severe attack thus engendered, he gave energetic attention to getting into position, and organizing the artillery on the lines of City Point. Few officers have the energy and ability to accomplish what he has done. Major G. B. Cook, during most of the campaign, has been in charge of the artillery on the lines of Bermuda Hundred, and has well performed his duties. Major Albert F. Brooker and Major George Ager, after gallant and distinguished services during the summer as battery commanders, have been promoted, and have energetically entered upon their new duties.

"Where all the company commanders have so faithfully done their duty, it seems almost invidious to select names for special mention. Almost all have at different times had command of independent batteries; and none have failed to efficiently serve them. Some, however, have been more fortunate than others in having rare opportunities for performing conspicuous services: of this number are especially Capts. H. H. Pierce, Wilbur F. Osborne, and William G. Pride, also E. C. Dow, F. A. Pratt, E. A. Gillette, C. O. Brigham, John H. Burton, W A. Lincoln, John A. Twiss,

G. D. Sargeant, C. R. Bannan, and George Dimock, and Lieuts. L. W Jackson, H. A. Pratt, E. P Mason, H. D. Patterson, John O'Brien, T. D. Cashin, John Odell, G. F Bill, S. A. Woodruff, T. J. Beers, and C. N. Silliman. Surgeon S. W Skinner, Assistant Surgeons John S. Delavan and Nathaniel Matson, and Chaplain Samuel F. Jarvis, all merit my thanks for their faithful care of our sick.

"Lieut. Eben P. Hall was killed by a sharpshooter, while, regardless of personal safety, he was skillfully directing the fire of his mortar battery. Lieut. J. H. Cummings and Lieut. G. L. Turner, refusing to leave their exhausting labors under fire until too late, died in consequence of their devotion to duty. The regiment may well be proud that these names appear upon its rolls."

Major-Gen. W. F. ("Baldy") Smith wrote to Col. Abbot at this time,—

"I saw much of the services of the First Connecticut Artillery during the campaign of 1862, and was then delighted with the skill and gallantry of the officers and men. During the time I commanded the 18th Corps before Petersburg, I called heavily upon you for siege guns and mortars; and never before during the war have I witnessed such artillery practice as I saw with your regiment. The practicability of holding my position there after the 21st of June was due in a great measure to the skill displayed by your regiment. I trust every effort will be made to fill up a regiment which has not its equal in artillery firing, and which can not be dispensed with without great injury to the service."

The organization of the siege artillery brigade, commanded by Col. Abbot, remained unchanged; consisting of eighteen companies, with an aggregate of twenty-seven hundred men and two hundred and six guns. Eight companies were serving on the lines in front of Richmond, and ten in front of Petersburg. This command constituted the entire siege artillery of the two armies. On March 3, Col. Abbot received the brevet rank of major-general.

Lieut.-Col. Thomas S. Trumbull died at Washington, March 3, 1865, of disease contracted in the Chickahominy swamps. When the war broke out, he was practicing law in New-York City, and immediately volunteered to join the Seventh; but that regiment was full. He telegraphed to join Hawley's company in the First; but was again too late. He declined a commission in a New-York regiment, and came home to Hartford in time to enlist as a private in the Third. When Col. Woodhouse was transferred to the Fourth, he took young Trumbull along as his adjutant; and the officer made such rapid progress in the attainment of military knowledge and practice, that Col. Tyler, on being

appointed colonel, procured his promotion to the majority. It was a long step from adjutant to major; but Col. Tyler said he made the recommendation solely for the good of the service, as Adjutant Trumbull exhibited extraordinary capacity as an artillery officer. Major Trumbull shared the perils and honors of his regiment, as is seen in its history. Before Petersburg, he acted as Gen. Baldy Smith's chief of artillery. So high was his reputation, that, before being promoted to the lieutenant-colonelcy, he was offered the position of chief of artillery in two corps of the army. Before his constitution was broken down by the insidious fevers of the Peninsula, he was noted for his strength and his athletic accomplishments; few excelling him in those manly sports requiring cool nerves, trained muscle, and a quick eye. He was a man of geniality and ready wit in society, of unusual promise in his profession, and of ardent patriotism. To this were added a high sense of honor, purity, sincerity, a straightforward manliness, and a tone of refinement that impressed all society in which he moved. Col. Abbot said of him, "Brave to excess; possessed of an energy which seemed able to overcome not only outward obstacles, but even disease itself when danger called; well qualified by natural ability, by a fine education, and by studious habits, to perform the responsible duties of his high rank in the artillery, — Lieut.-Col. Trumbull was every thing that I could desire as an assistant and as a friend."

The Second Artillery had returned to the Petersburg front after the decisive battle of Cedar Creek, and now lay with the 6th corps towards the left. Col. Mackenzie had been promoted to be brigadier-general; and Lieut.-Col. James Hubbard accepted the commission of colonel, which he had previously declined. Major Ells had resigned; Major Jeffrey Skinner had become lieutenant-colonel; and Capts. Edward W Jones, Chester D. Cleveland, and Augustus H. Fenn were promoted to the majority.

The First Battery was in front of Richmond, the Second Battery in the Department of the South, the Third Battery before Petersburg.

The Sixth and Seventh Regiments had participated in the

advance on Wilmington from Fort Fisher. On the promotion of Col. Hawley to be brigadier-general, Capt. Seager S. Atwell[3] was promoted to be colonel of the Seventh. Gen. Hawley, left in command of a division north of the James when Terry moved on Fort Fisher, had been ordered to resume command of his brigade under Terry.

As soon as the fort had fallen, Gen. Terry threw out Payne's division of colored troops towards Wilmington; and withdrew it on finding the enemy strongly intrenched. Schofield now arrived with his 23d Corps. On Feb. 11, Terry moved forward with his whole force from his works, which stretched across the island, drove in the enemy's pickets, and selected and intrenched a new advanced position, so close as to hold Hoke in force at that point; while Gen. Cox took two divisions of Schofield's corps, and made a rapid flank movement by land south-west of the city, driving the enemy everywhere before him. On the 22d, our forces entered Wilmington[4] in triumph; and Terry drove the Confederates in confusion across North-east River.

In the Seventh, Lieut. Austin of New Haven was wounded. Capt. Thompson reports, —

"I take pleasure in commending Adjutant Albert M. Holden, who performed his duties on this trying occasion with marked ability and courage. Adjutant Holden is a young officer of much promise, and deserves honorable mention for gallant and meritorious conduct in this as well as previous engagements. Justice to the deserving leads me also to commend the action of Lieut. Willard Austin of my command, who performed with greatest acceptance a most difficult and dangerous duty; being instructed by Gen. Abbott to advance with a detachment of men considerably beyond our main line, in order to draw the enemy's fire."

The Union losses had been slight, while the Confederates had lost at least a thousand killed, wounded, and prisoners;

[3] Chaplain Jacob Eaton wrote at this time in the Meriden Recorder, "Meriden is honored in the promotion of Seager S. Atwell to the position to which his gallantry, good conduct, and efficiency entitle him. He served with credit to himself, and with acceptance to his superior officers, in the three-months' campaign. He enlisted as a private soldier in Capt. Byxbee's company. He re-entered the service for three years as second lieutenant in Capt. Sanford's company of the Seventh. He has taken part in thirty battles and skirmishes, and has been slightly wounded three times. He has always borne himself with great coolness and credit under fire, and is beloved for his manly qualities and true benevolence. He commanded the Seventh in the fiercely-contested battle of Chaffin's Farm; and for his gallantry and good judgment in handling the regiment in that action was highly commended in a letter from Major-Gen. Terry. He is much esteemed by both the officers and enlisted men of his regiment; and we all rejoice in his promotion."

[4] The first Union flag raised in Wilmington was unfurled over his store by J. F. Neff, formerly of Rocky Hill. He had been expelled for his "Northern" sentiments, and returned in the fleet of Admiral Porter.

and, since Terry first landed above Fort Fisher, there had fallen into our hands two hundred and twelve pieces of artillery

Chaplain Jacob Eaton of the Seventh died on March 20 at his post, — one of the most fearless and devoted men the State furnished to the war. He was a graduate of Harford University in Pennsylvania, and of the Yale Theological School. His first and only pastorate was over the Hanover Congregational Church; and there he labored four years with zeal and much success. He was an earnest antislavery man; and, when the challenge of secession came, he saw that civilization on this continent was at stake. In September, 1861 (after Bull Run), he wrote on the records of his church, "The darkest hour has come. After mature reflection, I have asked of my people leave of absence for one year, that I may enlist in the grand army of freedom. May God be with those whom I shall leave behind! may he save me through his grace! and may he save our beloved country, our government, from anarchy and dissolution!" The leave was granted; and he immediately enlisted as a private in the Eighth. He shared the fortunes of the regiment at Roanoke Island and Newberne, and was promoted to a lieutenancy. He was wounded on the bloody field of Antietam, and resigned to recover from his injuries. Again he preached to his people, earnest in kindling brighter the fires of patriotism. But again the stir of battle was in his ears; his heart was at the front; and after preaching a year he again enlisted as a private in the Seventh, and was made chaplain. Here he did valiant service. For more than two years, through failing health, he still pressed on to do all that might be done for the brave men whom he had bound to himself as brothers in a common cause. His health was at last fatally impaired; and his friends besought him to resign, and save himself. No: he shared all the perils and exposures of the Fort-Fisher and Wilmington campaign, where new scenes opened before him, and new work taxed his strength. Our poor, starved, dying prisoners were brought in by thousands, and exchanged; and he could not see their sufferings unmoved.

Warned by a friend not to sacrifice himself, he said, "They ought to be and must be cared for by some one; and I will do all that lies in my power for the poor, emaciated, and helpless creatures." He died in their midst. Chaplain Eaton was a true soldier and a model chaplain. He was tender in sympathy, firm in conviction, bold and impulsive in action, and was respected as a man, and beloved as a friend, both at home and in the army. He fell with his armor on, in the midst of the strife, just as the day was breaking; but he saw the end by faith, and gave his life joyfully in exchange for the life of the republic.

The Eighth, Eleventh, Twenty-first, and Twenty-ninth still held the lines north of the James. Capt. William M. Pratt of Meriden was now lieutenant-colonel of the Eighth; and Capt. Charles M. Coit was again commissioned to be major, and again declined, as he had done the previous year. Lieut.-Col. Randall H. Rice had become colonel of the Eleventh; Major Charles Warren had succeeded him as lieutenant-colonel; and Capt. Henry J. McDonald of Danbury was commissioned major. All these officers had mounted, by their own merit, from the ranks.

On March 1, the Eleventh was formally presented, by Miss Julia A. Beach of Wallingford, with a stand of handsome and richly-wrought national colors, "in memory of the pure and valorous commander," Col. Griffin A. Stedman, killed before Petersburg. It bore upon its folds the names of eleven battles; and upon a silver ferrule was inscribed the memorial dedication.

Lieut.-Col. J. F. Brown, in command of the Twenty-first, thus reports an expedition in which his regiment was engaged at this time: "March 4, the 3d Brigade, in which my regiment still remained, was detached under command of Gen. S. H. Roberts, and, embarking at Deep Bottom, proceeded down the James, and up the Rappahannock River, as far as Fredericksburg, which we reached without opposition on the morning of the 7th. Here were captured a number of the enemy's scouts and pickets, and a large quantity of tobacco, cars, wagon-train, &c. After destroying such of the captured property as could not be brought away, the expedition

returned to Fortress Monroe, and thence proceeded on a raid into Westmoreland County, which was attended with few incidents of importance. Returning, *viâ* Point Lookout, we received orders to proceed up the York and Pamunkey Rivers to White House, which we reached on the 14th, and established a base of supplies for the command of Gen. Sheridan, who soon joined us. Waiting here a few days, we proceeded across the Chickahominy, *viâ* Harrison's Landing and Malvern Hill, and rejoined the Army of the James on the 25th."

In January, the Ninth and Thirteenth Battalions (reduced from regiments) were transferred from the Shenandoah Valley to the Department of the South, — headquarters at Savannah, which had been captured by the grand army of Sherman. On the 8th of March, the Thirteenth moved northward to Morehead City and Newberne to guard provisions to Sherman's army. Col. Blinn had resigned; and the battalion was commanded by Lieut.-Col. Homer B. Sprague. It now formed a part of the 10th Army Corps, commanded by Major-Gen. Terry. The Ninth remained in Savannah under command of Lieut.-Col. John G. Healy. Almost all of the other officers had resigned; Col. Thomas W Cahill leaving the service with the same rank he held at first, after three years of honorable and arduous service, two-thirds of the time in command of a brigade, and once leading a division in battle.

The Tenth remained in the trenches north of the James. Its field-officers were now Col. Edwin S. Greeley, Lieut.-Col. E. D. S. Goodyear, and Major Frank Hawkins of Derby.

Lieut. George Northrop of Bethel died at Fortress Monroe on Friday, March 11, of wounds. He was in the three-months' service, then enlisted in the Tenth, and re-enlisted. His commission reached him after he was prostrated with four wounds. He was a faithful, brave, and patriotic soldier, unspotted in character, honored and beloved throughout the regiment.

The Fourteenth was with the 2d Corps upon the left of Grant's line. Col. Theodore G. Ellis was still detained as a member of a general military court at Washington, organized by Judge-Advocate-General Holt. Capt. John C. Broatch

had been promoted to be major. The Thirtieth was also on the left flank.

The Twelfth battalion was at Summit Point, under Col. George N. Lewis and Lieut.-Col. Sidney E. Clark. Capt. L. A. Dickinson declined a major's commission. The Eighteenth had headquarters at Halltown; and the men were never more comfortably situated. Two companies were on detached duty at Duffield Station, and one company at Harper's Ferry. Lieut.-Col. Henry Peale was again in command of the regiment, after an unpleasant absence, and was a great favorite with the men. He labored zealously, and not in vain, to sustain the previous reputation of the regiment. Surgeon Lowell Holbrook was faithful and efficient in his department; and the sanitary condition of the regiment was never better.

The Fifteenth remained in the vicinity of Newberne. On Dec. 9, 1864, Col. Upham started at the head of a brigade of fifteen hundred men; the object of the expedition being to ford the Neuse River, and capture Kinston, and destroy the rebel ram lying in the river at that point; also to make a diversion in favor of an attempt by Grant to extend his left towards Weldon. The command started; but a heavy rain came on, swelled the river, and rendered a crossing impossible. Col. Upham drove the rebels from the crossings at Jackson's Creek; and, when the enemy advanced from Goldsborough, he retired to Newberne. The men suffered terribly; the cold storm terminating in freezing weather.

In February, several thousand recruits for Sherman's army arrived, and five hundred of them were temporarily assigned to the Fifteenth. By this time, the following members had left to accept commissions in colored regiments, — Henry G. Marshall, John B. Willett, George W Allen, George W Bunnell, Edwin A. Thorp, Edwin A. Kinney, Augustus Bodwell, John Hill, Richard K. Woodruff, Thomas Dunlap, jr.

Gen. Sherman[5] had learned before he started on his great march, that moderation in war is imbecility. He did not

[5] Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman is a descendant of the family to which the Revolutionary statesman, Roger M. Sherman, belonged. His grandfather, Hon. Taylor Sherman, was for a long time a judge in Connecticut; and his father, Hon. Charles R.

rest long at Savannah. He touched the ocean, received some necessary supplies, and began another campaign, equally memorable, through South and North Carolina, towards the center of the Confederate power.

The Fifth Connecticut was in the 1st Brigade of the 1st Division, and the Twentieth in the 3d Brigade of the 3d Division, 20th Corps. Henry W Daball had become colonel of the Fifth, and William S. Cogswell, major. The Twentieth was commanded by Lieut.-Col. P B. Buckingham.

The column left the vicinity of Savannah about the middle of January, and pushed northward in the face of difficulties which the rebels proclaimed to be insurmountable. During the first week, the Fifth was in charge of the supply-trains of the division. On Feb. 5, the Twentieth was deployed in line of battle; and, after brief skirmishing, the enemy retired precipitately, and the division bivouacked in line of battle. For six weeks, the army pressed forward, constantly menaced and harassed, but constantly advancing across swollen rivers, through almost impenetrable swamps and wide-growing rice-fields crossed by dikes and causeways, through the inland towns of Georgia and South Carolina; the soldiers foraging with peculiar unction after they crossed the boundaries of the fiery Palmetto State. In South Carolina, they reveled, indulging a terrible joy at the thought that the Rebellion was in its last gasp, and resolved to collect principal and interest of the debt long due to justice. The pestilent State was swept with a besom of flame; little was left that could be used; and tall blackened chimneys, where plantation-houses had been, became monuments to mark the track of the broad scourge. Every few miles, our army came upon long intrenchments of the enemy, which the occupants deserted, and the pursuers overran. Sometimes the men marched in cold and stiffening mud; sometimes they waded for miles through water a foot or

Sherman, was a lawyer, practicing in Norwalk. After the British desolated Fairfield County, the family removed to Ohio, and settled the town of Sherman. Judge Taylor Sherman was one of the original commissioners of the Fire Lands; and Charles R Sherman, during the last six years of his life, occupied a seat on the bench of the superior court of Ohio. He died in 1829; and of his eleven children Charles T., a prominent lawyer in Washington, was the eldest, William Tecumseh was the sixth, and Senator John Sherman the seventh.

two deep; sometimes they pushed on all day, many bare and sore feet tracking frozen ground. Sherman shared the hardships of his soldiers. "His staff is smaller than that of any brigade commander in the army. He has fewer servants and horses than the military regulations allow; his baggage is reduced to the smallest possible limit; he sleeps in a fly-tent like the rest of us, rejecting the effeminacy of a house; and the soldier in the ranks indulges in luxuries which his chief never sees."[6]

From every group of cabins and on every crossroad, the negroes came with their wild shouts of welcome. Uncouth but significant were their salutations, "Tank the Lord Almighty, Mister Sherman has come wid his company!" "I bin a prayin' fo' ye boys; de blessin' ob Jesus is on ye. I know'd ye'd come. Bress de Lord, you uns 'll have a place in heaben: you go dar, sure!" All the regiments were engaged from time to time in laying pontoon-bridges and corduroying the roads through swamps. By the middle of February, the head of the column struck Columbia; and Beauregard retreated northward, falsifying a thousand savage prophecies. Charleston had fallen, and the stars and stripes waved over Sumter. Again forward pushed the irresistible "iron-clads" into North Carolina.

Rev. Charles N. Lyman of Canton Center, chaplain of the Twentieth on this march, wrote, "For two or three days in succession, our march has been through pine-forests which were on fire, sending up huge masses of thick, black smoke, which the winds would take and waft into our faces, covering us all with a thick coat of lampblack; so that we appeared like a vast army of chimney-sweeps marching through the land. During this time also, we have known, like the apostle Paul, 'both what it was to abound, and to be in need.'"

On March 13, the 20th Corps crossed the Cape-Fear River; and next morning the Twentieth Connecticut was out upon a reconnoissance, the enemy being reported in front. After marching five miles, the command was divided; Lieut.-Col. Buckingham taking three regiments, and advancing towards

[6] Nichols's Story of the Great March.

Raleigh, while the rest of the force turned off to the right. Buckingham pushed on five miles farther, and drove the rebel skirmishers and a pieee of artillery into works, where they made a stand. Having exhausted instructions, Col. Buckingham rejoined his brigade, and marched back to eamp that night. During this expedition, Capt. Ezra Sprague commanded the regiment. Lieut. Edward J. Murray of New Britain, a promising young officer lately promoted from sergeant, was severely wounded in the thigh on the skirmish-line.

It now beeame evident that the Confederates were eoncentrating in front. Kilpatrick had a sharp fight with Wade Hampton, in whieh he wrested victory from defeat, and swept the field. Sherman had eommunicated with Terry, who now commanded the 10th Corps at Wilmington, and who started immediately northward to join the great expedition at Goldsborough. Sherman's men felt the approaehing battle. They knew of it by a sort of military instinct, as soldiers always foresee a fight. When they stopped at night, they threw up a slight breastwork against the menaee. Rebel infantry and eavalry now pressed everywhere in front.

On March 16, the enemy was found in line of battle near Averyborough. The 1st Division of the 20th Corps was in the advance. The Fifth Connectieut relieved a foree of cavalry, and dashed forward to the rebel works. The fighting was severe; but the Confederates were driven from their position, and they retired to heavier intrenehments in the rear. The Twentieth was also sharply engaged at this point, the 3d Division having hurried forward to partieipate. Both regiments were deployed as skirmishers along the advaneed front, and eontinued under fire until after dark. The enemy was defeated at all points; and many prisoners and some guns were captured. The Fifth had lost four killed, eleven wounded, and eleven missing. Among the killed was First Lieut. James P. Henderson. He had but recently been promoted, and, during his brief eareer as an officer, had proved himself fully worthy of the position he filled at the time of his death.

Surgeon Andrew J. Gilson of Bridgeport wrote of him,

"He had recently been promoted from orderly sergeant to first lieutenant, and recommended for captain. He was generous, brave, and noble-hearted, gallant, and patriotic. When assured by me that his wound was mortal, and that he could not live but a few moments, he turned to me, and said, 'Tell my mother I die like a soldier.' He had become endeared to me. I had learned to respect him and to love him, and now I am called to mourn him." The Twentieth lost two (Sergeant Seymour N. Smith and John Gossman) killed, and nineteen wounded. Of the latter, three died, among whom was Lieut. Wellington Barry of Haddam. Adjutant C. Myron Talcott of New Britain, and Lieut. W H. H. Johnson of New Haven, were wounded, the latter severely

Next morning, the march was resumed; Johnston having fallen back on Bentonville. On the 19th, he massed his forces, and made a vigorous assault on Sherman's exposed left, held by Slocum. The Fifth Connecticut went into position, and constructed works, but was not engaged. The Twentieth was called to participate. Lieut.-Col. Buckingham reported, "We were ordered to advance, and relieve a brigade of the 14th Corps, supposed to be in our immediate front. The regiment advanced with the brigade-line through the woods for twenty or thirty rods, then across a swamp, when we emerged into an open wood of heavy pine-timber; and some twenty rods from the swamp was a thick growth of underbrush directly in our front. After moving forward nearly to the edge of the heavy pine-forest, we received a tremendous volley from the enemy (whose lines lay concealed not more than a dozen rods from us, behind the underbrush), which we immediately returned.

"Our line was established, and held till after dark without assistance. Although the enemy brought up another line of battle against us, and made the most determined efforts to drive us from the field, yet the men stood as firm as a rock, never flinching under the murderous fire, or giving an inch of ground. Soon after dark, the enemy retired, leaving his dead and many of his wounded in our hands; when we threw up a temporary line of works, and bivouacked on

the battle-field, after assisting in removing our dead and wounded.

"The regiment in this engagement, remarkable both for the obstinacy with which the rebels fought and for the terrible fire which they maintained, kept its reputation for courage and valor, which it had already established on many a hard-fought battle-field."

The regiment had lost ten killed and thirty wounded. Among the slain were Sergeant Edward W Stanwood, and Corporals Abner C. Smith and Elliott W Nettleton. During the battles of the succeeding days, the Connecticut regiments were not engaged. Terry with the 10th Corps had now come up.

Schofield had gone to Newberne, whence he advanced, March 6, with the 23d Corps, on Kinston and Goldsborough. Gen. Edward Harland commanded a division on the right. The Fifteenth Connecticut was divided into two battalions, under Lieut.-Col. Tolles and Major E. W Osborn, and was in a brigade commanded by Col. Charles L. Upham. This brigade was placed in the advance, on the Dover Road, to the left. The road most of the way lay through swamps, and was heavily blockaded by felled trees, which had to be cut through to allow the passage of the artillery and trains. Of the disaster that befell the Fifteenth, Col. Upham gives the following account in his report: —

"No enemy was found until near South-west Creek, when it was evident that they intended to dispute the passage of that stream; and held the crossings with artillery and infantry well intrenched. About two, P.M., of the 7th, I was ordered to the left to relieve a portion of the 2d Brigade, 1st Division, then at Jackson's Mills. Arriving there, Companies A and I of the 1st Battalion were deployed as skirmishers; the remainder of the battalion furnishing the supports and the picket-line connecting with the troops on our right, three-fourths of a mile distant. The other brigades of our division went into camp at Wise's Forks, a mile and a half in our rear. Our left was covered by cavalry, who were directed to picket as far as the Upper-Trent Road, which

would preclude the possibility of the enemy's passing our left unknown to us. There were occasional firings on both sides, from artillery and on the skirmish-line, until dark. During the night, the skirmish-line, under Lieut.-Col. Tolles, was pushed forward to within one hundred yards of the enemy's works, and intrenched. About ten, A.M., of the 8th, the enemy opened upon us with artillery, which was returned by our guns; and the skirmishers became briskly engaged. Receiving information that a body of the enemy were moving upon a road on our left, I ordered the 27th Massachusetts Volunteers into the woods to our left, forming across the British Road, with skirmishers thrown out on both flanks. About noon, the enemy made a sudden and impetuous attack upon the 27th Massachusetts. Directing that the 2d Battalion of the Fifteenth change front to meet it, and the artillery report to me at the crossing of the British Road, I proceeded in that direction, and found the enemy to have possession of that part of the field; and, advancing rapidly, gained the roads, thereby preventing communications with Lieut.-Col. Tolles and Major Osborn. At the same time, the enemy advanced on our right, and, cutting our picket-line in two, almost completely surrounded the troops, who were soon compelled to surrender. The only [line] officer escaping was Lieut. Charles F Bowman, who with a few men ran the gantlet of a hot fire to make their escape. From an aide-de-camp of Gen. Bragg, who was present on the 8th, and afterward taken prisoner, I learn that the rear attack was made by Hoke's (rebel) division, six thousand strong."

About nine hundred men were captured.

The Fifteenth did not surrender without an earnest struggle; and in this fell some of its noblest officers and men. Major Osborn was struck down at the head of his battalion, receiving a wound that proved mortal. Capt. Julius Bassett dropped upon the skirmish-line, — a bullet through his body from hip to hip. Lieut. E. W Bishop fell in the midst of the fight. Capt. George W White, Capt. Robert O. Bradley, and others, were also wounded. No official list of casualties was published; but it is estimated that at least a hundred of the regiment were killed or wounded. Corporals

Matthew Brown, F Phillips, G. W Manville, and Charles Beardsley were killed.

Major Eli Walter Osborn was born in New Haven, and was thirty years old at the time of his death. At an early age, he had a fondness for military life, and was with difficulty dissuaded from entering at West Point. He was for several years captain of the "Grays;" and at all times was an enthusiastic and active member of that popular organization, which he commanded at the first battle of Bull Run, in the Second Regiment, Col. Terry. When the Fifteenth, or "Lyon Regiment," was formed, he accepted the position of major, in which capacity he had nearly served out the three years of enlistment. His equable and generous temperament, his unselfishness, and his kindly manner, joined with high manly attributes, attracted the love and confidence of his comrades; and his death was sincerely mourned by the brave men who had known him in battle and bivouac. He was on detached service when the regiment moved to battle, and applied for and obtained leave to join his command. He died at Danville, after being one month in the hands of the enemy.

Capt. Bassett of Meriden died on the field. He was a son of Jared Bassett, and was born in Humphreysville in 1818. His educational advantages were limited; but he studied industriously, and became a ready writer and speaker. He early developed the characteristics which marked his manhood, — an unbending will, great courage, utter truthfulness, strong personal attachments, and hatred of cant and affectation. In 1862, he raised a company in Meriden, and led it in the Fifteenth, and was the senior captain in the regiment at the time of his death.

Lieut. Edwin W Bishop of New Haven died ten days after the battle, in the hands of the enemy. Private Enoch E. Rogers of Orange says of him, "His genial, jovial nature, and kind treatment of the men, made him a universal favorite in the regiment."

The prisoners were marched to Kinston, thence taken by cars to Goldsborough, thence to Weldon. The officers went to Libby Prison. The enlisted men were marched around

the State a few weeks, and then exchanged, and sent to Annapolis.

The portion of the regiment not captured — a hundred men in the aggregate, including Company K absent from the fight — was under Col. Upham in the succeeding action of the 10th, where the assault of the enemy was repulsed most signally. Subsequently, when Kinston was captured, the Fifteenth was a part of the provost-guard.

Lieut. William A. Bowns of New Haven, acting-quartermaster, was killed by an accident on May 21. Endeavoring to get on board a railroad-train at Newberne, his foot slipped, and the cars ran over both his legs. He was a capable officer, and was buried in New Haven with military honors.

Schofield advanced successfully on Kinston, and thence to Goldsborough, where his corps and Terry's joined the army of Sherman. Gen. Harland was left in command of the post at Kinston; and when the war was ended he resigned, after more than four years of trying and constant service in the field.

The Sixteenth, as has been seen, suffered a long, dismal, terrible imprisonment. The remnant that escaped capture remained on Roanoke Island under Capt. Barnum, re-inforced now and then by a few officers, or a squad of men exchanged. Lieut.-Col. John H. Burnham was exchanged during August of 1864; and about the 1st of September he started for his command, and on the 9th was recaptured while on the steamer Fawn, passing through the Chesapeake and Albemarle Canal, and in sight of the steamer that ran to Roanoke Island. The rebel force consisted of seventy men. The colonel was soon after again paroled. During December, the detachment of the Sixteenth proceeded to Plymouth, and went thence on an expedition to Foster's Mills, about ten miles; destroying the mills and a large quantity of grain, and returning with various spoil. In March, when Schofield moved out from Newberne, the detachment evacuated the snug camp on Roanoke, and went across to the city, where it was quartered as provost-guard until the end of the Rebellion.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Spring of 1865. — The Beginning of the End. — Petersburg. — Rebel Assault on Fort Stedman. — Repulse. — Service of the First Connecticut Artillery. — The Second Artillery and the Fourteenth on the Left. — The Tenth and Thirtieth. — The First Cavalry at Five Forks. — The Tenth at Fort Gregg. — Unsurpassed Gallantry. — Advance of the Whole Line. — Lee evacuates Petersburg and Richmond. — The Retreat and Pursuit. — First Cavalry at Sailor's Creek. — Lee surrounded. — The Surrender. — In North Carolina. — The Capitulation of Johnston's Army.

VERY sign was ominous of the speedy downfall of the Confederacy, when in March, 1865, Grant and Sherman met President Lincoln at City Point; and the three chiefs decided to launch the final blows fast and heavy, and make short work of it.

Before the middle of the month, Lee had determined to abandon Richmond and Petersburg. The Union lines had been constantly strengthened, while his own army had become weaker and weaker every month. Moreover, his right was hard pressed by Warren and Hancock, who had gradually extended their works so near the Cox and Boydton roads as to make them unsafe as a line of retreat.

In this dilemma, Lee ordered a sudden and impetuous assault on Fort Stedman near the Appomattox (where the gallant Gen. Stedman had fallen); hoping thereby at least to relieve his menaced right. On March 25, the blow was struck. The system of fortifications to be attacked consisted of a series of field-works, each capable of containing a battery of artillery and an infantry garrison of two or three hundred men. These works were closed at the gorge; well protected with abatis and palisading; supplied with numerous bomb-proofs; and placed, at intervals of about six hundred yards,

on such ground as to sweep the line in front with artillery-fire. They were connected by strong infantry parapets, and had obstructions in front. Gen. Abbot of the First thus reported the situation, "Hare Hill was located near the right of our Petersburg line, about a mile from the Appomattox River. It was protected by Fort Stedman, with Battery No. 10 on its right, and Batteries Nos. 11 and 12 on its left. The next work, closed at the gorge on the side of the Appomattox River, was Battery No. 9, situated near the foot of the hill. The next work on the left of Hare Hill and its collection of batteries was Fort Haskell, situated on another hill, with a small creek between. Fort Stedman was one of the weakest and most ill-conditioned works of the line; being unprotected by abatis in rear; being masked on its right — just in rear of Battery No. 10 — by numerous bomb-proofs, rendered necessary by the terrible fire which habitually took place in this vicinity; and being only about two hundred yards distant from the enemy's main line. The parapet had settled greatly during the winter; and, in fine, the work was much exposed to sudden assault. Company K, First Connecticut Artillery, served mortar batteries in Batteries 9 and 10; and Company L of the same regiment, in Battery 12 and in Fort Haskell."

Fort Stedman was commanded by Major Randall of the 14th New-Jersey Artillery, acting as infantry with a light battery. Batteries 8 and 9 were commanded by Lieut. Azro Drown of East Haddam; Battery 10 by Capt. John M. Twiss of Hartford; Batteries 11 and 12 by Lieut. Robert Lewis of East Berlin — all of the First Connecticut. The 9th Corps was in the rear as supports.

At about four o'clock, A.M., three divisions of the enemy, under Gen. Gordon, made a desperate and well-arranged attack upon these defenses. It was a complete surprise, and was successful. Their columns simultaneously swept over the parapet between Stedman and Battery 9, over Battery 10 and over Battery 11, joined in rear of the fort, and carried it almost without opposition. From that time to daylight, a hand-to-hand fight raged among the bomb-proofs, and on the flanks of the enemy's position. As the rebels swarmed over

the parapet of Battery No. 10, First Lieut. John Odell of New London shouted out, "Fall in to the guns, boys!" when a rebel shot him dead. He was a young officer, and noted for his bravery and good soldierly qualities, much loved and respected by all. Gen Abbot says, "Lieut. Odell was a natural soldier; possessed of bravery of the highest character, enthusiastic devotion to duty, and a fine power of command over men. He died as he would have wished, with his face to the enemy, bravely rallying his men to meet overwhelming odds." "It was so dark that a man could hardly distinguish friend from foe, and the enemy had nearly gained possession of the batteries before the men knew of the movement. At one time, the rebels were firing part of the mortars in Battery No. 10, and our men firing the rest. The enemy made a spirited charge on Batteries 8 and 9; but Lieut. Drown used his mortars with such effect, that they had to retreat, losing heavily. At one time, the rebels were within two hundred yards of Battery No. 9, and five hundred yards of Battery No. 8. Their loss at this point was very heavy, while our loss was slight." [1]

Gen. Abbot reported, "The Confederates assaulted Fort Haskell again and again, but failed to carry it or Battery No. 9. As soon as the light would admit, all my own artillery from Batteries 4, 5, 8, 9, and Fort Haskell, and all the light artillery which Gen. Tidball, chief of artillery, 9th Corps, could concentrate upon the position, opened and maintained a terrible fire upon the enemy. No re-inforcements could join him from his own line, owing to this fire. His captured position was entailing deadly loss upon him. Our reserves were rapidly assembling; and finally, about eight, A.M., they made a gallant charge, which resulted in the recovery of our works, of all our artillery (even including my Coehorn mortars), and in the capture of over eighteen hundred prisoners. The following extracts from the rebel papers show the effects of our artillery-fire. 'It was found that the inclosed works in the rear, commanding the enemy's main line, could only be taken at a great sacrifice.' 'The enemy massed his artillery so heavily in the neighboring forts, and

[1] Narrative of Private Walter F. Sage of Berlin.

was enabled to pour such a terrible enfilading fire upon our ranks, that it was deemed best to withdraw.' 'The enemy enfiladed us from right and left in the captured works to such an extent, that we could no longer hold them without the loss of many men,' &c."

"The rebels did not have time to spike or otherwise harm any of the guns or mortars. They now commenced retreating towards their own lines; but this was not so easy a matter for them, as some of our forces had got between them and their lines. Now commenced the real work of the fight. Our troops charged them, and they broke and scattered like sheep. They finally succeeded in their escape, but with only a remnant of their forces. A heavy and continuous fire was kept up on their columns as they retreated, doing great execution."[2]

Gen. Abbot continues: "The loss in the two companies of the First Artillery was heavy, amounting to sixty-five men. Company L, after bravely fighting in Battery No. 12 (open at the gorge) until nearly surrounded, was then marched by Lieut. Lewis, commanding, to Fort Haskell, where it participated in the gallant defense of that work. When the charge was made to recover our lines, this company was the first to re-enter Battery No. 12; capturing one lieutenant and twelve privates of the 26th Georgia, with their battle-flag. The latter was taken by Private G. E. McDonald, who has received a medal of honor for its capture. Lieut. Lewis deserves great credit for handsomely commanding his company. He speaks in high terms of Lieut. Ansel H. Couch of Danbury, and Sergeant James B. McNamara of Killingworth, for coolness and decision during the engagement. Lieut. W H. H. Bingham of East Haddam, commanding a detachment of the company permanently stationed in Fort Haskell, also merits commendation. I have received a letter from Capt. J. M. Deane, 29th Massachusetts Veteran Volunteers, written to call attention to the gallant conduct of Private James T. Murphy of Company L, who volunteered to serve a light gun in Fort Haskell when its officer and all but two of its detachment were killed or wounded, and the gun was

[2] Narrative of Private Walter F. Sage of Berlin.

silenced. Private Murphy served at the piece with gallantry during the rest of the fight. The loss of the company was two enlisted men killed, five wounded, and thirteen missing.[3] The portion of Company K stationed in Battery No. 10 suffered severely. Capt. Twiss was wounded, and Lieut. Odell killed, while gallantly fighting against overwhelming odds. The command of the company devolving on Lieut. James H. Casey of East Haven, he bravely led the remnant forward with the charging column, and recovered his mortars. The loss of the company was one officer and four enlisted men killed, one officer and two enlisted men wounded, and thirty-six enlisted men missing. Lieut. Drown, commanding a detachment of the company in Battery No. 9, served his pieces with skill, causing great havoc among the columns of the enemy, distant about two hundred yards. Lieut. Frank D. Bangs of Derby, with Company E in Battery 5, maintained a well-directed fire upon the enemy in Fort Stedman, although himself subjected to a very severe concentric fire from the batteries around him. One shell exploded in the magazine, killing Private James Smith, but, fortunately, not igniting the barrels of powder."

Capt. William C. Faxon of Stonington, commanding in Fort Avery, Lieut. H. D. Patterson of Naugatuck, commanding in Fort Morton, and Sergeant Collins Richmond of Glastenbury, commanding in Battery No. 8, are mentioned for creditable participation in the fight.

The Third Connecticut Battery, Capt. Thomas S. Gilbert of Derby, occupied the following fortifications: Craig, two guns, Lieut. Henry Middlebrook commanding; Lewis O. Morris, two guns, Lieut. Nelson B. Gilbert commanding; Gould, two guns, Lieut. William C. Beecher commanding; Porter, two guns, Lieut. Richard E. Hayden commanding. Capt. Gilbert was instructed by Gen. Benham to hold all the redoubts in readiness to open fire in case the enemy made an irrup-

[3] "Two men of Company L, seeing that the guns of Battery Haskell were silent, took sole possession of the battery, and commenced firing one of the guns. They kept up a fire on the rebels all through the action; firing in all one hundred and twenty-five shots. When it is considered that it takes six men to work a gun, the difficulty of this feat will be seen. Their names are James Murphy and William Huntington, the latter from Hartford." — *Narrative of Private W. F. Sage.*

tion through our main lines, and attempted to destroy our base of supplies.

When the assault was made, the brigade which included the Second Connecticut Artillery was hurriedly aroused, and moved to the point of danger, three miles to the right; but by the time it arrived the works had been recaptured, and it marched back.

Lee's assault had not only been wholly unsuccessful, but had entailed a loss of at least four thousand men in killed, wounded, and captured, — a loss which he could illy afford. Moreover, its effect upon his right had been just the reverse of what he had anticipated: instead of recoiling, Grant had sprung suddenly forward upon the left, crowding his antagonist still nearer to the Appomattox.

When the Second Artillery was recalled from the right, instead of returning to camp, it was sent directly against the enemy's weakened front. Capt. Theodore F. Vaill wrote, "We were immediately marched to the front of Fort Fisher, the largest work on the Petersburg line, and about a mile west of our camp, and there formed near the right of the line of attack, composed of the 1st and 2d Divisions of our corps, except such parts as were on picket, or in support of batteries. We had about one hundred men on picket that day in front of the camp. The attack was made at half-past four, P.M.; and little trouble was experienced in accomplishing our object. The rebel picket-line was captured almost entire; and our own line was established a long distance in advance of its original position. The detail on picket had its share in the work and success of the day; occupying the rebel pits that night, and capturing more than their numbers in prisoners. The regiment was relieved at midnight, and returned to camp."

The loss of the regiment during the engagement was five killed and sixteen wounded. Among the killed was Sergeant-Major E. Goodwin Osborn, shot through the heart; and among the wounded were Capt. Vaill, severely, in the thigh, and Lieut. Admatha Bates in the foot.

The Fourteenth had participated in the advance still farther to the left. Lieut.-Col. S. A. Moore, commanding, re-

ported as follows: "I have the honor to report, that, upon the 25th instant, I was detailed by Gen. William Hayes, commanding the 2d Division, 2d Corps, to take a force of five hundred men, and make a demonstration near the left of the line held by the corps, for the purpose of drawing the attention of the enemy from movements which were taking place farther to the right. The regiments assigned to me for this purpose were the Fourteenth Connecticut, the 12th New-Jersey, and 69th and 106th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

"On our way out to the picket-line, several shells were thrown at the column by the enemy, without, however, doing any harm. Upon reaching the picket-line near the Armstrong House, I deployed four companies of the Fourteenth as skirmishers, under the command of Capt. Murdock. One company, under Lieut. Russell, was also deployed upon the left as flankers. The remainder of the command being formed in line of battle, we advanced for about half a mile, most of the way through thick woods; when we found an intrenched skirmish-line of the enemy strongly posted on the opposite side of Hatcher's Run.

"We attacked them; but for a time it seemed impossible for the men to ford the run, it being wide and deep, and the trees from both banks being felled into the stream, so that their branches presented a very serious obstacle to crossing. At length, however, our skirmishers effected a passage, capturing the enemy's works, with about seventy prisoners, one of whom was a commissioned officer. Another commissioned officer was taken at a house about half a mile farther on. At about eleven o'clock, P.M., the object for which we were sent out having been accomplished, we returned to camp, after having destroyed the bridge across the run."

The casualties of the regiment were six wounded, — Lieut. John T. Bradley severely in the arm, and Sergeant Russell Glenn severely in the breast. Capt. William Murdock of Middletown, Capt. J. Frank Morgan of Middletown, and Adjutant William B. Hincks of Bridgeport, received complimentary mention. Like all the other line-officers of the regiment they had been promoted from the ranks.

The following enlisted men distinguished themselves, being

the first to cross the run under a heavy fire; some of them wading in water up to their necks: —

Sergeant Russell Glenn, Sergeant Everett L. Dudley, Corporal Hiram H. Fox, Privates Pierce Barron, Edward Riley, George W Smith, Patrick Moore, James Kerns, George W. Sanford, and Pierre Morell.

On the 27th of March, two divisions of the 24th Corps, including the Tenth Connecticut under Lieut.-Col. E. D. S. Goodyear, and the Thirtieth (colored) under Col. Henry C. Ward, crossed the James to Bermuda Hundred, and the Appomattox at Point of Rocks, and pushed around to the left of the army. On the 30th, about noon, they advanced with the army, closing in upon the right of Lee. The Fourteenth was also in this movement. The rain was falling heavily; and roads and streams were flooded. Three hundred and fifty men of the Tenth were detailed for picket, under Capt. Henry A. Peck of Bristol. Brisk skirmishing ensued all day; and the reserves slept on their arms at night behind a log breastwork.

The Tenth was destined to important service within the next three days. On the morning of the 31st, the regiment advanced with the brigade, and after a severe skirmish drove the enemy within his works. It pressed forward to a point within four hundred yards of the hostile fortifications, and was constantly engaged until dark. Its losses during the day were Capt. George H. Brown, killed at the head of his company; Lieut. Julius Neidhart and eight enlisted men wounded.

Intrenchments were now commenced; and before three o'clock, A.M., a formidable line of defense, without abatis, stretched along the front, rifle-pits being also dug for the pickets. The posts of the latter were thirty yards in advance of the main line, and on the edge of a deep ravine, the opposite side of which was occupied by the enemy. The position was such as to render any further direct advance impracticable without a severe engagement; but the command was shortly turned out under arms, and ordered to the left of the brigade, to follow the 11th Maine. During some delay of that regiment, the rebels charged our outposts; and

the Tenth was advanced again to the works, where it arrived just as the enemy came to the opposite side of the parapet. A short but sharp fight took place on the parapet of the work, which resulted in a complete repulse of the enemy, who was compelled to fall back in confusion. The picket-line, which had been driven in, was promptly re-established; and the enemy was forced back to his old position with severe loss. The casualties in the Tenth were only one enlisted man killed and five wounded; while it had inflicted severe loss on the enemy, and captured fifty prisoners. During the day, an attempt was made to strengthen the line of works, and construct abatis; but, as the working-parties suffered severely from the enemy's sharpshooters, it was deemed best to discontinue the work until after dark, at which time the line was materially strengthened, and a good abatis constructed in front.

On the same day, April 1, Sheridan fought the great battle and won the decisive victory of Five Forks. The First Connecticut Cavalry was here heavily engaged. At sunrise, the regiment started out under Col. Brayton Ives, with Custer's division. The force was dismounted, and advanced against the enemy. The Confederates retired slowly until they reached that junction of roads known as Five Forks, where they made a desperate stand. The First was on the extreme right of the division. About noon, the regiment halted, in line of battle, at a ravine in a narrow belt of woods, just in front of which lay a broad open field, and beyond that a large peach-orchard with its trees in full bloom. Every thing was quiet; not a shot had been fired for some time. The enemy was near, and maintained a suspicious silence. In a few minutes, one of Custer's staff dashed up in front of the 3d New-Jersey, which was on the left, and shouted, "There's a rebel battery over in that orchard, entirely unsupported!" The Jerseymen gave a shout, and dashed ahead pell-mell. Col. Ives restrained the First; but they were clamorous to charge.

Col. Ives says, "Officers and men entreated me by looks and words to allow them to go forward; and I think I was persuaded by Capt. Parmelee. I sat on my horse near him;

and I never shall forget his eagerness to advance, nor the appealing look he gave me. Unable to resist longer, I cried, 'Forward!' and with a yell the First Connecticut charged 'on the run.' But no sooner had we reached the outer edge of the woods than the peaceful-looking peach-orchard assumed a different character. The bright pink blossoms were blown into the air by bullets, shells, canister, and grape-shot. Every man who had gone into the open field was shot down. Fortunately, another staff-officer rode up with an order for the line to retire. Just at this moment, a shell struck Capt. Parmelee in the breast, killing him instantly."

In his official report, Col. Ives gives an account of the succeeding battle, "During the afternoon, our line charged the enemy's breastworks three successive times. Twice we were repulsed. The thick woods, the long march, the lack of rations (we had been without food for thirty-six hours), the heavy and incessant fire to which we were exposed, all united to test severely the bravery and discipline of our troops. But they bore all without flinching, and charged for the third time so vigorously, that the rebels threw down their arms, and fled or surrendered. In addition to many prisoners taken by the First Connecticut at this time, two guns were captured by Major Leonard P Goodwin and Lieut. Aaron S. Lanfare. These were the only pieces of artillery taken by Custer's division in the battle of Five Forks. After a short pursuit of the flying enemy, we went into bivouac for the night."

The regiment had lost one of its most valued officers in Capt. Uriah N. Parmelee. He was a native of Guilford, and entered Yale at the age of eighteen. Rev. H. H. Murray, a college-mate of the deceased, says of him, "I always regarded him as the most promising of all my friends of his age. His scholarship was good, his reading had been varied and extensive, his memory tenacious, his understanding clear. His mind was of a high order. His candor and love of truth were remarkable. I do not think he *could* equivocate." But he asked, "What is knowledge worth to me without a country?" and in his junior year he left college, and volunteered in the New-York 6th Cavalry. He was an orderly

to Gen. John C. Caldwell at Chancellorsville, and received the rare compliment of the following mention: —

"I can not close my report without at least a passing notice of my orderly, Corporal U. N. Parmelee. When a new regiment (148th New-York) broke under the first deadly fire, he rendered efficient and timely service in rallying the men, and urging them on. I think him worthy of promotion, both for his gallantry and other high qualities."

In the spring of 1864, Gov. Buckingham commissioned him second lieutenant in the First; and he was promoted, over all intermediate officers, to be captain, for gallantry at Ashland. In October, 1864, his squadron, while on picket, was surrounded by a brigade of rebels, and compelled to surrender. The captain was abused; robbed of money, clothing, and even of personal effects of no use to his captors; and forced to march barefoot over a stony road for many miles: but he succeeded in two days, by his adroitness and pluck, in effecting an escape, and rejoined the regiment to enter more heartily into the work than ever.

Col. Ives wrote of him subsequently, "His body was carried to the rear, and laid under a tree till after the battle, when the men buried it; placing a wreath of flowers upon the grave, and marking the spot with a head-board, upon which was written the name and rank of the deceased. Without injustice to any of the faithful officers who followed me through that severe closing campaign, and without undue laudation of the dead, I can say that I regarded Capt. Parmelee as the most valuable line-officer in my regiment. We all loved him; and our hearts were sad that pleasant Sunday morning as we marched past his grave in pursuit of the flying enemy."

Sheridan, by a most rapid and skillful combination, had surrounded the Confederates at Five Forks, beaten them, and captured more than five thousand. At midnight, a terrific cannonade was opened by the First Connecticut Artillery from all the guns bearing on the enemy; and Grant ordered a simultaneous advance on the morning of the 2d, by the corps of Wright, Parke, and Ord. At one point, the rebels were to make a most stubborn resistance, — in the vicinity of Fort Gregg, which inclosed the Weldon Railroad.

Early in the morning of the 2d, Lieut.-Col. Goodyear, commanding the Tenth, was directed to strengthen his skirmish-line, and make a demonstration in connection with the skirmishers of the 11th Maine and 100th New-York upon the enemy's works in front, for the purpose of ascertaining the strength of the enemy. The advance was immediately made, but was met by so destructive a fire from the enemy's line of battle, that farther advance of the skirmish-line in that direction was impossible. At about nine o'clock, the brigade was moved by direction of Brig.-Gen. Foster towards the right, leaving the skirmish-line in position. A march of less than two hours brought the command in sight of a formidable line of earthworks, defended by two lines of palisading and abatis. Beyond and in sight of these fortifications, the inner defenses on the right of Petersburg were visible; the tall spires of the city looming up in the background. In front of the inner line, and equidistant from each other, were inclosed forts armed with artillery, and the parapet manned with strong lines of infantry. From these works, the enemy commenced shelling our men as they advanced to take their position in front. The Tenth was deployed in line of battle on the right of the brigade. A portion of the 11th Maine Volunteers were deployed as skirmishers; and, the skirmishers of the 1st and 4th Brigades being in position, the order to advance was given, and the enemy was driven within his works. The 1st and 4th Brigades being in line, and connecting, Gen. Foster ordered the works in front to be carried by assault.

Capt. Francis G. Hickerson, commanding the Tenth after the engagement, thus reports, "The Tenth, supported by the 100th New-York, advanced in quick time to the assault of the work in its front (Fort Gregg). It was a completely inclosed work, stockaded in rear, with loop-holes for musketry through the stockade, and manned by a full garrison with two pieces of artillery. The regiment arriving at a distance of four hundred yards from the works, the troops, taking the double-quick, pushed on without a halt, under one of the most terrific fires of musketry and artillery ever witnessed. Many of our brave men went down; but the fort

was reached without faltering. Lieut.-Col. Goodyear fell severely wounded in the face and shoulder, while gallantly leading his men in the charge; and, although wounded early in the engagement, he would not allow himself to be carried to the rear, but remained where he fell until the fort was surrendered. The flag of Connecticut was the first on the parapet; and a desperate hand-to-hand fight took place there for the possession of the fort, lasting from twenty-five to thirty minutes. A portion of the 1st Brigade arriving about this time, our line entirely inclosed the fort; but the garrison, although surrounded, still refused to surrender, and continued to defend the work; while from Fort Baldwin a destructive fire was poured in upon the backs of such of our men as were exposed in that direction. Further re-inforcements, however, coming up at this juncture, the fort was at last surrendered.

"The record of modern warfare rarely shows a more desperate encounter than that upon the parapet of Fort Gregg. Union and rebel soldiers were found dead in each other's grasp. Thirteen rebels were found inside the fort, killed by bayonet-thrust; and scores were wounded by the same weapon. The new State colors, never before in a fight, were pierced by twenty-three bullets, while the staff was struck three times."

Chaplain Trumbull wrote of the assault and the attendant casualties, —

"The blue flag of Connecticut was the first on the parapet of the fort. Nothing very strange in that! The Tenth maintained its former good name in the hand-to-hand struggle; losing well-nigh one-half of all it sent in, but never lowering its flag for an instant, or giving back an inch once gained. Col. Greeley being at the North, Lieut.-Col. E. D. S. Goodyear — well known as from North Haven — was in command. Cheering the men by encouraging words and courageous bearing, he led them across the plain in the face of the deadly fire of grape, canister, and musketry, until he was struck in the face, and knocked down by a glancing bullet. Rallying again, he once more pressed forward; but the second time he fell, wounded severely by a shot through the shoulder; and during the remainder of the engagement he lay near the ditch, watching with closest interest the progress of the fight, and feeling just pride in his brave boys who were doing their work so nobly. Capt. J. H. Lindsley of Northford was wounded, as twice before, having a ball in his hip, and narrow escapes from three bullets which passed through his clothing. Capt. Brainard Smith of Milford was shot through the body, and died on his way to hospital. Coming out

as a private, Capt. Smith had worked his way up to the command of a company, and was a gallant officer of character and promise. Lieut. Walter P. Hovey of North Haven was hit in the leg by a grape-shot. Lieut. Julius Neidhart of New Haven lost his left leg. Lieut. Edward L. Smith of Branford received three wounds; one in the head, and two in the left arm. Other officers who escaped injury were not less exposed or courageous than those whose wounds testify to their valor.

"Neither were officers the only brave ones. There were many enlisted men whose deeds were worthy of special mention and praise. When Sergeant Smith dropped exhausted on the march, the State colors were taken by Corporal Charles E. Northrup, and carried on in the charge until he fell wounded in the shoulder. Corporal Northrup is of Darien, a patriotic young soldier of a patriotic household. His father and older brother both died in the service; the former while a prisoner in the gloomy stockade at Columbia, S.C. The care of his widowed mother's household thus devolving on this son, application was made for his discharge from the army, which would have been doubtless speedily successful; but, the battle coming on, he would not leave his post, and was stricken down while pressing forward in the extreme advance.

"Young George Phillips, a New-Haven boy, was also conspicuous. He is but nineteen now, yet he has been nearly three years in service. He was twice taken out of the army by his father on the score of his age; but the third time he managed to stay in. He was made a corporal, and put on the color-guard. When Corporal Northrup was wounded, Corporal Phillips took the State colors, and pressed forward in the advance. Into the ditch, through the water, up the steep bank, on to the top of the parapet, he made his way; and there he stood a target for rebel bullets, holding up the flag, and counting his life as nothing in its defense. The new flag, never before in a fight, had twenty-six bullet-holes in it, and three more were in its staff. Young Phillips was made a sergeant before he left the field that day. Has he not won his chevrons fairly? When questioned about it, and praised for his gallantry by Lieut.-Col. Goodyear, who was witness to his bravery, he said dryly, 'I worried 'em with the flag. I'd shake it in their faces; and then, when they'd grab at it, Parmelee would shoot 'em.' Joseph E. Parmelee was another color-corporal, a brave boy from Guilford. He stood defending the colors; and Phillips says he saw him shoot five rebels through the head as rapidly as he could load and fire again. He was finally wounded, but not dangerously. Phillips was hit with a brick; missiles of that kind being freely used in the latter part of the struggle. His escape from bullets was wonderful.

"Corporal Samuel Bennett, one of the new substitutes, an Englishman, was wounded in the thigh. He had seen some service in the English marine force, and was firm and true in the thickest of the battle. Corporal Oscar Allen of New Haven, whose step-father was killed last August while on the same color-guard, and whose mother has died since his re-enlistment, received a wound which would have proved fatal but for the bullet's being checked by his breastplate. Corporal Dutton of Company B, who was one of the very first men on the parapet of the fort, was so delighted when he saw the blue colors come up, that, even in the excitement of the battle, he caught the hand of one of the color-guard, and called out cheerily, 'Oh! I'm so proud to see that flag the first here!" and then turned to his work of fighting, with all his heart in it. In a few minutes, he fell wounded, and was afterwards reported dead; but he was taken to the hospital, and is in a fair way to recover."

Three companies of the Tenth, under Capt. Hickerson, being on the skirmish-line in front of Fort Baldwin, advanced under a severe fire from that and other works; and, after the surrender of Fort Gregg, Fort Baldwin was carried, the skirmishers of the Tenth being also the first to enter that work. The regiment had never fought more gallantly than this day; and that is superlative praise. It had lost one officer and ten enlisted men killed, and seventy-nine wounded. For its conduct in this engagement, the Tenth was presented with an eagle of rich gilt bronze, represented with extended wings and open beak, grasping in his talons arrows and olive-branch, and resting on a globe which was supported on a handsome cap to fit the staff of the State colors. The globe bears the inscription, "Presented to the Tenth Connecticut Volunteers by Major-Gen. John Gibbon, commanding 24th Army Corps, for gallant conduct in the assault on Fort Gregg, Petersburg, April 2, 1865."

The assault at this point had not been isolated. Upon the right the 9th Corps had moved forward, and upon the left the 6th and 2d; and each advance had been crowned with partial or complete success. Wright with his 6th Corps had pierced the rebel line near Fort Gregg, overborne all opposition, and made his way straight across the South-side Railroad to the Appomattox, south of Petersburg. Here the Second Artillery was again hotly engaged in obtaining the final success.

Lee was beaten at every point. Scarcely anywhere did his troops retain a hold upon their intrenchments; and flight was the only alternative. Once more our jaded heroes sprang forward. The enemy's retreat lay up the Appomattox; but Sheridan was already in his path, and had swung the 5th Corps up to Sutherland's, ten miles west of Petersburg, and stationed his cavalry ten miles still farther west. All day (the 2d, Sunday), preparations for retreat went forward rapidly; while Grant's host closed sternly in upon the east and south. All night, the evacuation went silently forward. Richmond was fired; thousands of the panic-stricken people fled with the army; and by dawn of the next day Lee was sixteen miles west, headed for the army of Johnston, which was still facing Sherman defiantly in North Carolina.

Weitzel, pressing near Richmond north of the James, with one division of the 24th Corps, and one division of the 25th (colored) Corps, was attracted by the conflagration, and in early morning hurried forward over the vacated Confederate breastworks towards the city.

Lieut.-Col. David Torrance reported, "At sunset of April 2, we witnessed the last rebel dress-parade in Virginia, from the magazine of Fort Harrison. Early on Monday morning, April 3, 1865, the picket-fires of the enemy began to wane, and an ominous silence to prevail within his lines. Very soon, deserters began to come within our lines, who reported that the works in our front were being evacuated. In a little while, we saw the barracks of Fort Darling in flames; and tremendous explosions followed each other in rapid succession. The earliest dawn revealed to us the deserted lines, with their guns spiked and their tents standing. We were ordered to advance at once, but cautiously. The troops jumped over the breastworks, and, avoiding the torpedoes, filed through the rebel abatis; and then began the race for Richmond.

"No words can describe the enthusiasm of the troops as they found themselves fairly within the rebel lines, and tramping along the bloody roads leading to the capital. The honor of first entering that city was most earnestly contested. Many regiments threw away every thing but their arms, while this regiment 'double-quicked' in heavy marching orders. Two companies of this regiment, G and C, that had been sent forward as skirmishers, reached the city close on the heels of our cavalry, and were, without the slightest doubt, the first companies of infantry to enter the city. Through the heat and dust the troops struggled on; and at last, as we came in full view of the city, the air was rent with such cheers as only the brave men who had fought so long and so nobly for that city could give."

The Eleventh Connecticut was also here, under Major Charles Warren,[4] and immediately pushed forward. Major

[4] Charles Warren was a native of the town of Stafford, and joined the service as a private in Company B, Eleventh Regiment, in October, 1861. He was promoted to be sergeant before leaving the State; became first sergeant in March, 1862; first lieutenant, October, 1862; and captain, July, 1863. He resigned in December, 1864, at the expira-

Warren reported, "The brigade (1st Brigade, 3d Division, 24th Army Corps) of which this regiment forms a part was formed in mass on the New-Market Road, and immediately advanced towards the rebel capital, preceded by a line of skirmishers. The first line of rebel works was cautiously passed without opposition. Lines of rebel works were passed at double-quick, until the spires of the city of which we had read for four years came in view: the national banners were unfurled; bands struck up, 'Rally round the Flag,' when cheer upon cheer from our soldiers rent the air; and the city of Richmond was entered in triumph by the national army about half-past eight o'clock, A.M. The men were received by the white people with a good deal of enthusiasm; but our reception by the colored people was a perfect ovation. The rear-guard of the enemy passed up Main Street just ahead of our advance. Many prisoners have been picked up in the city. After stationing guards over magazines, arsenals, and other important places, the Eleventh was sent to aid in putting out the fire which the rebels had kindled, and which was fast sweeping the city to destruction. The fire being checked, the regiment was detailed as provost-guard for the city, which duty they continue to perform."

Chaplain DeForest wrote, "Our reception was grander and more exultant than even Roman emperor leading back his victorious legions with the spoils of conquest could ever know. We brought government, order, and heaven-born liberty. The slaves seemed to think that the day of jubilee had fully come. How they danced, shouted, waved their rag-banners, shook our hands, bowed, scraped, laughed all over, and thanked God for our coming! Many heroes have fought for this day, and died without the sight. The heroes of this battle are those who broke the rebel lines yesterday, and forced Lee to send a telegram to Jeff. Davis, which cut short his devotions, and called him out of church to begin his flight. But by the fortunes of war we are permitted to see

tion of his term of service; having participated in every battle and march of his regiment. Two weeks later he was commissioned from civil life to be major, and thereafter led the regiment; being promoted to be lieutenant-colonel in May, and colonel in December, 1865. He left the service with a record untarnished.

and feel the long-expected day. It is a day never to be forgotten by us till days shall be no more."

The First Connecticut Battery and the Eighth and Twenty-first Regiments were also in this advance to the capital.

Meantime the pursuit was pressed with unparalleled vigor. Swinton says that Lee, at the head of his twenty-five thousand fugitives, expected to be able to join Johnston, and "his spirits were unusually light and cheerful on the morning of the 3d." He was probably thinking of his escape from Yorktown and Antietam; but he was beset by a different adversary now.

The pursuit was conducted along two lines, — Ord with the Army of the James, in which was the Tenth Connecticut, proceeding by the Southside or Lynchburg Railroad; and Sheridan with the cavalry and the 5th Corps, followed by Meade with the 2d and 6th, along the northerly roads nearer to the Appomattox. Lee's retreat lay north of both; but he must cross both at Amelia Court House and Burkesville, to make sure of escape. With Sheridan was the First Connecticut Cavalry, and with Meade the Second Artillery, and the Tenth, Fourteenth, and Thirtieth Infantry.

Before Lee could pass Amelia Court House, Sheridan was before it at Jetersville. Lee declined battle; abandoned the hope of reaching Danville, except by detour, and moved rapidly westward towards Detonsville. Sheridan flung his cavalry forward: and early on the 6th, Custer attacked the wagon-train of the Confederate army at Sailor's Creek.

The First Connecticut was in the advance of the division, and was the first to charge. The guard of the train was routed, and many prisoners taken. The regiment then became divided. Col. Ives led the right battalion into a piece of woods near the rear of the train, where the rebels had a number of guns supported by infantry. The dash of Col. Ives resulted in a capture by him of five pieces of artillery with their caissons, besides a hundred and forty prisoners and two battle-flags. These were the first captures of the day. One of the flags was taken from the color-bearer of the 1st Florida by Lieut. A. S. Lanfare of Branford. Major John B. Morehouse, with the left battalion, charged upon the

head of the train, took possession, and burned wagons, and captured men and horses.

The rebel infantry soon came up, and after a spirited engagement forced the cavalry to retire; after which they threw up intrenchments, and awaited a renewal of the attack. About three, P.M., Pennington's cavalry brigade was directed to charge the enemy's works. Col. Ives says, "It was a rash order. Not more than a third of the brigade was present; men and horses had been on the move since daylight; the enemy was strongly intrenched; and we could reach the works only by advancing over an open field. I had but a handful of my regiment with me; the balance being in charge of captured guns, prisoners, &c., and otherwise detached. However, at the sound of the bugles, our men galloped forward bravely. When we got within easy range of the intrenchments, we received such terrible volleys, that both men and horses were cut down in squads. It was impossible to withstand the storm of lead; and we were driven back. In less than three minutes after the 'charge' was sounded, one-fifth of the men and horses I led in were killed outright (my own horse among them), — all lying in one spot that could be covered by a radius of a rod. It is but just to say, that, when we subsequently went over the field to bury the dead, none were found lying so near the hostile works as those who belonged to the First Connecticut."

The 6th and 2d Corps soon came up; and about sunset the works were carried: and Ewell, finding himself surrounded, surrendered his whole corps. In this engagement, the Second Connecticut Artillery and the Fourteenth Infantry had honorable part.

On the night of the 6th, Lee crossed the Appomattox by bridges near Farmville; and in the morning was again closely pursued by the 2d Corps. The Confederates had but one ration on leaving Richmond; and now lived as they could by foraging within the narrow limits allowed them by the Union cavalry. "Those men were fortunate who had in their pockets a few handfuls of corn which they might parch by the wayside; but many had nought wherewithal to

assuage the pangs of hunger, save the buds and twigs of spring, that, with its exuberant bourgeon, seemed to mock the desolate winter of their fortunes. The misery of these famished troops during the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th of April, passes all experience of military anguish since the retreat from the banks of the Beresina." [5] Grant's troops were also on diminished and irregular rations; but they were sustained by that which supplemented scanty food and rest, — the flush of success, and the assurance of final victory.

On the 7th, Grant demanded a surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia. Lee asked for a meeting looking to "the restoration of peace;" but refused to surrender, and pushed on. Grant declined to confer for diplomatic purposes. The 2d and 6th Corps pursued on the north bank of the Appomattox; while Sheridan, with his cavalry and the Army of the James and the 5th Corps, pushed straight across the country, forty miles, to Appomattox Station. Here he arrived on the evening of the 8th, in advance of Lee; captured four trains of cars with food for the famished Confederates; and flung his command across the narrow neck of land between the James and Appomattox, directly in their front. The First Connecticut Cavalry and the Tenth were present at this point, a hundred miles west of Petersburg.

Lee resolved to cut his way through, and at dawn of the 9th hurled Gordon's division impetuously upon Sheridan's horse. The latter gave ground, retiring to the line of the infantry. Then the rebels, in turn, recoiled. Sheridan instantly mounted his cavalry, and wheeled it along the enemy's left flank; when, just as he was ready to sound the "charge," a letter from Gen. Lee was brought through the lines, appointing a meeting for surrender. A truce followed.

About noon, on Sunday, April 9, in a farm-house at Appomattox Court House, sat the rival chiefs, and signed the death-warrant of the Confederacy. The Army of Northern Virginia, which had been so potential for harm, was no more. The following were —

[5] The Army of the Potomac, p. 614.

THE TERMS.

APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, April 9.

GEN. R. E. LEE, COMMANDING C. S. A.

In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th instant, I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit: —

Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take arms against the United States until properly exchanged; and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands.

The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United-States authority so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they may reside.

Very respectfully

U. S. GRANT,

Lieutenant-General.

THE SURRENDER.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 9, 1865.

LIEUT.-GEN. U. S. GRANT, U. S. A.

GENERAL, — I have received your letter of this date, containing the terms of surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th instant, they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

Very respectfully

Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General.*

Connecticut troops witnessed the capitulation. The First Cavalry, under Col. Ives, acted as an escort to Gen. Grant when he went forward to the conference with Lee. The Fourteenth, under Col. Moore, was hard by, within sight of the memorable house. The Second Artillery, under Col. James Hubbard, was with the 6th Corps, a short distance north; and the Tenth was a mile west, where it had helped to resist and turn back the desperate charge of Gordon.

The armies were foes no longer; and the victors shared their rations with the vanquished. Among the paroled, there was, besides the mortification of defeat, a feeling of relief from a terrible and sanguinary combat. Among the Union troops there was, superadded to the delight of victory

and the joyful foreshadowing of peace, an exultant consciousness that the Army of the Potomac, often censured and always disparaged, had at last won a title to the nation's gratitude.

Grant turned quickly towards North Carolina, where Johnston still held out, and whence Jefferson Davis was flying southward to be captured in ambiguous apparel,— the baffled leader of a lost cause.

While Grant and Lee were conferring at Appomattox, Sherman's army was resting and refitting at Goldsborough. Twenty thousand men were furnished with shoes, and a hundred thousand with clothing. The two corps of Terry and Schofield joined the column; and on April 10, Sherman moved out from Goldsborough, at the head of the strongest army ever marshaled on the continent. Northwestward he eagerly pushed, after Johnston's fugitive command. Next day, the Fifth and Twentieth Connecticut, with the 20th Corps, entered Smithfield in the advance of the army. On the 13th, while moving rapidly upon Raleigh, the soldiers were thrilled with the news of the surrender of Lee's army. "Our troops gave cheer after cheer to express their joy; and then, when cheers became too feeble an expression, uttered yell upon yell, until they waked the echoes for miles around. Then the bands burst forth in swelling strains of patriotic melody, which the soldiers caught up and re-echoed with their voices."[6] They joyfully saw the end.

No other great battle was to be fought. Raleigh was occupied; and the pursuers had moved out of the city but a short distance on the track of the fugitives, when Sherman received from Johnston a proposition of surrender. On the 17th, a conference was had: terms of capitulation were drawn, and sent to Washington for approval while an armistice reigned.

On this day came down upon the waiting army, like a thunderbolt, the intelligence of the brutal tragedy in the Washington theatre, wherein Wilkes Booth played his *rôle*

[6] The Story of the Great March, p. 293.

of atrocity.[7] The blow that convulsed the country nerved every soldier's arm with a strange anger; and they prepared to leap upon the foe in front, the only accessible representative of a conspiracy which had showed itself capable of such a cowardly crime. But the armistice was practically unbroken. Grant came, and the amended stipulations were approved and executed; and Johnston's army of fifty thousand men laid down their arms.

National restoration was at hand; and the great martyr who on Good Friday had laid down his life for republican liberty was honored anew, the olive-wreath of peace shining like a crown above the laurel-wreath of victory.

[7] It is a notable coincidence that the sacrifice of the great martyr of liberty was on Good Friday, the anniversary of the sacrifice of the Great Martyr of Christianity; and that Grant and Sherman received the propositions of surrender from Lee and Johnston respectively, on Palm Sunday and Easter Sunday, the most prominent triumphal days in the life of Christ.

CHAPTER XLV.

Matters at Home. — General Assembly of 1865. — The Governor's Message. — Legislation. — Number of Soldiers sent from the State. — Our Regiments after the Close of the War. — Two Pictures from Richmond. — Terry and Hawley in Virginia. — Presentations. — Muster-out of Connecticut Regiments. — The Fourteenth. — Twentieth. — First, Second, and Third Light Batteries. — Twenty-first. — Eighteenth. — Sixteenth. — Fifteenth. — Fifth. — Seventeenth. — First Cavalry. — Sixth. — Seventh. — Twelfth. — Second Artillery. — Ninth. — Tenth. — First Artillery. — Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth. — Eighth and Eleventh. — Thirteenth. — Thanks of the Legislature.

THE foreshadowing of peace was as cordially hailed by the patriotic citizens at home as by the soldiers in the field; and neither inclined to ignore the fact that the hope was borne upon the point of victorious bayonets.

On the first Monday of April, 1865, the troops of the nation entered Richmond; and before noon the telegraph had conveyed the glad tidings to almost every voting district of Connecticut. Gen. Buckingham was re-elected that day by eleven thousand and thirty-five majority over O. S. Seymour. The four members of Congress and every State Senator were Republicans; and that party had chosen nearly three-fourths of the members of the House.

When the General Assembly met, on the first Wednesday of May, every rebel army was crushed; and nothing remained of the Confederacy but a band of traitors, fleeing for their lives through the forests of Georgia.

The House elected E. K. Foster of New Haven, speaker, and John R. Buck and John M. Morris, clerks. The Senate clerk was William T. Elmer. The payments during the year from the State Treasury had amounted to $4,705,685. The total indebtedness of the State was $10,523,000.

In his Annual Message, Gen. Buckingham said, after

expressing gratitude to God for the promise of peace restored and a government preserved, —

"It is gratifying that our volunteers, from the gallant major-general, who distinguished himself by storming and capturing Fort Fisher, down through the various grades of heroic officers, to the less conspicuous but equally meritorious privates, have not been surpassed by any soldiers in the service of any government, in patient endurance on the field and in the hospital, in fortitude under imprisonment and starvation, and in valor and intrepidity in battle. Their record furnishes strong evidence that they entered the service under a deep conviction that it was a duty they owed to their country, to humanity, and to God."

In the following language, he urged the immediate ratification of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery: —

"As slavery has been the cause of our woes and our burdens, it is our duty to labor for its abolition. An institution antagonistic to liberty, and opposed to the first elements of Christianity; an institution, which, in its barbarous tendency, planned and perpetrated a cowardly, brutal, and murderous assault upon freedom of speech, and upon fidelity to truth, in the person of a scholarly and accomplished statesman in the American Senate; an institution which instigated the Rebellion, which seized and imprisoned our sons, and sent them by tens of thousands to the grave by starvation, and which, to crown its work of infamy, assassinated the President, — has forfeited all right to protection and life, and merits our vigorous and undying opposition. . . If, during this struggle, we shall sustain the General Government in the performance of its proper functions, abolish the inhuman system of slavery, punish traitors, and adhere perpetually to the demands of truth, righteousness, and justice, we may hope that throughout an undivided nation our prosperity will be increased, our peace be uninterrupted, and our liberties be eternal."

On the 4th of May, H. K. W Welch of Hartford introduced into the House a resolution adopting and ratifying the 13th amendment to the Constitution of the United States, abolishing and prohibiting slavery.

The Democratic leaders promised that no opposition should be made to the passage of the resolution, provided the yeas and nays were not called. Under this agreement, the resolution was passed *nem. con.;* the Republicans voting "aye," and the Democracy maintaining the stipulated silence. In the Senate, the roll was called; and the twenty-one Republican senators voted "yes." So Connecticut cast her voice for the abolition of slavery without a dissentient vote.

A day was set apart by each House early in May for speeches and eulogies upon the death of President Lincoln;

and by invitation of the Assembly, Col. Henry C. Deming, on the eighth day of June, delivered an eloquent and impressive oration upon the same subject at Allyn Hall.

But little legislation was needed on war-matters; and the time of the Assembly was almost wholly occupied by measures of local interest. Provision was made for funding the floating indebtedness of the State by authorizing the issue of three millions of twenty-year six-per-cent bonds, which should be free from all State and municipal taxation.

Laws were passed validating and confirming all votes, acts, and proceedings of towns, or their agents, for the purpose of aiding volunteers or drafted men, or for the purpose of filling the quota of the several towns.

By the exertions of Gens. W H. Russell and Stephen W Kellogg, and Cols. Francis Wayland, F. St. John Lockwood, and others, the militia law of the State was further amended, so that the quartermaster-general was authorized to furnish uniforms to all members of the militia force except commissioned officers. The time for the annual encampment was extended to six days; and thus the legislature finally ingrafted upon the statute-book the proposed law of 1863. The militia force was rapidly organized after the adoption of this law, which passed into successful operation; and, unless altered by some ignorant legislature, it will probably secure to the State for many years to come a sufficiently large, well-disciplined force of men, who will at all times be in condition to take the field for active service upon twenty-four hours' notice.

The legislature adjourned *sine die* on Friday the twenty-first day of July.

When the war ceased, and it was ordered that no more men be enlisted, it was found that Connecticut had furnished a large excess over all the calls of government, and had sent into the field more men, in proportion to her population, than any other State except Iowa and Illinois.

The whole number of soldiers enlisted was 54,882; and these, reduced to the standard of three years, left the account of the State as follows: —

Three-months' men,	2,340,	equal to	195
Nine-months' men,	5,602,	"	1,400
One-year men,	529,	"	176
Two-years' men,	25,	"	16
Three-years' men,	44,556,	"	44,556
Four-years' men,	26,	"	34
Not known,	1,804,	" say,	1,804
	54,882	"	48,181

In giving this result, Adjutant-Gen. Morse says,[1] —

"It will be noticed, that in the above statement are given eighteen hundred and four men, term of service not known. This is the credit allowed by the Naval Commission; and the term of service is to be determined by the Navy Department. In the statement, these men are counted as three-years' men. Should the average term of service prove to be for a less period than this, the credit to the State will be reduced in proper proportion.

"Thus the State has furnished equal to 48,181 *three-years' men*, from which deduct the total quota, also reduced to the three-years' standard, — viz., 41,483, — and the State has a surplus of 6,698 *in three-years' men*, without reference to its quota under the call of December, 1864. Under this last call, no troops were required to be furnished from this State. In fact, no quota was assigned. Your Excellency was informed that the surplus under former calls more than filled the demand under this, and the State was exempt."

If Connecticut was eminently blessed in having her affairs directed throughout the whole period of the war by an officer so able, skillful, conciliatory, patriotic, and energetic as Gov. Buckingham, His Excellency was also fortunate in his official associates. His personal staff was filled as follows: *Adjutant-General*, HORACE J. MORSE of Hartford; *Quartermaster-General*, WILLIAM A. AIKEN of Norwich; *Commissary-General*, THOMAS FITCH of New London; *Surgeon-General*, HENRY A. GRANT of Enfield; *Paymaster-General*, WILLIAM FITCH of New Haven.

Roger Averill of Danbury was lieutenant-governor from 1862 to 1865 inclusive; and he brought to the chair of the Senate an old-school urbanity, and a rare combination of impartiality, dignity, and decision. He engaged in constant and unwearied service of the State far beyond the technical duties of his office; and his heart and purse were always open to the calls of patriotism.

J. Hammond Trumbull as Secretary of State gave through

[1] Report of 1866.

the entire war the aid of his ripe culture, varied scholarship, and zeal in the cause for which his brothers were struggling at the front.

When the main Confederate armies had surrendered, and the war was deemed substantially ended, the troops were stationed for a time in prominent cities and at strategic points to maintain the authority of government; while a considerable force was dispatched to Texas and Mississippi to overthrow Kirby Smith and Dick Taylor, who still maintained a warlike attitude in those States. The 25th Corps (colored) embarked for Texas on June 10, and included the Twenty-ninth Connecticut under Col. Wooster, and the Thirtieth under Col. H. C. Ward. They landed at Brazos de Santiago, July 3, and marched to Brownsville on the Rio Grande.

The Ninth, under Lieut.-Col. John G. Healy, embarked at Savannah in April, and proceeded to Dawfuskie Island, and drove off some guerrillas who were oppressing and murdering the blacks. On May 2, the battalion returned to Savannah, and on the 24th was ordered to Hilton Head, where there was a large mustering of regiments "homeward bound."

The Thirteenth, about Jan. 1, was reduced from a regiment to a battalion of five companies; and, Col. C. D. Blinn being among the supernumerary officers mustered out after long and gallant service, Capt. William E. Bradley assumed command. Early in January, the battalion was transferred from the bleak hills of Northern Virginia to warmer quarters in Savannah, Ga. Here Capt. Bradley enforced the discipline and exhibited the admirable traits of a commander. On March 12, troops were transferred to North Carolina to co-operate with Sherman; and the Thirteenth was included. They arrived at Newberne on March 14, and steamed up the river to Kinston. Next day, the Thirteenth returned to Newberne, and went into camp. Here they had a brief experience in guarding rebel prisoners, and in provost-duty. Gen. Henry W. Birge, the first colonel of the Thirteenth, here commanded a division. He had received a

brevet commission as major-general, — a promotion recommended by Sheridan for conspicuous gallantry at Cedar Creek. On April 8, the battalion proceeded to Morehead City; and four days later, Lieut.-Col. Homer B. Sprague, captured at Winchester, returned from a long and painful imprisonment, and resumed command. Early in May, the battalion returned to Savannah, and, after the capture of Jeff. Davis, proceeded to Augusta, where the men found comfortable quarters in buildings which had been used as Confederate barracks. Capt. Frank Welles of Litchfield was still detached as aide of Gen. Birge. Capt. N. W Perkins of New Britain was acting inspector-general on Molineux' staff. Capt. Louis Beckwith of New London was detailed as ordnance officer. Dr. George Clary of Hartford was surgeon-in-chief in charge of the post hospital. Lieut.-Col. Sprague, in addition to other duties, was appointed superintendent of schools and educational matters, — a position which he filled with conspicuous ability.

The Connecticut regiments in the armies of Grant and Sherman gradually made their way northward, *viâ* City Point on the James. Those which had entered Richmond when the rebels evacuated it remained in possession. Lee's army swarmed over the impoverished country, or helplessly wandered back in the path of their conquerors to be fed. Chaplain Trumbull wrote home at this time from Richmond, "Lee's broken army presents — judging from the large number of its members now here — one of the most wretched sights that could be looked upon. The lowest creatures in the vilest dens of our Northern cities, and the forlorn and semi-barbarous isolated dwellers in the most shamefully-neglected border district of any rural community in our Eastern States, even the degraded, half-idiotic children of incest in some of our country almshouses, seem superior, in all that goes to indicate true manhood, to very many of the poor beings, who, with sallow, dirt-begrimed faces, dull, fishy eyes, long, yellow, uncombed hair, and meaningless expression of countenance, clad in rags, and at home in filth, wallow on the ground near the provost-marshal's, while their comrades are having their paroles stamped for

transportation. I have often seen the rebel soldiers on the picket-line, in battle, as prisoners, and in the streets of the cities of rebeldom; therefore it is not the strangeness of the motley attire, or the peculiar Southern complexion of these men, which impresses me: but it is the depth which was reached when Davis's conscription gathered up these caricatures upon humanity, not merely 'from the cradle and the grave,' but from the idiot asylums and the hitherto unexplored regions of slave barbarism, that is startling in this exhibition."

The following is the companion-picture from the same free pencil, "Richmond darkys are on all sides, telling of their joy at the capture of the city. 'I was jus' so happy wen I knowed it,' said one, 'dat I couldn't do nuffin but jus' lay right down and larf. I could jus' roll up an' larf. I declar, I felt jus' as happy as a man's got religion in his soul.' 'Some folks says a man carn't tote a bar'l flour,' chimed in another; 'but I could tote a bar'l flour *dat* day,— or a bar'l sugar.' 'I seed a rebel gwine down de street dat mawnin',' said a third, with an evident appreciation of the privileges of a freedman, 'wid a big haam; an' I jus' took dat haam from him, an' run right down de street! An' he holler to me to stop; but I jus' keep dat haam.' Then follows some touching recital of the sufferings in slavery. And the colored soldiers move about, telling of their exploits with great gusto,— lions among their later released brethren. Describing the advance on the New-Market Road, one said, 'We waited for de daylight, 'caus ob de tarpeeders; an' den we had de rebel soldiers show us de way. Whew! de tarpeeders was jus' as thick dar as de wool on de top ob my head!'"

The change of scene was as total as it was sudden, and nothing more dramatic ever transpired upon the stage of war. Major-Gen. Alfred H. Terry was now placed in command of the Department of Virginia; and Brig.-Gen. Joseph R. Hawley was called from the command of the forces in and about Wilmington, N.C., to be his chief-of-staff. Headquarters were at Richmond; and there the two soldiers, who wore honors worthily won in the front of battle, strove,

during the months of 1865, to bring peace out of hostility, evolve order from chaos, and construct a broad base on which might be upreared a genuine democracy in place of the false and effete aristocracy that had met its doom. The work was enormous; and its proper performance required a high order of executive skill, fidelity, military vigor and promptness, and patient, unwearied industry. Terry and Hawley combined those qualities as they are rarely found united in a commander and his chief adviser; and they were rendered more efficient by a mutual feeling of admiration and cordial confidence.

The following order indicates the spirit in which the department was administered: —

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA.
RICHMOND, Va., June 28, 1865.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 77.

The laws of the State of Virginia, and the ordinances of the different cities within the State, having especial reference to, and made to restrain, the personal liberty of free colored persons, were designed for the government of such persons while living amid a population of colored slaves: they were enacted in the interests of slave-owners, and were designed for the security of slave-property; they were substantially part of the slave code.

Slavery has been abolished in Virginia; and therefore, upon the principle that where the reason of the law ceases the law itself ceases, these laws and ordinances have become obsolete. People of color will henceforth enjoy the same personal liberty that other citizens and inhabitants enjoy: they will be subject to the same restraints and to the same punishments for crime that are imposed upon whites, and to no others.

Vagraney, however, will not be allowed. Neither whites nor blacks can be allowed to abandon their proper occupations, to desert their families, or roam in idleness about this department; but neither whites nor blacks will be restrained from seeking employment elsewhere when they can not obtain it with just compensation at their homes, nor from traveling from place to place on proper or legitimate business.

Until the civil tribunals are re-established, the administration of criminal justice must, of necessity, be by military courts: before such courts, the evidence of colored persons will be received in all cases.

By command of Major-Gen. A. H. Terry.

ED. W. SMITH, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*

The State and city were governed with "an iron hand in a glove of velvet," firmly and evenly. While the generals were civil, polite, and kind to all, there was not the slightest yielding to the demands of the haughty secessionists; and no conciliation or compromise with their crime was allowed.

All, both white and black, were assured their rights; but every attempt to obtain any thing by bluster was at once suppressed. The commander ruled in the spirit that would give all rights to all, — even to the weakest, freedom; even to the poorest, education; even to the humblest, opportunity. An administration so combining humanity with power, so rigorous and yet so beneficent, had never before been given to the people of Virginia.

The pleasant custom of making presentations to worthy officers had not yet become obsolete: on the contrary, as the war approached its close, it became more in use than ever. Swords, badges of elaborate design, horses, money, houses, deeds of land, almost every thing acceptable, was lavished by the grateful citizens at home upon the men who had stoutly stood between them and ruin. Officers also exchanged mementoes, sometimes of great value.

A very elegant 10th-Corps badge was presented to Major-Gen. Terry by a large number of the officers of that organization. The badge represents a bastion fort, and is ornamented by five diamonds in the center and bastions; the whole surrounded by a laurel-wreath of green enamel. It is suspended from a general's *bâton* held in the claws of an eagle, beneath which appear various military symbols, all of solid gold and exquisite workmanship.

Gen. Terry also received from New Haven a handsome sword, accompanied by a letter, recounting his battles and his deeds, from Mayor Tyler. The following are the closing paragraphs: —

Upon a beautiful winter's day, we were startled with the glad tidings that Fort Fisher had been stormed and carried by Major-Gen. Terry. You can picture to your own mind far better than I can convey to you in words the feelings of joy that filled every loyal heart, and the thanks that were offered to God, when those bells, whose tones have been familiar to you from your boyhood, rang out the glad news, and the booming cannon upon yonder park proclaimed to our city and to the State that one of the strongest gates to the so-called Confederacy had been broken down and entered by the courage and perseverance of a son of Connecticut, and an honored citizen of New Haven.

Gen. Terry, in acknowledgment of the eminent services you have rendered in suppressing the unholy Rebellion which has desolated our country the past four years, and of the many noble traits of the Christian soldier and gentleman you possess, I am directed by the city council of the city of New Haven to present to you this sword as a testimonial of their regard and

consideration; and, in presenting to you this emblem of the profession you have adopted, we wish you a long and happy life, and hope that your services may be as effectual in maintaining and perpetuating the peace and prosperity of our beloved land as they have been with your associates in arms in restoring the old flag to every State in the Union.

I feel it a high honor, general, to act as the medium through whom the city of New Haven, for the first time in its history, bestows her honors upon one of her own citizens.

In behalf of the city of New Haven,

I am most respectfully yours,

MORRIS TYLER, *Mayor.*

The general responded, —

NEW HAVEN, June 6, 1865.

HON. MORRIS TYLER, MAYOR OF THE CITY OF NEW HAVEN.

Dear Sir, — It is with the highest gratification that I receive the beautiful gift, which, through you, the city of New Haven has presented to me.

The approbation of his fellow-citizens must ever be the greatest and best reward of one who endeavors to serve his country; and to know that those among whom my life from childhood upward has been spent look with approbation upon my efforts to be of use in the great struggle which is now so happily drawing to a close, to feel that they are satisfied with the little which I have been able to do in defense of the liberty and integrity of our country, gives me a degree of pleasure which I should vainly attempt to express. I shall cherish and preserve the gift which is the token of their approbation as one of the proudest mementoes of my military life.

I thank you for the very kind and complimentary terms in which you have spoken of my career as a soldier; and I beg you to convey to those whom you represent my most grateful acknowledgments for the honor which they have conferred upon me.

With the highest respect,

I am very sincerely yours,

ALFRED H. TERRY, *Major-General.*

The citizens of Hartford who had witnessed the military career of Gen. Hawley, desiring to attest their appreciation of his conduct and their admiration of his character, procured a general officer's regulation-sword, at an expense of $1,150.00, to present to him while on duty. The sword was of rare richness of design, with a blade of the best material, a grasp and guard of solid silver, and all the ornaments of solid gold. The grasp is a figure of the Goddess of Liberty with a drawn sword in one hand and broken shackles in the other. The guard is the American flag, furled, and tied with a gold cord, surmounted by a spread eagle. The thrust-guard is inscribed in raised letters of solid gold, "Presented by the citizens of Hartford to Gen. Joseph R. Hawley," under which are the monograms, in the same material, "JRH 7CV"

A heavy wreath of laurel and oak borders the guard, and the projection in rear of the hilt is the head of a Roman warrior. The scabbard is of solid silver, heavily mounted with gold in *bass-relief*. Between the two upper rings is a spirited representation of an infantry charge. On ornamental scrolls and shields are engraved Bull Run, Siege of Pulaski, James Island, Pocotaligo, Olustee, Wagner and Sumter, Siege of Petersburg, Drury's Bluff, Deep Bottom, Deep Run, and Darbytown Road. Beneath this are the arms of Connecticut and of the United States. Under the arms is a heavy vine with leaves and flowers crossed by a sash, which runs through eight rings on the sides of the scabbard. The lower end of the scabbard is incased in a heavy chased socket of solid gold. Accompanying the sword are a Russia-leather sword-belt heavily embroidered in gold, and the buff-silk sash of a general officer. These costly trappings are inclosed in a box made of black-walnut knots exquisitely grained, lined with red velvet, and with the monogram "JRH" in silver letters on the lid. Only three more expensive swords had been manufactured in the country.

Marshall Jewell, Col. George P Bissell, and J. G. Rathbun, a committee of the donors, went to Richmond, where the formal presentation took place, Aug. 1, in the mansion formerly occupied by Jefferson Davis, already become the residence of Gens. Terry and Hawley with their families. There was a large and brilliant assembly of army officers of distinguished rank, with ladies, and the loyal governor of Virginia and staff, to witness the ceremony. Col. Bissell addressed Gen. Hawley in behalf of the donors, rehearsing briefly the military career of the soldier who had won the applause of his neighbors, and reminding him that the State had been an admiring witness of his deeds. Gen. Hawley replied, —

GENTLEMEN, — I beg that you will convey to your friends and my own expressions of my profound gratitude. If they wished to make me happy, tell them they have done so; if they wished to reward me for any thing I have done or tried to do in the service of my country, tell them I am a thousand times rewarded beyond what I deserved. I know how humble my true merits have been, and I do not wish to overvalue them. I see among the list of names of those who sent you the names of dear friends, old schoolmates, the companions of my early years. I see also the names of persons with whom in former years I have widely differed in politics, and

Jos. R. Hawley

who have doubtless heard from me in hot political contests language not always measured as it would have been had I been an older and a wiser man. Other names, like yours, are those of neighbors with whom I have sympathized in all things. These facts affect me deeply.

When I look at the list of engagements there inscribed, I think of the men in the ranks, the private soldiers, who never wished to be any thing but private soldiers, who died private soldiers, and whose thousands of graves scattered over the hillsides of the South give the highest and deepest proof of their devotion to their country, and without whose patriotism and heroism to back us, neither I nor any officer in the service could have done any thing. In the name of these men, I receive your gifts, and for them only, as without them I could have done nothing. When Gen. Terry and myself left Connecticut three years ago last September, with the Seventh Connecticut, we carried with us a noble band of such men of the old New-England stamp; and it is to them, and to such men, the country owes its success, and the officers owe their rank and honor. The bones of many lie scattered all over the country, and it is not too much to ask that the country shall remember them; for, as was well said at the grand review at Washington, theirs is the only debt we can never pay, — the debt we owe to the men who in the darkest hours have cheerfully laid down their lives for liberty and their country. We have a right to be proud of these men; a right to be proud of the result of their efforts, not only in a restored Union, but in this also, — that we have utterly and for ever removed the one great obstacle left by our ancestors in the path of our prosperity and true glory. Hereafter, all over our land, every being to whom God has given a soul shall be truly free as to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

And to the outside world, for the benefit of all peoples and all times, we have demonstrated the tremendous inherent strength and self-perpetuating power of a republican form of government.

If here on this spot, within these walls, we are not proud of all this, what shall satisfy us? Thank God that we have lived in this country! thank God that we have shared in these glorious labors, and again bless the Lord for their wonderful termination!

In the following month, Gen. Hawley received a promotion to be major-general of volunteers by brevet.

When the Tenth returned to Richmond from the capture of Lee's army, the regiment encamped in a beautiful grove on the plantation of Dr. Powell, on the Brooktown Pike, two miles from the city. Col. E. S. Greeley, who had resumed command of the regiment at Farmville, was here placed in command of a large brigade. "The Tenth was reported best in order at each and all of the inspections of the troops of the division during the months of May and June, when inspections were discontinued."[2] At this time, the following letter was signed by all the officers of the third brigade: —

[2] Col. Greeley's last report.

RICHMOND, VA., Aug. 25, 1865.

MAJOR.-GEN. TERRY, COMMANDING DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA.

Sir, — We, the officers of the 3d Brigade, 1st Division, 24th Army Corps, have the honor to request that Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, chaplain of the Tenth Connecticut Volunteer Infantry, receive the rank of major of volunteers by brevet, for distinguished services in camp and on the field. Mr. Trumbull has not confined his labors to his own regiment, but has, in reality, been the chaplain of the brigade; and as such has won the love and confidence of all. No man, certainly, could be more faithful in the discharge of his duties; none, we believe, more successful.

But the fidelity and efficiency of Mr. Trumbull in the performance of his legitimate duties as chaplain is not the only ground upon which our request is based. Always at his post in time of danger, he has, on two occasions at least, displayed marked and conspicuous gallantry; dashing into the thickest of the fight to rally and encourage the wavering line.

We earnestly hope that our request may be favorably considered.

We have the honor to be, general,

With great respect [signatures].

The above paper was indorsed as follows: —

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA.
RICHMOND, Aug. 28, 1865.

Respectfully forwarded.

The 3d Brigade referred to within was for a long time a part of the division which I commanded; and I am personally cognizant of the services of Chaplain Trumbull. No officer of his regiment has displayed more gallantry in action, or done more to animate the men to do their duty, than he; and, if the recognition of service asked for within can be made, it could not be bestowed on a man more worthy.

He is a brave, high-minded, Christian gentleman and patriot.

(Signed) ALFRED H. TERRY,
Major-General Commanding.

Gen. Hawley wrote of the subject of the request, "He goes habitually, and from principle, into every fight; not in the rear with the surgeon, but with the line of battle. He has shared all the dangers of the Tenth as faithfully as any soldier, to the best of my knowledge and belief."

The War Department decided that a chaplain was not in the line of promotion, that his rank was rather religious than military; so the recommendation was not concurred in.

The Connecticut soldiers were generally mustered out of service in the summer of 1865; and the people of the State gathered with spontaneous enthusiasm at the centers, and gave them uproarious greeting. In recording their discharge, we follow somewhat the order of time.

MUSTER-OUT OF THE FOURTEENTH.

The Fourteenth, which had always represented the State nobly in the Army of the Potomac, and which had had more opportunities to display its fighting-qualities than any other of our regiments, and had never flinched from duty in battle, was first permitted to lay down its burden. When the 2d Corps passed through Richmond, May 5, *en route* for Washington, the Fourteenth led the column of twenty thousand men, and won many encomiums. On May 23, it participated in the grand review of the armies of the United States. The regiment arrived at Hartford, on the steamer Granite State, on Saturday, June 8, and was received with every demonstration of applause. The men, forming a mere skeleton of the former regiment, were formally received by Adjutant-Gen. Morse, Mayor Stillman, and David Clark, chairman of the committee of arrangements; and marched up State Street, waving their shreds of tattered flags, none of which the regiment had ever lost. At the State House, they were welcomed home in a stirring speech by Col. George P Bissell; and Col. Ellis responded; after which the companies were marched to the hotels, and provided with an ample breakfast. They were soon paid and discharged. Adjutant William B. Hincks of Bridgeport had been promoted to be major; and Col. T. G. Ellis had received the brevet rank of brigadier-general. In his final report, Gen. Ellis wrote, —

"There are some members of the regiment whose names have figured but little in official reports, who have had much to do with making it what it was. Quartermaster C. F Dibble, who remained with the regiment from its organization to its muster-out, deserves the highest praise, and the thanks of every man in the regiment, for his efficient management of his department. He waived promotion to retain his position. Had he left us, his place could not have been satisfactorily filled.

"Surgeon F. A. Dudley was likewise an able and efficient officer; and though his abilities were the means of taking him away from the regiment much of the time, to take charge of the division hospital, yet in battle he was always at hand to attend to the wounded. He was wounded at Gettysburg, and taken prisoner at Hatcher's Run, October, 1864, voluntarily, through his zeal for our wounded.

"Dr. Levi Jewett, assistant surgeon, was also very seriously wounded at Reams's Station, Aug. 25, 1864, while attending to the wounded. A shell exploded near him, and badly shattered the bones of his face and head.

"Assistant Surgeon Charles Tomlinson is also deserving of great credit for the fearlessness with which he followed the regiment into many of the hottest engagements to attend to the immediate wants of the wounded."

The record of the regiment had been unsurpassed. It had been in thirty-three battles and skirmishes; and of the 1,726 men who had been members of the organization, there was a record of more than eight hundred killed and wounded, besides the many "missing." It had captured five colors and two guns from the enemy in fair fight, and more prisoners than the original number of the regiment; and at Reams's Station drew off part of McKnight's and part of the 3d New-Jersey batteries, which had been left to the enemy.

CASUALTIES.

Killed in action	132
Died of wounds	65
Died of disease	169
Discharged prior to muster-out of regiment	416
Missing at muster-out of regiment	6

MUSTER-OUT OF THE TWENTIETH.

On the 30th of April, the Twentieth started northward from Raleigh by land, accompanying Sherman's army. They passed through Richmond, May 11, and marched for Washington, where they arrived on the 20th. The regiment took part in the great review by the President and cabinet, after which it encamped near Fort Lincoln on the Bladensburg Road. On June 13, it embarked on the cars for New Haven, which was reached on the 15th. The regiment was received with honors due its service, by the State authorities, Major-Gen. Russell, and the people; and escorted by the local military, amid the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, and the cheers of thousands, to a collation waiting at the State House. The men were promptly paid, and dispersed to their waiting homes. Col. Samuel Ross had received the brevet rank of brigadier-general "for distinguished gallantry at Chancellorsville," on recommendation of Gen. Hooker. Lieut.-Col. P B. Buckingham became colonel, and Capt. William W Morse major, by brevet. The regiment had mustered in 1,281 officers and men, and had

fought under Gens. McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, Rosecrans, Thomas, Grant, and Sherman.

CASUALTIES.

Killed in action	50
Died of wounds	37
Died of disease	77
Discharged prior to muster-out of regiment	264
Missing at muster-out of regiment	2

MUSTER-OUT OF FIRST LIGHT BATTERY.

The First Battery, Capt. James B. Clinton, was mustered out of service at Manchester, opposite Richmond, on June 11; and on the 15th reached New Haven. A cordial impromptu reception was tendered. The battery was escorted to the State House amid a maze of flags, and there invited to a collation by Major B. F. Mansfield, who also addressed to the men a speech of welcome. They had had no opportunity to renew their uniforms, and came home in those which they had worn so worthily in battle. They had been engaged twenty-five times.

CASUALTIES.

Died of wounds	1
Died of disease	21
Discharged prior to muster-out of battery	98

MUSTER-OUT OF THIRD LIGHT BATTERY.

The Third Battery was raised by Capt. T. S. Gilbert in the fall of 1864, for one year, and was attached to Gen. H. L. Abbot's artillery brigade, doing good service. It was mustered out on June 23, and was warmly received in New Haven on the 25th, and entertained at one of the hotels. The men were soon afterwards paid and discharged.

MUSTER-OUT OF THE TWENTY-FIRST.

The Twenty-first was among the fortunate regiments; receiving its muster-out as early as June. Its stay in Richmond was brief; and on April 28 Lieut.-Col. James F Brown was ordered to proceed with his regiment to Columbia, Va., a village on the James fifty miles west, to establish a military post, protect the inhabitants, and preserve order.

It arrived on May 1. Several companies were detached to do provost-duty in other towns: Company D, Capt. A. M. Crane, was stationed at Palmyra; Company H, Lieut. O. D. Glazier, at Bremo Bluff; Company K, Capt. P. F. Talcott, at Goochland, — these officers acting as provost-marshals. Capt. Charles Fenton as commissary, and Lieut. Ransom Jackson as quartermaster, were very efficient. The regiment was mustered out June 16, and ordered home, where it arrived on the 21st. At New Haven, the men were received with an ovation, welcomed by Major Mansfield, and entertained at the State House. At Norwich also, the local headquarters, the regiment was received with a great jubilee, introductory to the other welcomes in towns, villages, and homes. The regiment brought home the following testimony to its efficiency: —

HEADQUARTERS 3D DIVISION, 24TH ARMY CORPS.
RICHMOND, VA., June 17, 1865.

HIS EXCELLENCY WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM, GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT.

Governor, — The connection which has existed between this division and the 21st Connecticut Volunteers is to-day dissolved by its departure for the State which sent it forth. It is fully entitled to the honor of having served most faithfully and as long as it services were needed, and of having done its duty nobly under many most trying and dangerous circumstances. Its soldiers deserve the reward of those who have continued faithful to the end of that Rebellion whose writhings are yet visible.

. . .

It has worthily maintained the honor of the State of Connecticut, her loyalty to the Union of our fathers, her deep and stern attachment to the principles of popular government and of civil liberty. Many brave officers and men have sealed with their lives their devotion to the cause of the country, prominent, especially, among whom are Col. Arthur H. Dutton, the most accomplished among gentlemen and soldiers, who fell mortally wounded in a skirmish at Port Walthall, in May, 1864, and Col. Burpee, who was killed at Cold Harbor, in June, 1864. The memory of these gallant and distinguished soldiers and all their brave comrades will be gratefully embalmed in the memory of the people of Connecticut, as well as in that of their more fortunate companions who return to you in triumph to-day.

The trials and dangers which this regiment has passed through will only have made them more fit for the duties and responsibilities of citizens, to which they now return; and their conduct hereafter will show, I sincerely believe, that the fame they have won by valor and intrepidity abroad in the field will be maintained by industry, energy, and perseverance at home. I am very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

CHAS. DEVENS, JR.,
Brigadier and Brevet Major-General Commanding.

CASUALTIES.

Killed in action	26
Died of wounds	33
Died of disease	108
Discharged prior to muster-out of regiment	313
Missing at date of muster-out of regiment	2

MUSTER-OUT OF THE EIGHTEENTH.

On June 27, the Eighteenth was mustered out at Harper's Ferry, having been for three months on provost-duty at Martinsburg. Capt. Joseph Mathewson of Pomfret had been promoted to be major. Its losses had been heavy, its service difficult. For two years, it had formed a part of the uneasy shuttle that had been whirled back and forth through the Shenandoah Valley, as Sigel, Ewell, Hunter, Jubal Early, or Sheridan put a hand to the loom. Its efforts had not always been crowned with visible success; but success had come at last, and no regiment could say how much or how little had been its real part in weaving the perfect garment of final Victory. The regiment returned to Connecticut immediately, and arrived at Hartford, on the boat, at half-past six o'clock on the morning of the 29th. The men were escorted up State Street, and formed in line on Central Row, where they were received with speeches by Gov. Buckingham for the State, Col. G. P Bissell for the City, Hon. John T. Wait and Representative George Pratt of Norwich for New-London County, and Senator Bugbee for Windham County. The soldiers then breakfasted at the hotels, and eagerly departed for their homes.

CASUALTIES.

Killed in action	52
Died of wounds	14
Died of disease	72
Discharged prior to muster-out of regiment	323
Missing at muster-out of regiment	12

MUSTER-OUT OF THE SIXTEENTH.

While the Eighteenth was being applauded at the State House, intelligence came that the Sixteenth was at the dépôt, having been mustered out of service at Newberne on

June 24. Another reception was immediately improvised; and the regiment, now re-united under Lieut.-Col. J. H. Burnham, was duly welcomed by Ezra Hall. The men received a good breakfast, and their share of the applause of their old friends and neighbors; after which they returned gladly to their homes to exchange applauding words and the army blue for the garb of peaceful citizenship. This regiment saw little but misfortune. It was hurled upon the overreached flank of the hottest battle before it had ever had a regimental parade, or knew any thing of army movements; and, finally, after hovering for a year upon the edge of the Confederacy, was captured bodily at Plymouth, after a short contest, and thenceforth reported only to rebel guards. The Sixteenth lost more at Andersonville and other prisons than any other Connecticut regiment, — as honorable dead as they who fall in the fiercest fight at the moment of victory.

CASUALTIES.

Killed in action	46
Died of wounds	24
Died of disease	224
Discharged prior to muster-out of regiment	386
Missing at muster-out of regiment	27

MUSTER-OUT OF THE FIFTEENTH.

The Fifteenth, under Col. Charles L. Upham, was mustered out at Newberne, June 27 Officers and men had returned from their short imprisonment; and the "Lyon Regiment" came home on the 30th, reaching New Haven on July 4, and receiving there a most enthusiastic reception by thousands of patriotic citizens assembled to celebrate the national anniversary. The Fifteenth was composed of true and brave men; but they felt justly, that beset by calamity, and stricken by yellow-fever, they never had had an opportunity to show what they could do.

CASUALTIES.

Killed in action	15
Died of wounds	15
Died of disease	143
Discharged prior to muster-out of regiment	327
Missing at muster-out of regiment	57

MUSTER-OUT OF THE FIFTH.

Two days later, June 29, the veteran Fifth was mustered out of service, after taking a prominent part in the grand review at Washington. Brevet commissions had been issued to Lieut.-Col. Daboll as colonel, and to Major William S. Cogswell as lieutenant-colonel. Two thousand and sixty-one men had been credited to the regiment, and it had been engaged in some of the sharpest fighting of the war; while it had marched much farther than any other regiment from this State, generally towards the enemy. The regiment had lost Lieut.-Col. Stone and Major Blake, and a large number of other gallant officers and men. Gen. Ferry, Gen. Stedman, and Col. Brayton Ives were its graduates. Lieut. Henry L. Johnson of Jewett City went out as commissary; was promoted to be chief of Gen. Heintzelman's signal-corps, and distinguished himself for bravery in McClellan's battles of the Peninsula: the Secretary of War presented him with two captured battle-flags in token of his bravery. The regiment arrived home on Sunday; and the day imposed the necessity of a quiet reception. A portion of the regiment was afterwards enthusiastically welcomed in Danbury.

CASUALTIES.

Killed in action	73
Died of wounds	29
Died of disease	81
Discharged prior to muster-out of regiment	600

MUSTER-OUT OF THE SEVENTEENTH.

On July 19, the Seventeenth was mustered out at Hilton Head, and embarked immediately for home. It had had little leisure during its term of service, and brought home an honorable record. Three brave lieutenant-colonels — Charles Walter, Douglass Fowler, and Albert H. Wilcoxson — were on the list of its slain. The regiment, under Lieut.-Col. Henry Allen, arrived at New Haven on Aug. 3, and was received with music and banners, a procession, and a bountiful collation. Hon. E. C. Scranton, the patriotic mayor, welcomed the soldiers; after which Gov. Buckingham and Rev.

Dr. Leonard Bacon further addressed them in cheering and grateful words. Private Elias Howe, jr., of Bridgeport, chartered a special train; and they proceeded to that city, where they were enthusiastically received. Rev. A. R. Thompson made the welcoming speech, as follows: —

"*Veterans of the Connecticut Seventeenth,* —

"Three years ago, amid these late summer-blooms, and amid the benedictions and with the prayers of loving, throbbing hearts, you went forth to roll back the tide of armed treason. The hosts of evil had arrayed themselves in deadly strife to disrupt this glorious Union. Then, fresh and raw, you took your place in the solid, living walls, which defied its onward sweep. In letters of blood you wrote your names at Chancellorsville, under that gallant, Christian soldier, — the Havelock of this war, — Gen. Howard; and at Gettysburg, — the hilltop of this struggle, — then on the coasts of the Carolinas and on the shores of Florida, have you left the impress of your valiant deeds. .. You have gallantly helped to rescue the country from her peril. Well done! Greeting of welcome we give you to-day. In the name of these homes, where you have been faithfully remembered in love and prayer; in the name of these Christian churches, whose sabbath-bells are pealing forth their welcome; in the name of your brave associates, themselves sharers of the heat and burdens of the day; in the name of our thrice-beloved and delivered land; in the name of God, — I bid you, brave and faithful soldiers, welcome home! The work you went to do you have done. You have returned wiser, doubtless, than you went; and you have left men behind you wiser *because* you went. The valor of the true sons of the Republic has not only lifted to its place again the flag which sacrilegious hands dared to drag to the dust, but has nailed it there, — never to come down while we live, or our children, or our children's children."

Norwalk also gathered to welcome her heroes; and addresses were made by Judge Butler and Gen. O. S. Ferry.

MUSTER-OUT OF THE FIRST CAVALRY.

Our cavalry had been first in the fight, and it was not last in muster-out. About June 1, Col. Ives took his command to Washington, where it participated in the great review. It was then stationed in the city on provost-duty until Aug. 2, when it was mustered out of the service, and ordered home. Its muster-rolls had borne 2,611 men. Lieut.-Col. E. W Whitaker received a brevet commission as brigadier-general;[3] and Second Lieut. Thomas G. Welles of Hart-

[3] Major-Gens. Sheridan, Kilpatrick, Davies, and Kautz recommended Gen. Whitaker cordially for an appointment in the regular cavalry; but he made no application. Kilpatrick wrote, "As a cavalry officer, I know no superior of his rank."

ford, brevetted captain for gallantry in September, 1864, was brevetted major in April, 1865. Col. Ives arrived in New Haven with his regiment on Aug. 5, where it was formally welcomed by Major-Gen. William H. Russell, and then entertained at a banquet at the State House. The men soon after dispersed to their homes. This was the last regiment remaining in Sheridan's renowned cavalry corps; and it had been detained in Washington by Gen. Augur, on account of its orderly and soldierly appearance, as exhibited at the review. Well might the men who had fought with Lyon, Fish, Blakeslee, Brayton Ives, Whitaker, and Morehouse, with Backus, Warner, and Parmelee, be proud of their record, and well might the State be proud of them! Gen. Custer's official order states that his single division had captured from the enemy, within the ten-days' campaign, forty-six pieces of artillery, thirty-seven battle-flags, and over ten thousand prisoners, including seven generals; that it had taken, within the past six months, a hundred and eleven pieces of artillery and sixty-five battle-flags; that it had never lost a gun or a color, and had never been defeated!

CASUALTIES.

Killed in action	24
Died of wounds	8
Died of disease	125
Discharged prior to muster-out of regiment	436
Missing at muster-out of regiment	59

MUSTER-OUT OF THE SECOND BATTERY

The Second Battery, Capt. Walter S. Hotchkiss, arrived at New Haven July 31, from New Orleans, and was officially welcomed by Mayor Scranton, and entertained in a manner required by its valuable services. The men were furnished with quarters, and mustered out on Aug. 9.

CASUALTIES.

Killed in action	1
Died of wounds	1
Died of disease	18
Discharged prior to muster-out of battery	37

MUSTER-OUT OF THE SIXTH.

The veteran Sixth, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Daniel Klein, arrived at New Haven on July 28, and was escorted to the banquet at the State House by military and citizens. Ex-Mayor Moses Tyler addressed a welcome to the returned soldiers, and Col. Klein briefly responded. The regiment was mustered out of the service on Aug. 21. Its rolls accounted for 1,813 officers and men; and they were also accounted for in battles fought, privations endured, and victories won. Less had been known of this regiment by our citizens than of most of the others, partly because Col. Chatfield had instructed officers and men that it was unmilitary to write historical letters for the press. All became ambitious that it should not be known as "a newspaper regiment." Its history is less full on this account; but the Sixth always did its whole duty in the field. The Sixth and Seventh fought side by side; and, as the Sixth had left the State a day earlier, it returned a day earlier to its home.

CASUALTIES.

Killed in action	43
Died of wounds	46
Died of disease	119
Discharged prior to muster-out of regiment	663
Missing at date of muster-out of regiment	23

MUSTER-OUT OF THE SEVENTH.

The Seventh, Col. S. S. Atwell, arrived at New Haven on the evening of July 29, and was received by the committee at the wharf, and escorted with the usual triumphal display, through illuminated streets, to a supper at the State House. Mayor Scranton welcomed the soldiers to the hospitalities of home, and Col. Atwell briefly responded. The regiment was mustered out on Aug. 11. In the mean time, the men made their way speedily to their homes. The regiment had borne upon its rolls 2,090 men. It had been commanded successively by Terry, Hawley, Rodman, and Atwell: it had been in twenty-one battles; and the memories evoked by such service as was indicated by its flag were enough to stir

the blood of any soldier, and excite the grateful emotions of any citizen.

CASUALTIES.

Killed in action	90
Died of wounds	44
Died of disease	179
Discharged prior to muster-out of regiment	587
Missing at date of muster-out of regiment	40

MUSTER-OUT OF THE TWELFTH.

The veteran Twelfth, under Lieut.-Col. G. N. Lewis, went from Winchester to Washington, and participated in the great review; and then received orders to proceed to Savannah, Ga., where it arrived on June 5, and encamped outside of the fortifications. The battalion was detailed on patrol-duty for two months. On Aug. 12, it was mustered out, and ordered home. It was not loth to obey, and on Aug. 18 it reached Hartford in the morning. Mayor Allen Stillman made a brief speech of welcome in State-house Square, and introduced Hon. Henry C. Deming, first commander of the Twelfth, who greeted his old comrades eloquently; and they were soon dismissed. The service of the regiment had been severe and singularly varied. Wherever fighting was to be done, it never shrank; and was repeatedly in the front of battle under Butler, Banks, and Sheridan. Only 328 men came back at muster-out, of 1,826 who had been borne upon the rolls.

CASUALTIES.

Killed in action	50
Died of wounds	16
Died of disease	188
Discharged prior to muster-out of regiment	501

MUSTER-OUT OF THE SECOND ARTILLERY.

When the rebels were driven from Petersburg, the Second Artillery entered it in advance of the 9th Corps. Col. James Hubbard became provost-marshal of the city; and the regimental flag floated from the top of the Court House. When the regiment was relieved, it marched out, and again took possession of its old camp to the south. In this vicinity the regiment remained for weeks. It was finally returned to

duty in the forts around Washington. It was mustered out of service on Aug. 18, and reached New Haven on the 20th, where it was greeted with a patriotic display and a bountiful repast. Col. Hubbard had received the brevet of brigadier-general. The organization had borne upon its muster-rolls 2,719 men, and had lost more than a hundred killed in battle. In Litchfield County, the home of the regiment, the most cordial welcome awaited them; and on Aug. 1 Litchfield celebrated their arrival. Welcoming addresses were made by Hon. John H. Hubbard and Col. Nathaniel Smith. From that of the latter, we extract some passages: —

"The place of Rice is vacant in your lines. Brave man! stainless officer! faithful friend! The elegant form of gentlemanly Berry, gallant Wadhams, soldierly Hosford — but I fear lest, if spirits are conscious of earthly things, these noble men rebuke me sternly in their thoughts for daring thus to single out their names from those of hundreds of others just as self-sacrificing, just as brave, just as deserving of our gratitude and honor, whom time forbids us to mention. O sacred brotherhood of noble men dead for our sakes! — how shall we ever pay the debt of gratitude that is your due?

"Tell us, ye bards in whose verse Achilles and Æneas live, in what immortal numbers shall we consecrate their story to eternal fame? Historians who sleep beneath the shadow of the classic ilex and oleander, what honor shall we pay to patriots purer than they who fell at Thermopylæ and Marathon? Sculptors that raised the Parthenon, on what monument or miracle of art, cloud-piercing, shall we engrave the names of our half-million dead, to be read of men so long as beauty's tears and valor's blood are symboled by the wild flower and the rose?

"Alas! art, able to embellish the castles of nobles, kings, and conquerors, is all unequal to their deserts: it dwindles to artifice before the simple grandeur of their deeds. These that we miss from among you were our neighbors, acquaintances, and friends, — unambitious men, free to remain at home, careful of dependent families, yet so intelligently and truly loving liberty, that, when they saw it in danger, they freely went to the rescue. They found subjection to arbitrary military rule a hard thing for citizens; but, for the sake of their country, they obeyed. In the dull, uncomfortable quarters, weary with routine, sick, discouraged, they longed for home, but from principle remained steadfast. On the march, under the pitiless sun, amid the stifling dust, the musket weighing like a cannon on the shoulder, knapsack and cartridge-box an intolerable load, weary and faint, knowing the agony of thirst, they never came late to battle under the rain of death, amid the howling shot, the rushing, bursting shell, the hissing storm of deadly musket-balls: in that most trying moment, when one after another of their comrades began to drop silently by their side, they were steadfast and true. There they fell, and were buried hastily; or, after hours of patient agony, carried to a hospital amid unnoticed thousands, unmurmuring, and faithful to the last, they died!

"The beneficent Father, mindful of their sacrifice, has decreed peace throughout the land, liberty and union throughout all our boundary; has

bade his messengers lay the railroad, stretch the telegraph from ocean to ocean, from the equator to the pole; has bade them plant the schoolhouse, establish the printing-press, and build the church, — that a land filled with the murmur of schools and the hum of industry; a land of plenteous fields and happy homes, echoing the sweet clangor of sabbath-bells; a land wherein there neither is nor shall for ever be aught to molest or make afraid, — shall stand before the ages, their heaven-erected monument.

"Comrades of the fallen! survivors of the storm! the very homes made desolate by their loss will gladden at the sound of your footsteps. Your native county rejoices to hear of your return. All bid you enter into the soldier's rest. The screaming fife and rattling drum shall break your slumbers with their *réveille* no more. No more at evening the lingering bugles blow the signal of repose. Enjoy henceforth the freedom you have earned for all. Enter, soldiers of the Union, enter into possession of the honors due to citizens that have saved the Republic. The assembled multitude greets you! Children that now look up wonderingly in your faces, grown to be men and women, shall prolong the tribute of grateful praise. Long may the day be absent, when, bowing venerable gray hairs to your only conqueror, the villages shall mourn your loss, and youth and beauty strew your graves with flowers! Then succeeding generations, happier than this of ours, children of long peace and heaven-blessed liberty, shall hand down the story of your battles and triumphs. They of that blissful era, it is reasonable to hope, will know no more personal interest in war-like actions than that they trace their ancestry to you. Treasuring every memento of your times, interested in hearing the minutest incidents of your lives, they would charge me with neglect did I fail to speak to you in their name to-day. They bid me greet you by the title the future will assign you; and, by an authority that history shall ratify, proclaim you her HEROES OF LIBERTY."

The soldiers of Woodbury were afterwards welcomed by William Cothren and P. M. Trowbridge.

CASUALTIES.

Killed in action	143
Died of wounds	80
Died of disease	186
Discharged prior to muster-out of regiment	907

MUSTER-OUT OF THE NINTH.

The veteran Ninth was mustered out of service in Savannah, on Aug. 4, and immediately proceeded northward. The battalion, under the valiant Col. John G. Healy, arrived in New Haven on the morning of the 8th, where it was cordially welcomed by Mayor Scranton, escorted to the State House amid every demonstration of patriotic joy, and properly entertained. The achievements of the Ninth had found little publicity; but, as this record has disclosed, its services were of marked value in conquering a peace for

the re-united Republic: and the gallant Irish-Americans who stood faithfully by its standard share the gratitude of the State and the Nation.

CASUALTIES.

Killed in action	5
Died of wounds	1
Died of disease	240
Discharged prior to muster-out of battalion	376

MUSTER-OUT OF THE TENTH.

The veteran Tenth,[2] too, at last came to the end of its fighting. On Aug. 25, the regiment was mustered out of the United-States service, and returned to Connecticut. It arrived at Hartford by steamer on Aug. 30, under Col. E. S. Greeley, now, like Lieut.-Col. Goodyear, brevet brigadier-general. There were the usual demonstrations, — music, cheers, speeches, and an escort, — in which were Cols. Otis and Pettibone, and other former officers of the regiment, bearing the tattered flag under which they had fought. A bountiful repast was then provided at the hotels, and the men had leave of absence for two days; when they re-assembled and received their pay, and said their final good-bys. The regiment had borne upon its rolls 2,124 men, had been in twenty-three battles, and had won a reputation for remarkable bravery, coolness, persistence, and reliability on trying occasions, that was always recognized even by troops of other States. Its services herein recorded are its highest praise.

CASUALTIES.

Killed in action	57
Died of wounds	59
Died of disease	152
Discharged prior to muster-out of regiment	692

MUSTER-OUT OF THE FIRST ARTILLERY.

On July 11, the First Artillery returned to the defenses of Washington; and, on Sept. 25, was mustered out after

[2] Major Frank Hawkins of the Tenth, from Derby, inspector-general on the staff of Gen. G. B. Dandy, died suddenly on June 22, in one of the military hospitals of New-York City. The Herald said, "Some days since Major Hawkins was exposed to a severe rain-storm while attending a review of the troops. Congestion of the brain set in with fatal results. This is a sad instance of the intervention of death in the midst of human hopes. Major Hawkins had been in the war for more than four years, throughout all which time he had been noted for his bravery and dash. After participating most honorably in the late closing campaign, he parts with life in an unexpected moment."

a service of four years and four months. The following brevet commissions were issued: Col. H. L. Abbot to be major-general; Major George Ager to be lieutenant-colonel; Capts. Henry H. Pierce, John M. Twiss, Charles O. Brigham, Charles R. Bannan, George Dimock, William C. Faxon, Samuel P Hatfield, Bela P. Learned, William A. Lincoln, Glenroy P Mason, George D. Sargeant, and William G. Pride, to be majors; First Lieuts. Frank D. Bangs, Robert E. Lewis, E. P Mason, H. A. Pratt, George F. Bill, Thomas D. Cashin, Cornelius Gillette, John O'Brien, William H. Rogers, S. A. Woodruff, and H. D. Patterson, to be captains; and Second Lieuts. A. Drown, C. W Smith, W H. H. Bingham, G. H. Couch, G. Reynolds, J. H. Casey, and C. N. Silliman, to be first lieutenants. Col. Abbot says in his report, —

"Notwithstanding the fine material of which the regiment is composed, it would have been impossible, without such officers, to have maintained strict discipline during the last campaign, when, for more than a year, the regiment was scattered over a front often exceeding seventeen miles in extent, frequently subdivided into small fragments of companies, and constantly receiving raw recruits. When it was collected after the evacuation, I was surprised myself to see how it had borne this test; the men preserving almost the same cleanliness and soldierly appearance which had so distinguished them in garrison. This result can only be attributed to the high character of the officers of all grades, which naturally follows from the wise and patriotic course of his Excellency the Governor in appointing them."

Major-Gen. Barry, the ablest artillery officer in the United States service, paid the following tribute to the superiority of this regiment: —

"As chief of artillery successively of the two principal armies of the United States during the four years of war now happily ended, I have enjoyed personal opportunities for observation. You will on this account value my opinion when I assure you that the First Connecticut Artillery, in intelligence and the acquirements and services of its special arm, *stands unrivaled in the armies of the United States.*"

CASUALTIES.

Killed in action	26
Died of wounds	23
Died of disease	161
Discharged prior to muster-out of regiment	1,071

MUSTER-OUT OF THE TWENTY-NINTH AND THIRTIETH.

Our colored regiments remained in service in Texas during the summer and autumn, performing garrison and provost

duty, and helping to reduce that fractious State to order. Early in October, they embarked for home. The Twenty-ninth was cordially received at Hartford, on Oct. 22, with cheers, a procession, and a banquet. Gov. Buckingham made an address of welcome, from which we extract: —

"For all your services, I tender you, both officers and men, my grateful acknowledgments and the thanks of my fellow-citizens. In their name I greet you with a cordial welcome. I welcome you from sleepless watchings, from fatiguing marches, from the privations of the camp, and from the dangers of the battle-field, to the rest, the pleasures, and the duties which pertain to peace, to home, and civil life. The revolution in which we have been engaged, and in which you have taken such an active and interesting part, has removed one of the greatest obstacles to the advancement of liberty, and enables me to welcome you to higher hopes of future good.

"And although Connecticut now denies you privileges which it grants to others, for no other apparent reason than because God has made you to differ in complexion, yet justice will not always stand afar off. Be patient; be true to yourselves. Remember that merit consists not in color or in birth, but in habits of industry, in intellectual ability and moral character. Cultivate these characteristics of true worth. Show by your acquirements, and your devotion to duty in civil life, that you are as true to virtue and the interests of government and country as you have been while in the army, and soon the voice of a majority of liberty-loving freemen will be heard demanding for you every right and privilege to which your intelligence and moral character shall entitle you. Again I ask you to accept my thanks for your patriotic services, and my best wishes for your prosperity and happiness."

Col. Wooster of the Twenty-ninth spoke in reply, testifying to the bravery of his men in battle, even when they knew that captivity was certain death. Lieut.-Col. Torrance said, in his report, "The poor rights of a soldier were denied to them. Their actions were narrowly watched, and the slightest faults severely commented upon. In spite of all this, the negro soldier fought willingly and bravely; and with his rifle alone he has vindicated his manhood, and stands confessed to-day as second in bravery to none."

Col. H. C. Ward of the Thirtieth, in his report, says, "Before closing this report, I beg leave to speak briefly as to the character of the troops I have had the honor to serve with. I entered the 'colored service' in January, 1864, and have commanded either a battalion or larger body of colored troops for most of the time since that date; and I am convinced, that, in all the essential qualities of good soldiers, they fully meet all requirements, and are equal to the standard of any service I ever saw."

CASUALTIES OF THE TWENTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

Killed in action	15
Died of wounds	4
Died of disease	47
Discharged prior to muster-out of regiment	47
Missing at muster-out of regiment	13

CASUALTIES OF THE THIRTIETH REGIMENT.

Killed in action	23
Died of wounds	22
Died of disease	153
Discharged prior to muster-out of regiment	135

MUSTER-OUT OF THE EIGHTH AND ELEVENTH.

The veteran Eighth and Eleventh went to Lynchburg after Richmond was captured, and did a semi-military, semi-police duty in that vicinity for several months. They came home in December, had a reception in Hartford befitting their long and arduous service, and were mustered out. Rowland Swift addressed the Eighth, and Ezra Hall addressed the Eleventh, in terms of grateful welcome; and the companies and soldiers departed to find more personal greetings in glad hearts and homes. The regiments had generally marched, camped, and fought side by side, and shared a twin-chronicle of heroic deeds, and a long list of gallant dead.

CASUALTIES OF THE EIGHTH REGIMENT.

Killed in action	72
Died of wounds	40
Died of disease	132
Discharged prior to muster-out of regiment	610
Missing at date of muster-out of regiment	11

CASUALTIES OF THE ELEVENTH REGIMENT.

Killed in action	35
Died of wounds	41
Died of disease	165
Discharged prior to muster-out of regiment	579

MUSTER-OUT OF THE THIRTEENTH.

The veteran Thirteenth, the last of the levy of 1861, was detained in service more than a year after the war was ended. In July, Col. Sprague was appointed president of a military board in Augusta to examine officers for promotion or discharge. The battalion soon after proceeded to Athens, and

thence to Gainesville; and Col. Sprague assumed command of the district of Athens, comprising fourteen counties of Northern Georgia. Afterwards, headquarters were removed to Augusta. In January, 1866, the battalion was relieved from duty, and ordered to garrison the district of Alatoona comprising one-fourth of the State. The men were anxious to go home; and at last, after numerous appeals for muster out, setting forth, that, according to the terms of their re-in listment, they could not properly be detained after the close of the war, they rendezvoused at Fort Pulaski, and were mustered out on April 25, 1866. Three days later, they took a government transport, and proceeded to New York; whence they quietly dispersed to their homes to enjoy in civil life the union and peace for which, through four and a half years they had toiled and fought.

CASUALTIES.

Killed in action	32
Died of wounds	13
Died of disease	129
Discharged prior to March 31, 1866	705

Gov. Buckingham issued the following:—

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas the General Assembly at its recent session:

"*Resolved*, That the heartfelt thanks and lasting gratitude of the people of this State are due and are hereby tendered to all Connecticut officers and soldiers, of every rank and grade, who in the war of the Rebellion have gallantly borne the flag and nobly sustained the honor of our State, and who, by long years of faithful service, and on many a hard-fought field, have aided in preserving to us our institutions, and in demonstrating to the world that no government is so strong as that which rests in the will of a free and enlightened people, and that no armies are so invincible as citizen-soldiers battling for their own liberties and the rights of man.

"That this State will ever gratefully cherish and honor the memories of those victims of war and rebel barbarities who went forth from us for our defense, but who come not back to participate in the blessings of that peace, which, through their efforts and sacrifices, a just God has vouchsafed to us.

"That his Excellency the Governor be requested by suitable proclamation to publish the foregoing resolutions."

Therefore I, William A. Buckingham, Governor of the State of Connecticut, in order to effect the object designed by the General Assembly, hereby issue this proclamation, and call upon the citizens of this Commonwealth to manifest by expressions of gratitude and by acts of kindness, both to the living and to the families of the honored dead, their high appreciation of the sacrifices made by each of the fifty-three thousand three hundred and

thirty men, who from this State have entered the military service of the nation during our recent struggle with rebellion; and to impress upon their children and children's children the duty of holding such patriotic services in honor and perpetual remembrance, and thus prove the enduring gratitude of the Republic.

Given under my hand and the seal of the State, at the city of Hartford, this the seventh day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

[L.S.] WM. A. BUCKINGHAM.

By his Excellency the Governor.

J. HAMMOND TRUMBULL, *Secretary of State.*

Connecticut, that went to the war with such promptness and lusty energy, had acquitted herself nobly in it. Referring to her part in nurturing and coloring the royal blood that finally lifted up the two most illustrious captains of the war, Rev. Dr. Bushnell has said,[3] "Nay, it is not quite enough, if we will know exactly who is entitled to a part in these honors, that we remember only these dead of the war. Buried generations back of them were also present in it almost as truly as they. Thus, if we take the two most honored leaders, — Grant and Sherman, — who, besides the general victory they have gained for the cause, have won their sublime distinction as the greatest living commanders of the world, it will be impossible to think of them as having made or begotten their own lofty endowments. All great heroic men have seeds and roots, far back, it may be, out of which they spring, and apart from which they could not spring at all, — a sublime fatherhood and motherhood, in whose blood and life, however undistinguished, victory was long ago distilling for the great day to come of their people and nation. They knew it not: they sleep in graves, it may be, now forgot; but their huge-grown, manful temperament; the fights they waged and won in life's private battle; the lofty prayer-impulse which made inspiration their element; their brave, self-retaining patience, and the orderly vigor of their household command, — were breeding in and in, to be issued finally in a hero sonship, and, by that, fight themselves out into the grandest victory for right and law the future ages shall know. So that, if we ask who are the dead that

[3] Commemorative Celebration at Yale College.

are to be counted in our victory, we must pierce the sod of Wethersfield and Stratford, of Woodbury and Norwalk, and find where the Honorable Sherman, the Deacon Sherman, the Judge Sherman, and all the line of the Shermans, and their victor wives and mothers, lie; and then, if we can guess who they were and how they lived, we shall know who fought the great campaigns of Atlanta, Savannah, and Raleigh. So again, if we begin at the good Deacon Grant, in Mr. Warham's church at Windsor, descending to the historic Noah Grant of Tolland, fellow-scout with Putnam, and captain of a French-war company; then to the now living Jesse Root Grant, who removed to Ohio, afterwards finally, I believe, to Illinois, whose wanderings appear to be commemorated in the classic name of Ulysses, — we shall see by what tough flanking processes of life and family the great general was preparing, who should turn the front of Vicksburg, and march by Lee and Richmond, and cut off by the rear even the Great Rebellion itself. Oh, if we could see it, how long and grandly were the victories of these great souls preparing! The chief thing was the making of the souls themselves; and when that was done the successes came, of course."

Not the living chiefs alone are of our maturing: we name, also, with reverent pride, a long, deep phalanx of departed heroes who stepped out eagerly from our homes; leaders on field and staff; leaders in line and rank, who fell before the gaunt wolf in rebel prisons, or leaped into the blazing vortex of battle, and passed triumphant from their heavy shrouds of blue to the Pleasant Fields where their loved leader was so soon to greet them again.

The first great martyrs of the war — Ellsworth, Winthrop, Ward, and Lyon — were of Connecticut stock. A Connecticut general, with Connecticut regiments, opened the battle of Bull Run, and closed it; and a Connecticut regiment was marshaled in front of the farm-house at Appomattox, when Lee surrendered to a soldier of Connecticut blood. A Connecticut flag first displaced the palmetto upon the soil of South Carolina; a Connecticut flag was first planted in Mississippi; a Connecticut flag was first unfurled before New

Orleans. Upon the reclaimed walls of Pulaski, Donelson, Macon, Jackson, St. Philip, Morgan, Wagner, Sumter, Fisher, our State left its ineffaceable mark. The sons of Connecticut followed the illustrious grandson of Connecticut, as he swung his army, with amazing momentum, from the fastnesses of Tennessee to the Confederacy's vital center. At Antietam, Gettysburg, and in all the fierce campaigns of Virginia, our soldiers won crimson glories; and at Port Hudson they were the very first and readiest in that valiant little band, — every man a Winkelried, resolved to gather the shafts of flame into their bosoms to make a path for Liberty to tread.

On the banks of every river of the South, and in the battle-smoke of every contested ridge and mountain-peak, the sons of Connecticut have stood and patiently struggled. In every ransomed State, we have a holy acre on which the storm has left its emerald waves, — two thousand indistinguishable hillocks on lonely lake and stream, in field and tangled wildwood, where the long mosses of the Florida forests sweep, where the magnolia flowers along the Carolina coast, where the cotton sheds its snowy wealth, where the holly of the James drops its ruby berries, where the pines of the Gulf States chant their dirge; and in every blooming grave lie buried beneath the sacred dust of our heroes the broken shackles of bondage and the rusting weapons of rebellion.

APPENDIX.

THE SONS OF CONNECTICUT RESIDING IN NEW YORK.

THE sons of Connecticut residing in other States, whom business or personal circumstances kept from actual army service, were active and faithful as our best citizens in the State.

In New York and in Washington, Connecticut men had frequent opportunity to aid and encourage the soldiers of Connecticut, and formed organizations for the purpose.

It is proper to say at the outset, that the Sons of Connecticut rendered these services to their native State in addition to doing their full share of what belonged to the community in which they resided.

Mr. Robert H. McCurdy, the honored president of the society in New York, a native of Lyme, was active in originating and giving practical effect to the first patriotic movement in that city, — the great meeting of the people at Union Square on the 20th of April, 1861; a meeting, which, speaking so grandly the voice of the great commercial metropolis, exerted an influence perhaps as powerful as that of any public meeting ever held on the globe.

Mr. McCurdy was at that meeting appointed a member of the well-known Union-Defense Committee, and thereafter gave time and money, without stint, to the great cause.

Mr. Simeon B. Chittenden, a native of Guilford, whose name appears on the first subscription-list in New York for the equipment of the New-York 7th Regiment, was untiring and generous throughout the war. As a single instance, we quote from a letter written by him to Hon. Moses F. Odell, then a member of Congress, in October, 1863, when the war had become a dread and a burdensome business: "It is my conviction that it is the solemn duty and the high privilege of all who love their country, instantly to lend their cheerful, willing, and effective aid to the great and noble effort to which the President now summons the nation; and I ask you, sir, to co-operate with me in such ways as your knowledge of the condition of the regiment (Brooklyn 14th) may suggest. I propose to raise two hundred men for the Brooklyn 14th as my share of the work, and will contribute ten thousand dollars to be divided among them; fifty dollars to each man in addition to all national, state, and municipal bounties which may be available to such volunteers." The two hundred men were enlisted, the bounties paid, and recruiting further stimulated by this prompt and liberal action.

Equally prompt and efficient, according to their means, unto the very close of the war, were hundreds of natives of Connecticut located in New York. Indeed, out of the general patriotic work grew the special efforts for Connecticut soldiers.

Gen. Prosper M Wetmore (of what town?), also a member of the Union-Defense Committee, had labored night and day in recruiting the Harris Light Cavalry, in which two companies from Connecticut were enlisted. He learned to esteem and admire among others the noble face and soldierly bearing of Sergeant Edward F. Lyon, who was killed on the ears while passing to the front, in a brave attempt to save the lives of his fellow-soldiers. Gen. Wetmore, learning that the body had reached New York on the way home, after a long search, found a rude pine coffin containing the remains, in the open air, watched by

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two faithful comrades, — Sergeants Daniel Whitaker and P. O. Jones. An appropriate guard of honor was promptly secured, entertainment provided for the two sergeants, and every facility freely furnished.

Gen. Wetmore at once resolved that there should not again be such an apparent neglect of proper respect to the heroic dead and due attention to the comforts of the brave living soldiers of his native State.

He conceived the design of an organization of the Sons of Connecticut in New York, to extend fitting courtesies and all needed aid to regiments passing to and from the front through New York, to the sick and wounded, and to the noble dead of our gallant regiments. The plan was heartily approved by Mr. McCurdy, who had, at intervals of his pressing duties, been contemplating something of the sort. Others fell in promptly and cordially.

The first meeting was held at the Astor House, on the 25th of September, 1861. Robert H. McCurdy, Pelatiah Perit, Jonathan Sturges, Prosper M. Wetmore, David Hoadley, R. M. Blatchford, S. Baldwin, I. N. Phelps, W C. Wetmore, Henry Chauncey, F. Bronson, John E. Forbes, Rufus L. Lord, Samuel D. Babcock ,Charles W. Elliott, Thomas Lord, George Griswold, Henry H. Elliott, J. W. Alsop, W E. Dodge, W. C. Gilman, Charles Gould, Simeon B. Chittenden, Waldo Hutchins, A. H. Almy, Elias Howe, jr., Joseph Battell, and others among the most eminent business-men of New York, participated in the organization.

A permanent organization was effected by electing as officers, —

President, Robert H. McCurdy; *Vice-President*, Prosper M. Wetmore; *Secretary*, Charles Gould; *Treasurer*, William C. Gilman; *Standing-Committee*, Robert H. McCurdy, Waldo Hutchins, Prosper M. Wetmore, Charles W Elliott, Elias Howe, jr., Joseph Battell, Jonathan Sturges, A. H. Almy, J. J. Phelps, S. B. Chittenden, and Charles Gould.

The duties of the secretary were so arduous, that Richard A. McCurdy was soon appointed assistant secretary.

Gov. Buckingham was immediately notified of the organization and purposes of the society, and assured them of his hearty gratification and co-operation. He soon after appointed John H. Almy as agent to act for the State, in connection with the Sons of Connecticut, to forward the interests and aid the soldiers of Connecticut.

The active work of the society at once began. Of this work, Gen. P. M. Wetmore, a genuine and an accomplished Son of Connecticut, the vice-president of the society, has furnished a lengthy and carefully-written sketch, which has been reluctantly abridged to conform to the space allotted; and we desire to acknowledge our indebtedness while we gratefully take from it the main facts.

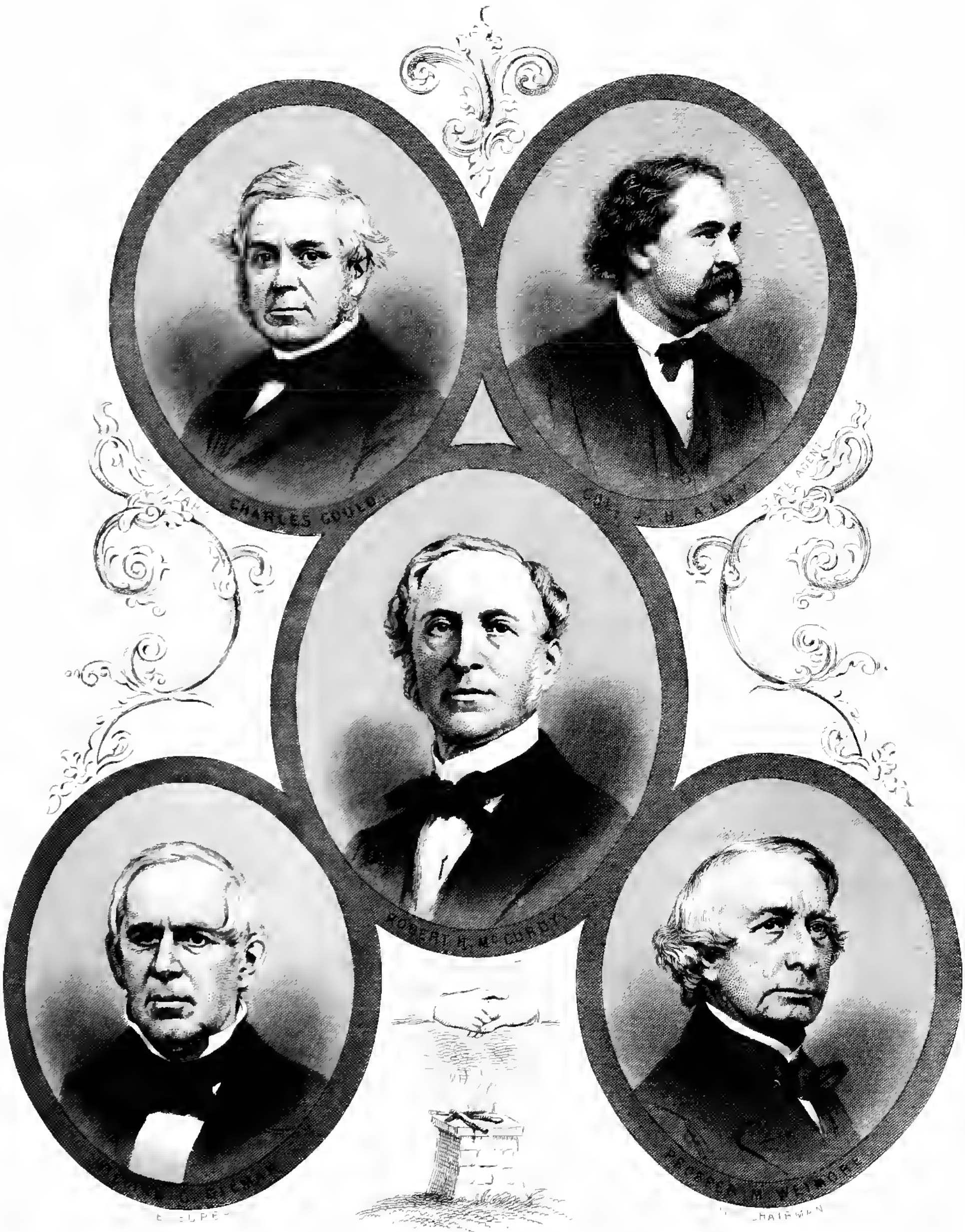
Mr. Wetmore modestly refrains in his sketch from self-praise; but the remaining officers unite in saying that he was, from the outset, the chief intellectual life and motor of the society. He was so situated that he could, or at any rate did, give more time and effort than any other man. He is genial and eloquent; "knows everybody," and is a general favorite; is a sterling and tireless patriot; and thus in all respects eminently adapted to the noble work to which he gave the greater part of his valuable time for four years.

The Eighth Regiment was the first to receive the courtesy and attention of the Sons of Connecticut. A warm breakfast was furnished on the morning of Oct. 18; and on the 25th the Sons of Connecticut visited their temporary camp at Jamaica, L.I., to present the regiment with a superb stand of colors. We have already adverted briefly to this event, and also to the organization of the society, in one of the early chapters of this volume, as it naturally connects itself with the history of the regiment at that time.

The delegation of Sons of Connecticut was quite large. Col. J. H. Almy with a few earnest words introduced Gen. Wetmore, who rose in response, and delivered a most eloquent and touching address, worthy of his high reputation and marked abilities. Few men, however privileged their life or gifted their tongue, can speak to the heart, or stir the souls of men, with more effect than he.

Col. Harland in a few graceful words accepted the beautiful banner, and pledged his command to guard and protect it.

The Tenth Regiment was provided with a substantial and agreeable breakfast, addressed by Col. Almy and Gen. Burnside, and presented with the national colors by S. B. Chit-



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tenden. The regiment was escorted through the city by a delegation of the Sons of Connecticut, marshaled by Gen. Wetmore. Music was furnished by Dodsworth's Band.

Next came the Eleventh. The enlisted were provided with a warm and bountiful breakfast at the Park Barracks. The Sons of Connecticut gave a complimentary breakfast at the Astor House to Gov. Buckingham and staff and the officers of the regiment. The company gathered was large and choice. The dining-room was elegantly decorated. No expense was spared to make the occasion truly complimentary, both to the distinguished governor and the officers of the Eleventh.

Mr. Charles Gould presided. In the opening address, he said, —

"If ever kind and cordial welcome was due, the Sons of Connecticut in New York owe such greeting to-day. If warm and grateful hearts ever gave a cordial welcome, we, the sons and daughters of Connecticut, now give that welcome to you, Gov. Buckingham, whose considerate and unwearied care has so completely provided for the Connecticut troops; and to you, Col. Kingsbury and your fellow-soldiers, who are going to join the great army of Freedom, and stand in the 'breach between our loved homes and the war's desolation.'

"Soldiers of Connecticut, it is not alone a welcome that we give you. Our sympathies and blessings will follow your march; and if each earnest wish for your safety and triumph could but advance your regiment a hair's-breadth towards the battle-field and the shout of victory, so many are those wishes, that our words of farewell would scarcely be uttered before this flag of yours would float in triumph over the broad field now desolated by Rebellion, announcing that the conflict was over, and the victory for freedom won, and won for ever.

Gov. Buckingham was received with prolonged and hearty applause. He gave a succinct *résumé* of the recruiting and legislation for the war in Connecticut, and affirmed that neither in patriotism nor efficiency was she surpassed by any State.

Speeches were made by Gen. Wetmore, Rev. H. W. Beecher, Parke Godwin, and others. At three and a half, a beautiful flag was presented to the regiment by Rev. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson. The regiment was escorted to the boat, at the foot of Canal Street, by the Sons of Connecticut, with Dodsworth's Band. In the evening, a brilliant reception was tendered to Gov. Buckingham at the Fifth-avenue Hotel. A distinguished company of men and a goodly array of beautiful women graced the occasion.

The death of Col. Russell and Lieut. Stillman at Roanoke Island, so soon after the public reception of the Tenth by them, called forth resolutions of sympathy and patriotic eulogy.

The remains of these gallant officers were taken in charge by a committee of the Sons of Connecticut, of which John H. Almy was chairman, and reverently cared for, and escorted to New Haven. Thenceforward, but with less formality, no less care was taken of the remains of our Connecticut martyrs.

As the struggle deepened, the faith and the zeal of the Sons of Connecticut wavered not. Their efforts, both as citizens of New York and as sons of Connecticut, became matters of calm daily duty. They did what they could of whatever they deemed to be necessary to win the great conflict. The officers of the association were faithful and efficient from first to last. We have already spoken of Mr. McCurdy and Gen. Wetmore.

The secretary, Mr. Charles Gould, was a native of Litchfield, and a son of the eminent Judge Gould of that town. By his earnest and resolute spirit, his administrative ability, and his wide acquaintance, he added vigor and directness to the efforts of the society. He was equally constant, faithful, and efficient in all that he did to aid in upholding the nation's cause.

Mr. William C. Gilman, the treasurer of Norwich, was greatly respected for his integrity, his usefulness, and his public spirit. His agreeable manners, his intelligent and faithful performance of his duties, won the warm regards of his associates in the organization. He died on the 6th of June, 1864, deeply regretted in business-circles and society by those who were so fortunate as to enjoy his acquaintance.

The active exertions of the officers and Standing Committee were gradually superseded by the untiring and judicious labors of the State Agent; and, before the close of the war, the principal function of the society was to supply means to execute what was wisely planned by him.

THE CONNECTICUT AGENCY IN NEW YORK.

The closing paragraph of the preceding section serves to introduce the co-ordinate and beneficent work done in New York by Col. John H. Almy, a native of Thompson.

Col. Almy, in October, 1861, with the unanimous approval of the Sons of Connecticut, then just organized, was authorized by Gov. Buckingham to act as agent to transact any business of the State, and to serve the State and its soldiers in any practicable way. He served up to June, 1862, entirely without compensation, even for the most part paying his own expenses, although the business had for months absorbed nearly his whole time. From June to November, he received a small salary and his expenses. In November, deciding to devote his whole time to the work, he was regularly commissioned as assistant quarter-master of the State, with the rank and pay of lieutenant-colonel of cavalry.

He was of great service to our inexperienced officers in aiding them to supply and forward their regiments.

The receptions given to the Eighth, Tenth, and Eleventh Regiments, have been described in the preceding section.

The services of Col. Almy went to much more minute and practical details. The care of the Thirteenth Regiment, bound to New Orleans, will serve to illustrate his work. He visited the ship chartered for their transportation, and learned that the terms of contract did not require the owners to furnish any conveniences for the men. While on one of these tours of inspection, previous to the arrival of the regiment in New York, he noticed several dray-loads of *oil-casks* were being delivered to the ship, and, inquiring, ascertained they were to be employed in conveying water for the use of the regiment. The contractor was sought; and, intimidated by the fear of exposure of the villainous deed, other casks were procured, according to the terms of contract. He found the ship entirely destitute of the needful requirements for a voyage to Ship Island, and provided such as were essential to the comfort and health of the men. He also secured the shipment of heavy ordnance and ammunition, that the regiment might successfully resist the numerous privateers then depredating in Southern waters. The contract for towing the ship out of the harbor beyond Sandy Hook was given to a tug for two hundred dollars. The owner sub-let it for one hundred and fifty; the second sub-let it for one hundred; and the third again for forty.

The captain of the tug took the ship as far as Sandy Hook, but not over the bar, and left her there; declaring that he had done forty dollars' worth. After remaining there with adverse winds for two days, Col. Almy was apprised of the situation, procured another tug, and got the vessel out to sea. Vouchers for all his expenditures were made out in official form, which the General Government subsequently paid.

In like manner, according to the varying circumstances of the regiments, he accelerated the departure and ministered to the comfort of each. Familiar with the docks and markets, acquainted with the ship-owners, and soon on good terms with the United-States officials, he could meet almost any want promptly.

A collation more or less substantial was served to every regiment, going from the State or returning, which remained for an hour in the city. These dinners were generally ready and served immediately after the regiments arrived. The well-filled soldiers were good-natured and docile; and it was seldom that any quarrel or difficulty of any sort occurred.

The funds for these collations were cheerfully contributed by the Sons of Connecticut in New York: the care and responsibility of providing fell upon the agent.

When the sick and wounded were brought from Roanoke Island, he aided to send them all from New York to their homes in circumstances as comfortable as possible; advancing the amount of their transportation from his private funds, but afterwards reimbursed by the General Government. He then made personal application to Secretary Stanton, and obtained for each of the sick and wounded two months' pay.

Through April, May, and June of 1862, he was busy night and day in receiving and caring for the sick and wounded of all States, as they arrived from the deadly Peninsula and from other points. Nine hundred and eight men sick with typhoid-fever, some in a horrible condition, came sweltering in on one crowded steamer. Hundreds of men, with wounds slight and wounds ghastly, arrived by every steamer for a time. The worst cases of fever and wounds were provided for in New-York and the adjacent hospitals.

But there was then no well-organized hospital-system; and every man able to endure travel was forwarded to his home as speedily and as well provided for as possible.

The name, regiment, and destination of every soldier he aided, and his papers, show, that, in those three months, he furnished transportation for more than twenty thousand persons, and for many of them much more than transportation.

Col. Almy was offered the New-York agency of several States, but accepted that of Rhode Island only, being adjacent to Connecticut; and declined the others.

His watchful care of the wounded and sick continued. The minute and thorough manner in which his work was done is illustrated by the case of William Ingraham of the Twelfth Connecticut Volunteers. Ingraham arrived by steamer from New Orleans at the point of death with a chronic disorder. His absorbing desire was to get home to die. Almy sent him on the first train to Mystic, Conn., where he left the cars. He sent a soldier attendant with him, and paid his fare. The sick man had ninety-six dollars in cash with him. Almy informed the conductor of all the facts, and the destination of the soldier. He telegraphed to trusty patriots in Mystic the time when the man would arrive, and the money he had with him. Thus every precaution was taken to see that both the soldier and his earnings were safely transported and promptly and properly cared for.

His disbursements in case of needy, sick, and wounded, were large; and, though not regarded as legitimate State expenditures, were necessary for the comfort of the men. These outlays far exceeded his salary; but he was often helped out by generous contributions, never solicited, but given by the friends of some whom he had assisted. Such were checks for two hundred dollars from the citizens of Ansonia by Charles Durand, a hundred and fifty dollars from Joseph Ripley and son, and others.

After large military hospitals were established in all parts of the country, Almy was constantly alert to secure the transfer of Connecticut soldiers from hospitals about New York to the Knight Hospital in New Haven.

The sick and wounded men whom he had aided did not forget him. They applied to him for furlough and bounty, and appealed to him in every sort of difficulty.

The daily general business of the agency was wonderful in extent and variety. The collection of back-pay, bounties; correcting errors in passes and descriptive-lists; obtaining of furloughs; the reception of boxes of sanitary goods, and dispatching the same to their several destinations; care of baggage; procuration of regimental flags, guidons, together with musical instruments for various bands and small-arms for officers, and even clothing for individual soldiers, and discharges for sick and disabled soldiers; permits for citizens to visit the front; responses to scores of letters inquiring for missing and dead soldiers, — were among his constantly-recurring duties.

The Thanksgiving dinner to the nine-months' troops at Centreville, L.I., in 1863, was a very successful affair, in consequence of his promptness and efficiency. The Sons of Connecticut contributed on the occasion nearly eleven hundred dollars, besides delicacies for the table. Almy telegraphed and wrote to Connecticut for turkeys and pumpkin-pies. It is amusing to read the following telegram to a grave and dignified public man: "Hon. Benjamin Douglas, can Middletown send down five hundred pumpkin-pies on Wednesday night?"

The pies came, turkeys and "fixin's" with them; and so from many other towns. More than fifteen hundred turkeys and three thousand pies were distributed, besides barrels of apples, cakes, and large quantities of other toothsome edibles.

In these absorbing duties, months passed swiftly by. At the end of four years, his records showed that more than two hundred thousand soldiers of Connecticut and other States, sixty thousand of them sick or wounded, had passed through his hands; all receiving transportation, many being otherwise assisted.

He had answered thousands of letters on every conceivable subject pertaining to military life or service. The copies of the more important ones fill six large volumes.

The average number of daily calls at his office in 1863, 1864, and the first half of 1865, for information and aid, was upwards of a hundred and seventy-five; the average number of letters for similar purposes, forty-five; the average of telegrams on important matters, twenty.

The plan of furnishing a bountiful collation to our regiments passing through the city was carried out during the entire war, both in going and returning. The delicacies

of the season were often supplied them; thus giving the weary soldier on his return agreeable token of gratitude for their services, and pleasant foretastes of the comforts of home.

No characterization of the energy and efficiency of the New-York Agency need be added; for no eulogy is so eloquent as facts.

THE AGENCY IN WASHINGTON.

Early in the war, the citizens of Connecticut in Washington organized a Soldiers'-aid Society, — a sort of central reservoir to receive and disburse supplies to the soldiers from the State in the vicinity. Admiral A. H. Foote was its first president; A. H. Byington and Charles E. Dailey were among the most active members. An immense amount of relief was furnished to Connecticut soldiers who languished in the various hospitals. During the last year, the Agency was directed by Rev. W A. Benedict, a zealous friend of the soldier. The Palladium said of him, "Under his administration, hundreds and thousands can bear witness to its value in relieving those needing its service; and not a few owe their lives to the protecting and ministering spirit of this wise provision of State beneyolence." Towards the close of the Rebellion, Mr. Benedict undertook the gratuitous collection of soldiers' claims under State authority. During the first year, three hundred and thirteen claims were collected, involving upwards of fifty thousand dollars, and without a cent to the claimant; saving to the soldiers interested, at least seven thousand dollars, which they would have paid to the professional claim-agents.

GEN. AIKEN'S VISIT TO WASHINGTON.

Brig.-Gen. William A. Aiken, quartermaster-general of Connecticut, had a most unusual experience in the spring of 1861, in performing the journey to Washington and back. He left Boston, Mass., for Norwich, on the same day that the Massachusetts 6th left for the national capital. Every town and city was excited by the warlike attitude of the South. The telegraph was thrilled with strange rumors. On Friday evening, April 19, news reached Norwich of the bloodshed in the streets of Baltimore. Gov. Buckingham desired Gen. Aiken to test the possibility of reaching Washington with official dispatches conveying assurances of speedy relief.

He started early on Monday the 22d, while the young men of the State were rising in arms. All trains beyond Philadelphia were suspended. On arriving there, Gen. Aiken found another gentleman at the Continental Hotel with the same journey in view; and in the morning they pushed on together with a Pennsylvania regiment. At the Susquehanna, the regiment halted; Butler having taken the ferry-boats, with the New-York 7th, around to Annapolis. The air was full of stories of bridges burned and rails removed farther on. The general and his companion obtained an old flat-boat, and crossed to Havre de Grace, where rebel spies were plenty, and traitors were brawling about their anxiety to meet the "d——d Yankees."

Here, after much effort, the travelers hired a man to carry them in a wagon to Baltimore, persuading him by an extra pecuniary request to drive within the limits of the city. Gen. Aiken, in a narrative which has been furnished us, says, "The brilliantly illuminated streets were alive with people; some in uniform, and generally wearing the rebel badge upon their coats. On arriving at a hotel, we retired almost immediately to our room, and there remained till morning. What I saw and heard in the crowded halls convinced me that no avowed Union man could be safe there for a moment.

"Through the politeness of the proprietor, we were enabled to obtain passes (signed by Gen. Winder, and countersigned by Marshal Kane, both bitter rebels) permitting us to pass out of the city limits. By paying fifty dollars, we engaged a carriage to convey us to Washington; our number having been increased by three. We might not have been so fortunate about the passes, had it not been that the proprietor was a personal friend of my companion, and also a sympathizer with the distinguished officials wielding temporary power."

The travelers stopped to bait horses half-way between Baltimore and Washington; and this furnished an opportunity to a knot of low-bred traitors to insult and abuse them, and obliquely to threaten their lives. Gen. Aiken proceeds, "The rumor having just been received that Butler had landed his 'Yankees' at Annapolis, that officer was made the subject of various invitations to 'come on,' with the hint, expressed in gentle Southern phrase, that he and his 'Yankees' would be summarily sent to a certain hot locality, the name of which they seemed to reiterate with the relish of a delicious foretaste.

"We arrived at Washington at ten, P.M., on Wednesday the 24th.

The unbroken silence of its hotels, and apparent desolation of its streets, brought vividly to mind the contrasting scenes of the evening previous. Half a dozen persons crowded around me in the hall to ask questions about the North; and I then realized the complete isolation of the city. I hastened to the headquarters of Gen. Scott to deliver a dispatch. It was eleven o'clock at night. I found the general attended only by two members of his personal staff.

"After reading the governor's paper, he rose, and said excitedly, 'Sir, you are the first man I have seen with a written dispatch for three days. I have sent out men every day to get intelligence of the Northern troops: not one of them has returned. Where *are* the troops?' His excited manner, and the number and rapidity of the questions that followed, impressed me fully with the critical nature of the situation.

"I afterwards went to the house of Mr. Cameron, secretary of war, who at once admitted me into an audience in his bed-chamber. His inquiries were of the same nature, and conveyed a sense of great insecurity. The situation was indeed alarming. The District was surrounded by hostile territory; the spirit of rebellion being, during these few days, as rampant in Maryland as in Virginia or South Carolina. A friend in the Treasury Department advised very strongly against my return by the same route, as my arrival was already marked, and the general nature of my business suspected, by the rebel spies that lurked in every street, hotel, and department.

"At ten o'clock next morning, I called upon the President, and saw him for the first time in my life, — an interview I can never forget. No office-seekers were besieging the presence that day. I met no delay. Mr. Lincoln was alone, seated in his business-room, up stairs, looking towards Arlington Heights through a wide-open window. Against the casement stood a very long spy-glass, or telescope, which he had obviously just been using. I gave him all the information I could from what I had seen and heard on my journey.

"He seemed depressed beyond measure as he asked slowly and with measured emphasis, 'What *is* the North about? *Do* they know our condition?' — 'No,' I answered: 'they certainly did not when I left.' He spoke of the non-arrival of the troops under Gen. Butler, and of having had no intelligence from them for two or three days. Having delivered my dispatch and the governor's words of encouragement, and having enjoyed an interview protracted, by desire of the President, beyond ordinary length, I took my leave.

"The sense of the insecurity of the capital, and of that good man's life, has never again come over my spirit with such weight as then. From the President's words and looks, I saw what a moment of golden opportunity that was to the conspirators. Only a handful of regulars, a regiment of volunteers, and Clay's band of brave men, — these were all the loyal forces at hand. Foes were without, and their descent from Arlington over Long Bridge was the probability of any moment. Foes were within, equally bitter, jostling the friends of the government on every pavement and in every office. Mutual confidence seemed dead, and suspicion had usurped its place.

"I have referred to the entire separation of the city from the North. In no one of many ways was it brought home more practically to my mind than in this: The funds in my possession were in New-York city bank-notes, yet their value had suddenly departed. They were worth their weight in

paper, — no more. During the interview with the President, my financial dilemma was referred to: I remarked that I hadn't a cent, though my pocket was full. He instantly understood me, and kindly put me in possession of such an amount of specie as I desired. Re-imbursement was made on my return, with many thanks.

"Proceeding to the State Department, I was informed that the expected troops were heard from, and would soon be in the city. A white flag on the Capitol would be the signal of their arrival. A few minutes afterwards, it was run up; and such a stampede of humanity, loyal and rebel, as was witnessed at that hour towards the Baltimore dépôt, can be appreciated only by one, who, like myself, took part in it. One glance at the gray jackets of the New-York 7th restored hope and confidence. On Thursday the 25th, I started northward with a small party thither bound. We traveled on an unfrequented route, and crossed the Pennsylvania line, south-east of Gettysburg, once more in the region of telegraphs, railroads, and loyalty. Only on the Capitol, at Washington, had I seen the stars and stripes since entering Maryland.

"The successful accomplishment of my journey was to me a matter of more than ordinary satisfaction; for I believe there has been no hour since, when messages of sympathy, encouragement, and aid from the loyal governor of a loyal State were more truly needed, or more effective in the mind of our late President, than those I had the honor to deliver."

CONNECTICUT IN THE NAVY.

Hon. Isaac Toucey of Hartford was Secretary of the Navy during the Presidential term of James Buchanan. On the 9th of January, 1861, a committee of the House of Representatives was raised to examine into the location and condition of the vessels of the navy. All the representatives from Connecticut voted for the committee.

On the 21st of February, Mr. Dawes of Massachusetts, for a majority of the committee, reported that the entire naval force available for the defense of the whole Atlantic coast, on the 9th of January, consisted of the steamer Brooklyn, twenty-five guns, and the storeship Relief, two guns, while the former was of too great draught to enter Charleston Harbor with safety, except at spring-tides, and the latter was under orders to the coast of Africa ; that the vessels which might have been available for protection or defense had been retained at or ordered to distant stations ; that on the 13th of October, "after these unhappy difficulties had broken out at home," the Richmond sailed for the Mediterranean, and, even as late as the 21st of December, the Vandalia left to join the East-India squadron, the Saratoga to join the African squadron, and others to join the Home squadron at Vera Cruz ; that not one of the twenty-eight vessels dismantled in our own ports had been refitted, and this, too, "while $646,639.74 of the appropriation for repairs for the present year remained unexpended."

The committee declared that the Secretary could at any time, with the existing naval force, and without impairing the efficiency of the foreign service, have stationed at anchor, within reach of his own orders, a force equal to the protection of all the property and all the rights of the government and the citizen, as well as the flag of the country, from any outrage or insult at any point on the entire Atlantic seaboard. The committee said, "The failure to do this is without justification or excuse."

Concerning resignations in the navy, they further said, that, since the election, twenty-nine resignations had been tendered to the Secretary by officers of the Southern States, and "forthwith, and without inquiry, accepted by him;" that E. Farrand, executive officer of the Navy Yard at Pensacola, met the rebel assailants at the gates of the yard, by previous understanding, admitted them, "participated in the formal capitulation, and immediately engaged in service under the new commandant of the yard" (and this while he still held his commission as a commander in the United-States navy); that his resignation did not reach the Department until the 21st of January, seven days after official notice of the surrender had been received at the Department, and yet it was "immediately and without inquiry accepted." After citing similar cases, the committee proceed to say, "The conduct of these officers plainly comes within the constitutional definition of treason against the United States; and, so long as their resignations were unaccepted by the Secretary, they could be tried and punished by a court-martial as traitors. From this they have been relieved by the Secretary himself. The committee are compelled to condemn such a failure in the discharge of public duty; and they therefore recommend the adoption of the following resolution: —

"*Resolved*, That the Secretary of the Navy, in accepting without delay or inquiry the resignations of officers of the navy who were in arms against the government when tendering the same, and of those who sought to resign that they might be relieved from the restraint imposed by their commissions upon engaging in hostilities against the constituted authorities of the nation, has committed a grave error, highly prejudicial to the discipline of the service, and injurious to the honor and efficiency of the navy; for which he deserves the censure of this House."

Mr. Toucey was further called upon to bear the infliction of a minority report from Mr. Branch of North Carolina. This congressman, soon an avowed rebel, sneeringly informed the House, that "the navy seems to have been adequate for all the demands made upon it by the wise and peace-preserving policy of President Buchanan. If the President who goes into office on the 4th of March desires to engage in civil war, he will have an ample naval force with which to begin even so early as the 5th of March ; and there will probably be abundant time for increasing it before the war closes."

Mr. Branch displayed so much more anxiety to aid treason than to defend the Secretary, that his report served only to confirm the conclusions of the Majority Report. On the second day of March, the resolution of censure was passed by ninety-five yeas to sixty-two nays.[1] Of the Connecticut members, Mr. Woodruff voted yea, Messrs. Loomis and Burnham were absent, or did not vote. Mr. Ferry, rising, said, "Mr. Speaker, believing a vote of censure to be a judicial in-

[1] This was a party-vote, — Isaac N. Morris, Democrat, voting in the affirmative; and Ferry and Kilgore, Republican, in the negative.

fliction of punishment, and none of the evidence on which the resolution is based having ever been presented or even read in this House, so that no proof is afforded me to justify such punishment, I vote *no*."

Looking back calmly from this distance upon all the facts of the case, it is no more evident that Mr. Branch's report was made from the standpoint of the maturing Rebellion than that there were some grave errors of fact, and some of inference, in the report of the majority. Documents presented in justification of the Secretary show that the active home squadron, which consisted of three vessels only in 1857, instead of having been reduced to two, had really been increased to thirteen steam and sail vessels of one hundred and eighty-six guns; and though, according to the majority report, but two were in Northern ports on the 9th of January, all were on our coast by the 1st of March, 1861. Besides these, there were in our navy-yards thirteen brigs, sloops of war, and steam frigates, with an armament of three hundred and sixty-eight guns more "that could put to sea before the bombardment of Fort Sumter." There is also evidence that the East-India, Brazil, and Mediterranean squadrons, instead of being largely increased, had been materially reduced. In every annual report during his term, Mr. Toucey had earnestly urged the construction of twenty light-draught war-steamers, "capable of entering the shallow harbors of the Southern States;" but Congress had failed to act upon his recommendation. It further appears that the naval appropriation for the year 1860–61 had been reduced $1,000,000; that, of $1,523,000, only $646,639 remained on the 1st of January to meet the expenditures of the last half of the fiscal year, a part of which belonged to the succeeding administration; that not a ship had been sent to a foreign station since the Presidential election,[2] while some had been quietly recalled.

In regard to resignations: while it is alleged that none were accepted after official notice had been received that the officers tendering them had committed the overt act of treason, it is not denied that the Department willingly accepted the resignations of naval officers who were known or believed to offer them for the very purpose of "going with their States" out of the Union. Mr. Toucey not only acknowledged this; but he has pointed with some pride to the fact that "such had been the course of the Department in promptly removing all seeds of disaffection, that the secession of eleven States from the Union lost not a single vessel to the service."[3]

In thus following the ordinary usage of the Department, Mr. Toucey was interpreting the policy of Mr. Buchanan to do nothing that could "exasperate" the South. They agreed that the North was the aggressor, and that it ought, therefore, to make the concessions. It does not appear that Mr. Toucey conspired with traitors, or in any way actively aided the Rebellion; but, whatever of censure the administration of President Buchanan incurs for inertness, Mr. Toucey, managing the navy only with a view to peace, must share.

If Mr. Toucey did not show an intuitive perception of the national peril, he was succeeded by a man who saw it, and resolved to meet it. When Mr. Lincoln became President, in 1861, he gave the navy portfolio to Hon. Gideon Welles, also of Hartford.[4] Mr. Welles was called upon to accomplish a triple task, more arduous, it is believed, than was ever before demanded of the maritime power of any government. This was, 1st, The closing of all insurgent ports and the capture of blockade-runners along nearly three thousand miles of coast; 2d, The organization of combined naval and military expeditions to recapture the Southern ports and cities; 3d, The pursuit and destruction of Confederate cruisers.

The first work was the creation of a navy. In March, 1861, the total naval force of the United States, including tenders and store-ships, was forty-two vessels, carrying five hundred and fifty-five guns, and having a complement of seven thousand six hundred men. The emergency demanded an enormous increase without unnecessary delay. Many of the most formidable vessels on foreign stations were immediately recalled; those at the navy-yards were repaired and refitted; gunboats of a new and powerful class were ordered to be built; and merchant-vessels suitable for naval purposes were purchased. The public navy-yards and private ship-yards of the country were soon echoing with the sound of hammer and saw; and the best talent and genius were brought into prompt requisition. So rapidly was the great work pushed, that by December, 1861 (in less than nine months), Secretary Welles reported, that more than two hundred vessels were in commission, and sixty-four were on the stocks, carrying an aggregate of 2,557 guns. Not less than twenty-two thousand seamen were employed.

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[2] Excepting the two named in the Dawes report, ordered abroad as substitutes for vessels of the same class on the way home.

[3] Mr. Toucey to Hon. John Sherman of Ohio, 1866.

[4] It is a notable fact that Mallory of Florida, chief of the Confederate navy, was a native of Ridgefield in this State. This is not, perhaps, a circumstance to be proclaimed with great pride especially as Pollard, in his Southern History, says he "was the butt of every naval officer in the country for his ignorance."

The report of the Secretary for December, 1864, — four months prior to the close of hostilities, — gives the following general exhibit of the naval force including vessels under construction: —

No. of vessels.	DESCRIPTION.	No. of guns.	No. of tons.
113	Screw-steamers especially constructed for naval purposes	1,426	169,231
52	Paddle-wheel steamers especially constructed for naval purposes	524	51,875
71	Iron-clad vessels	275	80,596
149	Screw-steamers purchased, captured, &c., fitted for naval purposes	614	60,380
174	Paddle-wheel steamers " " " " " " "	921	78,762
112	Sailing vessels of all classes	850	69,549
671	Total	4,610	510,396

There were seven thousand six hundred men in the naval service at the beginning of the war, and fifty-one thousand five hundred at its close.

Secretary Welles was called "too slow" by all the impetuous warriors who saw, or thought they saw, how they could harness lightning to the war-chariots; and in that respect he was no more fortunate than President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, or Gen. Grant. Yet there was in the Administration hardly an officer who understood better how to "make haste slowly." He was almost the first man who had confidence in the iron-clads; and at the opening of the session of Congress in December, 1861, he recommended an appropriation of twelve million dollars for their construction. He also ordered the tremendous 15-inch guns which were found so formidable on the monitors.

The achievements of the navy in capturing forts and cities are well known. The total number of hostile vessels captured and destroyed [5] during the Rebellion were 1,504, or two and a half for every Union vessel in commission! Of the captured there were steamers, 210; schooners, 569; sloops, 139; ships, 13; brigs, 29; barks, 25; yachts, &c., 139; rebel rams, 6; other iron-clads, 10. The rest were burned, sunk, and otherwise destroyed. The captured property sold for more than $25,000,000.

Connecticut has always been more fully represented in the navy than any other State of her population; owing, perhaps, to the comparative extent of her seaboard. The number of her citizens who served in the navy during the Rebellion is not known with accuracy; but it may be approximately estimated on the basis of the fact that more than three hundred held commissions. Among these, besides Rear-Admiral Foote, were Rear-Admiral Francis H. Gregory, who had seen fifty years of service; Com. John Rodgers, forty years of service; Com. R. B. Hitchcock, forty years; Com. J. B. Hull, fifty-one years; Com. Joseph Lanman, forty years; Com. C. R. P. Rodgers, thirty-one years; Capt. Stephen Champlin, fifty-two years; Capt. James Glynn, forty-nine years; Capt. D. S. Edwards, forty-six years; Capt. Charles Green, thirty-eight years; Capt. Elisha Peck, forty-seven years. The rank of rear-admiral is equivalent to that of major-general, that of commodore to that of brigadier-general, that of captain in the navy to that of colonel.

The Rodgers family of New London has been most remarkable for its naval record. The paternal grandfather was Col. Rodgers, who commanded the famous Maryland line during the Revolution, and was frequently mentioned, in Washington's dispatches, for gallantry. His eldest son was Com. John Rodgers, who fired the first gun in the War of 1812, and was long the senior officer of our infant navy. Another son was Com. George W. Rodgers, who, for special gallantry during the War of 1812, received a sword of honor from his native State, and a medal and vote of thanks from Congress. Com. John Rodgers had two sons; one of whom, John Rodgers, also became commodore, and led the attack on Port Royal and Fort Sumter during the Rebellion; and another, Col. Robert Rodgers, served through the late war, and was twice wounded at the head of the 3d Maryland Infantry. Two other grandsons of Com. John Rodgers were Capt. Raymond Rodgers, who was fleet-captain during Dupont's attack on Charleston, and Capt. George W. Rodgers, who was killed while commanding the monitor Catskill in the attack on Fort Wagner. In the family are also Lieut.-Commanding Frederick Rodgers, Master's Mate Joseph Rodgers, and Midshipman R. P. Rodgers; and Lieut. Alexander P. Rodgers, who fell in the forlorn hope at the storming of Chapultepec, was a nephew of Col. Robert Rodgers. One of the three illustrious Com. Perrys married into the family; and there is probably not another name in America that will compare with that of Perry or Rodgers for the fame won on land and sea in defense of the Republic.

[5] In the renowned fight of the Kearsarge with the Alabama, our State was represented by Eben M. Stoddard of Ledyard, who was acting master of the Kearsarge at the time of the battle.

TOWN EXPENSES FOR WAR-PURPOSES.

The following table gives the expenditures of the various towns in Connecticut for volunteers, substitutes, and the support of families. It includes no voluntary contribution for the relief of the soldiers in field and hospital: —

NEW-HAVEN COUNTY.

TOWNS.	Expenditure of Towns for Bounties, Premiums, Commutation, and Support of Families.	Estimated Am't paid by Individuals for Bounties to Volunteers and Substitutes.	Estimated Am't paid by Individuals for Commutation.	Grand List, 1864.
New Haven	$308,027.48	$20,000.00	$10,000	$29,681,409
Branford	27,180.78	14,300.00	none.	1,075,441
Bethany	5,000.00	1,800.00		626,252
Cheshire	8,275.00	5,000.00	2,100	1,228,439
Derby	37,955.00	27,300.00	4,500	3,027,655
East Haven	24,319.27	4,500.00		1,514,488
Guilford	12,591.00	8,250.00	900	1,511,199
Hamden	29,098.00	9,543.00		1,409,091
Madison	16,800.00	11,200.00	600	836,496
Meriden	91,371.33	10,715.53		4,300,981
Middlebury	5,020.00	1,975.00	1,200	365,123
Milford	46,699.09	5,028.00		1,001,448
Naugatuck	42,382.50	1,100.00	5,210	1,130,904
North Branford	15,402.50	4,800.00	1,800	533,867
North Haven	10,404.34	3,956.50	2,100	695,477
Orange	12,536.05	15,003.00	800	994,122
Oxford	15,250.00	2,975.00		626,107
Prospect	3,753.47	1,450.00		210,400
Seymour	17,800.00	3,150.00	3,000	826,748
Southbury	20,050.06	*		860,709
Wallingford	40,752.00	6,200.00	300	1,796,416
Waterbury	133,525.00	17,500.00	600	6,257,000
Woodbridge	8,700.00	3,545.02		602,803
Wolcott	*	2,175.00		296,691
	932,892.87	181,466.03	33,110	61,410,083

HARTFORD COUNTY.

Hartford	$269,646.86			$35,403,478
Avon	15,094.17	$1,975.00	$1,800	546,454
Berlin	35,880.66	4,825.00	none.	1,078,882
Bloomfield	39,235.00	1,000.00		833,529
Bristol	55,534.99	13,551.98	2,100	1,765,942
Burlington	20,250.00	2,000.00	3,600	456,487
Canton	36,644.63	4,700.00	3,500	1,224,792
East Granby	13,295.00	1,800.00	1,170	495,888
East Hartford	58,209.46	24,800.00	550	1,464,822

* Not ascertained.

HARTFORD COUNTY. — *Continued.*

TOWNS.	Expenditure of Towns for Bounties, Premiums, Commutation, and Support of Families.	Estimated Am't paid by Individuals for Bounties to Volunteers and Substitutes.	Estimated Am't paid by Individuals for Commutation.	Grand List, 1864.
East Windsor	$45,730.04	$3,000.00		$1,214,300
Enfield	66,314.00	4,450.00		2,669,099
Farmington	89,975.98	9,000.00	$6,000	2,162,570
Glastenbury	45,947.00	5,950.00		1,422,656
Granby	16,700.00	3,316.00	2,000	609,726
Hartland	12,492.25	1,300.00	2,100	356,847
Manchester	47,212.70	8,000.00		1,632,047
Marlborough	6,674.00	350.00		305,482
New Britain	45,628.45	35,000.00	14,400	2,608,418
Rocky Hill	20,605.00	130.00	7,000	471,038
Simsbury	14,575.00	2,500.00	3,600	1,257,503
Southington	35,695.00	12,250.00		1,564,150
South Windsor	25,800.00	10,000.00		1,211,873
Suffield	74,224.02	*		1,720,255
West Hartford	36,981.50	*		1,388,857
Wethersfield	38,975.50	5,401.00	1,200	1,726,711
Windsor	34,700.00	5,225.00		1,421,333
Windsor Locks	15,944.98	2,630.00		612,990
	1,217,966.19	163,153.98	49,020	67,626,129

TOLLAND COUNTY.

Tolland	$16,800.00	$4,400.00	$1,600	$527,969
Andover	5,887.00	780.00		279,758
Bolton	5,132.00	210.00		300,088
Coventry	35,834.93	1,200.00	1,500	912,872
Columbia	9,961.00	1,100.00		352,161
Ellington.	29,579.00	2,250.00	300	813,499
Hebron	10,200.00	500.00	nothing.	638,197
Mansfield	26,273.27	5,000.00	3,000	800,635
Somers	19,218.19	1,950.00		795,197
Stafford	50,540.67	6,000.00		1,308,280
Union	8,467.00	*		308,008
Vernon.	46,958.22	15,000.00		2,050,246
Willington	7,875.00	3,700.00	2,700	419,664
	272,926.28	42,090.00	9,100	9,506,574

NEW-LONDON COUNTY.

New London	$46,000.00	$18,500.00	$12,000	$5,448,112
Norwich	163,170.68	19,600.00	5,700	10,494,035
Bozrah	11,678.12	1,000.00	1,200	526,421
Colchester	33,902.93	6,900.00	300	1,545,622
East Lyme	35,000.00	3,000.00	2,600	487,873

* Not ascertained.

NEW-LONDON COUNTY. — *Continued.*

TOWNS.	Expenditure of Towns for Bounties, Premiums, Commutation, and Support of Families.	Estimated Am't paid by Individuals for Bounties to Volunteers and Substitutes.	Estimated Am't paid by Individuals for Commutation.	Grand List, 1864.
Franklin	$9.755.00	$900.00	$600	$468,488
Griswold	33,254.89	3,000.00	900	1,147,000
Groton	79,436.89	22,000.00	*	2,549,060
Lebanon	24,600.00	14,300.00	600	1,146,573
Ledyard	20,711.48	8,325.00	1,800	603,111
Lisbon	12,521.00	600.00		317,173
Lyme	28,017.17	5,090.00		407,599
Montville	27,368.14	2,630.00	3,000	1,131,370
North Stonington	27,980.16	5,250.00	4,200	888,600
Old Lyme	16,913.36	10,325.00		545,258
Preston	40,805.27	9,283.12	900	856,342
Salem	15,600.00	600.00	1,200	374,810
Sprague	10,411.65	*		1,156,290
Stonington	61,656.00	60,000.00	900	4,963,589
Waterford.	31,285.00	1,250.00		932,816
	730,067.65	192,553.12	35,900	35,990,142

MIDDLESEX COUNTY.

Middletown	$116,777.87	$85,250.00	$9,300	$5,148,779
Haddam	14,715.00	7,800.00	3,150	868,416
Chatham	28,000.00	3,516.73		890,387
Chester	10,670.00	800.00	600	374,783
Clinton	3,725.00	4,400.00	2,400	615,537
Cromwell	20,110.00	2,000.00		568,352
Durham	13,090.00	3,790.00	850	492,351
East Haddam	41,537.84	10,700.00		1,259,306
Essex	8,550.00	8,900.00	3,300	945,769
Killingworth	7,550.00	14,105.00		346,277
Old Saybrook	2,500.00	4,075.00	3,900	607,990
Portland	21,980.00	12,930.00		1,811,564
Saybrook	8,670.00	4,500.00	2,100	548,410
Westbrook	7,910.00	300.00	1,900	557,267
	305,785.71	163,066.73	27,500	15,035,188

WINDHAM COUNTY.

Brooklyn	$18,329.57	$5,100.00	$4,200	$1,037,923
Ashford	10,859.00	4,502.00	600	509,990
Canterbury	7,831.00	1,635.00		697,571
Chaplin	6,873.75	1,075.00	1,260	300,560
Eastford	7,831.80	*		309,806
Hampton	6,179.85	3,092.00	900	429,223
Killingly	24,050.00	*		1,677,761

* Not ascertained.

WINDHAM COUNTY. — *Continued.*

TOWNS.	Expenditure of Towns for Bounties, Premiums, Commutation, and Support of Families.	Estimated Am't paid by Individuals for Bounties to Volunteers and Substitutes.	Estimated Am't paid by Individuals for Commutation.	Grand List, 1864.
Plainfield	$22,282.85	$12,200.00	$7,200	$1,630,024
Pomfret	23,559.00	6,000.00	3,900	1,037,774
Putnam	19,952.97	4,450.00	4,500	1,172,619
Scotland	6,400.00	1,850.00	300	392,175
Sterling	15,180.00	246.00		375,295
Thompson	16,996.00	16,000.00	2,500	1,679,754
Voluntown	10,860.00	4,500.00	1,200	295,958
Windham	30,750.00	12,600.00	5,000	2,164,083
Woodstock	53,814.91	2,244.00	900	1,335,753
	281,750.70	75,494.00	32,460	15,046,269

FAIRFIELD COUNTY.

Bridgeport	$165,717,08	$12,000.00	$23,000	$7,996,434
Danbury	134,816.00	19,750.00	none.	4,140,217
Bethel	18,839.00	9,150.00	500	671,826
Brookfield	15,950.00	3,000.00	2,100	691,388
Darien	18,660.86	2,300.00	125	1,176,171
Easton	25,254.92	3,000.00		635,643
Fairfield	75,797.40	unknown.	none.	3,424,534
Greenwich	65,531.94	1,215.00	5,400	3,219,783
Huntington	*	2,210.00	2,400	728,000
Monroe	15,914.95	900.00	25	646,771
New Canaan	15,399.71	10,945.00	3,600	1,188,677
New Fairfield	16,910.00	3,625.00	3,300	470,066
Newtown	44,800.00	18,000.00	12,900	1,863,965
Norwalk	73,967.91	7,971.00	900	4,676,978
Redding	*	3,000.00		1,200,907
Ridgefield	45,684.63	*		1,224,898
Stamford	37,486.75	18,750.00	18,000	4,905,256
Sherman	24,900.00	450.00		427,672
Stratford	3,600.00	5,524.00	8,400	1,684,417
Trumbull	25,900.00	50.00		734,611
Weston	10,000.00	*		513,514
Westport	41,595.06	1,000.00	1,800	2,406,243
Wilton	26,550.58	1,100.00		796,741
	903,276.79	123,940.00	82,450	45,424,762

LITCHFIELD COUNTY.

Litchfield	$31,540.00	$800.00		$1,634,480
Barkhamsted	26,678.00	9,225.00	$500	541,210
Bethlem	14,697.49	6,750.00	5,350	526,060
Bridgewater	5,100.00	22,650.00		549,765

* Not ascertained.

LITCHFIELD COUNTY. — *Continued.*

TOWNS.	Expenditure of Towns for Bounties, Premiums, Commutation, and Support of Families.	Estimated Am't paid by Individuals for Bounties to Volunteers and Substitutes.	Estimated Am't paid by Individuals for Commutation.	Grand List, 1864.
Canaan	$14,000.00	$5,400.00	$1,750	$761,342
Colebrook	*	3,000.00		617,216
Cornwall	22,522.80	5,231.00		821,246
Goshen	*	†17,643.00	none.	914,879
Harwinton	16,773.52	4,487.82		590,141
Kent	20,100.00	3,750.00		643,539
Morris	4,137.25	5,500.00	300	407,826
New Hartford	31,590.78	7,900.00		1,011,917
New Milford	57,790.00	8,000.00	500	2,017,306
Norfolk	6,315.00	1,700.00		926,931
North Canaan	35,262.00	*		908,342
Plymouth	38,517.40	15,300.00	none.	1,835,726
Roxbury	1,305.00	15,150.09	600	497,248
Salisbury	42,000.00	5,500.00	3,600	2,066,626
Sharon	26,410.88	6,900.00	10,500	1,481,741
Torrington	27,000.00	15,000.00		1,150,256
Warren	6,300.00	6,375.00		357,101
Washington	19,440.00	1,533.00		1,031,594
Watertown	27,815.97	10,695.00		1,402,481
Winchester	53,849.89	3,791.12		2,161,542
Woodbury	25,065.63	11,718.00	300	1,200,795
	551,211.61	192,998.94	23,400	26,047,310

* Not ascertained. † In notes to individuals from the town.

SUMMARY.

COUNTIES.	Total War Expenses of Counties.	Estimated Am't paid by Individuals for Bounties to Volunteers and Substitutes.	Estimated Am't paid by Individuals for Commutation.	Grand List, 1864.
New-Haven	$932,892.87	$181,466.03	$33,110	$61,410,083
Hartford	1,217,966.19	163,153.98	49,020	67,626,129
Tolland	272,926.28	42,090.00	9,100	9,506,574
New-London	730,067.65	192,553.12	35,900	35,990,142
Middlesex	305,785.71	163,066.73	27,500	15,035,188
Windham	281,750.70	75,494.00	32,460	15,046,269
Fairfield	903,276.79	123,940.00	82,450	45,424,762
Litchfield	551,211.61	192,998.94	23,400	26,047,310
	5,195,877.80	1,134,762.80	292,940	276,086,457

THE GENERALS OF CONNECTICUT.

THE following is a list of natives or citizens of Connecticut, or officers of Connecticut regiments, who became general officers during the war.[1] The town of which the name is appended is either birthplace or residence. Where two towns are named, the first indicates the birthplace; the second, subsequent residence. Where a brevet is mentioned, the officer held the full rank next below, except where otherwise mentioned: —

ABBOT, HENRY L.,	Col. and Bvt. Major-Gen.	
BENHAM, HENRY W.,	Major-General;	Meriden.
BIRGE, HENRY W.,	Bvt. Major-General;	Norwich.
BRADLEY, LUTHER P.,	Brigadier-General;	New Haven.
BLAKESLEE, ERASTUS,	Bvt. Brigadier-General;	Plym'th, N. Haven.
CARRINGTON, HENRY B.,	Brigadier-General.	
CLARK, WM. T.,	Brigadier-General;	Norwalk.
COUCH, DARIUS N.,	Major-General;	Danb'ry, N. Haven.
ELY, WILLIAM G.,	Bvt. Brigadier-General;	Norwich.
ELLIS, THEODORE G.,	Bvt. Brigadier-General;	Hartford.
FERRY, ORRIS S.,	Brigadier-General;	Bethel, Norwalk.
GOODYEAR, E. D. S.,	Lt.-Col. & Bvt. Brig.-Gen.;	North Haven.
GREELEY, EDWIN S.,	Bvt. Brigadier-General;	New Haven.
HARLAND, EDWARD,	Brigadier-General;	Norwich.
HAWLEY, JOSEPH R.,	Bvt. Major-General;	Hartford.
HUBBARD, JAMES,	Bvt. Brigadier-General;	Salisbury.
IVES, BRAYTON,	Bvt. Brigadier-General;	New Haven.
JUDAH, HENRY M.,	Brigadier-General;	Westport.
KETCHUM, WM. S.,	Brigadier-General.	
LYON, NATHANIEL,	Brigadier-General;	Eastford.
LEE, EDWARD M.,	Bvt. Brigadier-General;	Guilford.
LOOMIS, GUSTAVUS,	Bvt. Brigadier-General;	Stratford.
LOOMIS, JOHN,	Bvt. Brigadier-General;	Windsor.

[1] Other eminent generals were sons or grandsons of Connecticut men; as Grant, Sherman, McClellan, Pope, and Wadsworth.

Mansfield, Jos. K. F.,	Major-General;	Middletown.
Mower, Joseph A.,	Major-General;	New London.
Mackenzie, Ranold S.,	Brigadier-General (Second Artillery).	
Newton,	Major-General.	
Noble, Wm. H.,	Bvt. Brigadier-General;	Bridgeport.
Otis, John L.,	Bvt. Brigadier-General;	Manchester.
Perkins, Joseph G.,	Bvt. Brigadier-General;	New London.
Pierson, Wm. S.,	Bvt. Brigadier-General;	Windsor.
Ripley, James W.,	Brigadier-General.	
Roberts, Benjamin S.,	Brigadier-General;	New Haven.
Rockwell, Alfred P.,	Bvt. Brigadier-General;	Norwich.
Ross, Samuel,	Bvt. Brigadier-General (Twentieth).	
Sedgwick, John,	Major-General;	Cornwall.
Seymour, Truman,	Brigadier-General.	
Stedman, Griffin A.,	Bvt. Brigadier-General;	Hartford.
Steinwehr, A. Von,	Brigadier-General;	Wallingford.
Shaler, Alexander,	Bvt. Major-General.	
Terry, Alfred H.,	Major-General;	New Haven.
Tyler, Daniel,	Brigadier-General;	Norwich.
Terry, H. D.,	Brigadier-General.	
Totten, Joseph G.,	Bvt. Major-General;	New London.
Toutellotte, John E.,	Bvt. Brigadier-General;	Thompson.
Tyler, Robert O.,	Bvt. Major-General;	Hartford.
Wessells, Henry W.,	Bvt. Major-General;	Litchfield.
Wright, Horatio G.,	Major-General;	Orange, Clinton.
Williams, A. S.,	Bvt. Major-General.	
Whitaker, Edwd. W.,	Lt.-Col. & Bvt. Brig.-Gen.;	Ashford.
Whittlesey, Henry M.,	Bvt. Brigadier-General.	
Ward, Henry C.,	Bvt. Brigadier-General (Thirtieth).	

The service of a majority of these has already been referred to at some length, either in detached sketches, or in connection with their regiments.

ORGANIZATIONS AND CASUALTIES.

List of organizations from this State which have been in United-States service during the war, showing date of entry into, and discharge from service : —

ORGANIZATION.	DATE OF MUSTER-IN.	DATE OF MUSTER-OUT.	TERM OF SERVICE.
1st Cavalry,	October 26, 1861,	August 2, 1865,	3 years, 9 months.
1st Squadron,	August 13, 1861,	June 23, 1865,	3 years, 10 months.
1st Heavy Artillery,	May 23, 1861,	September 25, 1865,	4 years, 4 months.
2d "	September 11, 1862,	August 18, 1865,	2 years, 11 months.
1st Light Battery,	October 26, 1861,	June 11, 1865,	3 years, 8 months.
2d "	September 10, 1862,	August 9, 1865,	2 years, 11 months.
3d Independent Battery,	September —, 1864,	June 23, 1865,	9 months.
1st Infantry,	April 23, 1861,	July 31, 1861,	3 months.
2d "	May 7, 1861,	August 7, 1861,	3 months.
3d "	May 14, 1861,	August 12, 1861,	3 months.
4th "	Changed to 1st	Heavy Artillery	
5th "	July 23, 1861,	July 19, 1865,	4 years.
6th "	September 13, 1861,	August 21, 1865,	3 years, 11 months.
7th "	September 17, 1861,	July 20, 1865,	3 years, 10 months.
8th "	October 5, 1861,	December 12, 1865,	4 years, 2 months.
9th "	November 1, 1861,	August 3, 1865,	3 years, 9 months.
10th "	October 26, 1861,	August 25, 1865,	3 years, 10 months.
11th "	November 27, 1861,	December 21, 1865,	4 years, 1 month.
12th "	December 31, 1861,	August 12, 1865,	3 years, 8 months.
13th "	February 18, 1862,	April 25, 1866,	4 years, 3 months.
14th "	August 23, 1862,	May 31, 1865,	2 years, 9 months.
15th "	August 26, 1862,	June 27, 1865,	2 years, 10 months.
16th "	August 24, 1862,	June 24, 1865,	2 years, 10 months.
17th "	August 29, 1862,	July 19, 1865,	2 years, 11 months.
18th "	August 22, 1862,	June 27, 1865,	2 years, 10 months.
19th "	Changed to	2d Heavy Artillery.	
20th "	September 8, 1862,	June 13, 1865,	2 years, 9 months.
21st "	September 5, 1862,	June 16, 1865,	2 years, 9 months.
22d "	September 20, 1862,	July 7, 1863,	10 months.
23d "	November 14, 1862,	August 31, 1863,	9 months.
24th "	November 18, 1862,	September 30, 1863,	10 months.
25th "	November 11, 1862,	August 26, 1863,	9 months.
26th "	November 10, 1862,	August 27, 1863,	9 months.
27th "	October 22, 1862,	July 27, 1863,	9 months.
28th "	November 15, 1862,	August 28, 1863,	9 months.
29th "	March 8, 1864,	October 24, 1865,	1 year, 8 months.
30th "	March —, 1864,	November 7, 1865,	1 year, 8 months.

Statement of casualties to the Connecticut Volunteer force during the war : —

KIND OF CASUALTY.	OFFICERS.	MEN.
Killed in action	97	1,094
Died from wounds	48	663
Died from disease	63	3,246
Missing	21	389
Honorably discharged prior to muster-out of organization	385	5,451
Discharged for disability	51	4,361
Dishonorably discharged	51	49
Cashiered	9	
Resigned	481	
Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps	16	1,488
Executed		27
Deserted	2	6,281
Drowned	1	35
Taken out by civil authority		19
Dropped from rolls	7	56

ROLL OF HONOR OF THE CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEER TROOPS.

ABBREVIATIONS.— *D.*, died in the service; *K.*, killed in battle; *P.*, died in prison; *W.*, died of wounds received in battle; *A.*, accidental deaths. No account is taken of those returned as "missing" and "supposed killed."

First Regiment Infantry.

None.

Second Regiment Infantry.

Burton James M., *D.*
Fritz James, *K.*
Stokes Joseph, *D.*

Third Regiment Infantry.

Case David C., *K.*
Howard Richard, *A.*
Leroy Jeremiah O., *K.*
Marsh John R., *K.*

Fifth Regiment Infantry.

Adams Joseph A., *A.*
Allen Mathias, *K.*
Ames Andrew J., *D.*
Andrews Albert C., *D.*
Arnold Robert, *K.*
Avery Alex. J., *K.*
Baierle Jacob, *A.*
Bailey James L., *K.*
Baker Daniel B., *W.*
Barnes Alvin T., *K.*
Barre Adolphus H., *K.*
Bates John, *K.*
Bennett John, *D.*
Benton (Capt.) G. S., *K.*
Barnard George M., *D.*
Billington Joseph, *A.*
Blair Joseph O., *K.*
Blake (Major) E. F., *K.*
Bordaux Eleazer, *D.*
Brady Oliver S., *K.*
Briggs John C., *D.*
Briker John, *K.*
Buell Giles P., *K.*
Burley John W., *D.*
Button William M., *K.*
Byers James, *K.*
Checkin Charles W., *K.*
Carr Edwin, *D.*
Covert John, *K.*
Dailey Thomas, *W.*
Darley George, *K.*
Day (2d Lieut.) Putnam, *D.*
Dayton Sherman B., *K.*
Dutton (1st Lt.) H. M., *K.*
Ellsworth William D., *D.*
Frieldson Henry, *D.*
Fuller Jared P., *D.*
Gavegen Thomas, *A.*
Gallagher John, *W.*
Gavine John J., *K.*
Gosley Hugh S., *D.*
Graham John L., *D.*
Gridley William, *D.*
Griffith John, *A.*
Griffin George B., *K.*
Griswold Edwin C., *K.*
Goodrich Alfred, *K.*
Gunn William A., *K.*
Hall Horace, *D.*
Hart John, *K.*
Hawthorne Daniel, *K.*
Haverty Daniel, *D.*
Heaton Henry, *K.*
Held Lorenzo, *K.*
Henry Albert L., *D.*
Higgins James, *K.*
Higgins William, *D.*
Hill George E., *D.*
Hill John, *K.*
Hills Percival S., *D.*
Hopper Joseph, *D.*
Howland Elias H., *D.*
Hoyt Augustus W., *K.*
Hull John G., *D.*
Jones Elijah B., *K.*
Judson Edward L., *D.*
Kinne Joseph A., *K.*
Kronie Lewis, *D.*
Lane George F., *K.*
Lane Horace E. L., *D.*
Lane Robert O., *K.*
Leggett Elijah, *D.*
Leggett John, *D.*
Madden Frederick, *D.*
Mahoney James, *A.*
Manning Matt. H., *W.* & *P.*
Matthews Emery S., *D.*
McCluskey Patrick, *K.*
McGinness Patrick, *D.*
Medemach Matthew J., *K.*
Mills Seth F., *K.*
Mooney Michael, *W.*
Morr Paul, *K.*
Morrison James, *D.*
Morrison Robert C., *D.*
Murphy Patrick, *A.*
Murphy Owen, *W.*
Neale Henry H., *D.*
Nodnie, Crawford H., *W.*
Nye Styles W., *W.*
O'Brien Peter, *D.*
O'Brien William, *A.*
O'Donnell John, *D.*
Pierce Alonzo S., *D.*
Potter Charles C., *D.*
Prime H. C., *K.*
Prindle Trowbridge, *D.*
Quinn Thomas, *K.*
Reynolds Bernard, *W.*
Rice Charles A., *K.*
Richards James, *D.*
Richards James E., *K.*
Riley James, *D.*
Rood Rufus S., *D.*
Rowe Henry, *D.*
Scribner Charles B., *D.*
Sherren James, *K.*
Smalley Elisha F., *D.*
Smith (Adjutant) H. S., *K.*
Smith Daniel L., *K.*
Starr George, *D.*
Stone George F., *D.* *P.*
Stone (Capt.) Henry B., *W.*
Squires Charles A., *K.*
Strong Thomas G., *K.*
Sturgess Hezekiah, *D.*
Taylor Sherman D., *K.*
Thompson Charles E., *K.*
Thompson Joseph, *D.*
Vananken Frank, *D.*
Waldron John, *D.*
Warner Albert, *W.*
Werner R. R., *K.*
Wilcox John, *K.*
Wheeler Nathan S., *D.*
Woodhead Bernard, *D.*

Sixth Regiment Infantry.

Abbott Edwin H., *D.*
Abbott Woolsey, *P.*
Ackerman Carl, *K.*
Allen Henry, *K.*
Allen (Capt) Lewis C., jr., *D.*
Atwater Franklin J., *W.*
Babcock Anson E., *D.*
Bodge George E., *K.*
Baker Joseph, *K.*
Baker George H., *D.*
Baldwin Bruce, *W.*
Baldwin Henry M., *D.*
Barnes Seth E., *W.*
Barnes Seth J., *D.*
Bartlett Halsey, *K.*
Barton George A., *D.*
Belchmer Christopher, *K.*
Bemus Henry, *K.*
Bennett Edward, *K.*
Bethka Charles, *K.*
Beyer Martin, *K.*
Bing Edward J., *D.*

Blenel Valentine, *K.*
Bosworth D. H., *D.*
Bradley (1st Lt.) W. T., *W.*
Brandt Henry S., *W.*
Brooks Jabez C., *D.*
Brown William H., *K.*
Brysen Frank, *W.*
Brysen David, jr., *D.*
Bulkley Frederick O., *D.*
Butler Jesse, *K.*
Byxbee John, *D.*
Chatfield (Col.) John L., *W.*
Cobbe George W. *D.*
Cook Henry A., *D.*
Collett Anatole, *K.*
Collett James, *K.*
Crusius Oscar, *W.*
Corey William H., *K.*
Connely Patrick, *D.*
Davis Luther, *D.*
Dawley James, *D.*
Day John W., *D.*
Debouge Gustave, *K.*
Deary Patrick, *P.*
Delpt Harry, *K.*
Dewitt William, *K.*
Dorman Horace, *D.*
Dorman Andrew, *D.*
Doyle James, *K.*
Driscoll John F.
Dupoy Jerome, *K.*
Dubois Charles, *W.*
Eaton (Capt.) Horatio D., *K.*
Freeman Daniel, *D.*
Frisbey Henry D., *D.*
Gage Robert B., *K.*
Gangloff Charles, *K.*
Gerrish (Capt.) Henry G., *D.*
Gibbons Theodore, *D.*
Ginder Balthaser, *D.*
Gilbert James H., *D.*
Glissman William, *K.*
Gob Charles, *K.*
Griswold Eugene W., *K.*
Grogan Charles H., *W.*
Gussman William, W.
Haller Martin, W.
Hammond (1st Lt.) C. E., *W.*
Hart Willis A., *D.*
Hayward Nahum L., *D.*
Hausserman Michael, *D.*
Henninger George, *K.*
Hesse Augustus, *K.*
Hesserick Emil.
Heyne Paul, *K.*
Hickox Edwin J., *D.*
Hill Charles T., *D.*
Hill Warren F., *D.*
Hills Sebury D., *P.*
Hoar Derbert, *K.*
Hodge Horace, *D.*
Holler Martin, *W.*
Hoyt Henry W., *W.*
Ingalls Dexter W., *W.*
Jones Ira D., *W.*
Jones Joseph, *W.*
Johnson (2d Lt.) W. H., *W.*
Johnson Thomas, *K.*
Kreitling Albert, *D.*
Keith Charles S., *K.*
Kelterer George, *P.*
Kimberly Henry, *K.*
Kirsten Charles, *W.*
Lacey William S., *D.*
Lanergan Luke H., *K.*
Lawrence Joseph C., *D.*
Linton James, *K.*
Lomberti Charles, *W.*
Mack Frank, *D.*
Malone James, *K.*
Matthews Daniel, *K.*
Mayer Jacob, *D.*
Maschmeyer Edward, *D.*
Maschmeyer William, *D.*
Messier Charles, *K.*
McChine Hugh, jr., *W.*
McKenzee Patrick, *D.*
McKinney James, *K.*
McInro Thomas, *D.*
Millard Theron, *D.*
Milner William, *K.*
Morris Theodore, *D.*
Morehouse William A., *K.*
Moses Henry, *D.*
O'Conner Thomas, *D.*
Ostrum Willard, *D.*
Palmer David C., *D.*
Peck Robert C., *W.* & *P.*
Peck John W., *D.*
Peet George B., *W.*
Perkins William W., *D.*
Phalen Timothy, *A.*
Phillips Alonzo.
Phillips Theodore, *W.*
Picker Patsey, *D.*
Puffer Reuben S., *K.*
Quinn James, *D.*
Ray James, *W.*
Recoir John H., *D.*
Recoir Philip H., *D.*
Reed William, *W.*
Reeves William M., *K.*
Riley Charles, *D.*
Ringe Henry, *K.*
Robbins Ralph G., *D.*
Robinson Theodore T., *D.*
Rogers Edmond, *K.*
Root Caleb B., *D.*
Royce Charles B., *K.*
Sage Elisha, *D.*
Schmidt Gustave, *W.*
Schofield Theodore C., *D.*
Schofield William, *D.*
Shultz William, *D.*
Seely John, *D.*
Shaw Joseph L., *K.*
Shepard David G., *D.*
Smith Oscar L., *K.*
Soby William, *W.*
Spencer Edwin W., *D.*
Stacey Albert, *W.*
Stark Michael, *K.*
Stevens (2d Lieut.) S. S., *K.*
Stinell Herman, *K.*
Southergill George, *D.*
Taylor E. B., *W.*
Taylor Thomas, *W.*
Talmadge Fred. A., *D.*
Tousley Artemus, *W.*
Tracy Thomas E., *D.*
Tschumme Conrad, jr., *D.*
Vaille John R., *D.*
Volkman Ferdinand, *D.*
Warner George, *W.*
Watermire Frederiek, *D.*
Waters Henry W., *D.*
White Frank, *K.*
Weeks Alphonso, *D.*
Williams John, *D.*
Wilcox (Capt.) Jay P., *K.*
Wind George, *A.*
Woodford Edgar M., *D.*
Woods John, *K.*
Wooster Joseph A. jr., *W.*

Seventh Regiment Infantry,

Abell Jared A., *K.*
Ackerman Carl, *K.*
Ackerman William F., *D.*
Aldrich Judson,
Andrus George W., *K.*
Angelist David D., *D.*
Avery Henry.
Bailey Everett, *K.*
Bailey L. Hobart, *K.*
Baldwin Henry M., *D.*
Banning Henry C., *D.*
Barnes Albert E., *D.*
Barnes Seth E., *W.*
Bates William P., *D.*
Belden Marshall, *K.*
Bennett Edward, *K.*
Benson Albert, *D.*
Bidwell Richard, *K.*
Blake George, *D.*
Blakeslee Ed. C., *W.*
Bliss Samuel, *D.*
Bliss Edwin S., *D.*
Bosworth Hiram P., *K.*
Bottomly Henry A., *D.*
Bowen Joseph A., *W.*
Bowers Theodore D., *D.*
Bradley George, *D.*
Bradford Lewis, *D.*
Brandt Henry S., *W.*
Brainard Francis, *W.*
Bridgewater Daniel, *W.*
Brinton Fred. J., *D.*
Brown William H., *K.*
Brown William H., *D.*
Bulkley Fred. O., *D.*
Burdick Albert, *D.*
Burdick (1st Lieut.) T., *W.*
Bunnell George, *D.*
Button Lorenzo, *K.*
Burrows George, *D.*
Byxbee John T., *D.*
Byxbee Charles, *K.*
Byxbee John, *D.*
Calkins Obed H., *D.*
Chamberlain Ezra.
Clapp Elisha, *W.*
Clark Curtiss S., *K.*
Clark Walter F., *W.*

Cogswell Stephen, *K.*
Coley William H., *W*
Collett Anatole, *K.*
Collamore Warren, *D.*
Corey William H., *K.*
Colrin George, *D.*
Conway James, *K.*
Cook James, *K.*
Corbin George H., *K.*
Corsa John P., *D.*
Crabtree John W., *D.*
Crofut William, *K.*
Crosby Byron, *D.*
Daboll Isaac F., *D.*
Day John W., *D.*
Dempsey (1st Lieut.) R., *K.*
DeWitt William, *K.*
Doane Ed. E., *K.*
Doolittle Lorenzo S., *D.*
Downes Chauncey S., *D.*
Dubois Charles, *W.*
Duncan William, *D.*
Dupoy Jerome, *K.*
Eaton Fred. G., *K.*
Edwards George, *W*
Elderkin James, *K.*
English William S., *K.*
Felch Fred. A., *K.*
Fillburn Thomas, *K.*
Flannigan John, *W.*
Fortune Phillips, *K.*
Fox Augustus A., *D.*
Fry Allen, *D.*
Jeffry Joab, *D.*
James Giles, *W.*
Jones Joshua.
Judson Edwin, *D.*
Gerbiz John, *D.*
Gilbert Charles, *D.*
Glines Henry C., *P.*
Gob Charles, *K.*
Goodell Joseph, *W*
Gore Joshua R., *D.*
Gray Horace, *W*
Griswold Eugene W., *K.*
Guy Allen, *D.*
Haines William F., *D.*
Hall John E., *D.*
Harrison William H., *D.*
Hart Henry, *D.*
Hayne Paul, *K.*
Hibbard Andrews W., *K.*
Hitchcock (Capt.) E. S., *K.*
Hills Seabury, *D.*
Holmes John T., *D.*
Horner Julius.
Horton (2d Lieut.) T., *K.*
Hubbard William, *D.*
Hull John, *D.*
Hull Frederick, *K.*
Hull (2d Lt.) Frank, *K.*
Hunter William, *D.*
Kay William H., *W.*
Keith Charles S., *K.*
Keyes David D., *K.*
Kimball Charles W., *D.*
Kimberly Henry, *K.*
Lanergan Luke H., *K.*
Landers Michael, *D.*
Lewis Francis, *D.*
Lewis Franklin S., *D.*
Linton James, *K.*
McEwen William, *K.*
Mildoon John, *K.*
Miller James A., *K.*
Minor Abraham, *K.*
Moore James, *K.*
Nodine Elizir, *K.*
Nichols Andrew B., *K.*
Ostrum Willard, *D.*
Palmer Charles E., *D.*
Parker Henry C., *K.*
Pierce Albert W., *K.*
Pratt Samuel A., *D.*
Puffer Reuben S., *K.*
Quinn James, *W.*
Quintal Lemuel A., *K.*
Reynolds John E., *W.*
Reynolds Seth W., *W*
Riley Chester H., *D. & P.*
Ripley Charles H., *K.*
Robinson Theodore T., *D.*
Root Henry H., *D.*
Russell Joseph, *D.*
Sage Edward B., *K.*
Saxton George C., *K.*
Scofield William, *D.*
Seamans Andrew, *D.*
Sessions John T., *D.*
Simons John T., *D.*
Seeley Eli D., *D*
Shelton Daniel R., *K.*
Smith Oscar L., *K.*
Smith Horace M., *D.*
Soby William, *W*
Sperry Henry N., *W*
Spires William, *D.*
Star (Adjt.) Grosvenor, *D.*
Sterling James B., *D.*
Sumner Israel, *P.*
Taylor Andrew H., *K.*
Taylor William H., *K.*
Talcot Horace A., *K.*
Tappan Thomas, *K.*
Thomas Willis C., *W*
Tifft George J., *D.*
Treat Dwight W., *D.*
Teneellent Charles, *W*
Tolles Horace A., *K.*
Upson Hiram, jr., *W.*
Valentine Sidney, *D.*
Vibert George, *K.*
Victory Martin R., *D.*
Vinton Randolph J., *D.*
Walker Henry M., *P*
Walker Alfred E.
Walker Albert, *D.*
Ward Edward A., *D.*
Waterman Charles F., *D.*
Waterman (Capt.) Jos., *W.*
Watermire Frederick, *W*
Weeks Sylvester N., *D.*
Wells Selden H., *K.*
Welton Theodore, *K.*
Westbrook Thomas, *D.*
Wildman Henry C., *K.*
Willard James S., *K.*
Wilson John H., *K.*
Wood (1st Lieut.) C. A., *K.*
Woodford Edgar M., *D.*
Wolcott Frederick W., *D.*
Wooster James N., *K.*
Wyant Lewis A., *D.*

Eighth Regiment Infantry.

Arnold Charles, D.
Baker Albert H., *D.*
Baker George H., *D.*
Baldwin George W., *D.*
Barber Francis E., *D.*
Bates Wallace W., *D.*
Beardsly Claudius S., *D.*
Beckett Asa, *D.*
Bennett George H., *K.*
Bently John, *W.*
Bingham (1st Lt.) L. C., *W.*
Birch George, *K.*
Bissell Elihu, *D.*
Bond Henry, *D.*
Bond Charles, *D.*
Booth George F., *K.*
Bosworth Samuel P., *D.*
Boyle Robert, *D.*
Bulkley John, *D.*
Burlingame Joshua L., *D.*
Burrows Lorenzo, *D.*
Brannon Henry, *W.*
Breed (1st Lieut.) C. A., *D.*
Brewster Charles, *D.*
Bronson Joseph S., *D.*
Brooks Albion D., *W.*
Brown Durraine, *D.*
Carey Dwight, *K.*
Case Oliver C., *K.*
Castle Morton, *W.*
Castle Matthew, *D.*
Cheney Henry M., *D.*
Child John, *W.*
Clark Albert, *K.*
Clark Sylvanus M., *D.*
Clark Thomas C., *D.*
Clark William P., *D.*
Cockfer John, *D.*
Cogswell Weston, *D.*
Comstock John D., *D.*
Comstock Edwin J., *D.*
Dagle George V., *K.*
Daidson James, *W.*
Davis Alpheus G., *D.*
Deming Herbert, *D.*
Dixon John A., *D.*
Doolittle John K., *W.*
Edwards John L., *D.*
Eldredge Nathaniel C., *K.*
Ellsworth Frederick, *W*
Elmore Harvey E., *K.*
Eby John, *W*
Evans Leverett F., *D.*
Fanning Theodore A., *W.*
Fanning Edward M., *D.*
Fanning Henry C., *W.*
Ferris Hilliard, *D.*
Ferris Robert, *K.*
Ferris Stephen H., *D.*

Finken Henry, *K.*
Frost Oswin S., *W.*
Gates John, *W.*
Geary Dennis, *K.*
Goddard (1st Lt.) A. M., *W.*
Green Thomas L., *K.*
Hanford John N., *D.*
Harris John, *D.*
Hayes Michael, *D.*
Hewitt Oscar W., *K.*
Hodge Chauncy, *D.*
Hollister Fitz G., *K.*
Hoye Thomas, *D.*
Hunter Joseph L., *D.*
Huntington Thomas D., *D.*
Jacklin Ph. H., *D.*
Jerome Francis D., *K.*
Jerome Oscar L., *D.*
Jones Charles, *K.*
Keach Henry W. L., *D.*
Kimball Andrew J., *D.*
Knight William H., *K.*
Knowles John C., *D.*
Lacoursiere John, *D.*
Lake David, *K.*
Langworth Joseph C., *D.*
Lathrop Oliver, *W.*
Lathrop (1st Asst. Surgeon) DeWitt C., *D.*
Lenthard Carl F., *K.*
Lewis Charles E., *K.*
Lewis William G., *K.*
Litchfield Uriah, *D.*
Livermore Henry M., *D.*
Logan George E., *D.*
Long William, *K.*
Lord Orton L., *K.*
Lyon Melancthon S., *D.*
Main (1st Lieut.) E. G., *D.*
Main Samuel R., *D.*
Mann Peter, *W.*
Marsh George H., *K.*
Mason Thomas, *K.*
Mason William A., *D.*
McCall (Capt.) John, *K.*
McIntosh John B., *K.*
Merrill Charles E., *D.*
Mills John, *D.*
Mitchell Diodate J., *D.*
Mitchell George W., *K.*
Morey John, *W.*
Morgan George K., *D.*
Morgan Joseph, *D.*
Morse Henry R., *K.*
Neff Henry H., *K.*
Newcomb Francis A., *D.*
Nichols Jerome, *D.*
Nighting John, *K.*
Parkerson Josiah, *W.*
Parkhurst Edward, *D.*
Patterson Charles, *W.*
Payne Charles H., *K.*
Payne Fitch, *D.*
Payne Franklin, *D.*
Pelton James E., *D.*
Pember Jared, *D.*
Perkins George, *D.*
Peterson William H., *W.*
Phelan John, *K.*
Phelps Housley F. D., *K.*
Phillips John, *D.*
Pierson Thomas B., *D.*
Post William, *K.*
Potter William H., *D.*
Pound Peter, *D.*
Randall Henry, *K.*
Raymond Henry, *D.*
Rice Robert, *W.*
Richards Alonzo I., *K.*
Richmond Willis B., *K.*
Riley Lawrence, *K.*
Roberts Henry M., *D.*
Roberts Andrew, *D.*
Robinson George W., *K.*
Rose Ebenezer, jr., *K.*
Rose Franklin M., *K.*
Rouse Horace G., *K.*
Rust Cyprian H., *K.*
Saunders Henry, *D.*
Scoville Martin, *D.*
Simonds John H., *K.*
Sexton Henry D., *D.*
Stewart Charles B., *D.*
Strickland Henry E., *D.*
Stoddard Frederick, *D.*
Stowe Gilbert H., *D.*
Sweet William A., *K.*
Talmage Elihu, *D.*
Taylor C. Henry, *D.*
Taylor Orrin, *D.*
Taylor Henry H., *D.*
Thomas Richmond E., *K.*
Thorn Reuben, *D.*
Tillotson Lafayette, *K.*
Tompkins John, *D.*
Trask Frank, *K.*
Tuller Isaac H., *D.*
Tuttle John E., *K.*
Upton George W., *D.*
Wadhams Edward, *K.*
Wadhams Martin L., *K.*
Wait (2d Lieut.) M., *K.*
Westover Edwin E., *D.*
Wheeler Edwin, *D.*
Wheeler Lucius, *K.*
White Elijah, *K.*
Wilcox Whiting, *K.*
Williams John A., *D.*
Woods Victor, *D.*
Yemmons Joseph R., *D.*

Ninth Regiment Infantry.

Abbot John, *D.*
Alaby Albert, *D.*
Baggs John, *D.*
Bowker George, *D.*
Barry John T., *D.*
Blakeslee Almon, *D.*
Bohan Paul, *D.*
Boyle Charles, *D.*
Brodderick James, *D.*
Brown Daniel H., *D.*
Brown William, *D.*
Bouisee Newman, *D.*
Burgess John R., *D.*
Burns John, *D.*
Burke Richard, *D.*
Burton Charles B., *D.*
Bush James, *D.*
Cain Patrick, *D.*
Calkins Jesse I., *D.*
Calkins Joseph L., *D.*
Carey James, *D.*
Carey William W., *D.*
Carlin Andrew, *D.*
Carney Ambrose, *D.*
Charbouel Paul, *D.*
Claffee (Sgt.-Maj.) P. T., *D.*
Clark John, *D.*
Clark William, *D.*
Claxton Richard, *D.*
Coen John, *A.*
Colbert Morris, *D.*
Conner Thomas, *D.*
Conner George O., *D.*
Coyne John, *D.*
Coyle John, *D.*
Coxall Henry E., *D.*
Crowley John, *D.*
Cruise John, *D.*
Cunningham James, *D.*
Daley Bartholomew, *D.*
Dailey Patrick, *D.*
Dikeman George S., *D.*
Dillon John, *D.*
Dimon James C., *D.*
Donahue James, *D.*
Doyle Peter, *D.*
Downey Nicholas, *A.*
Downey Michael, *D.*
Drassendoffer Henry, *D.*
Doyle Peter, *D.*
Dunn Thomas, *D.*
Eagan John, *D.*
Eagan William, *D.*
Ennes John, *D.*
Ennis Matthew, *D.*
Fagan Michael, *D.*
Fairchild (1st Lt.) F. M., *D.*
Fanning John, *D.*
Fenton Peter, *D.*
Ferris John, *D.*
Fibbs William, *D.*
Finkle Peter, *D.*
Fitzgerald William, *D.*
Flamandez Peter, *D.*
Frazier George, *D.*
Funt William, *D.*
Furnace Joseph, *D.*
Gahagan Joseph, *D.*
Galligan Philip, *D.*
Galvin James, *D.*
Gladding Leverett, *D.*
Grace William, *D.*
Green John, *D.*
Green John, *D.*
Green John, *D.*
Green Patrick, *D.*
Hackett Peter, *D.*
Hall Jessell, *D.*
Hallaner Lewis St. V., *D.*
Harrington Joseph, *D.*
Hartigan John, *D.*
Harvey Thomas, *D.*

Hawley Edward, *D.*
Hayes Elias, *D.*
Healy Michael, *D.*
Helling Frederick, *D.*
Henderson James, *D.*
Hill Henry, *D.*
Hillyer George, *D.*
Hillyer James, *D.*
Hollidi William, *D.*
Horton John A., *D.*
Horton George W., *D.*
Hudson Henry, *D.*
Hughes Arthur, *D.*
Hussey Walter, *D.*
Irvine Christian, *D.*
Jewess Frederick, *K.*
Johnson Lewis H., *D.*
Kain Michael, *D.*
Kearney Thomas, *D.*
Keaveney Michael, *D.*
Keegan Edward, *D.*
Keenan Peter, *D.*
Kehoe James, *D.*
Kelleher Roger, *D.*
Kelly John, *D.*
Kennedey Daniel, *D.*
Kennedey Joseph, *D.*
Kerley John, *D.*
Kilgrariff Martin, *D.*
Lackey Luke C., *D.*
Lane John J., *D.*
Lane Patrick, *D.*
Larkins Patrick, *D.*
Lauffin Richard, *D.*
Lawler James, *A.*
Lynch Thomas, *D.*
Lynch John, 1st, *D.*
Lynch Patrick, *K.*
Lyon Edward, *D.*
McAlloon Patrick, *D.*
McCann William J., *D.*
McCarthy John, *D.*
McCormick Thomas, *D.*
McClune James, *D.*
McDonald James, *D.*
McGrath Michael, *D.*
McGrath Thomas, *D.*
McGuire Constantine, *D.*
McFarland Peter, *D.*
McKenna (2d Lt.) Henry, *D.*
McLaughlin John, *D.*
McLaughlin Timothy, *D.*
McMahene James, *D.*
McPherson John, *D.*
McSorley John, *D.*
McTague John, *D.*
Magee Michael, *D.*
Maher John, *D.*
Maher John, *D.*
Mahoney Patrick, *D.*
Martin John, *D.*
Marlow John, *D.*
Meany John, *D.*
Meldrum John, *D.*
Mercier Alexander, *D.*
Meredith John, *D.*
Minahan Thomas, *D.*
Molloy Michael, *D.*
Moningham James, *D.*
Moore Michael, *D.*
Morrissey Patrick, *D.*
Mulvey Charles, *D.*
Murphy Martin, *D.*
Murphy Jeremiah, *D.*
Murphy James, *D.*
O'Brien Thomas, *D.*
O'Brien James, *D.*
O'Berne John, *D.*
O'Burns Michael, *D.*
O'Conner Peter, *D.*
O'Neil Mark, *K.*
Otis Dennis, *D.*
Patchen Charles T., *D.*
Pearson Philip, *D.*
Potter Charles H., *D.*
Potter Frederick, *D.*
Prime Edward P., *D.*
Quinn Thomas, *D.*
Quinn Luke, *D.*
Reynolds Patrick, *D.*
Reynolds Patrick, *D.*
Reynolds Michael, 2d, *D.*
Rhatigan Edward, *D.*
Roberts John F., *D.*
Robinson James W B., *D.*
Robertson Seth, *D.*
Rolland Herman, *D.*
Ross Charles, *D.*
Rowley John, *D.*
Ryan James, *D.*
Ryan John, *D.*
Ryan (2) Timothy, *D.*
Ryan Cornelius, *D.*
Sanford Stephen, *D.*
Sanford Oliver, *D.*
Scully William, *D.*
Scott Michael, *D.*
Shaughness Peter, *D.*
Shuenter Joseph, *D.*
Simpson John, *D.*
Slawson David A., *D.*
Smith John, *D.*
Smith John, 2d, *D.*
Smith Martin, *D.*
Smith Peter, *D.*
Spellesay Thomas, *D.*
Stafford John A., *D.*
Stillson David, *D.*
Sullivan Jeremiah, *D.*
Sullivan John, *D.*
Sullivan William, *D.*
Sullivan Daniel, *D.*
Sutter Frank, *D.*
Tackett James, *D.*
Tallmadge Thomas B., *D.*
Thompson Henry F., *D.*
Tobin James, *D.*
Todd Legrand, *D.*
Tyghe Roger, *D.*
Walch John, *D.*
Walsh Patrick, *D.*
Walsh Robert, *A.*
Waldron Thomas, *D.*
Warner Abraham A., *D.*
White Thomas, *D.*
Wells Jeremiah, *D.*
Weldon Patrick, *D.*
Woods James, *D.*
Woods Patrick, *D.*

Tenth Regiment Infantry.

Allen John, *D.*
Allyn Asa, *D.*
Atwell Benjamin, *D.*
Austin George C., *D.*
Bailey Albert A., *K.*
Bartholomew Pliny, *D.*
Bartlett Leonard, *D.*
Beach Elliott W., *D.*
Beardsley Edward C., *D.*
Bell George L., *W.*
Benedict Lewis H., *D.*
Black Albert, *D.*
Bomer Frederick W., *D.*
Booth Charles F., *D.*
Bowen James, jr., *W.*
Bradbury Thomas E., *D.*
Bradley William H., *D.*
Brainard Henry L., *D.*
Brainard Whitney S., *D.*
Brinton Alexander R., *D.*
Bromley Lyman W., *D.*
Bronson Jeremiah T., *D.*
Brooks Sherald A., *K.*
Brown Nelson L., *W*
Brown Joseph M., *D.*
Brown Sherman, *D.*
Brower Alfred L., *D.*
Bunnell Cyrus R., *D.*
Bunting Alexander R., *D.*
Burchard Eli, *D.*
Burdick Charles, *D.*
Burns William A., *K.*
Card David J., *D.*
Carter John, *D.*
Chadwick William H., *D.*
Clark Henry, *W*
Cotting (1st Lt.) J. C., *W.*
Collins Joseph, *W.*
Cook Samuel, *D.*
Cotton Samuel S., *D.*
Coville Matthew, *D.*
Crandall Horatio, *D.*
Cutts Charles L., *D.*
Day John F., *K.*
Davrix Patrick, *D.*
Dickson David, *D.*
Donovan John, *D.*
Doolittle Luther H., *W.*
Downes Henry A., *D.*
Drake (Col.) Albert W., *D.*
Dunn Robert, *D.*
Edmonds Daniel, *W.*
Ferris Alexander, *W.*
Gerald James S., *D.*
Gerry William T., *W.*
Gill George, *K.*
Goff Thomas, *W.*
Gorton William H., *W.*
Graham William N., *K.*
Gray Henry T., *D.*
Green Anthony H., *D.*
Greene Edwin E., *D.*
Grummon Francis H., *D.*

Hamblin Philo A., *D.*
Hawkins Orin J., *D.*
Heldmerick Casper, *A.*
Henderson Alexander, *D.*
Hill (2d Lt.) Theron D., *K.*
Hindle James, *K.*
Hoadley Harvey S., *W.*
Holland James B., *D.*
Hern Michael, *W.*
Hoyt William, *D.*
Hoyt (Capt.) Isaac L., *D.*
Howe William H., *D.*
House Lorin, *A.*
Howman William H., *D.*
Hubbard John, *W.*
Hubbard Silas W., *D.*
Hudson William G., *D.*
Hunter William, *D.*
Huntley Joseph W., *W.*
Hurlbut Roger L., *D.*
Huxford William G., *D.*
Hyde Chauncey, *D.*
Ingraham William, *W.*
Jarman George, *D.*
Kane Jerry, *D.*
Kellogg Alfred, *D.*
King Samuel W., *D.*
Kilbourn John R., *D.*
Lane Leman G., *D.*
Lathrop Simon, *K.*
Lester Dwight T., *W.*
Lockwood William H., *D.*
Lombard Joseph A., *K.*
Long William, *D.*
Loveland John F., *K.*
Lounsbury Henry W., *D.*
Lyman Levi F., *W.*
McCarty James, *D.*
McDonal James, *W.*
McLeod William, *W.*
Manchester Frederick, *D.*
Maro Patrick, *K.*
Mason John, *D.*
Mead (Capt.) Thos. R., *D.*
Mead Henry H., *D.*
Mead (Major) Daniel M., *D.*
Monson Lyman T., *W.*
Morse Orran H., *D.*
Mosher Leander, *D.*
Munsell William, *D.*
Neal James H., *W.*
Olmsted Osborn, *D.*
Oviatt Erasmus A., *K.*
Owen Orville D., *D.*
Park George B., *W.*
Pease Gilson, *D.*
Perkins Henry, *D.*
Perkins (1st. Lt.) Wm. W., *K.*
Raymond Henry M., *D.*
Reynolds Milo, *K.*
Reuthsler John, *D.*
Ride William, *A.*
Rood Morton, *D.*
Rooney James S., *D.*
Ross John, *K.*
Rowe Egbert, *D.*
Russell (Col.) Charles L., *K.*
Russell John E., *K.*
Salter William N., *D.*
Sears Stephen H., *D.*
Sherman John T., *K.*
Sherwood Samuel, *D.*
Simms John M., *W.*
Skinner Jesse P., *D.*
Slaine Peter S., *D.*
Smith Arthur W., *D.*
Smith Edgar G., *K.*
Smith James C., *K.*
Sniffen William, *D.*
Speed John W., *D.*
Stillman (2d Lt.) H. M., *K.*
Taylor Henry S., *D.*
Taylor Samuel, *W.*
Thomas George D., *W.*
Tibbals Abraham, *D.*
Tinker Charles H., *D.*
Tomlinson Edmund B., *D.*
Toomey John L., *W.*
Treat Noyes A., *D.*
Tucker John W., *D.*
Tuttle Henry M., *D.*
Wallace John L., *W.*
Ward Thomas M., *D.*
Washburn Owen W., *D.*
Weaver Amos C., *D.*
Weeks Harvey J., *D.*
Wells (Capt.) Henry A., *K.*
Weston Everett B., *D.*
Wheaton Albert F., *W.*
Wheeler Elbert E., *D.*
Wilcox Lucene, *W.*
Wilson Robert, *D.*
Wing George, *K.*
Wright Frank, *D.*
Wright Charles M., *D.*
Vergason Erastus, *K.*

Eleventh Regiment Infantry.

Andress David, *K.*
Antonio John, *W.*
Antonio Manuel, *W.*
Bailey George E., *K.*
Bailey Albert H., *D.*
Baker Henry E., *D.*
Barber Charles, *D.*
Barnstead George T., *W.*
Barnum (1st Lt.) S. C., *W.*
Bates Theodore S., *K.*
Batty Davis, *K.*
Beach Benjamin J., *K.*
Beers Henry A., *K.*
Beman Charles, *D.*
Beman Job, *W.*
Bills George, *K.*
Bills Prosper B., *D.*
Bissell Henry, *W.*
Blodget Edward A., *D.*
Bohr Frederick, *K.*
Braman Lucian, *D.*
Brooks John, *D.*
Bugbee William, *W.*
Burke Edward, *K.*
Burtrand John, *K.*
Campbell Leander, *K.*
Canfield William H., *D.*
Chappell Benjamin F., *D.*
Chaffee Frank, *K.*
Clemments John, *D.*
Cleaveland Chauncey F., *D.*
Cleaveland Elisha, *D.*
Cogswell William F., *K.*
Cole William, *D.*
Converse (Major) J. H., *K.*
Converse Rufus, *K.*
Coville George B., *W.*
Crome Gilbert R., *K.*
Culver Fred. D., *D.*
Cushman Alonzo S., *K.*
Daly Allick, *K.*
Daniels Oscar G., *D.*
Davis Henry W., *K.*
Dawley George W., *D.*
Dayton Lewis, *K.*
Decker Clark, *K.*
Deming Edward, *K.*
Desons Pierre, *K.*
Didier Auguste, *K.*
Dieth Gustar A., *D.*
Dodge Henry C., *D.*
Dolan Michael, *K.*
Duane Charles, *K.*
Dubois Alfred, *K.*
Eddy Charles, *D.*
Ermisch Otto, *D.*
Evans Willard, *D.*
Fay John, *K.*
Ferry Amos, *W.*
Fessington Clinton, *W.*
Flint Alvin, *K.*
Ford David M., *K.*
Ford Henry C., *D.*
Formia Peter, *K.*
Fosket Albert O., *D.*
Frink Charles H., *K.*
Fuller Edward, *D.*
Galliger Michael, *K.*
George Thomas A., *D.*
Germain Achille, *K.*
Gillin John H., *K.*
Gorman Edward, *W.*
Graves Augustus E., *D.*
Green Joel, *D.*
Griswold (Capt.) J. D., *K.*
Gullock George F., *D.*
Halbfass William, *D.*
Hall William H., *K.*
Heplin George H., *K.*
Hillyer John, *D.*
Hitchcock William H., *K.*
Hollister Joseph, *D.*
Holt Marcus B., *D.*
Holwell John C., *K.*
Hopkins William M., *K.*
Houghton William, *K.*
Humphreys Edward J., *D.*
Hutchins William, *D.*
Jackson Thomas, *D.*
Jones John, *D.*
Johnson John, *D.*
Karcher Ferdinand, *D.*
Kettle William S., *D.*
Kingsbury (Col.) H. W., *K.*
Kirk Roderic, *D.*
Lane William, *K.*

Lathrop John E., *D.*
Lawler Thomas, *K.*
Lawson Ansel, *D.*
Lee (Capt.) Edwin R., *K.*
Lewis Francis J., *D.*
Luce Lozare, *K.*
Mabb Ephraim, *D.*
Mack Jesse, *D.*
Main Henry, *D*
Mallory Joseph B., *K.*
Mantz William, *D.*
McAlister Ronald, *K.*
McCabe Peter, *D.*
McNeil Owen, *K.*
Messin James, *K.*
Milliken Davis, *D.*
Mills Hezekiah P., *D.*
Mitchell Charles, *K.*
Morden John B., *K.*
Morgan James, *K.*
Morris John, *D.*
Morse Charles H., *K.*
Mowry Elisha, *D.*
Mowry Elisha, jr., *D.*
Munroe Charles, *D.*
Munroe John, *K.*
Murphy Thomas, *A.*
Nichols Harmes L., *D.*
Norton Amasa, *D.*
Ormsby Oliver P., *K.*
Parker Lewis L., *D.*
Parrett Theodore, *K.*
Paolo Leon, *K.*
Payne Thomas, *D.*
Peckham John, *D.*
Pete Elijah S., *D.*
Phillips George W., *D.*
Pike George D., *D.*
Pinot Etianne, *K.*
Potter William R., *D.*
Quinn Patrick, *D.*
Read Egbert D., *D.*
Read John R., *K.*
Remington Thomas F., *W.*
Rice Samuel B., *D.*
Riggs George S., *D.*
Rising Henry, *K.*
Roberts Halsey, *D.*
Roberts Hiram C., *K.*
Robertson Aaron, *D.*
Rodgers Samuel C., *K.*
Rouse Asa W., *K.*
Sackett (Capt.) Wm. H., *K.*
Salter Watson C., *W.*
Schofield Henry M., *W.*
Shepard George A., *K.*
Sherman Daniel P., *D.*
Shughrue John S., *D.*
Slack Wm. H., *W.*
Smith Wm. B., *D.*
Smith Wm. A., *D.*
Smith Henry, *K.*
Sonderegger Jacob, *D.*
Souter James, *K.*
Southworth Henry M., *D.*
Spellman Charles, *D.*
Swanton George, *K.*
Standihs Charles, *D.*
Stevens Frank A., *D.*
Steimetz Charles, *K.*
Stiles James B., *K.*
Storrs Daniel C., *D.*
Stowe Vivant, *K.*
Sullivan Michael, *K.*
Tarbox Daniel I., *K.*
Thompson Joseph, *K.*
Todd Albert, *K.*
Tripp Samuel B., *K.*
Turner Orrin C., *D.*
Tuttle Albert M., *K.*
Tyrrell Willis H., *D.*
Utley Origen, *D.*
Von Driest Nicolas, *D.*
Walker John H., *K.*
Warren George, *W.*
Warriner Wm. D., *W.*
Weeks Fennimore, *K.*
Wentz Martin, *W.*
White Joseph, *D.*
Whitney Edward, *D.*
Wood John W., *W.*
Zemiz Claudius, *K.*

Twelfth Regiment Infantry.

Allen James E., *D.*
Allen Jeremiah, *D.*
Allyn (2d Lt.) Stanton, *D.*
Arment Samuel R., *D.*
Arnold Curtiss S., *D.*
Ashley Elisha L., *K.*
Atkins Solon R., *W.*
Atwood James L., *D.*
Avery Alexander W., *D.*
Babcock Wilson, *D.*
Babcock Stanton, *D.*
Baker Albert, *W.*
Baker Edward, *D.*
Baker Reuben W., *D.*
Baker Lovell, *D.*
Baker Horace, *D.*
Baldwin George W., *D.*
Barnum Edgar H., *D.*
Belden Directus F., *K.*
Benham Roland D., *D.*
Bentley George, *D.*
Bicknell Charles W., *K.*
Bigelow Charles, *D.*
Birch Herman, *D.*
Bissell Rufus M., *D.*
Bolman Lemuel, *D.*
Bolton Emerson O., *D.*
Bond Austin W., *D.*
Bonney John, *D.*
Booth Wilbert H., *D.*
Britten Henry, *D.*
Brookman James, *D.*
Brown Charles H., *D.*
Brundage James L., *D.*
Bundy George B., *D.*
Burton Jeremiah, *D.*
Bushnell John B., *D.*
Butler Thomas, *D.*
Campbell Edwin W., *D.*
Candee William B., *K.*
Carly Edward, *K.*
Chapman George W., *D.*
Church Morris S., *D.*
Clark Grove, *D.*
Clark Samuel, *D.*
Clark Dallas, *D.*
Cobberly Edward, *K.*
Collins Charles L., *W.*
Cook Reuben, *D.*
Cornwell (1st Lt.) C. W., *D.*
Congdon Edmund, *W.*
Couch Edwin N., *K.*
Cuddy John, *D.*
Currie John H., *D.*
Curtiss George W., *D.*
Darrow John M., *A.*
Davis Gilbert A., *D.*
Davis George D., *D.*
Davis Nathan, *D.*
Denison Chester H., *D.*
Douglass Charles M., *D.*
Dowd Frank, *W.*
Dudley Alva M., *D.*
Dunn Martin, *D.*
Dyer George M., *D.*
Emmett Michael, *D.*
Evarts Joseph V., *W.*
Farnsworth Gilbert, *D.*
Farren Charles C., *D.*
Field Osmer F., *D.*
Francis (1st Lt.) J. L., *D.*
Francis Henry J., *D.*
Franklin Elford C., *D.*
Freeland Andrew I., *D.*
Freeman Horace H., *D.*
Flynn Michael, *D.*
Gardner Thomas, *D.*
Garner John, *D.*
Gavitt Lorenzo D., *A.*
Gilbert Sylvester, *K.*
Grady John, *W.*
Gray William D., *D.*
Green George, *W.*
Green Martin A., *D.*
Hale Howard F., *W.*
Hall Wilson S., *D.*
Hammond George, *D.*
Hamm Daniel S., *D.*
Hayden Henry, *K.*
Hicks Lester, *D.*
Hitchcock Fred. J., *D.*
Holden John M., *D.*
Hurd William B., *D.*
Hurd John H., *D.*
Ingham Frederick, *D.*
Ingersoll Clarence L., *D.*
Irish Ezra, *D.*
Jillson Henry, *D.*
Johnson Abner H., *D.*
Johnson Philo B., *D.*
Judson Frederick N., *K.*
Kidder Warren, *W.*
Kelley Edward, *D.*
Lamphere Henry A., *D.*
Leary Timothy O., *A.*
Lee Edward N., *D.*
Lester John E., *D.*
Levenworth (1st Asst. Surgeon) M. C., *D.*
Lillie Warren, *D.*

Lloyd Henry, *K.*
Lord Benjamin, *D.*
Loftus Patrick, *W.*
Loveland Marvin, *D.*
Loring Locke L., *W.*
Lucy John, *D.*
Macauless George, *K.*
McCarthy Patrick, *D.*
McClellan John, *D.*
McKnight William, *D.*
Mattler Abram, *D.*
Maynard Charles C., *D.*
Mathewson Joseph, *D.*
Miles Reuben, *D.*
Miner Jesse L., *D.*
Mitchell William E., *A.*
Morehouse Samuel E., *K.*
Moffit John S., *D.*
Murphy John, *D.*
Newell William J., *W*
Nixon Thomas N., *D.*
Nolan Thomas, *D.*
Northrup Corvus, *D.*
Parkhurst Wilfred, *D.*
Parsons Edward, *D.*
Elizur B., *D.*
Pierce Charles H., *D.*
Penfidd Evelyn, *D.*
Perkins Charles L., *D.*
Platt Charles S., *D.*
Platt George H., *D.*
Porter Benedict M., *D.*
Pratt Gurdon, *D.*
Prowitt Henry M., *D.*
Sackett Ambrose S., *D.*
Scranton Dayton R., *D.*
Schweikart George, *D.*
Seward Henry A., *D.*
Simmons Joseph W., *D*
Sinclair Eugene, *K.*
Smith George E., *D.*
Smith John, *D.*
Smith John C., *D.*
Snow George, *D.*
Stebbins Benjamin, *D.*
Steele Charles E., *K.*
Stillman Fred. W., *D.*
Sullivan Charles, *D.*
Sullivan John P., *D.*
Sweet William E., *K.*
Thrall Bradley, *D.*
Thompson Ambrose, *A.*
Thompson William H., *D.*
Toole Thomas, *D.*
Toy Joseph R., *D.*
Tracy Thomas, *K.*
Updyke William, *D.*
Vanderhilt Henry, *D.*
Walker Joseph, *D.*
Welch (2d Asst. Surgeon) John B., *D.*
Whithead Alphonso B., *D.*
Winship Charles N., *D.*
Youngs George, *K.*
Youngs John *D.*

Thirteenth Regiment Infantry.

Ackley Abram E., *D.*
Ames Benjamin G., *D.*
Assaut Christian, *K.*
Baker William, *D.*
Benedict Aaron, *D.*
Bertz Charles, *K.*
Betz Edward, *D.*
Black David, *K.*
Blackman Eli B., *K.*
Blakeslee Norman, *D.*
Blanchard William, *K.*
Bogue Edmund, *D.*
Bowen Thomas L., *D.*
Brady John, *D.*
Brown David H., *D.*
Burns Thomas, *K.*
Capen Elbridge S., *D.*
Carey Patrick, *K.*
Carroll Thomas, *D.*
Carpenter Walter G., *D.*
Catlin Charles, *D.*
Chapel Alonzo, *D.*
Clark John, *D.*
Clarke (1st Lt.) Jonah F., *D.*
Cleaveland Charles F., *D.*
Coffee Jeremiah, *W.*
Comstock John C., *D.*
Conrad Henry S., *D.*
Corbet Michael, *W.*
Cramm John, *K.*
Cravey John, *D.*
Daniels John F., *D.*
DeWolf Edward, *D.*
Dobson Michael, *D.*
Downes George, *D.*
Downes George C., *D.*
Doolittle Frank H., *D.*
Douglass Reuben H., *D.*
Enland Alexander, *D.*
Ferris Smith W., *D.*
Ferris William I., *D.*
Finley Daniel B., *D.*
Fitzpatrick Thomas, *D.*
Francis Thomas A., *D.*
Freed John, *D.*
Fogerty John, *K.*
Fox Henry F., *D.*
Garcia Joseph, *K.*
Gay Moses, *D.*
Gilbert James, *D.*
Gilmore William, *D.*
Gladden Charles R., *D.*
Goldsmith George, *D.*
Gorman John, *D.*
Greene John, *D.*
Gunter Thomas L., *K.*
Hackette Andrew, *W*
Hassan James, *D.*
Hayward John, *D.*
Hopkins Roswell E., *K.*
Hotchkiss Charles, *D.*
Hungerford Martin B., *D.*
Hurley Thomas, *D.*
Johnson (2d Lt.) A. T., *A.*
Jones Benjamin, *D.*
Kelleher Jeremiah, *D.*
Kempton William D., *D.*
Kimberly Albert A., *D.*
Lane Henry L., *D.*
Larned Edward A., *D.*
Leary Patrick, *D.*
Lewis James C., *D.*
McGowan John, *D.*
McGuire James, *D.*
McLachlan Wells, *D.*
McManus Edward, *K.*
Matthews Stephen A., *W.*
Merwin Charles N., *W.*
Miesner (1st Lt.) Louis, *W.*
Miller William, *D.*
Moore William H., *D.*
Morris Charles, *D.*
Mosher James D., *D.*
Murphey Edward, *D.*
Munson Charles, *D.*
Munson Henry B., *D.*
Nettleton (1st Lt.) I. F., *D.*
Nickerson Edwin L., *K.*
Nops Benedict, *D.*
O'Brien John, *K.*
Peck Daniel R., *D.*
Pile Benjamin, *D.*
Roach John, *D.*
Roath Leonard G., *K.*
Roberts William F., *D.*
Rogers Gardner B., *D.*
Reynolds Andrew J., *D.*
Reynolds William H., *D.*
Reynolds William H, *W.*
Richmond Edward S., *A.*
Ruscoe Hiram, *D.*
Ryan William, *D.*
Sarles Benjamin O., *K.*
Seeelle Theodore, *A.*
Sellect George B., *D.*
Scribner William F., *D.*
Shardon Martin J., *D.*
Shea John, *D.*
Simmons Lewis E., *D.*
Skiff George C., *D.*
Slover Chester, *D.*
Smith James, *D.*
Stanley Frank E., *K.*
Stanley Frank W., *W*
Strickland (1st Lt.) Jos., *K.*
Sturges Frederick L., *D.*
Sutliff Friend, *D.*
Taylor John J., *D.*
Thorne John W., *D.*
Tomlinson Charles H., *K.*
Torrance James, *K.*
Tryon Charles E., *D.*
Tyler Fernando H., *D.*
Tyrell Payne S., *D.*
Underwood James V., *D.*
Waldron Frederick E., *W.*
Warner Aaron C., *D.*
Weed Ed. R., *D.*
Welch Henry, *D.*
Welch Patrick, *D.*
Westhus Bernhardt, *D.*
Wickwire Franklin L., *D.*
Williams Albert G., *D.*
Williamson James, *D.*
Wheeler (2d Lt.) John T., *A.*
Whitman Elijah N., *D.*

Fourteenth Regiment Infantry.

Abby John, *K.*
Allen Amory, *K.*
Allyn Stephen D., *W.*
Allyn William R., *D.*
Ames Thomas M., *K.*
Avery Oliver C., *D.*
Baldwin George W., *W.*
Bangston Charles, *D.*
Banks Wesley, *W.*
Barker John, *D.*
Barrows Charles, *K.*
Barry Robert, *K.*
Beber Charles A., *K.*
Beebe Charles A., *K.*
Beckley Birdsey, *K.*
Benton Raphael W., *K.*
Benton Joel C., *D.*
Bidwell Lucius E., *K.*
Blimm (Capt.) Jarvis E., *K.*
Booth Elisha S., *W.*
Bond Joseph B., *D.*
Bonney William S., *D.*
Bradshaw William, *W.*
Brainard Thomas L., *K.*
Brewer Edward H., *D.*
Bronson (Capt.) Isaac R., *W.*
Brooks Charles S., *K.*
Brockett Edwin, *W.*
Brown William C., *K.*
Brown Henry, *K.*
Brown James M., *K.*
Buckingham E. C.
Briflet Charles F., *D.*
Burke John, *D.*
Burrows Daniel L., *D.*
Burrows Charles, *K.*
Burton Chester, *K.*
Burton Lewis G., *W.*
Butler Nathaniel, *D.*
Canfield (2d Lt.) D. E., *K.*
Carlock George, *K.*
Caulkins John F., *K.*
Cause William M., *W.*
Cavanagh Francis, *K.*
Chadwick Robert A., *K.*
Chapman William, *D.*
Chamberlain Joseph A., *D.*
Clark Aaron A., *K.*
Clement Moses G., *K.*
Clement Nathaniel C., *D.*
Cole Alonzo E., *W.*
Comes (2d Lt.) W. A., *W.*
Comstock Albert O., *D.*
Conners James P., *K.*
Cooper James, *D.*
Corbit George W., *W.*
Corbit William H., *W.*
Crampton Cornett M., *D.*
Crosby (2d Lt.) G. H., *D.*
Cummings John, *D.*
Cunningham John, *D.*
Curtis Hanford, *D.*
Curtis Benjamin, *D.*
Daniel John, *K.*
Dart Charles E., *W.*
Davis William, *D.*
Delaney Michael, *D.*
Dibble Alfred H., *K.*
Dixon George, *D.*
Dorman Orrin, *D.*
Dorey Edward, *W.*
Dudley Henry C., *D.*
Dwight Franklin, *W.*
Eno Frederick R., *K.*
Fairchild Amos H., *D.*
Farmer Harman, *W.*
Farar David H., *D.*
Field Edmund L., *K.*
Field Chester C., *W.*
Fiske (Capt.) Samuel, *D.*
Flint Curtis W., *D.*
Frost Albert S., *K.*
Fuller Benjamin R., *K.*
Fuller Franklin, *D.*
Gibbons (Capt.) E. W., *W.*
Glossenger William, *K.*
Goodell William W., *K.*
Greene John, *K.*
Griswold Russell, *K.*
Gurley John, jr., *D.*
Hamilton Charles T., *W.*
Harrison Frederick, *W.*
Hart Thomas, *K.*
Hart (2d Lieut.) E. W., *D.*
Hanford Charles J.
Henderson James, *D.*
Herring Samuel, *K.*
Hill Albert M., *W.*
Hine Luther R., *K.*
Hodges Nelson, *W.*
Hollister Francis, *D.*
Hollister Frederick J., *D.*
Hubbard Lucian W., *D.*
Hubbard Robert, *K.*
Hull Richard L., *K.*
Hurlburt John J., *D.*
Huxham Samuel, *K.*
Hyatt Charles G., *D.*
Jackson Patrick, *W.*
Jacobs William, *W.*
Janot Joseph, *D.*,
Jerome Elias L., *K.*
Johnson Elisha, *D.*
Johnson George W., *D.*
Jones Watson, *W.*
Jones John, *W.*
Judd Austin, *D.*
Julian John F., *W.*
Keam Jacob, *K.*
Keegan Michael, *K.*
Keller Henry, *K.*
Kelly Thomas, *K.*
Kernin Patrick, *K.*
Kenyon Eugene W., *D.*
Kelsey Alson A., *D.*
Kittle Stephen D., *K.*
Lane John L., *D.*
Latue Charles, *D.*
Laughlin Frank, *K.*
Leffingwell Ozias C., *D.*
Lewis Thaddeus W., *K.*
Lloyd Patrick, *W.*
Lloyd Henry A., *W.*
Lincoln David B., *W.*
Lovejoy William F., *K.*
Madigan Michael, *K.*
McLaughlin James, *K.*
McCauley James, *D.*
McClusky Joseph, *W.*
McAlhatten Charles, *K.*
McVay James, *D.*
Mann Edward W., *K.*
Mansfield William, *K.*
Marsh William D., *K.*
Masterson Patrick, *D.*
Maynard Jabez B., *D.*
Maynard Erastus A., *D.*
May George S., *K.*
Metcalf Martin V. B., *W.*
Mills William S., *K.*
Mills Thomas J., *D.*
Miller Hermon, *K.*
Miner John, *K.*
Mix David, *D.*
Morgan Henry, *D.*
Mollan Alfred G., *D.*
Moore Frederick, *D.*
Morse Charles D., *D.*
Mott William, *K.*
Myers William S., *D.*
Nichols Bradley, *W.*
Niles Frederick W., *D.*
Norton Arnon L., *W.*
Norton William H., *K.*
Norton William E., *K.*
Norton Francis M., *K.*
Norton Edward F., *K.*
Otis Josiah L. D., *D.*
Otis Daniel H., *W.*
Osborn Robert W., *D.*
Orcutt Henry W., *K.*
Owen Henry, *W.*
Packard David, *D.*
Parks John W., *K.*
Parsons Heman, *D.*
Penfield George H., *D.*
Percey Frank J., *K.*
Perkins Erastus B., *W.*
Petersen Hans, *D.*
Phillips Jonathan W., *W.*
Pickett Birdsey, *D.*
Pritchard Orlan C., *W.*
Post John W., *D.*
Puffer Joseph, *K.*
Ramsdell William P., *K.*
Reardon Cornelius, *W.*
Redfield John D., *D.*
Reed Norton A., *D.*
Richardson Miles G., *D.*
Rising Roland, *W.*
Root Sylvanus E., *D.*
Russell William, *D.*
Scranton Francis S., *W.*
Scranton Thomas M., *D.*
Scranton Lewis W., *D.*
Schulte Christopher, *D.*
Scully James, *K.*
Searle Julius F., *D.*
Shalk (1st Lt.) Fred. E., *W.*
Shaughnessy Michael, *K.*
Shepard James B., *K.*
Shiner Andrew, *W.*

Simons Charles, *W.*
Simmons Daniel, *W.*
Slessenger Charles, *W.*
Smith John H., *K.*
Smith Charles H., *D.*
Snow Worthington, *D.*
Sperry Judson E., *D.*
Spencer Edison W., *K.*
Stannard Ezra D., *D.*
Stannard George E., *W.*
Standish Walter F., *K.*
Stanley (1st Lt.) T. A., *W.*
Starkey Robert, *D.*
Steele Sylvester W., *K.*
Stevens Horace B., *K.*
Talcott Lucius, *D.*
Talcott Samuel L., *W.*
Taylor Smith S., *D.*
Tiernay Michael, *D.*
Timmons Daniel, *W.*
Tiley Henry, *K.*
Tucker Hiram H., *D.*
Tully John B., *D.*
Tyler Moses, *D.*
Wadhams (1st Lt.) H.W., *K.*
Wadsworth Lucius, *D.*
Waldo Christopher, *D.*
Ward Frederick S., *K.*
Wayner Gottfreit, *D.*
Webster John R., *W.*
Welton Frederick F., *D.*
Wilkie Thomas, *W.*
Willard (Capt.) Sam. F., *K.*
Woldert Adam, *D.*
Wright Dwight H., *D.*
Yerrington Henry P., *W.*

Fifteenth Regiment Infantry.

Allen Charles S., *D.*
Andrews Sidney M., *D.*
Augur (Lt.) M. C., *Q. M.*
Baldwin C. S.
Bailey Oscar M., *D.*
Beach Lyman A.
Baker Francis P., *A.*
Baker Thomas, *D.*
Baker James R.
Bassett Hobert A. *D.*
Beecher F. K.
Bishop Austin, *D.*
Benjamin C. A.
Boylen Philip, *D.*
Barnard Thomas G.
Brooks Thomas, *D.*
Boylen Luke.
Bradley Edgar S., *D.*
Bassart Pedro.
Brown Charles C., *D.*
Brocken Timothy.
Boyle C. A.
Bellwood Theodore.
Burwell J. H.
Carpenter Franklin S.
Clark Dennis, *D.*
Cook Alvah J.
Coon Joseph, *D.*
Coulter Samuel, *D.*
Cullom Michael, *D.*
Crowley Daniel.
Curtiss Henry L., *D.*
Culver Henry.
Crandall Dudley W.
Davis John N., *D.*
Dean George.
Dolph William H., *D.*
Doolittle Henry C., *D.*
Durgal F. S.
Douds Benjamin R., *D.*
Dudley Edward W.
Dutton Theodore.
Dougherty Bernard.
Divine Patrick, *D.*
Dugan John.
Ely James S., *D.*
Fields John L., *D.*
Foote Philo B., *D.*
Flynn Richard, *D.*
Forde John.
Glassford William H., *K.*
Hill Russell, *D.*
Hitchcock Andrew B., *D.*
Hull James C., *D.*
Hursel Conrad, *Band.*
Howley Edmund.
Haley Thomas, *D.*
Hammond Joseph, *D.*
Huntley Albert.
Howe G. H.
Hull H. Ellsworth.
Ives Delavan W., *D.*
Jennings Edward, *D.*
Johnson Edward.
Keartning Thomas, *D.*
Kilbride Mark, *D.*
Kenney Alvin.
Lines James B., *D.*
Leestrainge Michael, *D.*
Lewis George H., *D.*
Linsley Jacob F., *D.*
Linsley Samuel M., *D.*
Lord Henry C.
Lynch Thomas, *D.*
Martin Henry.
Morse Augustus G., *D.*
Munson Oliver S., *D.*
Miller Edward A.
Miller Christian.
Mortimer Alonzo S.
Norton Burritt M., *D.*
Olmstead Oscar.
Onghemach John, *D.*
Osborn John.
Parker James B.
Parlon Prescott W.
Pardee Milton P., *D.*
Peck (Capt.) Henry B., *D.*
Phelps Austin, *D.*
Pickett Elliott R.
Pettee Rothens, *D.*
Ransom Joseph.
Reynolds John, *D.*
Roberts J. G. L., *D.*
Roberson William H., *D.*
Rogers Mason.
Redfield Willis, *A.*
Reynold G. H.
Sperry Henry E.
Sherman Benjamin R., *D.*
Smith George, *D.*
Smith Martin L., *D.*
Spencer Lewis F., *D.*
Sperry Jared L., *D.*
Stone Charles E., *D.*
Smith Jacob A., *K.*
Smith (Capt.) S. S.
Smith C. R.
Sturgess Joseph A.
Story John O., *D.*
Striby Emil.
Talmadge Frank P., *D.*
Talmadge John C., *D.*
Thompson Irvin B.
Treat Noyes.
Tuttle Beirs.
Thompson George W.
Thompson (Lt.) W. W.
Uhl William, *A.*
Wade Charles T., *D.*
Whaley Albert H.

Sixteenth Regiment Infantry.

Aborns Francis, *D.*
Aldritch Henry, *K.*
Allen George W., *K.*
Allen John W., *W.*
Allen Solomon H., *K.*
Allyn Ralph, *K.*
Barber Henry W., *K.*
Barber (Capt.) Fred. M., *K.*
Barnes Jesse O., *K.*
Barnes Gideon S., *D.*
Barnett Henry, *K.*
Barrows Dwight, *D.*
Benton Charles H., *D.*
Bingham John F., *K.*
Bout Daniel, *D.*
Brannan John P., *D.*
Brooks James W., *W.*
Brown (Capt.) Samuel, *K.*
Brookman George, *W.*
Burr Francis H., *W.*
Bushnell James W., *D.*
Campbell Orville, *K.*
Cadwell Mortimer H., *D.*
Case Hosea E., *D.*
Case Lowell M., *D.*
Case Orville J., *D.*
Chamberlain Rufus, *W.*
Champlin Andrew G., *D.*
Clancy Terrence, *K.*
Cook Asa L., *W.*
Cooley Frederick P., *K.*
Cowan William, *W.*
Cullums William N., *K.*
Cullums George, *D.*
DeMars Theodore E., *K.*
Duff William, *K.*
Drake (Capt.) John L., *K.*
Evans Henry D., *K.*
Fleming Elliott, *K.*
Foster Philip H., *K.*
Foster Gilbert B., *W.*
Gengan James, *K.*
Gladding Timothy, *K.*

Grace Michael, *K.*
Greene Leonard A., *D.*
Griggs John L., *D.*
Grosvener Joseph A., *K.*
Hagar Edward, *W.*
Hale Nathan, *D.*
Hamilton H., *K.*
Harris Albert S., *D.*
Hawley Robert A., *W.*
Hill Albert M., *K.*
Hines James, *W.*
Hines Stephen, *K.*
Hobbs John F., *D.*
Hollister Bridgman J., *W.*
Horton (1st Lt.) William, *K.*
Hubbard William H., *D.*
Hubbard Rufus N., *D.*
Hunn Horace, *D.*
Ingram Charles W., *D.*
Kent John S., *K.*
King Charles C., *W.*
Lathrop Whitney E., *D.*
Lay Horace, *W.*
Loveland John, *W.*
Lyman Marcus E., *D.*
Macarty Thomas, *K.*
McGrath James, *K.*
Mills Samuel C., *W.*
Mix (Capt.) Edward H., *A.*
Morgan Robert P., *W.*
Manross (Capt.) N. J., *K.*
Mumsell Elijah, *K.*
Newell Levi H., *D.*
Nichols William W., *K.*
North William A., *K.*
Parmelee Edward A., *K.*
Parsons Edwin L., *D.*
Patrick James, *D.*
Pease Charles W., *K.*
Peckham James W., *D.*
Perry James M., *D.*
Pinney Delos R., *D.*
Pockett Joseph, *D.*
Porter Linus A., *D.*
Porter William W., *D.*
Prior S. Franklin, *K.*
Rivers Joseph, *W.*
Rowley Edwin L., *D.*
Safford William P., *D.*
Scott Robert, *K.*
Sharp Theodore W., *D.*
Shepard Miles D., *D.*
Smith Henry L., *D.*
Smith Michael, *K.*
Snow Nelson E., *K.*
Stevens Charles G., *W.*
Sternberg Charles M., *D.*
Stoughton Sanford, *D.*
Sugden William, *D.*
Talcott Arthur D. N., *D.*
Tennant (Capt.) C. A., *W.*
Thompson (1st Lt.) S. H., *D.*
Truesdell Augustus, *K.*
Twiss Jason E., *K.*
Wardwell Emerson, *W.*
Warner Horace M., *K.*
Washburn Wadsworth A., *K.*
Waterman Charles H., *W.*
White John J., *D.*
Wilcox Frank E., *D.*
Wildman Cornelius, *K.*
Wilsey Julius C., *K.*
Wilson Joseph A., *D.*
Wilson Orvill M., *W.*
Woodruff Samuel E., *D.*
Wright Joseph, *D.*
Wright Francis H., *D.*
Wright Jason, *D.*

Seventeenth Regiment Infantry.

Armstrong Joseph H., *D.*
Avant William, *D.*
Arnold Lewis, *W.*
Barnum Bethel S., *K.*
Beach Nelson, *D.*
Benedict Charles S., *D.*
Benedict William E., *D.*
Benson (Capt.) D. O., *D.*
Benson Frank J., *W.*
Blackman Theodore, *K.*
Black John A., *K.*
Bradley William F., *K.*
Bronson August E., *W.*
Brown Thomas D., *D.*
Brown Henry, *K.*
Buttery Elias, *D.*
Burdett Samuel J., *D.*
Clark William S., *W.*
Comstock Samuel, 2d, *W.*
Crabbe Cassius M., *K.*
Crofut Stephen C., *K.*
Cromma Archibald, *D.*
Cumiskey John, *K.*
Curtis William, *D.*
Dauchy William O., *K.*
Delavan Smith, *W.*
Delavan Charles I., *D.*
Ferrin Charles Z., *D.*
Flynn James, *W.*
Fowler (Lt.-Col.) D., *K.*
Fox Michael, *K.*
Foote Gaius St. John, *D.*
Fry John G., *D.*
Glover Martin V. B., *D.*
Graham Thomas R., *K.*
Gregory William S., *K.*
Gurnsey George H., *W.*
Hartning William, *D.*
Hawkhurst William H., *D.*
Hayes George R., *D.*
Hearne James, *D.*
Hendricks George B., *D.*
Hickey John, *D.*
Hoyt John W., *D.*
Husted Elnathan, *D.*
Jackson John W., *D.*
Jarman Walter M., *K.*
Jessop Edwin B., *D.*
Johnson Elias, *D.*
Lewis Charles B., *D.*
Light James H., *D.*
Lobdell Eli, *D.*
Mahan Hugh, *K.*
McLaughlin Thomas, *W.*
Metcalf John W., *K.*
Morgan Wilber B., *D.*
Moore (Capt.) James, E., *K.*
Morrell Charles E., *D.*
Monger John N., *D.*
Olmsted Christopher S., *D.*
Patterson George, *W.*
Peck Lemuel, *D.*
Pickett Edwin D., *K.*
Potts Joseph M., *K.*
Purdy Daniel H., *W.*
Rae John W., *D.*
Randle Lewis, *D.*
Reynolds George W., *W.*
Richards Edward, *D.*
Rogers William A., *W.*
Rourke Patrick, *D.*
Seofield Orlando F., *D.*
Seymour Francis E., *D.*
Small Charles S., *D.*
Smith Edwin R., *D.*
Stevens Albert, *D.*
Stevens William T., *D.*
Taylor Richard D., *W.*
Walter (Lt.-Col.) Chas., *K.*
Warren Rufus, *W.*
Waterworth James, *D.*
Weed Raymond, *D.*
Westlake William W., *W.*
Whitlock Joseph S., *W.*
Wilcox Alva E., *W.*
Wood George H. *D.*
Woodman Ireneus P., *W.*

Eighteenth Regiment Infantry.

Adams Russell W., *D.*
Adams Joseph P., *K.*
Adams William L., *K.*
Apley Henry, *D.*
Asbery George F., *D.*
Ashley Earl, *K.*
Baldwin Charles, *K.*
Barber Charles A., *K.*
Beckwith Charles H., *D.*
Bennett Daniel G., *K.*
Bogue Jabez H., *K.*
Bosworth Charles A., *D.*
Buck Lorenzo H., *D.*
Bundy Asa H., *D.*
Brown Russell M., *K.*
Brady John T., *K.*
Burdick Horatio, *D.*
Burnett Albert, *K.*
Burnham Oliver B., *W.*
Burnham James T., *K.*
Cahoone Jerome B., *K.*
Campbell William H., *D.*
Carr Nathaniel S., *D.*
Chapman Elias H., *D.*
Chapman Seth S., *D.*
Chappel Alfred S., *D.*
Cooper Thomas D., *K.*
Crawford John, *W.*
Culver (Adjutant) E. B., *W.*
Cushman Isnart P., *D.*
Daggett James, *K.*
Dilliber Andrew N., *K.*
Fanning Charles T., *K.*
Fenton Anson A., *K.*
Forestner Joseph, *D.*

Fox Wallace, *D.*
Franklin Albert G., *K.*
Green John S., *K.*
Green David, *D.*
Green Nathan B., *D.*
Hamilton William H., *K.*
Hayes George S., *D.*
Herrick John P., *D.*
Holmes Asher D., *K.*
Howard George E., *K.*
Johnson Edwin F., *K.*
Jones Thomas F., *K.*
Kinney Thomas, *D.*
Leonard Irish, *K.*
Marcy Samuel L., *D.*
McMahan Thomas, *K.*
McCracken H. H., *K.*
McCracken James, *K.*
McGinnis (1st Lt.) J. T., *W.*
Martin Islay B., *W.*
Noyes Charles C., *K.*
Oatley Stephen H., *K.*
Paine William H., *K.*
Parsons Willard O., *K.*
Penry John, *D.*
Pickett George W., *K.*
Porter (Capt.) Edward L., *K.*
Rawson Stiles, *D.*
Rood Julius J., *D.*
Rose Hiram D., *K.*
Schalk John, D.
Scott John B., *K.*
Sharkey Robert, *K.*
Sheridan Cornelius F., *K.*
Simmons Thomas, *K.*
Smith Wallace, *K.*
Snell Alfred A., *D.*
Spaulding (Capt.) W. L., *K.*
Tabor Edwin S., *D.*
Thompson Nelson C., *W.*
Thomas Edwin, *D.*
Thornhill William S., *W.*
Town William H., *D.*
Tracy Alfred E., *K.*
Weeks James M., jr., *K.*
Woodmancy Albert D., *K.*
Wilber Daniel, *A.*
Young Walter, *A.*

Twentieth Regiment Infantry.

Andrus Charles W., *D.*
Arnold Edwin, *D.*
Bailey James B., *K.*
Barker John W., *D.*
Barrett James, *D.*
Bell Grove L., *D.*
Benham Reuben, *K.*
Booth Henry T., *D.*
Bronson Royal L., *W.*
Brooks Charles W., *D.*
Brooks Joel J., *K.*
Buckingham Joel, *K.*
Buckley John, *D.*
Burnham Hiram, *K.*
Cassidy James, *W.*
Chapman Owen, *D.*
Clooney William, *D.*
Coens Michael, *D.*
Coleman William A., *K.*
Davis Charles B., *D.*
Danner Louis, *D.*
DeBank William, *D.*
Demay Heman, *W.*
Dewasa Augustine, *D.*
Devine Timothy, *A.*
Dick Charles L., *D.*
Dickerman Joel C., *K.*
Doolittle (1st Lieut.) E. A., *D.*
Downs Burton, *K.*
Dunn James, *A.*
Farrell Henry, *D.*
Fillins George W., *D.*
Finegan John, *K.*
Ford William M., *W.*
Foley John, *K.*
Foster Melvin, *D.*
Francis Thomas, *K.*
Garner Thomas, *K.*
Gaston Samuel N., *D.*
Geer Henry S., *D.*
Griffiths (2d Lieut.) D. N., *K.*
Guilford George S., *D.*
Hale Walter, *W.*
Hart David W., *W.*
Hellenthat Philip, *D.*
Hendryx James W., *K.*
Hitchcock Augustus, *D.*
Hill John, *D.*
Hotchkiss Julius H., *D.*
Howd Julius B., *D.*
Jones David W., *W.*
Johnson Thomas, *D.*
Kane Henry, *D.*
Kelley Barney W., *D.*
Kelsey Gilbert I., *D.*
Knapp John S., *D.*
Lawler John, *D.*
Lee Erastus R. *D.*
Lewis Judson, *D.*
Lyon Charles E., *D.*
McLean John, *D.*
Moss Franklin, *D.*
Moss Titus, *K.*
Morse Edward L., *D.*
Morse Francis B., *D.*
Mulvey Barnard, *K.*
Murphy Patrick, *D.*
Norton Luzerne T., *K.*
O'Brien George, *K.*
Peck Allen L., *D.*
Perry John D., *K.*
Platt Zenas, *D.*
Potter Samuel, *K.*
Powers John, *K.*
Prout Titus M., *A.*
Preston John L., *K.*
Redshaw Thomas, *K.*
Richardson James, *D.*
Roberts Charles H., *W.*
Roberts Charles F., *K.*
Root John S., *K.*
Roswell Philo, *W.*
Rowell David B., *W.*
Royce Albert L., *D.*
Russell Albert F., *D.*
Shipmaker George B., *W.*
Simons Thomas, *W.*
Skelly John G., *D.*
Smith Joel, *D.*
Smith George E., *D.*
Smith Herbert E., *D.*
Smith Charles H., *K.*
Smith (Capt.) Henry C., *A.*
Spencer Samuel T., *D.*
Steers William H., *D.*
Stillman Albert, *K.*
Talmadge William E., *D.*
Todd Henry A., *D.*
Upson (Capt.) Andrew, *K.*
Watkins Hiram B., *D.*
Whitlock Frederick, *D.*
Whittaker William, *D.*
White Thomas, *D.*
Williams Charles, *D.*
Williams Frederick H., *W.*

Twenty-first Regiment Infantry.

Adams Edwin H., *D.*
Adams Daniel L., *W.*,
Andrews Charles B., *W.*
Avery Charles, *K.*
Babcock Albert C., *D.*
Babcock Henry O., *D.*
Bennett Theodore F., *K.*
Benjamin Sidney, *D.*
Bliss George E., *D.*
Brackett John M., *D.*
Brainard Fred. K. Z., *D.*
Brainard Stillman, *D.*
Brightman Denison, *K.*
Brown Henry D., *D.*
Brown Charles F., *D.*
Burdick Alfred L., *D.*
Burpee (Col.) Thomas, *W.*
Carney Martin, *D.*
Carpenter Joseph W., *D.*
Chollard John A., *D.*
Chapman Rufus C., *D.*
Clark William H., *D.*
Clark Edwin J., *D.*
Clifford Michael, *D.*
Crosby George H., *D.*
Cullin John, *D.*
Dart Edwin F., *D.*
Davis Elias N., *D.*
Davis James A., *D.*
Douglass David R., *D.*
Dutton (Col.) Arthur H., *W.*
Edgerton George, *D.*
Eldredge Aaron W., *K.*
Eccleston Edwin F., *D.*
Ellsworth James B., *D.*
Farnham Sidney B., *D.*
Fitzgerald John, *W.*
Flint George B., *D.*
Freeman Alfred J., *K.*
Gay Thomas W., *D.*
Geer John B., *D.*
Goff James B., *D.*
Greene Lyman, *K.*
Greene Charles T., *D.*
Greenfield Charles T., *D.*
Heath Amos F., *K.*

Heath James A., *D.*
Hulse William, *D.*
Hyatt James W., *D.*
Johnson William, *W*
Jones Edwin B., *D.*
Lamb Warren A., *D.*
Landrigan Daniel, *D.*
Lash Gottlob, *W.*
Litchfield Elisha P., *D.*
Maguire Thomas, *D.*
Maynard Augustus E., *D.*
Main Jesse M., *D.*
Main Latham H., *D.*
McCammon James, *W*
Marrow Thomas, *K.*
McMellen John J., *D.*
Metcalf Mason M., *D.*
Minor Joseph H., *D.*
Mulligan Patrick H., *A.*
Musgrave Francis J., *D.*
Murphy Dennis, *D.*
Munsell William S., *K.*
Noble Hiram, *D.*
Norton John, *D.*
Olmsted Evelyn, *D.*
Owen Elijah F., *D.*
Parsons Henry A., *D.*
Pease Cyrus J., *K.*
Perkins Julius A., *D.*
Peck Dwight B., *D.*
Peters Hewlett, *D.*
Phillips Curtis, *D.*
Pickett William, *K.*
Pitcher Henry, *D.*
Prentice A. LeRoy, *D.*
Reynolds Alfred E., *K.*
Rich Bernice B., *D.*
Rogers Charles H., *D.*
Robinson James A., *D.*
Robinson William, *D.*
Robinson Calvin N., *D.*
Sheppion Daniel, *K.*
Shaylor Justin R., *D.*
Sheppee Amos, *D.*
Stanton Joseph W., *D.*
Staples Charles A., *D.*
Starkweather Benjamin, *K.*
Staplins Stephen, *D.*
Stemm Max, *D.*
Sutton George C., *D.*
Thomas George S., *D.*
Thorne Henry W., *K.*
Tucker Frank, *D.*
Watrous Timothy, *D.*
Wells Samuel O., *D.*
West Alfred M., *D.*
White Rufus C., *K.*
Wilcox Chaney F., *D.*
Wilcox Leonard, *D.*
Williams Charles H., *W.*
Wilson William, *D.*
Wood George W., *D.*
Wyllys Whiting S., *D.*
York William R., *D.*

Twenty-second Regiment Infantry.

Allen David R., *D.*
Boos William, *D.*
Buck D. Winthrop, *D.*
Corbin John W., *D.*
Edgerton Allton L., *D.*
Easton Oliver, jr., *D.*
Ellenberger Charles, *D.*
Foster Eleazer B., *D.*
Francis Charles J., *D.*
Goodwin David B., *D.*
Hemingway Daniel E., *D.*
Lathrop Benjamin F., *D.*
Porter Leroy S., *D.*
Rice Rodney H., *D.*
Spencer Frederick A., *D.*
Shepard Alonzo, *D.*
Turner Charles D., *D.*
Willard Eugene B., *D.*
Welch John, *A.*

Twenty-third Regiment Infantry.

Adams Charles, *D.*
Ahern Daniel, *D.*
Barnum Frederick C., *D.*
Beers Hawley, *D.*
Bradley Daniel B., *D.*
Bronson Luther N., *W*
Burton Rollin S., *D.*
Carter Henry, *D.*
Carter Ammi, *D.*
Cole Julius N., *D.*
Comstock William E., *D.*
Cornell Thomas C., *K.*
Crofut Charles W., *D.*
Curtis Frederick L., *D.*
Deforest George W., *D.*
Dexter Henry L., *D.*
Eastford Cyrus B., *D.*
Edwards David S., *D.*
Gage Selah, *D.*
Gillett David A., *D.*
Godfrey (Capt.) G. M., *D.*
Goodale Grimes, *D.*
Gorham Lewis H., *D.*
Hamlin Almon E., *D.*
Hamlin William R., *D.*
Johnson George B., *D.*
Knapp Michael F., *D.*
Keller Adolph, *K.*
Lillis John, *D.*
Light Charles, *D.*
Lockwood Charles, *D.*
Marshall John, *D.*
Mead Watson M., *D.*
Meeker Charles S., *D.*
Merwin Francis B., *D.*
Moulthrop Abraham L., *K.*
Nichols Franklin W., *D.*
Ould Samuel, *W.*
Peck (2d Lieut.) E. F., *D.*
Parke William W., *D.*
Porter George A., *D.*
Porter George B., *K.*
Scofield William, *A.*
Serine Orrin, *D.*
Scribner Aaron O., *D.*
Smith Dwight L., *D.*
Starr (1st Lieut.) Fred., *W*
Treat Frederick W., *D.*
Webster Joel F., *D.*
Wheeler Abel M., *W.*
Wood Cyrus, *D.*

Twenty-fourth Regiment Infantry.

Alexander Lucius P., *D.*
Avery Timothy A., *D.*
Baker Charles, *D.*
Barry John, *K.*
Barry Patrick, *A.*
Bray William, jr., *K.*
Brainard Harris A., *W.*
Brown Henry B., *D.*
Bushnell Sereno H., *W*
Carroll Charles, *K.*
Carroll John F., *K.*
Clark Samuel E., *D.*
Cottar John, *D.*
Curtis Julius, *D.*
Dibble Charles A., *K.*
Dickinson Aaron B., *D.*
Dunn Edward, *D.*
Eaton Edward, *K.*
Evans Hiram, *D.*
Galligan Philip, *D.*
Gaylord Marshall, *D.*
Gillett Oscar A., *D.*
Goodyear Gardner F., *D.*
Goodyear Lyman J., *D.*
Goodyear (2d Lieut.) L., *D.*
Greenwood Samuel E., *A.*
Ives Edgar D., *K.*
Keene Edward, *D.*
Lyman Thomas, *D.*
Mason Frederick S., *D.*
McCarty John, *K.*
McCartin Patrick, *D.*
Merriman Harvey, *K.*
Miller Amos G., *K.*
Nettleton Erwin, *D.*
O'Donnel John, *D.*
Owens Patrick, *D.*
Paddock Luman, *D.*
Parker Elisha, *D.*
Peck Andrew, *D.*
Penfield Augustus, *D.*
Pierpont Horace, *D.*
Platt Newell H., *D.*
Platts Samuel S., *W.*
Post (1st Lieut.) B. C., *D.*
Potter Charles H., *D.*
Pratt Selden, *D.*
Rigby Charles, *K.*
Riley Thomas, *D.*
Robinson William H., *D.*
Rutty Ellsworth, *D.*
Scott Selleck, *K.*
Scholl Henry, *W.*
Sizer Albert M., *D.*
Smith Robert, *K.*
Spencer Cyrus, *D.*
Spencer Russell, *D.*
Stevens Charles D., *D.*
Walters Henry, *D.*
Warner Wallace R., *D.*
Wetmore George, *D.*

Wilcox Miner J., *D.*
Wilcox George W., *D.*
Wooding Hobart, *D.*
Wright Sereno A., *D.*

Twenty-fifth Regiment Infantry.

Addis Ira B., *K.*
Arnold Charles R., *D.*
Barrows Samuel F., *D.*
Beach John W., *D.*
Bennett Noble H., *D.*
Bissell Carlos F., *K.*
Bissell William O., *D.*
Booth Austin C., *D.*
Brandly John, *D.*
Brooks Abner S., *K.*
Bulkley Robert, *K.*
Button William, *W.*
Carrier Miletus H., *W.*
Carter John, *D.*
Chadwick James A., *D.*
Chapman James B., *D.*
Clapp (2d Lieut.) C., *D.*
Cobb Charles A., *D.*
Coe Leverett H., *D.*
Cook Charles S., *W.*
Dart Fred. W., *D.*
Dewey (2d Lieut.) D. P., *K.*
Denley George C., *D.*
Deming Philip, *D.*
Faulkner William G., *W.*
Francis John M., *D.*
Gower Edwin J., *D.*
Gower Sparling J., *D.*
Graham Albert, *K.*
Grey Zebulon, *K.*
Griffin Emory M., *D.*
Grover Charles D., *W.*
Hayden (Capt.) S. S., *K.*
Holcomb John O., *D.*
Holden Jonas G., *K.*
Hollister Andrew, *D.*
House William W., jr., *D.*
Hunt John H., *W.*
Hyer Elizur, *D.*
Jackson Wellington, *K.*
Johnson (Capt.) N. P., *D.*
Jones Alonzo S., *D.*
Latham Webster B., *D.*
Lawton Samuel A., *K.*
Long Michael, *D.*
Marks Lucius F., *D.*
Martin John, *K.*
Moore John C., *D.*
Newberry Horace H., *D.*
Oliver (2d Lieut.) W. A., *W.*
Palmer Andrew, *D.*
Parmlee Charles M., *D.*
Parsons Norton T., *D.*
Prindle Edward D., *K.*
Porter William, *K.*
Robinson George R., *D.*
Robinson George, *D.*
Rockwell Henry E., *W.*
Rogers Chauncey, *D.*
Rogers William, jr., *D.*
Root Cyrus, *D.*
Skinner (Surgeon) A. B., *D.*
Simpson George W., *D.*
Talcott Wallace S., *W.*
Taylor Charles, *D.*
Thomas Emerson B., *D.*
Thompson Albert F., *D.*
Thrall Jason, *D.*
Ticknor Frederick W., *D.*
Tuller Leroy, *D.*
Twining Charles E., *W.*
Tuttle William H., *D.*
Upson Charles, *D.*
Wallace Erskine, *W.*
Warner Hiram L., *D.*
Ward Elijah, *D.*
Webster Linus E., *W.*
Wheeler James E., *D.*
Willis Madison C., *D.*
Wilson Archibald, *K.*
Woodruff Alson T., *D.*
Wright James W., *D.*
Wright Henry D., *K.*

Twenty-sixth Regiment Infantry.

Avery Courtland C., *D.*
Bailey Edwin W., *W.*
Bailey Henry C., *D.*
Bailey Pruscius, *D.*
Barber John, *D.*
Barker Joseph R., *K.*
Barnes Amos D., *D.*
Beckwith Charles J., *D.*
Beebe Samuel P., *D.*
Berger Leonhard, *D.*
Bentley Adam C., *D.*
Bogue David G., *D.*
Brooks Henry, *W.*
Bromley Miles, *D.*
Brooks Augustus O., *D.*
Brooks Henry, *W.*
Brown William J., *W.*
Brown Andrew H., *W.*
Burlingame Albert J., *D.*
Button Edward, *W.*
Chapell Horace L., *W.*
Chapell George H., *W.*
Chapell John O., *K.*
Chapman Andrew M., *D.*
Chapman William E., *W.*
Child Chester R., *D.*
Church William H., *D.*
Church William W., *D.*
Christie Edwin L., *D.*
Clark Ebenezer J., *D.*
Cooney James, *K.*
Crandall Charles P., *W.*
Daniels John C., *D.*
Dugan James, *D.*
Edgerton George F., *D.*
Edwards Horatio N., *D.*
Ellis Rodman, *D.*
Fellows William C., *D.*
Ferrister Dennis, *W.*
Flike Joseph, *K.*
France George, *D.*
Franklin Allen H., *D.*
Frink Thomas H., *D.*
Gard Frank W., *D.*
Geer Cyrus M., *W.*
Gray George S., *D.*
Gray Montgomery, *D.*
Green Elisha N., *D.*
Griffiths Jared, *D.*
Haire William H., *D.*
Harding Thomas R., *W.*
Henrick Philip, *K.*
Hobson Wolcott, *W.*
Holmes Daniel, *W.*
Holmes George R., *D.*
Jacobs (2d Lieut.) H. F., *W.*
Johnson James W., *D.*
Johnson Stephen T., *D.*
Kenyon (1st Lt.) M. R., *D.*
Keyes Edwin R., *W.*
Kohl Joseph, *W.*
Latham William P., *W.*
Lombard James, *K.*
Lord Dexter M., *D.*
Lord Ames W., *D.*
Lyons Orrin E., *K.*
Lyon Origen, *D.*
Luther Orrin M., *D.*
Lyman Christopher A., *D.*
Main Nathaniel, *D.*
Main David W., *D.*
Main William A., *D.*
Manace Thomas, *D.*
Manning (2d Lt.) E. P., *D.*
Martin David A., *D.*
Matthews John H., *D.*
Maynard John, *D.*
Maynard Appleton J., *D.*
Maynard Joseph S., *D.*
Miller George, *D.*
Miner Charles H., *W.*
Miner Charles H., *D.*
Murray William, *D.*
Myers Elias E., *D.*
Niles John A., *W.*
Nye John, *K.*
Osborn William B., *W.*
Palmer Noyes W., *D.*
Parkenson James, *W.*
Phillips John, *D.*
Phillips Norman A., *W.*
Prentice John R., *D.*
Randall (Capt.) Jedediah, *W.*
Rathburn Elisha K., *D.*
Rowland Alonzo W., *W.*
Roath Daniel H., *D.*
Robbins Henry, *D.*
Ruckert John, *D.*
Seignions John L., *W.*
Shirley Thomas H., *D.*
Sheffield Nathan S., *K.*
Sherman William J., *W.*
Slater Rudolph, *K.*
Smith Albert, *W.*
Smith Henry L., *D.*
Snow Lucius J., *D.*
Stanton (Capt.) John S., *K.*
Sterry Phineas B., *W.*
Tabrecht Thomas, *D.*
Thompson James F., *K.*
Tillottson Joseph A., *K.*

Tinker James, *D.*
Tooker William N., *D.*
Warner Ulysses S., *W.*
Watrous William H., *D.*
Weemes Thaddeus M., *W.*
Whipple Austin, *D.*
Willey Charles W., *K.*
Winchester John B., *K.*
Wood Nathaniel M., *D.*
Young Albert F., *D.*

Twenty-seventh Regiment Infantry.

Alling Frank E., *K.*
Alling Charles L., *D.*
Baldwin George C., *D.*
Barrett Thomas E., *K.*
Beecher Nelson N., *D.*
Bennett Joseph, *W.*
Bomherdt William F., *D.*
Bodwell William, *W.*
Brown George, *K.*
Burke William, *K.*
Cabanis Albert, *K.*
Castle Andrew B., *K.*
Chapman Jedd, jr., *K.*
Clark Samuel B., *K.*
Clark John G., *D.*
Clinton James G., *K.*
Cobb Benjamin H., *D.*
Confrey Michael, *K.*
Condon Patrick, *W.*
Cornwall Charles E., *K.*
Dolph Edward B., *D.*
Dunn Patrick, *W.*
Eddy Jairus C., *W.*
Fairchild Augustus B., *K.*
Farr Edward B., *K.*
Fowler Richard H., *W.*
Fowler Samuel, 2d, *W.*
Goodwin John, *K.*
Goodwin William A., jr., *K.*
Goodwill William, *D.*
Hazzard Edward C., *D.*
Higgins Loren M., *W.*
Hill George S., *D.*
Hill William G., *W.*
Hill Henry B., *W.*
Hilliard Henry B., *D.*
Hull Joseph, *D.*
Johnson Frank A., *D.*
Johnson Josiah, *W.*
Judson Marcus O., *K.*
Judson George J., *K.*
Keller Gilbert, *K.*
Lounsbury John W., *D.*
Marks Treat A., *D.*
Merwin (Lt.-Col.) H. C., *K.*
Mimmack George H., *K.*
Mitchell John, *W.*
Phile William M., *D.*
Plumb Sidney H., *D.*
Rawson John, *K.*
Reuter William, *K.*
Robinson John S., *D.*
Russell Henry D., *W.*
Schlieden Jacob, *D.*
Schuerzer (Capt.) B. E., *K.*
Scott William O., *K.*
Shelley Rufus S., *W.*
Smith Hezekiah P., *D.*
Sperry Gany B., *K.*
Taylor (Capt.) A. C., *W.*
Thomas Corydon N., *K.*
Thompson Joseph B., *D.*
Thompson Edward, *K.*
Thompson Sidney R., *W.*
Tucker Lewis M., *D.*
Welton Harvey S., *D.*
Wilford George G., *W.*
Wilson William E., *K.*

Twenty-eighth Regiment Infantry.

Barber Samuel C., *D.*
Barden George, *D.*
Banks Stephen, *D.*
Bemus Charles F., *K.*
Beers George, *D.*
Bissell William E., *D.*
Blake Orville O., *D.*
Bouton Spencer, *D.*
Brazie Jourdin, *D.*
Bronson William N., *D.*
Byxbee Nathan R., *D.*
Caldwell Samuel, *D.*
Churchill David, *D.*
Clark Edward T., *D.*
Clock George W., *D.*
Conkwright Alexander, *D.*
Cook George W., *D.*
Crane Joseph W., *D.*
Curtis Erwin W., *D.*
Dailey Henry, *D.*
Darrow John H., *D.*
Dayton Walter B., *D.*
Disbron Richmond, *D.*
Dowd Thomas F., *W.*
Durand (1st Lieut.) C., *K.*
Duvall Daniel W., *W.*
Ferris Jay, *D.*
Fillow Henry B., *D.*
Ford Aaron N., *D.*
Gregory Charles B., *D.*
Haggerty Michael, *W.*
Hanford Benjamin F., *D.*
Hartson George W., *W.*
Hoag (Capt.) David D., *K.*
Hollister Lewis, *D.*
Hoyt Andrew, *D.*
Hoyt John E., *D.*
Hubbard Myron N., *D.*
Hungerford (2d Lt.) L., *D.*
Hungerford Oliver P., *D.*
Kenney Elmore C., *D.*
Kenney Noxon E., *D.*
Kiley Eugene, *K.*
Lamson William, *D.*
Leeds (Capt.) F. R., *D.*
Lockwood Andrew J., *D.*
Lockwood Henry B., *D.*
Lyon (Surgeon) R. P., *D.*
McArthur R. A., *W.*
Madara Charles, *D.*
Marsh Decatur D., *D.*
Mead Hibbard, *D.*
Mills William H., 2d, *D.*
Mollet Thomas W., *D.*
Nott Egbert F., *K.*
Ormsbee John E., *D.*
Partlow Richard, *D.*
Platt Gabriel W., *D.*
Riley Eugene, *K.*
Rosborough Charles A., *W.*
Seofield Lewis B., *D.*
Searles George R., *D.*
Shaw Ovid P., *K.*
Sherwood Nathan, *D.*
Smith Talcut, *W.*
Totton William H., *D.*
Turner Cornelius, *D.*
Vail James, *K.*
Walton William H., *D.*
Wardell Jason, *K.*
Washburn Charles E., *D.*
Watson Cassius, *D.*
Waterbury Andrew C., *D.*
Waterbury Stephen R., *D.*
Webb William O., *D.*
Weller John L., *D.*
Wellman Joseph, *D.*
Wellstood John G., jr., *D.*
Wheeler Mark H., *K.*
Wilmot George W., *K.*
Woodin Charles E., *W.*
Wright Columbus C., *D.*
Youngs William H., *D.*

Twenty-ninth Regiment Infantry (colored).

Adams Henry E., *D.*
Addison John S., *D.*
Benson Thomas, *D.*
Brown Charles, *D.*
Carroll John, *D.*
Copelin Richard, *D.*
Collins Francis, *D.*
Coffin Abram P., *D.*
Closson William, *D.*
Dennis Francis, *D.*
Dulliran Henry, *D.*
Frank Oliver, *D.*
Freeman John R., *D.*
Freeman John, *D.*
Gaul William H., *D.*
Gipson Robert A., *D.*
Glazier Henry, *D.*
Halstead Albert, *D.*
Hawley James, *D.*
Hempstead James M., *D.*
Holbert Morris, *D.*
Holmes Joseph, *D.*
Howard Peter, *D.*
Johnson Thomas, *D.*
Johnson Peter, *D.*
Lewis Emor, *D.*
McCoy George H., *D.*
McIntyre Gurnish, *D.*
Matieer Benjamin, *D.*
Meade William, *D.*
Montgomery James H., *D.*

Murray John F., *D.*
Nelson Theodore, *D.*
Odell William M., *D.*
Ostis Raymond, *D.*
Price John, *D.*
Richards Samuel, *D.*
Rogers Lyman R., *D.*
Roasting Richard, *D.*
Royce Lyman R., *D.*
Russell William, *D.*
Saulsbury Jeremiah, *D.*
Seymour Austin, *D.*
Simmons Virgil, *D.*
Steward William, *D.*
Storms LaFayette, *D.*
Vance Thomas, *D.*
Watson Horace, *D.*
Williams Moses, *D.*
Williams George W., *D.*

Thirtieth Regiment Infantry (colored).

Baker William, *D.*
Berdan Spencer, *D.*
Cunningham Alexander, *D.*
Daniels Josiah H., *D.*
Gibson James, *D.*
Hannibal William, *D.*
Hawkins Allen, *D.*
Johnson Frank, *D.*
Kanaka Friday, *D.*
Marshall Andrew, *D.*
Parker Levi, *D.*
Sherman Thomas, *D.*
Wilson Isaac, *D.*

Thirty-first Regiment Infantry (colored).

Dorn Samuel, *D.*
Smith George, *D.*
Thomas John, *D.*
Walker John, *D.*

Drafted men assessed to R. I. Artillery.

Bush William, *D.*
Hakes Peter, *D.*
Jackson Albert G., *D.*

First Squadron Cavalry.

(Known as Companies C and D 2d New-York Cav.)

Allyn Henry W., *W.*
Bailey Cornelius H., *A.*
Batchelder George A., *D.*
Bishop Wallace A., *D.*
Burwell George W., *D.*
Decker (1st Lieut.) J. N., *K.*
Flaherty John, *W.*
German William A., *A.*
Hallock Dudley, *D.*
Hosford Nathan F., *D.*
Martinson (2d Lieut.) A., *K.*
McStone Henry, *D.*
Norton Ellsworth H., *K.*
Oakley Gilbert, *W.*
Orvis George A., *D.*
Patterson Sillman P., *D.*
Pendleton Damon S., *D.*
Riddock Thomas W., *K.*
Session Thomas, *K.*
Snell Charles D., *D.*
Whittaker (1st Lt.) D., *K.*
Wilson Henry M., *D.*

First Regiment Cavalry.

(Originally organized as First Battalion Cavalry.)

Backus (Capt.) Joseph, *K.*
Baker Frederick W., *D.*
Blivin Isaac T., *D.*
Bugbee Sylvester C., *K.*
Burke John, *D.*
Burbank William L., *D.*
Burlingame Harris, *D.*
Carr Andrew C., *D.*
Carver Michael, *K.*
Chaffee Eugene A., *D.*
Crandall Robert B., *D.*
Falon George, *K.*
Flannagan Michael, *K.*
Fox Albert M., *K.*
Hiller Frederick J., *K.*
Hine Charles H., *D.*
Holcomb Lucius E., *D.*
Jameson (Q. M. Sergt.) J. S. died in Hospital at Andersonville.
Johnson Richard, *D.*
Leerienier Giles P., *K.*
Morgan John, *D.*
Niles (Capt.) Albert H., *D.*
Peters John A., *D.*
Shields John T., *D.*
Sterling Theodore, *D.*
Thatcher Stephen G., *D.*
Tilletts George W., *D.*
Towner Terrence, *D.*
Tompkins Enos, *A.*
Tragansee William P., *D.*
Warner (Capt.) A. G., *K.*
Whipple Samuel S., *K.*
Williams (1st Lt.) Charles P., jr., *D.*
Winchester Daniel B., *A.*

First Light Battery C. V.

Bullard Henry B., *D.*
Cook Fanfield, *D.*
Gillette Nathan, *D.*
Goodale George A., *D.*
Graham William L., *D.*
Hays James, *D.*
Hull Joseph H., *D.*
Metcalf (1st Lieut.) G., *W.*
McLean Hector, *D.*
Moore William E., *D.*
Norton Jonathan G., *D.*
Pettibone Fred. K., *A.*, *D.*
Roberts Edmund M. B., *D.*
Spencer Reuben A., *D.*
Spencer Henry H., *D.*
Taylor James J., *D.*
Warner Levi J., *D.*
Wilmot Henry L., *W.*

Second Light Battery C. V.

Bulkly Nathan, *D.*
Chase Edward B., *D.*
Dart Anson W., *D.*
Hartshorn Tyler W., *D.*
Peck James A., *D.*
Ryan Dennis, *D.*
Wood James G., *D.*

First Regiment Heavy Artillery C. V.

(Formerly Fourth Regiment Infantry.)

Ackerbey James B., *D.*
Alvord Edwin B., *D.*
Anderson William H., *D.*
Atherington Edgar, *D.*
Austin Angell A., *D.*
Avery Francis B., *D.*
Barrett George, 2d, *D.*
Bassett John M., *D.*
Beckwith Henry M., *D.*
Beebe Gilbert, jr., *D.*
Bingham Eliphalet N., *D.*
Blakeslee George L., *D.*
Bowen John P., *D.*
Brandt August, *D.*
Bushnell Frederick, *D.*
Clark Charles, *D.*
Clark Henry W., *D.*
Comstock Charles F., *A.*
DeForrest Daniel B., *D.*
Diggen James, *D.*
Donahue James, *D.*
Dorman Fernando, *D.*
Ellsworth Havilah I., *D.*
Farrell Loren J., *D.*
Gardiner Dwight, *D.*
Glamey Samuel C., *D.*
Grant Frederick L., *D.*
Griffin Clement, *D.*
Griswold Sidney, *D.*
Goodyear Waldstein, *W.*
Harvey Robert F., *D.*
Holders Charles H., *D.*
Hubbard Talmage N., *D.*
Hungerford Gordon H., *D.*
Hyland Thomas, *K.*
Kain James, *D.*
Kain George W., *A.*
Lewis Daniel W., *D.*
Loomis William T., *A.*
Lynch Owen, *D.*
McCarthy John, *D.*
McCormick James, *K.*
McClure John C., *D.*
McNeille Edward, *A.*
Malone John H. S., *D.*
Mathes Henry, *K.*
Minor James, *D.*
Morand Patrick, *D.*
Munroe William H., *D.*
Munson Reers W., *D.*

Murphy William H., *D.*
Nettleman Rolan A., *D.*
Noble William D., *D.*
O'Conner Patrick, *D.*
Osborn Frederick A., *D.*
Owen Leverette B., *D.*
Parmlee George, *D.*
Payne George E., *D.*
Perkins Thomas D., *D.*
Pendleton George W., *D.*
Porter James M., *D.*
Post Ezekiel L., *D.*
Potter William R., *D.*
Quinlan William H., *K.*
Robertson Thomas, *D.*
Rogers Thomas J., *D.*
Rogers Leverett M., *D.*
Rolleston William N., *K.*
Ryder John B., *D.*
Ryan Samuel S., *D.*
Searle Henry M., *D.*
Seymour Alexis J., *D.*
Shoals Charles, *D.*
Skelly William W., *D.*
Sherman Thomas G., *D.*
Smith William E., *D.*
Smith Edward P., *D.*
Spaulding George H., *D.*
Stevens Henry S., *D.*
Stowe Luke, *D.*
Sweetland Julius, *D.*
Taylor Charles, *D.*
Trowbridge James A., *D.*
Turner James E., *D.*
Warner Azariah, *D.*
Webb James W., *D.*
Whiting John O., *D.*
Wilson George A., *D.*

Second Regiment Artillery C. V.

Adams Charles, jr., *W.*
Andrus Franklin, *K.*
Baldwin Isaac, *K.*
Barber Norman B., *D.*
Barnes Theodore A., *K.*
Barrett Augustus E., *D.*
Beach George L., *W.*
Beckwith Albert, *D.*
Benedict Harlan D., *D.*
Boughton Ezra B., *K.*
Bradley John H., *D.*
Bradley Ira S., *D.*
Bragg Robert W., *K.*
Brashing Fred. W., *K.*
Bristol Henry B., *K.*
Burton William, *K.*
Butler William, *D.*
Calhoun Henry A., *D.*
Caul James, *K.*
Case James H., *D.*
Castle Edgar J., *W.*
Clark Harvey, *D.*
Clark Sheldon, *D.*
Cleveland Charles G., *D.*
Coe Joseph E., *D.*
Cole Philo L., *D.*
Colby Henry, *D.*
Colt William H., *K.*
Comstock George, *K.*
Cook Moses, jr., *D.*
Cone Giles A., *D.*
Comins Alfred, *K.*
Dains William H., *D.*
Daniels Frederick W., *K.*
Demuth Jacob, *W.*
Downs Lewis, *K.*
Eggleston Horatio G., *D.*
Elwell Timothy, *D.*
Evans Orlando D., *D.*
Evarts Jared P., *K.*
Everett George, *K.*
Fallen Stephen, *K.*
Ferris Charles D., *D.*
Ferris Myron, *K.*
Feron Philo A., *K.*
Ford Harvey, *D.*
Foster Thomas B., *D.*
Fox Walter M., *K.*
Fox Harvey H., *D.*
Galpin Almond D., *K.*
Gillett Chester, *D.*
Gibbs Samuel E., *K.*
Gibbs Birdsey, *K.*
Glover Wesley F., *D.*
Griffith Edward, *K.*
Guernsey Charles E., *W.*
Hall Charles D., *D.*
Hall John E., *K.*
Hard Henry F., *D.*
Harrington George W., *D.*
Hart Willard, *K.*
Hempsted (2d Lt.) G. B., *D.*
Henderson William G., *D.*
Herald William, *D.*
Hickey Edmund, *K.*
Hitchcock Oliver, *K.*
Hinman Charles C., *D.*
Holt George H., *D.*
Hoyt George A., jr., *D.*
Hubbard William R., *D.*
Hubbard Franklin W., *D.*
Hubbell Myron, *D.*
Hull Alonzo J., *K.*
Hurlburt William S., *D.*
Hurlburt George W., *D.*
Huxley Matthew H., *D.*
Hyatt Henry H., *K.*
Isle Leander, *D.*
Iffland John, *K.*
Jackson Charles W., *K.*
Jackson Andrew, *K.*
Johnson Jerome, *D.*
Johnson William W., *D.*
Jones Albert A., *K.*
Jome Alfred, *W.*
Kaine Patrick, *K.*
Kane Friend F., *K.*
Keegan Patrick, *K.*
Kelley William, *K.*
Kellogg Arthur G., *D.*
Kellogg (Col.) Elisha L., *K.*
Lacy David, *K.*
Lake David D., *K.*
Lapham John, *D.*
Leach William B., *W.*
Lewis Edgar B., *D.*
Lord Simeon W., *D.*
Lownsbury Banks, *D.*
Lyman Daniel E., *D.*
Lynch Patrick, *K.*
Mann Thomas, *W.*
Mansfield Norman, *W.*
Martin John, *K.*
Martin John, *K.*
Martin Walter, *K.*
Mattoon Hiram, *W.*
McBirney George H., *K.*
Meeker Benjamin, *K.*
Merwin Edward R., *D.*
Miller Henry W., *K.*
Miner Orson M., *K.*
Miner Henry M., *D.*
Mooney James, *K.*
Morris Ezra B., *K.*
Morse Apollos C., *W.*
Murphy John, *K.*
Newburn Nelbert P., *D.*
North Pascal P., *D.*
Norville William H., *D.*
Ostrander Adam, *K.*
Ostrander James, jr., *D.*
Ostrander Peter, *D.*
Painter Frederick K. D., *K.*
Palmer Lucius C., *W.*
Parks Joseph P., *K.*
Parmalee Willard H., *K.*
Parmalee Watson, *D.*
Payne Joseph B., *K.*
Pease Harvey, *W.*
Perkins Ruel H., *K.*
Preston Jerome, *D.*
Pierce George, *K.*
Pollard John, *W.*
Polly James C., *D.*
Potter George W., *W.*
Reed Charles, *K.*
Rexford Henry A., *K.*
Richardson William W., *D.*
Riley Peter, *D.*
Robinson William T., *D.*
Rouse Lucien G., *D.*
Ryan Patrick, *K.*
Ryan Lant, *K.*
Sanford Andrew H., *D.*
Segur Charles H., *K.*
Scott Elias P., *K.*
Scull Robert, *K.*
Skiff George A., *K.*
Sidney James, *D.*
Smith Lyman J., jr., *K.*
Sothergill Robert, *K.*
Sparks Walter C., *K.*
Stanley Charles H., *K.*
Starks Darwin S., *D.*
Stevans Franklin B., *K.*
Stewart John H., *D.*
Stewry Myron R., *K.*
Stoll John B., *K.*
Stone Merrietti H., *D.*
St. John Lewis, *D.*

Straight Henry C., *K.*
Tatro George A., *K.*
Teeter John M., *K.*
Thomas Charles L., *D.*
Thomas Horatio S., *D.*
Thomas John, *D.*
Thompson Richard S., *D.*
Thorp David J., *K.*
Tilford Homer F., *K.*
Tolles Burnitt H., *D.*
Volusen Caralf, *D.*
Wadham Uri, *D.*
Wadhams (Capt.) L., *W.*
Wadsworth Josiah J., *D.*
Warner John, *K.*
Warner William C., *D.*
Watson William S., *D.*
Watt Robert, *K.*
Webster Frederick B., *D.*
White John S., *D.*
White John H., *D.*
Wheeler Curtiss, *W.*
Whiteman Monroe, *K.*
Wilson William S., *D.*
Winship Julius, *D.*
Wooden Amos, *D.*
Woodford Julius, *D.*

OUR MARTYRS AT ANDERSONVILLE.

For the only complete roll of the martyrs who perished at Andersonville, the nation is indebted to private Dorence Atwater of Plymouth, Conn. Young Atwater was captured, with others of the First Squadron, near Hagerstown, Md., in a fight with Lee's retreating army, and was taken to various prisons, ultimately arriving at Andersonville in February, 1864. Being a neat penman, he was soon detailed as a clerk in the surgeon's office, to keep the daily record of deaths. While serving in this capacity, knowing of the appalling mortality inside the stockade, he secretly made a duplicate roll of all the deaths, which he surreptitiously brought away with him in March, 1865. He alleges that he sold to Col. Breck of the War Department, for three hundred dollars, the privilege of copying the rolls; the originals to be returned to him. Breck retained the whole. Afterwards, in visiting Andersonville with Miss Clara Barton to mark the graves, Atwater recovered possession of his list, and, on refusing to deliver it to the War Department, was seized by Col. Breck, court-martialed, convicted of theft, and sent to the Albany Penitentiary as a criminal. He was released with impaired health under a general amnesty, and; with the encouragement and assistance of Miss Barton, published the roll for the benefit of surviving friends. The following are the names of the martyrs from Connecticut: —

[All persons numbered below 12,367 died in 1864; above that number, in 1865.]

No. of grave.	Name.
2380	Anderson, A.
3461	Batchelder, Benj.
3664	Baty, John
7306	Brunkissell, H.
2833	Brennon, M.
3224	Burns, John
10414	Blumley, E.
545	Biggelow, William
11965	Ball, H. A.
12089	Brookmeyer, T. W
13152	Burke, H.
12209	Bone, A.
10682	Burnham, F.
10690	Barlow, O. L.
10876	Bennett, N.
5806	Brown, C. H.
5919	Boyce, William
6083	Bishop, B. H.
6184	Bushnell, William
7763	Bailey, F.
2054	Brewer, G. E.
5596	Burns, B.
5632	Balcomb
5754	Beers, James C.
1636	Birdsell, D.
4296	Blakeslee, H.
3900	Bishop, A.
1493	Bessanon, Peter
2720	Babcock, R.
2818	Baldwin, Thomas
2256	Bosworth, A. M. D.
5132	Bougin, John
5152	Brooks, William D.
5308	Bower, John
5452	Bently, F.
5464	Bently, James
4830	Blackman, A.
7742	Banning, J. F.
8018	Ballentine, Robert
2408	Bassett, J. B.
12540	Bohine, C.
12620	Bemis, Charles
3707	Chapin, J. L.
3949	Cottrell, P.
3941	Clarkson
4367	Culler, M.
4449	Connor, D.
4848	Carrier, D. B.
6060	Cook, W H.
6153	Clark, H. H.
6846	Clark, W.
5799	Champlain, H.
336	Cane, John
620	Christian, A. M.
775	Crawford, James
7316	Chapman, M.
7348	Cleary, P
7385	Campbell, Robert
7418	Culler, M.
7685	Carver, John G.
7780	Cain, Thomas,
9084	Crossley, B.
10272	Coltier, W.
11175	Callahan, J.
11361	Candee, D. M.
25	Dowd, F.
7325	Davis, W.
2813	Davis, W.
3614	Damery, John
7597	Diebenthal, H.
8568	Donoway, J.
8769	Dunton, W H.
5446	Dugan, Charles
11339	Dean, R.
11481	Demmings, G. A.
11889	Downer, S.
11961	Demming, B. J.
3482	Edmonds, A.
4437	Easterly, Thomas
4558	Earnest, H. C.
7346	Ensworth, John
7603	Edwards, O. J.
8968	Evans, N. L.
11608	Emmett, W. .
12442	Eaton, W.
186	Fluit, C. W
1277	Francell, Otto
2612	Fry, S.
4444	Fibbles, H.
4465	Fisher, H.
5123	Florence, J. J.
5382	Fuller, H. S.
5913	Frisbie, Levi
5556	Fogg, C.
8028	Feely, M.
9089	Filby, A.
10255	Frederick, John
12188	Fagan, P. D.
3028	Gordon, John
4096	Gray, Pat
4974	Grammon, James
4015	Gullerman, J.
5173	Gilmore, J.
7057	Gallagher, P.
7337	Gott, G.
7592	Goodrich, J. W.
7646	Graigg, W.
9423	Guina, H. M.
10300	Grady, M.
10396	Gladstone, William
49	Holt, Thomas
2336	Hughes, Edward
3195	Hitchcock, Wm. A.
3448	Hall, William G.
3559	Holcomb, D.
1350	Hilenthal, James
3053	Haskins, James
5029	Hollister, A.
5162	Hally, Thomas
5352	Hanson, F. A.

No. of grave.	Name.
6695	Hodges, George
4937	Harwood, G.
6964	Hoyt, E. S.
7012	Hull, M.
7380	Holcomb, A. A.
7642	Haly, W
7757	Hubbard, H. D.
8148	Hubbard, B.
8413	Haywood, E.
8613	Heath, J.
9129	Hall, B.
9369	Hearr, W.
9981	Hurley, R. A.
12086	Hibbard, A.
12117	Hancock, W.
12163	Hudson, Charles
9340	Islay, H.
737	Jamieson, Charles
5221	Johnson, John
7083	Johnson, G. W.
7365	Jamison, John S.
7570	Jones, John J.
7961	Jones, James R.
8502	Johnson, F.
11970	Johnson, C. S.
12340	Johnson, W.
1590	Kingsbury, C.
5186	Klineland, L.
6374	Kempton, B. F.
6705	Kershoff, B.
6748	Kelley, F.
7749	Kalty, J.
8065	Kimball, H. H.
8866	Kohlenburg, C.
10233	Kern, T.
3401	Lendon, H.
5893	Lastry, J.
5499	Lewis, J.
6124	Leonard, W.
7912	Levanaugh, Wm. O.
7956	Linker, C.
9219	Lewis, G. H.
10228	Lee
74	Mills, W. J.
119	McCaullery, James
2295	Miller, Charles
3516	McCord, P.
3644	Miller, A.
3410	Mould, James
3932	McGinnis, J. W
4079	Miller
4417	Messenger, A.
4492	McLean, William
4595	Marshall, B.
5238	Mickallis, F.
5328	Miller, H.
6342	Malone, John
6426	Messey, M.
6451	McGee, Thomas
6570	McDavid, James
6800	Meal, John
6902	Mape, George
6240	Marshall, L.
7547	Moore, A. P
7852	Miller, F. D.
8150	Modger, A.
8446	Matthews, S. J.
8501	Meyers, L.
9170	Merts, C.
9321	Milor, W
10695	McCreieth, A.
10914	McKeon, J.
11587	Murphy, W.
11538	McDowell, J.
12134	Montjoy, T.
5044	Nichols, C.
6222	Northrop, John
7331	North, S. S.
10895	Nichols, M.
4565	Orton, H. C.
7511	Olena, R.
8276	Orr, A.
1960	Pendelton, W
3868	Pompey, C.
4356	Parker, S. B.
3803	Phelps, S. G.
4934	Pimble, A.
5002	Plum, James
5386	Patchey, J.
7487	Post, C.
7688	Poteche, A.
9248	Phillips, J. I.
9444	Padfrey, Sylvanus
9533	Painter, N. P.
106–6	Puritan, O.
12616	Peir, A.
2804	Ruther, J.
2871	Reed, H. H.
3674	Risley, E.
4636	Reins, William
5902	Ross, D.
6400	Robinson, H.
6796	Ringwood, R.
8078	Reed, John
8170	Richardson, C. S.
8345	Ray, A.
7310	Reed, Robert K.
8662	Roper, H.
10029	Robinson, J. W.
10196	Richardson, D. T.
10416	Reynolds, E.
12031	Rathbone, B.
4	Stone, H. I.
234	Smith, Horace
2405	Seward, G. H.
2474	Stephens, E. W
3010	Scott, W.
3026	Sutcliff, B.
3041	Stuart, J.
3522	Smito, J.
3598	Sherwood, D.
4212	Smith, C. E.
4316	Straubell, L.
4555	Straum, James
4722	Sullivan, M.
4892	Steele, Samuel
5385	Shultz, C. T.
5563	Stino, P
5712	Steele, Samuel
5725	Smith, S.
6734	Steele, James M.
7070	Stephens, B. H.
7975	Smith, Henry
8088	Short, L. C.
8235	Smally, L.
9–04	Starkweather, E. M.
9435	Sutliff, J.
9468	See, L.
9987	Sling, D.
101–8	Schubert, K.
10247	Sparring, T.
10476	Steele, H.
10787	Stauff, J.
–2005	Swift, J.
12288	Smith, J. T.
541	Taylor, Moses
4443	Thompson, Wm. T.
5427	Thompson, F.
5479	Tibbels, William
7723	Treadway, J. H.
10035	Tisdale, Edward F.
10142	Taylor, J.
11089	Turner, H.
3107	Valter, H.
401	Winship. J. H.
2158	Weldon, Henry
2601	Warner, E.
5543	Wikert, Henry
5222	Wright, C.
4649	Wheely, James
5675	Wenchell, John L.
6138	Way, H. C.
6918	Wiggleworth, M. L.
8024	West, Charles H.
9028	Williams, H. D.
9265	Wheeler, J.
9212	Ward, Gilbert
10033	Weins, John
12600	Ward, G. W.
6364	Young, C. S.

REGIMENTAL INDEX.

(For general topics treated, see Table of Contents.)

First Regiment — Three Months.

Volunteering in all parts of the State, 38 to 55; ordered to rendezvous at New Haven, 58; the work of equipment, 58 to 61; in camp, 61; organization, 61, 62; for the seat of war, 67; Colonel Daniel Tyler, 70; arrival in Washington, 83; in Virginia, 87; first Connecticut man wounded, 87; Blackburn's Ford, 93; battle of Bull Run, 94 to 99; muster-out, 100.

Second Regiment — Three Months.

The first uprising, 38 to 55; preparation for rendezvous, 58; encampment at New Haven, 64; equipments, supplies, and "good advice," 65, 66; departure, 67; arrival in Washington, 84: in Virginia, 88; Blackburn's Ford, 93; battle of Bull Run, 94 to 99; muster-out, 100.

Third Regiment — Three Months.

The first uprising, 38 to 55; rendezvous at Hartford, 67; organization and muster, 68; equipment and drill, 68; departure, 69; arrival in Washington, 85; in Virginia, 89; Blackburn's Ford, 93; Bull Run, 94 to 99; muster-out, 100.

First Squadron Cavalry.

Organization and departure, 102; subsequent experience, 569.

First Regiment Cavalry.

Origin of the battalion, 137; in camp at Meriden, 138; departure, 139; supplies, 150; near Wheeling, 208; fighting bushwhackers in West Virginia, raids, battles, and incidents, 209 to 213; a Thanksgiving dinner, 472; second battle of Bull Run, 489; near Twalleytown, 490; battalion changed to a regiment, 491; beyond Bolivar Heights, 492; at Baltimore recruiting, 493 to 496; to the front, 496, 497; at Brandy Station, incidents and casualties, 567 to 569; battle of the Wilderness, 570; battle of Spottsylvania, 572; to the rear of Lee's army, 575, 576; the fight at Ashland, 581 to 586; picket-fight, 603, 604; on Wilson's raid, 612 to 616; exploit of Capt. Whitaker, 614; in the Shenandoah, 714; narrow escape, 715, 716; battle of Kearneysville, 716, 717; Opequan Creek, 718; Fisher's Hill, 723; a squadron captured at Spring Hill, 724; battle of Cedar Creek, 724 to 729; prison-life, 753; in the Shenandoah, spring of 1865, 757; in front of Richmond, 758, 759; battle of Five Forks, 783 to 785; pursuit of Lee, 792, 793; west of Appomattox, 794; muster-out, 818, 819.

First Heavy Artillery — (Fourth Infantry.)

Promised to the Government, 71; rendezvous and organization, 72; departure, 73; in Maryland, 117 to 119; life at Fort Richardson, 133, 134; supplies, 148, 149; changed into First Connecticut Heavy Artillery, 203; to the Peninsula in 1862, movement of heavy ordnance, 204; impartial commendation, 205; the seven-days' fight, 206; Malvern Hill, 207; withdrawal and return, 208; still in the Arlington forts, 504, 505; removal to Bermuda Hundred, 557, 558; return of non-veterans, 559; arrival of the siege-train, 617, 618; at the mine, 624; location of batteries, constant service, 684; engagement with the rebel navy, 685; impartial commendation, 686; in front of Petersburg, 759 to 761; death of Col. Trumbull, 760; rebel assault on Fort Stedman, 775 to 779; muster-out, 824, 825.

Second Heavy Artillery — (Nineteenth Infantry.)

Nineteenth regiment called for, 222 ; recruited, 223, 224; organization and departure, 232 to 234 ; arrival at Alexandria, 238 ; at Fort Worth, changed into the Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery, 505, 506 ; join the army at Spottsylvania, 573, 574 ; to the North Juna, 577 ; battle of Cold Harbor, 587 to 589 ; death of Col. Kellogg and other casualties, 592 to 596 ; advance on Petersburg, 606 to 611 ; defence of Washington, 645 ; at Parke's Station, 678 ; in the Shenandoah, 714 ; battle of Opequan Creek, 718 to 722 ; death of Major Rice, 720 ; battle of Cedar Creek, 724 to 729 ; return to Petersburg, 761 ; fight near Petersburg, 780 ; pursuit of Lee, 792 to 794 ; muster-out, 821 to 823.

First Light Battery.

Origin, 137 ; in camp at Meriden, 138 ; departure, 139 ; on James Island, 198 to 200 ; capture of St. John's Bluff, 303, 304 ; on James Island again, 438, 439 ; fight, 442 ; honorable mention, 448 ; at Bermuda Hundred, 538 to 541 ; at Drury Bluff, 542 to 552 ; at Deep Bottom, 649 to 657 ; in front of Richmond, 761 ; into Richmond, 792 ; muster-out, 813.

Second Light Battery.

Organization and departure, 236 ; near Wolf-run Shoals, 517 ; embarks for New Orleans, 518 ; to the mouth of Mobile Bay, 708 ; the reduction of Fort Morgan, 709 ; return to Louisiana, 709 ; again in Florida, battle of Blakeley in April, 1865, 710 ; location, 761 ; muster-out, 819, 820.

Third Light Battery.

Location, 761 ; assault of rebels on Fort Stedman, 779 ; muster-out, 813

Fifth Infantry.

Col. Samuel Colt's battalion, 73 ; disbanded and re-organized, 73, 74 ; departure, 101 ; in Maryland, 119, 120 ; becomes "the foot cavalry," 134 ; supplies, 148, 149 ; sufferings during the winter of 1861–2, 213 ; across the Potomac, 214 ; battle of Winchester and retreat, 215, 216 ; battle of Cedar Mountain, casualties, 217 to 221 ; life in Virginia, 299 to 302 ; advance to Chancellorsville, 358 to 360 ; the battle and casualties, 361 to 374 ; advance to Gettysburg, battle, victory, casualties, pursuit, 378 to 396 ; veteran furlough, 523 ; transferred to Tennessee, 692 ; the journey, guarding railroads, 693 ; near Cumberland Tunnel, 694 ; incidents, 695, 696 ; join Sherman's army for the great march, 697 ; the battle of Resaca, 698 ; at Casville, 699 ; battle of Peach-tree Creek, 702, 703 ; capture of Atlanta, casualties, 705, 706 ; through Georgia to the sea, 707, 708 ; the march from Savannah to Goldsborough, battles, incidents, and casualties, 766 to 771 ; muster-out, 817.

Sixth Infantry.

Volunteering begun, 102 ; rendezvous at New Haven, 120 ; organization, 121, 122 ; departure, 123 ; at Annapolis, 123 ; at Hilton Head, 131, 132 ; supplies, 150 ; in Warsaw Sound, 191 ; assault on Fort Pulaski, 194 ; to James Island, 197 ; battle, 198 to 202 ; battle of Pocotaligo, 304, 305 ; in Florida, 436 ; on Folly Island, 437, 438 ; capture of Morris Island, 439, 440 ; assault on Fort Wagner, 442 to 446 ; mention for gallantry, 448 ; return to Hilton Head, 449 ; at Hilton Head, 506, 507 ; veteran furlough, 523 ; up the James, 537 ; at Bermuda Hundred, 538 to 541 ; Drury's Bluff, 542 to 552 ; skirmish of May 20, 553 ; assault on railroad, 611, 612 ; at Deep Bottom, 648, 649 ; battle and casualties, 649 to 657 ; in front of Petersburg, 662 ; on the Darbytown Road, 668, 670 ; resisting an attack, 671, 672 ; assault on the rebel right, 672, 673 ; fight on the Darbytown Road, Oct. 27, 674 to 676 ; promotions, &c., 680 ; expedition to New York, 682, 683 ; capture of Fort Fisher, 686 to 691 ; advance on Wilmington, 761, 762 ; muster-out, 820.

Seventh Infantry.

Volunteering begun, 102 ; rendezvous at New Haven, 120 ; organization, 122, 123 ; departure, 123 ; at Annapolis, 123 ; at Hilton Head, 131, 132 ; supplies, 150 ; on Tybee Island, 192 ; reduction of Fort Pulaski, 193 to 196 ; the post of honor, 197 ; to James Island, 197 ; battle, 198 to 202 ; battle of Pocotaligo, 304, 305 ; in Florida, 436 ; on Folly Island, 437, 438 ; capture of Morris Island, 439 ; assault on Fort Wagner, 440 to

442; second assault, 443 to 446; detailed as artillery, 447, 448; mention for gallantry, 448; to St. Helena Island, 449; to Olustee, 507; the battle and reverse, 508 to 511; veteran furlough, 522, 523; up the James, 537; at Bermuda Hundred, 538 to 541; Drury's Bluff, 542 to 552; Major Sanford and eighty men captured, 555; assault on railroad, 611, 612; at Deep Bottom, battle and casualties, 648 to 657; in front of Petersburg, 662; on the Darbytown Road, 668, 670; resisting a rebel attack, 671, 672; assault on the enemy's right, 672, 673; fight on the Darbytown Road, 674 to 676; promotions, &c., 680; expedition to New York under Hawley, 682, 683; capture of Fort Fisher, 686 to 691; prison-experience, 744; advance on Wilmington, 761 to 764; death of Chaplain Eaton, 763; honors to Gens. Terry and Hawley, 804 to 809; muster-out, 820, 821.

Eighth Infantry.

Volunteering begun, 102; rendezvous at Hartford, 120; organization, 123, 124; departure, 124; life at Annapolis, 127, 128, 130; supplies, 149, 150; embark for North Carolina, 162; the passage and the gale, 163, 164; at Roanoke Island, 165; embark for the Neuse, 170; battle of Newberne, 172 to 174; race for Newberne, 174; assault on Fort Macon, 178 to 180; surrender of the fort, 181; return to Newberne, 255; to Newport News, 256; to Fredericksburg, 257, 258; the march to Antietam, 259 to 263; the battle of Antietam and casualties, 264 to 287; pursuit of Lee to Fredericksburg, 288 to 290; battle and casualties, 291 to 297; to Newport News and Suffolk, 330, 331; siege of Suffolk, 331 to 336; blackberry raid, 336 to 340; near Portsmouth, 475 to 479; veteran furlough, 521, 522; up the James, 536; at Bermuda Hundred, 538 to 541; Drury's Bluff, 542 to 552; casualties at Cold Harbor, 597; advance on Petersburg, 605 to 608; casualties, &c., 610; work in the trenches, 618, 619; at the mine, 625; at Bermuda Hundred, 661; loss of a working-party, 662, 663; to Chaffin's Bluff, capture of Fort Harrison, 664 to 666; defence of Fort Harrison, 668; casualties, 669; promotions, &c., 680; headquarters' guard, 684; promotions, 764; into Richmond, 792; muster-out, 827.

Ninth Infantry.

Volunteering begun, 102; rendezvous at New Haven, 125; organization, 125; in camp at Lowell, 140; at Ship Island, 140, 141; capture of Bixoxi, Miss., 157; fight at Pass Christian, 158; first regiment on main land in Department of the South, Butler's commendatory order, 159; up the river to New Orleans, 159, 160; the Pass Manchac expedition, 306; to Vicksburg, great suffering, 309, 310; battle of Baton Rouge, 310, 311; a raid on the enemy, 312; in defenses of New Orleans, 511 to 513; veteran furlough, 524, 525; at Deep Bottom, 622; in the Shenandoah, 714; at the battle of Opequan Creek, 718 to 722; battle of Cedar Creek, 724 to 729; battalion ordered to Savannah, 765; to Hilton Head, 802; muster-out, 823, 824.

Tenth Infantry.

Volunteering begun, 102; rendezvous at Hartford, 126; organization, 126; life at Annapolis, 127, 128, 130; supplies, 149, 150; embark for North Carolina, 162; the passage and the gale, 163, 164; at Roanoke Island, 165; the battle, 166, 167; sketch of Col. Charles L. Russell, 167, 168; up the Neuse, 170; bivouac, 171; battle of Newberne, 172 to 174; death of Col. A. W. Drake, 175 to 177; the Tarboro' raid, 341, 342; battle of Kinston, 343 to 347; on St. Helena Island, 347, 348; on James Island, 438, 439; fight on James Island, 442; assault on Fort Wagner, 443 to 446; siege-work, to St. Augustine, 450, 451; death of Col. Chatfield, 452 to 455; still in Florida, 513, 514; veteran furlough, 523, 524; up the James, 537; at Bermuda Hundred, 538 to 541; Drury's Bluff, 542 to 552; assault of June 15, 611; at Deep Bottom, 619 to 622; battle and casualties, 648 to 657; in front of Petersburg, 662; on the Darbytown Road, 668; on the New Market Road, 670; resisting an attack, 670, 671; assault on the rebel right, 672, 673; death of Major Camp, 673, 674; fight on the Darbytown Road, Oct. 27, 674 to 676; promotions, &c., 681; expedition to New York under Hawley, 682, 683; promotions, 765; moved to the left of the line, 782, 783; assault on Fort Gregg, 786; capture, incidents, and casualties, 787 to 789; pursuit of Lee, 792; condition, &c., 809, 810; muster-out, 824.

Eleventh Infantry.

Volunteering begun, 102; first companies arrive at Hartford, 126; organization, 129; life at Annapolis, 130; embark for North Carolina, 162; the passage and gale, 163, 164; beached near Hatteras, 164; up the Neuse, 170; bivouac, 171; battle of Newberne, 172, 173, 174; in the rebel barracks, 175; return to Newberne, 255; to Newport News, re-

organization, 256, 257; to Fredericksburg, 258; the march to Antietam, 259 to 263; battle of Antietam and casualties, 264 to 287; pursuit of Lee to Fredericksburg, 288 to 290; battle and casualties, 291 to 297; to Newport News and Suffolk, 330, 331; siege of Suffolk, 331 to 336; blackberry raid, 336 to 340; near Portsmouth, 475 to 479; at Gloucester Point, 480; veteran furlough, 521, 522; up the James, 537; at Bermuda Hundred, 538 to 541; Drury's Bluff, 542 to 552; casualties at Cold Harbor, death of Major Converse, 597 to 599; advance on Petersburg, 606; battle, 608 to 610; work in the trenches, 618, 619; at the mine, 625; death of Gen. Stedman and Col. Morgling, 625 to 628; at Bermuda Hundred, 661; promotions, &c., 681; recruits, 683; presentation of flag, 764; into Richmond, 790, 791; muster-out, 827.

Twelfth Infantry.

Origin, 136, 137; recruiting, 141; organization, 142, 143; in camp at Hartford, 144; to Ship Island, 145, 146; up the river, 159; first regiment to arrive at New Orleans, 160; Pass Manchac expedition, Camp Parapet, 306, 307; battle of Georgia Landing, 313 to 316; the gunboat Cotton and the Diana, 319 to 321; at Irish Bend, 403 to 407; investment and capture of Port Hudson, 408 to 419; casualties and incidents, 420; at New Iberia, re-enlisting as veterans, 514 to 517; veteran furlough, 524; in the Shenandoah, 714; battle of Opequan Creek, 718 to 722; death of Col. Peck, 721, 722; battle of Cedar Creek, 724 to 729; locations and promotions, 766; muster-out, 821.

Thirteenth Infantry.

Origin and organization, 143; in barracks at New Haven, 145; supplies, 150; to Ship Island, 154 to 156; to New Orleans, 160, 161; to Camp Parapet, anecdotes, 307 to 309; battle of Georgia Landing, 313 to 316; at Baton Rouge, 319; diversion towards Port Hudson, 401 to 403; at Irish Bend, 403 to 407; investment and capture of Port Hudson, 408 to 419; casualties and incidents, 420, 421; at Thibodeau, 518; battle of Cane River, 519, 520; veteran furlough, 525; in the Shenandoah, 714; battle of Opequan Creek, 718 to 722; battle of Cedar Creek, 724 to 729; battalion ordered to Savannah, thence to North Carolina, 765, 802, 803; muster-out, 827, 828.

Fourteenth Infantry.

Called for, 222; recruited, 223, 224; organization and departure, 225; arrival at Arlington, 237; march to Antietam, 260 to 263; battle of Antietam and casualties, 264 to 287; pursuit of Lee to Fredericksburg, 288 to 290; battle and casualties, 291 to 297; advance to Chancellorsville, 358 to 360; battle and casualties, 361 to 374; advance to Gettysburg, battle, victory, casualties, pursuit, 378 to 396; at Stevensburg, 560; Capt. Fiske's view of soldiering, 561 to 563; Mine Run, 564; how to make winter quarters, 564, 565; fight at Morton's Ford, 566, 567; battle of the Wilderness, 570, 571; battle of Spottsylvania, 572, 573; to the North Anna, 577; to Cold Harbor, 587; casualties, 589 to 592; advance on Petersburg, 607 to 611; at Deep Bottom, 622, 649; return to the left, 657; on the Weldon Railroad, battle at Reams's Station, casualties, 658 to 661; at Prince George's Court House, 664; fight for the Southside railroad, 676 to 678; battle on Hatcher's Run, 678 to 680; location in spring of 1865, 765; on Hatcher's Run, 780, 781; pursuit of Lee, 792; muster-out, 811, 812.

Fifteenth Infantry.

Called for, 222; recruited, 223, 224; organization and departure, 226, 227; arrival at Washington, 237; to Fredericksburg, 288, 289; battle and casualties, 290 to 297; to Newport News and Suffolk, 330, 331; siege of Suffolk, 331 to 336; blackberry raid, 336 to 340; near Portsmouth, 475 to 479; to Newberne, 481; to Plymouth, 482; return to Newberne, 485; attack on Washington, 537; at Newberne, 538; the yellow-fever, 710 to 713; expedition to Kinston, 766; battle and capture, 771 to 774; death of Major Osborn, 772, 773; muster-out, 816.

Sixteenth Infantry.

Called for, 222; recruiting, 223, 224; organization and departure, 227 to 229; arrival in Virginia, 237; march to Antietam, 260 to 263; battle of Antietam and casualties, 264, to 287; pursuit of Lee to Fredericksburg, 288 to 290; battle and casualties, 291 to 297; to Newport News and Suffolk, 330 to 331; siege of Suffolk, 331 to 336; blackberry raid, 336 to 340; near Portsmouth, 475 to 479; to Newberne, 481; to Plymouth, 482; return to Newberne, 485; return to Plymouth, 486; the town besieged, 486, 487; the surrender, 488; prison experience, 526 to 535; escape from captivity, 744 to 746; to Foster's Mills and Newberne, 774; muster-out, 815, 816.

Seventeenth Infantry.

Called for, 222; recruited, 223, 224; organization and departure, 229, 230; detention in Baltimore, 237, 238; moves into Virginia, 297, 298; advance to Chancellorsville, 358 to 360; battle and casualties, 361 to 374; advance to Gettysburg, battle, victory, casualties, pursuit, 378 to 396; in front of Fort Wagner, 446, 447; mention for gallantry, 449; on Folly Island, 450; at St. Augustine, Florida, 729; perilous raids, 729, 730; McGisto Creek, 730, 731; capture of Baldwin, 732; capture of Col. Noble, 732; expedition for cotton, death of Col. Wilcoxson, 733, 734; detached service, 735, 736; muster-out, 817, 818.

Eighteenth Infantry.

Called for, 222; recruited, 223, 224; organization and departure, 231, 232; in Baltimore, 238; life at Fort Marshall, 348, 349; to the Shenandoah valley, 349, 350; battle of Winchester, 351 to 353; surrender, 354; heavy losses, 354, 355; imprisonment, 356, 357; at Martinsburg, refitting, 497; social life, 498; prison experience, 499 to 503; spring of 1864, under Sigel, 638; battle of New Market, 639; casualties, 640; under Hunter, battle of Piedmont, 641, 642; casualties, 642, 643; descent on Lynchburg, 644; the retreat northward, 645; battle of Snicker's Ferry, 646; retreat through Winchester, 647; in the Shenandoah, 714; again at Martinsburg, 717; location, &c., 766; muster-out, 815.

Twentieth Infantry.

Recruiting, 223, 224; organization and departure, 234, 235; arrival in Washington, 238, 239; life in Virginia, 299 to 302; advance to Chancellorsville, 358 to 360; battle and casualties, 361 to 374; advance to Gettysburg, battle, victory, casualties, pursuit, 378 to 396; transfer to Tennessee, 692; the journey, guarding railroads, 693; at Cowan, fight with guerrillas, 694; incidents, 695, 696; join Sherman's army for the great march, 697; seizure of Boyd's trail, 697, 698; battle of Resaca, 698; capture of Cassville, 699; at Alatoona Pass, 700; flanking, 701; battle of Peach-tree Creek, 702, 703; capture of Atlanta, casualties, 705, 706; through Georgia to the sea, 707, 708; from Savannah to Goldsborough, battles, incidents, and casualties, 766 to 771; pursuit and capture of Johnston, 796, 797; muster-out, 812, 813.

Twenty-first Infantry.

Recruiting, 223, 224; organization and departure, 235, 236; arrival in Washington, 239; pursuit of Lee through Virginia, 288 to 290; battle of Fredericksburg and casualties, 291 to 297; to Newport News and Suffolk, 330, 331; siege of Suffolk, 331 to 336; blackberry raid, 336 to 340; provost-duty in Portsmouth, 477 to 479; at Norfolk and Newport News, 481; a raid, 483; to Morehead City and Newberne, 484, 485; up the James, 537, 538; at Bermuda Hundred, 538 to 541; Drury's Bluff, 542 to 552; near Port Walthal, 553; death of Col. Dutton, 554; losses at Cold Harbor, death of Col. Burpee, 600, 601; advance on Petersburg, 606 to 610; near the Appomattox, 616; work in the trenches, 618, 619; at the mine, 623, 624; at Bermuda Hundred, 661, 662; exposure and casualties, 663; to Chaffin's Bluff, 664; capture of Fort Harrison, 665 to 667; defense of Fort Harrison, 668, 669; casualties, 670; promotions, &c., 681; expedition to Fredericksburg, 764, 765; into Richmond, 792; muster-out, 813 to 815.

Twenty-second Infantry — Nine Months.

Called for, 240; recruiting and draft, 241 to 245; organization and departure, 246, 247; on picket in Virginia, 298, 299; to Suffolk, 332; siege of Suffolk, 334 to 336; to West Point, 336; home and muster-out, 433 to 435.

Twenty-third Infantry — Nine Months.

Called for, 240; recruiting and draft, 241 to 245; organization and departure, 247, 248; from Long Island to Ship Island and Louisiana, 316, 317; at Camp Parapet, 427; along the Opelousas Railroad, 428; battles at La Fourche and Brashear, 429, 430; imprisonment, casualties, and muster-out, 432, 433; prison-life, 743; muster-out, 433 to 435.

Twenty-fourth Infantry — Nine Months.

Called for, 240; recruiting and draft, 241 to 245; organization and departure, 248, 249; from Long Island to Ship Island, 316, 317; to Baton Rouge, 319; diversion towards Port Hudson, 401 to 403; at Irish Bend, 408; investment and capture of Port Hudson, 408 to 419; casualties and incidents, 421, 422; muster-out, 434, 435.

Twenty-fifth Infantry. — Nine Months.

Called for, 240; recruiting and draft, 241 to 245; organization and departure, 249, 250; from Long Island to Ship Island, to Louisiana, 316, 317; to Baton Rouge, 319; diversion towards Port Hudson, 401 to 403; at Irish Bend, 403 to 407; investment and capture of Port Hudson, 408 to 419; casualties and incidents, 422, 423; muster-out, 434, 435.

Twenty-sixth Infantry — Nine Months.

Called for, 240; recruiting and draft, 241 to 245; organization and departure, 250, 251; from Long Island to Ship Island, to Louisiana, 316, 317; at Camp Parapet, 319; investment and capture of Port Hudson, 408 to 419; casualties and incidents, 423 to 427; muster-out, 434, 435.

Twenty-seventh Infantry — Nine Months.

Called for, 240; recruiting and draft, 241 to 245; organization and departure, 251, 252; to Fredericksburg, 290; battle and casualties, 291 to 297; advance to Chancellorsville, 358 to 360; battle and capture, 361 to 372; imprisonment, 374 to 377; advance to Gettysburg, battle, victory, casualties, pursuit, 378 to 396; muster-out, 434, 435.

Twenty-eighth Infantry — Nine Months.

Called for, 240; recruiting and draft, 241 to 245; organization and departure, 252 to 254; from Long Island to Ship Island, to Louisiana, 316, 317; to Pensacola, encampment and service, 318, 319; investment and capture of Port Hudson, 408 to 419; casualties and incidents, 426, 427; muster-out, 434, 435.

Twenty-ninth Infantry — (colored).

Organization, 460; to Annapolis, 461; at Beaufort, 637; joins the Army of the James, 648; at Deep Bottom, 648 to 657; in front of Petersburg, 662; up the New-Market Road, the charge, 667; defence of Fort Harrison, 668; casualties, 670; fight on the Darbytown Road, Oct. 27, 674 to 676; location, 764; into Richmond, 790; to Texas, 802; muster-out, 825 to 827.

Thirtieth Infantry — (colored).

Enlistment begun, 461; organization and appearance at the front, 601, 602; the assault at the mine, 622, 623; to the left of the line, 782; pursuit of Lee, 792; to Texas, 802; muster-out, 825 to 827.

INDEX OF NAMES.

[Names incidentally mentioned are not embraced in this Index.]

Abbey, William H., 250
Abbott, E. K., 143
Charles S., 235
Ed. T., 750
Henry L., 504, 557, 559, 617, 624, 684, 686, 687, 776, 778, 813, 825
J. C., 687, 689
Abernethy, E. P., 108
Adams, Hon. John T., 188, 630
W L., 642
Addis, Ira D., 422
Wm. J., 248
Ager, George, 207, 504, 825
Aggett, R., 449
Aiken, Wm. A., 231, 801, 839
Aldrich, Thomas J., 646
Alexander, J. H., 180, 633
Walter S., 425
Allen, Amory, 567
Amos S., 597
Charles W., 522
E. P., 74, 597
Ethan, 24,
Henry A., 448
Henry, 392, 599, 729, 732, 733, 735, 736, 817
John, 106
John W., 50
Lewis C. jun., 121, 537
James L., 557
Geo. W., 766
W C., 597
Osear, 788
Alling, Frank E., 297
Almy, Amos H., 464, 834
John H., 130, 237, 317, 834, 835, 836, 837
Allison, John D., 44
Allyn, Roswell, 514
Stanton, 145, 306, 514, 515
T. M., 227, 597
Ambroster, Albert, 246
Andrews, Benj., 624
D. C., 545
Levi, 448
Andross, Edmond, 17, 18
Auger, Marshall C., 712
Anthony, R. C., 430
Appelman, Hiram, 24, 48, 172, 179, 188, 271, 272
Arms, C. J., 475
Arnold, John, 68
(Col.), 85
Alsop, J. W., 834
Ashmead (Mrs.), J. H., 470
Atwell, S. S., 199, 201, 447, 672, 683, 762, 820
Atwater, Dorence, 871
Chas., 81, 188
Atwood (Dr.), C. H., 241
Austin, Willard, 654, 762
Averill, James, 432
Perry, 405
Hon. Roger, 801
Ayers, Edwin D., 345
Avers, Henry, 426
W H., 623
Babcock, 424
Chas., 228
James F., 52
Samuel D., 834
Backus, Joseph, 494, 584, 603–4, 819
Bacon, C. A., 448, 467
(Dr.). Francis, 97, 195, 201
(Rev. Dr.), 183, 226, 435, 523, 818
John W., 48
(Mrs.), William, 471
Theodore, 97, 122, 195, 523, 540, 555, 556
Bailey, Charles, 431
Cornelius H., 102
Everett, 546
Geo. E., 281
———, 221
G. W., 746
H. L., 546
J. M., 450
S. G., 248, 428, 431
Baldwin, James, 505
L., 448
S., 834
Bangs, Frank D., 779, 825
Banks (Capt.), 519
Bannon, C. R., 684, 825
Bantly, Francis, 448
Barber, Fred. M., 228, 282
Barbour, Lucius, 123, 596
Barker, Chas. E., 539, 544, 651, 654; (Lt.), 447
Barnes, 48
Stewart, 475
Barnum, B. S., 392
Barnum (Adj.), 611, 774
Saml. C., 597, 599
Jos. H., 488
P M., 752
Barrett, R. Cecil, 601
Thos. E., 297
Robert N., 47
Mrs. E., 471
Barron, Pierce, 782
Barry, Wellington, 705, 770
Bartholomew, P., 678
Barton, Miss Clara, 871
Bartlett, Egbert, 464
D. W., 390
J. H. & Sons, 146
Frank, 679
Bartram, David J., 392
Andrew B., 410
Bassett, Julius, 227, 772, 773
Mrs., 471
Bates, Admatha, 780
Theo. S., 281
(Capt.), Thos. K., 121, 231 356,
Battell, Robbins, 34, 234
Joseph, 834
Batterson, J. G., 597
Beach, Chas. M., 596
(Col.), 271, 274, 482
Frank, 487
Francis, 228
Geo. L., 595
I. W., 422
(Miss), Julia A., 764
Moses Y., 52, 81
Watson, 596
Beard (Col.), 566, 567
Beardsley, A. E., 694
(Lt.), 302
A., 47, 464
Chas., 773
Fred'k, 752
Beckley, Wm. A., 244
Beckwith, H. C., 468
Theo. L., 253
(Gen.), 312

organization, 256, 257; to Fredericksburg, 258; the march to Antietam, 259 to 263; battle of Antietam and casualties, 264 to 287; pursuit of Lee to Fredericksburg, 288 to 290; battle and casualties, 291 to 297; to Newport News and Suffolk, 330, 331; siege of Suffolk, 331 to 336; blackberry raid, 336 to 340; near Portsmouth, 475 to 479; at Gloucester Point, 480; veteran furlough, 521, 522; up the James, 537; at Bermuda Hundred, 538 to 541; Drury's Bluff, 542 to 552; casualties at Cold Harbor, death of Major Converse, 597 to 599; advance on Petersburg, 606; battle, 608 to 610; work in the trenches, 618, 619; at the mine, 625; death of Gen. Stedman and Col. Morgling, 625 to 628; at Bermuda Hundred, 661; promotions, &c., 681; recruits, 683; presentation of flag, 764; into Richmond, 790, 791; muster-out, 827.

Twelfth Infantry.

Origin, 136, 137; recruiting, 141; organization, 142, 143; in camp at Hartford, 144; to Ship Island, 145, 146; up the river, 159; first regiment to arrive at New Orleans, 160; Pass Manchac expedition, Camp Parapet, 306, 307; battle of Georgia Landing, 313 to 316; the gunboat Cotton and the Diana, 319 to 321; at Irish Bend, 403 to 407; investment and capture of Port Hudson, 408 to 419; casualties and incidents, 420; at New Iberia, re-enlisting as veterans, 514 to 517; veteran furlough, 524; in the Shenandoah, 714; battle of Opequan Creek, 718 to 722; death of Col. Peck, 721, 722; battle of Cedar Creek, 724 to 729; locations and promotions, 766; muster-out, 821.

Thirteenth Infantry.

Origin and organization, 143; in barracks at New Haven, 145; supplies, 150; to Ship Island, 154 to 156; to New Orleans, 160, 161; to Camp Parapet, anecdotes, 307 to 309; battle of Georgia Landing, 313 to 316; at Baton Rouge, 319; diversion towards Port Hudson, 401 to 403; at Irish Bend, 403 to 407; investment and capture of Port Hudson, 408 to 419; casualties and incidents, 420, 421; at Thibodeau, 518; battle of Cane River, 519, 520; veteran furlough, 525; in the Shenandoah, 714; battle of Opequan Creek, 718 to 722; battle of Cedar Creek, 724 to 729; battalion ordered to Savannah, thence to North Carolina, 765, 802, 803; muster-out, 827, 828.

Fourteenth Infantry.

Called for, 222; recruited, 223, 224; organization and departure, 225; arrival at Arlington, 237; march to Antietam, 260 to 263; battle of Antietam and casualties, 264 to 287; pursuit of Lee to Fredericksburg, 288 to 290; battle and casualties, 291 to 297; advance to Chancellorsville, 358 to 360; battle and casualties, 361 to 374; advance to Gettysburg, battle, victory, casualties, pursuit, 378 to 396; at Stevensburg, 560; Capt. Fiske's view of soldiering, 561 to 563; Mine Run, 564; how to make winter quarters, 564, 565; fight at Morton's Ford, 566, 567; battle of the Wilderness, 570, 571; battle of Spottsylvania, 572, 573; to the North Anna, 577; to Cold Harbor, 587; casualties, 589 to 592; advance on Petersburg, 607 to 611; at Deep Bottom, 622, 649; return to the left, 657; on the Weldon Railroad, battle at Reams's Station, casualties, 658 to 661; at Prince George's Court House, 664; fight for the Southside railroad, 676 to 678; battle on Hatcher's Run, 678 to 680; location in spring of 1865, 765; on Hatcher's Run, 780, 781; pursuit of Lee, 792; muster-out, 811, 812.

Fifteenth Infantry.

Called for, 222; recruited, 223, 224; organization and departure, 226, 227; arrival at Washington, 237; to Fredericksburg, 288, 289; battle and casualties, 290 to 297; to Newport News and Suffolk, 330, 331; siege of Suffolk, 331 to 336; blackberry raid, 336 to 340; near Portsmouth, 475 to 479; to Newberne, 481; to Plymouth, 482; return to Newberne, 485; attack on Washington, 537; at Newberne, 538; the yellow-fever, 710 to 713; expedition to Kinston, 766; battle and capture, 771 to 774; death of Major Osborn, 772, 773; muster-out, 816.

Sixteenth Infantry.

Called for, 222; recruiting, 223, 224; organization and departure, 227 to 229; arrival in Virginia, 237; march to Antietam, 260 to 263; battle of Antietam and casualties, 264, to 287; pursuit of Lee to Fredericksburg, 288 to 290; battle and casualties, 291 to 297; to Newport News and Suffolk, 330 to 331; siege of Suffolk, 331 to 336; blackberry raid, 336 to 340; near Portsmouth, 475 to 479; to Newberne, 481; to Plymouth, 482; return to Newberne, 485; return to Plymouth, 486; the town besieged, 486, 487; the surrender, 488; prison experience, 526 to 535; escape from captivity, 744 to 746; to Foster's Mills and Newberne, 774; muster-out, 815, 816.

Seventeenth Infantry.

Called for, 222; recruited, 223, 224; organization and departure, 229, 230; detention in Baltimore, 237, 238; moves into Virginia, 297, 298; advance to Chancellorsville, 358 to 360; battle and casualties, 361 to 374; advance to Gettysburg, battle, victory, casualties, pursuit, 378 to 396; in front of Fort Wagner, 446, 447; mention for gallantry, 449; on Folly Island, 450; at St. Augustine, Florida, 729; perilous raids, 729, 730; McGisto Creek, 730, 731; capture of Baldwin, 732; capture of Col. Noble, 732; expedition for cotton, death of Col. Wilcoxson, 733, 734; detached service, 735, 736; muster-out, 817, 818.

Eighteenth Infantry.

Called for, 222; recruited, 223, 224; organization and departure, 231, 232; in Baltimore, 238; life at Fort Marshall, 348, 349; to the Shenandoah valley, 349, 350; battle of Winchester, 351 to 353; surrender, 354; heavy losses, 354, 355; imprisonment, 356, 357; at Martinsburg, refitting, 497; social life, 498; prison experience, 499 to 503; spring of 1864, under Sigel, 638; battle of New Market, 639; casualties, 640; under Hunter, battle of Piedmont, 641, 642; casualties, 642, 643; descent on Lynchburg, 644; the retreat northward, 645; battle of Snicker's Ferry, 646; retreat through Winchester, 647; in the Shenandoah, 714; again at Martinsburg, 717; location, &c., 766; muster-out, 815.

Twentieth Infantry.

Recruiting, 223, 224; organization and departure, 234, 235; arrival in Washington, 238, 239; life in Virginia, 299 to 302; advance to Chancellorsville, 358 to 360; battle and casualties, 361 to 374; advance to Gettysburg, battle, victory, casualties, pursuit, 378 to 396; transfer to Tennessee, 692; the journey, guarding railroads, 693; at Cowan, fight with guerrillas, 694; incidents, 695, 696; join Sherman's army for the great march, 697; seizure of Boyd's trail, 697, 698; battle of Resaca, 698; capture of Cassville, 699; at Alatoona Pass, 700; flanking, 701; battle of Peach-tree Creek, 702, 703; capture of Atlanta, casualties, 705, 706; through Georgia to the sea, 707, 708; from Savannah to Goldsborough, battles, incidents, and casualties, 766 to 771; pursuit and capture of Johnston, 796, 797; muster-out, 812, 813.

Twenty-first Infantry.

Recruiting, 223, 224; organization and departure, 235, 236; arrival in Washington, 239; pursuit of Lee through Virginia, 288 to 290; battle of Fredericksburg and casualties, 291 to 297; to Newport News and Suffolk, 330, 331; siege of Suffolk, 331 to 336; blackberry raid, 336 to 340; provost-duty in Portsmouth, 477 to 479; at Norfolk and Newport News, 481; a raid, 483; to Morehead City and Newberne, 484, 485; up the James, 537, 538; at Bermuda Hundred, 538 to 541; Drury's Bluff, 542 to 552; near Port Walthal, 553; death of Col. Dutton, 554; losses at Cold Harbor, death of Col. Burpee, 600, 601; advance on Petersburg, 606 to 610; near the Appomattox, 616; work in the trenches, 618, 619; at the mine, 623, 624; at Bermuda Hundred, 661, 662; exposure and casualties, 663; to Chaffin's Bluff, 664; capture of Fort Harrison, 665 to 667; defense of Fort Harrison, 668, 669; casualties, 670; promotions, &c., 681; expedition to Fredericksburg, 764, 765; into Richmond, 792; muster-out, 813 to 815.

Twenty-second Infantry — Nine Months.

Called for, 240; recruiting and draft, 241 to 245; organization and departure, 246, 247; on picket in Virginia, 298, 299; to Suffolk, 332; siege of Suffolk, 334 to 336; to West Point, 336; home and muster-out, 433 to 435.

Twenty-third Infantry — Nine Months.

Called for, 240; recruiting and draft, 241 to 245; organization and departure, 247, 248; from Long Island to Ship Island and Louisiana, 316, 317; at Camp Parapet, 427; along the Opelousas Railroad, 428; battles at La Fourche and Brashear, 429, 430; imprisonment, casualties, and muster-out, 432, 433; prison-life, 743; muster-out, 433 to 435.

Twenty-fourth Infantry — Nine Months.

Called for, 240; recruiting and draft, 241 to 245; organization and departure, 248, 249; from Long Island to Ship Island, 316, 317; to Baton Rouge, 319; diversion towards Port Hudson, 401 to 403; at Irish Bend, 408; investment and capture of Port Hudson, 408 to 419; casualties and incidents, 421, 422; muster-out, 434, 435.

Twenty-fifth Infantry. — Nine Months.

Called for, 240; recruiting and draft, 241 to 245; organization and departure, 249, 250; from Long Island to Ship Island, to Louisiana, 316, 317; to Baton Rouge, 319; diversion towards Port Hudson, 401 to 403; at Irish Bend, 403 to 407; investment and capture of Port Hudson, 408 to 419; casualties and incidents, 422, 423; muster-out, 434, 435.

Twenty-sixth Infantry — Nine Months.

Called for, 240; recruiting and draft, 241 to 245; organization and departure, 250, 251; from Long Island to Ship Island, to Louisiana, 316, 317; at Camp Parapet, 319; investment and capture of Port Hudson, 408 to 419; casualties and incidents, 423 to 427; muster-out, 434, 435.

Twenty-seventh Infantry — Nine Months.

Called for, 240; recruiting and draft, 241 to 245; organization and departure, 251, 252; to Fredericksburg, 290; battle and casualties, 291 to 297; advance to Chancellorsville, 358 to 360; battle and capture, 361 to 372; imprisonment, 374 to 377; advance to Gettysburg, battle, victory, casualties, pursuit, 378 to 396; muster-out, 434, 435.

Twenty-eighth Infantry — Nine Months.

Called for, 240; recruiting and draft, 241 to 245; organization and departure, 252 to 254; from Long Island to Ship Island, to Louisiana, 316, 317; to Pensacola, encampment and service, 318, 319; investment and capture of Port Hudson, 408 to 419; casualties and incidents, 426, 427; muster-out, 434, 435.

Twenty-ninth Infantry — (colored).

Organization, 460; to Annapolis, 461; at Beaufort, 637; joins the Army of the James, 648; at Deep Bottom, 648 to 657; in front of Petersburg, 662; up the New-Market Road, the charge, 667; defence of Fort Harrison, 668; casualties, 670; fight on the Darbytown Road, Oct. 27, 674 to 676; location, 764; into Richmond, 790; to Texas, 802; muster-out, 825 to 827.

Thirtieth Infantry — (colored).

Enlistment begun, 461; organization and appearance at the front, 601, 602; the assault at the mine, 622, 623; to the left of the line, 782; pursuit of Lee, 792; to Texas, 802; muster-out, 825 to 827.

INDEX OF NAMES.

[Names incidentally mentioned are not embraced in this Index.]

Abbey, William H., 250
Abbott, E. K., 143
Charles S., 235
Ed. T., 750
Henry L., 504, 557, 559, 617, 624, 684, 686, 687, 776, 778, 813, 825
J. C., 687, 689
Abernethy, E. P., 108
Adams, Hon. John T., 188, 630
W L., 642
Addis, Ira D., 422
Wm. J., 248
Ager, George, 207, 504, 825
Aggett, R., 449
Aiken, Wm. A., 231, 801, 839
Aldrich, Thomas J., 646
Alexander, J. H., 180, 633
Walter S., 425
Allen, Amory, 567
Amos S., 597
Charles W., 522
E. P., 74, 597
Ethan, 24,
Henry A., 448
Henry, 392, 599, 729, 732, 733, 735, 736, 817
John, 106
John W., 50
Lewis C. jun., 121, 537
James L., 557
Geo. W., 766
W. C., 597
Oscar, 788
Alling, Frank E., 297
Almy, Amos H., 464, 834
John H., 130, 237, 317, 834, 835, 836, 837
Allison, John D., 44
Allyn, Roswell, 514
Stanton, 145, 306, 514, 515
T. M., 227, 597
Ambroster, Albert, 246
Andrews, Benj., 624
D. C., 545
Levi, 448
Andross, Edmond, 17, 18
Anger, Marshall C., 712
Anthony, R. C., 430
Appelman, Hiram, 24, 48, 172, 179, 188, 271, 272
Arms, C. J., 475
Arnold, John, 68
(Col.), 85
Alsop, J. W., 834
Ashmead (Mrs.), J. H., 470
Atwell, S. S., 199, 201, 447, 672, 683, 762, 820
Atwater, Dorence, 871
Chas., 81, 188
Atwood (Dr.), C. H., 241
Austin, Willard, 654, 762
Averill, James, 432
Perry, 405
Hon. Roger, 801
Ayers, Edwin D., 345
Ayers, Henry, 426
W H., 623
Babcock, 424
Chas., 228
James F., 52
Samuel D., 834
Backus, Joseph, 494, 584, 603–4, 819
Bacon, C. A., 448, 467
(Dr.), Francis, 97, 195, 201
(Rev. Dr.), 183, 226, 435, 523, 818
John W., 48
(Mrs.), William, 471
Theodore, 97, 122, 195, 523, 540, 555, 556
Bailey, Charles, 431
Cornelius H., 102
Everett, 546
Geo. E., 281
———, 221
G. W., 746
H. L., 546
J. M., 450
S. G., 248, 428, 431
Baldwin, James, 505
L., 448
S., 834
Bangs, Frank D., 779, 825
Banks (Capt.), 519
Bannon, C. R., 684, 825
Bantly, Francis, 448
Barber, Fred. M., 228, 282
Barbour, Lucius, 123, 596
Barker, Chas. E., 539, 544, 651, 654; (Lt.), 447
Barnes, 48
Stewart, 475
Barnum, B. S., 392
Barnum (Adj.), 611, 774
Saml. C., 597, 599
Jos. H., 488
P M., 752
Barrett, R. Cecil, 601
Thos. E., 297
Robert N., 47
Mrs. E., 471
Barron, Pierce, 782
Barry, Wellington, 705, 770
Bartholomew, P., 678
Barton, Miss Clara, 871
Bartlett, Egbert, 464
D. W., 390
J. H. & Sons, 146
Frank, 679
Bartram, David J., 392
Andrew B., 410
Bassett, Julius, 227, 772, 773
Mrs., 471
Bates, Admatha, 780
Theo. S., 281
(Capt.), Thos. K., 121, 231 356,
Battell, Robbins, 34, 234
Joseph, 834
Batterson, J. G., 597
Beach, Chas. M., 596
(Col.), 271, 274, 482
Frank, 487
Francis, 228
Geo. L., 595
I. W., 422
(Miss), Julia A., 764
Moses Y., 52, 81
Watson, 596
Beard (Col.), 566, 567
Beardsley, A. E., 694
(Lt.), 302
A., 47, 464
Chas., 773
Fred'k, 752
Beckley, Wm. A., 244
Beckwith, H. C., 468
Theo. L., 253
(Gen.), 312

Beckwith, Louis, 803
Beecher, Rev. H. W., 835
Belcher, Arthur, 48
Belden, N. A., 335, 552
D. H., 107
Bell, John, 29
Bellows, George, 654
Benham (Gen.), 192, 195, 197–8, 722
(Lt.), 195
Bennett, Ezra P., 242
Samuel, 788
Thos. G., 670
Benedict, W. A., 838
Benson, D. O., 230
Bent, B. jr., 188
Bentley, Wm. H., 251
Benton, Wm., 309
(Lt.), Geo. M., 728
Geo. S., 371–2
Berkley, W., 448
Berry, Fred M., 720, 822
Wm. A., 74
William, 728
Betts, James W., 216
Fred C., 733
Bideman, John, 448
Bidwell, Henry L., 143
Biebel, Henry, 122, 542
Bill, Henry, 50, 231
Geo. F., 825
Ledyard, 55, 515
Bingham, W. H. H., 558, 825
Levi C., 540
Birdsall, Sam. T., 252
Birge, H. W., 119, 143, 155, 156, 307, 312–16, 319, 409, 415, 423, 518, 715, 725, 802, 803,
Bishop, E. W., 772, 773
J. A., 244
Jacob, 666
A. W., 722
William, 406, 520
Bissell, Geo. P., 241, 249, 253–400, 401, 405, 407, 423, 808, 811, 815
J. W., 400
Wm., 233
Bixby, F. G., 497
Blackmer, E., 551
Blakeslee, Erastus, 210, 211, 446, 487, 491–3, 495–6, 533, 534, 567, 570, 581, 583–4, 585–6, 612, 714, 715, 716, 724, 757, 819
B. F., 271
Edward C., 446
Blakeman, Geo., 464
Blake, Edward F., 214, 216, 218, 817
Eli W., 218
Henry T., 183 (Mrs.), 471
Blotchford, R. M., 834
Blinn, Chas. D., 143, 306, 519, 525, 714, 718, 728, 726, 765, 802
J. E., 225, 281
Bliss, John F., 448
Blodgett, R., 448
Bloss, L. L., 241
Boardman, Henry, 139
W. W., 471, 472
Bodwell, 393
Augustus, 766
Boem, L., 52
Bohan, John, 421
Bond, Thos. H., 52
William, 448
Booth, Geo. F., 277
Bostwick (Col.), 367, 368, 369, 378, 379
Richard S., 267
Botts, John H., 539
Boudren, Thomas, 122
Bowman, Chas. F., 772
Bowen, Andrew, 139, 490
Chas. D., 232, 349, 351
Bowns, Wm. A., 774
Bradford (Chaplain), 144, 404, 727
Byron, 556, 651
Brady, A. G., 229, 380, 392, 450, 729
Oliver G., 221
Wm. F., 553
Bradley, J. R., 252, 371
J. T., 642
Geo. G., 673
Lester E., 142
Wm. E., 720, 802
Wm. H., 433
(Miss), E., 471
R. O., 772
Bragg, Wm., 156
Brainard, H. A., 421
Francis, 327
Brally, Lester E., 404
Brandagee (Hon.), Augustus, 48, 77, 135
Brannan, Patrick, 545
Branch, Joseph W., 26
Breed, Chas. A., 256
Brennan, John, 404, 420
George, 422
Brewster, James, 68, 152
Chas. T., 549
John H., 705
Briggs, Chas. E., 583
Thos. R., 105
Brigham, Geo. N., 660
Chas. O., 624, 825
Briscoe, Chas., 78
J. A, 448
John, 570
E. S., 670
Bristol, Wyllis, 226
Broatch, John C., 658, 677, 765
Brockett, Chas. A., 545
Bromley, Isaac H., 231, 349, 457, 633
Miles, 435
J. B., 308, 408
Bronson, Aug. E., 392
J. R., 372
Leonard, 372
Isaac R., 225
Brookes, A. F., 624, 684
(Col.), 206, 269
Brooke, A. D., 597
Brown, 116
Delos D., 477, 479, 481, 484, 536, 551, 552
(Chaplain), 552
Chas. D., 502
Chas. H., 426
(Miss), C. L., 471
Geo. H., 650, 655, 782
(Capt.), 412, 504
(Lt.-Col.), E. S., 670, 758
H. H., 676
H. B., 390
F. A., 470
Samuel, 228, 282
J. F., 236, 483, 606, 616, 665, 764, 813
Matthew, 773
Thos. D., 373
Thos. G., 552
(Mrs.), Roswell, 470
(Mrs.), G. S., 470
Vernon H., 146
Wm., 588
Brownell, Henry Howard, 709
(Dr.), C. M., 63
Tudor, 597
Brims, H., 534
Buck, John R., 630, 798
Buckingham (Gov.), W. A., 33, 35, 37, 47, 50, 56, 57, 63, 69, 70, 71, 81, 115, 126, 130, 131, 135, 140, 144, 175, 183, 185, 186, 188, 197, 222, 223, 226, 234, 286, 289, 322, 323, 324, 327, 328, 402, 434, 445, 457, 459, 466, 521, 525, 580, 630, 633, 785, 798, 801, 814, 815, 817, 818, 826, 828, 829, 834, 835, 836, 839
(Col.), P. B., 7, 234, 235, 300, 302, 359, 360, 361, 362, 365–76, 366–76, 385, 386, 387, 695, 696, 697, 698, 700, 702, 704, 767–8, 769, 812
Hiram, 530
J. W., 431
Buell, Wm. G., 687

Buckingham, F. W. H., 687
(Mrs.), M. H., 470
Bugbee, Geo. H., 87
Edwin H. (Hon.), 815
Sylvester, 616
Bulkely, Chas. E., 505
E. A., 227
Bunce, John L., 227
J. B., 470
Bunnell, Geo. W., 766
Burdick, Theodore, 436, 446
Thomas, 47
(Capt.), 201, 305, 440, 679
Burbank, R. S., 72
Burke, Thos. F., 482, 487, 534, 744
Burkett, R., 597
Burley, 697
Burnham, Geo. H., 45, 46, 456
Geo. S., 241, 246
(Gen.), 87, 96, 247, 482, 487, 532, 540, 774
John H., 335, 476, 478, 681, 816
A. V., 612
(Mrs.), 476
(Hon.), 842
Burrall, Chas. L., 47, 78
Burr, A. E., 228, 323
H. P., 230
Wm. A., 513
Burns, Henry, 392
Burpee, Thos. F., 225, 235, 330, 477, 484, 551, 554, 600, 814
Burton, John H., 624, 684
Bushnell (Rev.), Horace, 15, 16, 26, 27, 28, 674, 829
C. S., 52, 71, 188, 190, 226
Douglass, 694
Edward W., 721, 728
Busteed, Richard, 231
Butler (Mrs.), Sophia, 63
(Mrs.), A. W., 470
John A., 596, 609
Byam, B. S., 226
Byington (Hon.), A. H., 71, 188, 389, 390, 838
Byxbee (Capt.), 142, 762
Theodore, 62
S. D., 404
Cady (Mrs.), Abiah, 149
Chas. H., 480
Cahill, Thos. W., 125, 141, 157, 159, 309, 311, 312, 511, 512, 524, 622, 765
Cahoone, J. B., 642
Callender, W. H. D., 596
Calkins (Rev.), Mr., 523
Camp, Howard A., 666
B. H., 592
F. E., 675, 421
Camp, H. W., 165, 172, 174, 175, 342, 348, 442, 443, 451, 550, 620, 649, 662, 671, 672
Camp, Henry S., 673, 674
Hiram, 244
Campbell, Harvey, 663
Candee, J. D., 226
Franklin, J., 720
(Mrs.), C., 471
(Mrs.), L., 471
Canfield, Smith, 721
David, E., 296
Cannon, John S., 137
Carr, 109, 110
D. H., 226
Carroll, Charles, 120
Carlisle, Chas., 151, 471
Carpenter, 78.
Carpenter, Ezra D., 502
Elisha, 415, 458, 640
Samuel W., 225
Carter, C. H., 62
Daniel, 52
Josiah M., 186
Carver, Michael, 491
Thomas, 741
Case, David C., 99
Case, Lockwood, & Co., 46
W Chester, 711
Casey, James H., 779, 825
William, 374
Cashin, T. D., 684, 825
Castle, George, 569
Catlin (Hon.), Julius, 45, 67, 227
Cyrus, 233
Abijah, 188
Caulkins (Miss), F. M., 74
Chadwick, Robert A., 567
Chaffee, S. E., 235, 370
Chalker, Wm. S., 71
Chamberlain, V. B., 40, 201, 305, 436, 439, 440
(Mrs.), F., 470
Champlin, Daniel, 251
Stephen, 844
Chandler, W H., 49
Chancellor, 360
Chapman (Col.), 97, 215, 218, 299, 302
(Hon.), Charles, 187, 226, 240, 632
Jedediah, 392–3
George D., 457
(Mrs.), R., 471
E. C., 64
Chappell, Rich. H., 146
Chapin, George D., 73
Charnley, Wm. S., 52, 226
Chatfield (Col.), 62, 85, 95, 97, 99, 120, 197, 121, 198, 200, 304, 305, 440, 443, 444, 452, 453, 507, 655, 733, 734, 820
Chauncy, Henry, 834
Cheney, F. W., 64, 228, 271
Chipman, Justin H., 74
Chrisholm (Col.), 93
Churchill (Mrs.), 470
Chittenden, Simeon B., 54, 127, 253, 833, 834
Chitty, Henry E., 346
Clapp, William, 129
Clark, Sidney E., 142, 412, 414, 420, 516, 711, 719, 722, 766
A. N., 227
Cyrus C., 72, 237, 396
David, 64, 811
E. W., 654
George, 246
Jonah F., 319
Clark, Wm. F., 615
William, 421
(Gen.), 411
Clary (Dr.), George, 406, 803
Clift, Amos, 48, 180
Clinton, James B., 813
Cleveland, Chauncey F., 34, 115, 327
Chester D., 761
E. S., 597
(Rev. Dr.), 52
Close, J. O., 167
Cluseret (Col.), 213
Coates, Thos. C., 125
Coburn, J. H., 231, 378, 383
Cockroft, Ambrose, 448
Cochrane, J. J., 449
Coe (Lt.), 447
Lyman W., 62
Coffin, George, 53
John C., 346
Cohn, Alexander, 728
Cogswell, Wm. S., 7, 131, 302, 707, 767, 817
Wm., 721
Wm. H., 720
Coit, Alfred, 188
Charles M., 166, 276, 540, 597, 605, 676, 680, 764
James B., 589
Cokburn (Maj.), L., 97
Colby, Henry, 577
Colburn (Dr.), J. M., 48
(Col.), 144, 160, 307, 319, 722
Elbridge, 138, 494, 516, 568
Ledyard, 306, 714
Cole, George W., 640
Coleman (Mrs.), J. E., 470
J. C., 596
William A., 374
Colgrove, Ransom, 667
Collender, W. H. D., 470
Collins (Miss), C., 471
Brothers & Co., 468 596
Erastus, 227
Colt (Col.), 73, 320

Colton (Mrs.), N., 470
Comstock, Apollos, 143, 306, 714, 728
J. C., 45
Converse, J. H., 173, 258, 265, 273, 597, 598, 599, 627
A. W., 422
Cook, 327
G. B., 206
J. R., 68
Lewis A., 654, 676
C. W., 667
William, 654
Cooke, E. B., 62
S. T., 64
Coomes, William A., 296
Coon, John, 667
Marcus, 62, 102, 569
Cooper, A. V., 499
Copeland, Harvey, 102
Corliss, George W., 74, 464
Corbin, ——, 327
Cornish, Virgil, 470
Cornwall, 393
C. M., 392
Charles W., 306
Cosgrove, A. M., 58
Cothren, William, 52, 823
Couch, G. N., 825
Cowen (Mrs.), S. J., 470, 479
Cowles, R. P., 252, 522
Henry F., 502
J. F., 600
Lester W., 758
Lyman, 226
(Mrs.), S. M., 470
Covell, George B., 599
Couch, Ansel H., 778
Crabtree, John W., 754
Crane, Alvin M., 552, 814
Crary (Dr.), 324
Crofut, George S., 247, 428, 429, 430
J. M., 85
Stephen C., 392
Croffut, D. K., 464
W. A., 389
Crosby, Hiram B., 235, 295, 335, 477, 552, 554, 606, 681
Croxton, J. T., 722
Culver, E. B., 640, 642, 643
Cummings, J. H., 684
P., 52
(Dr.), 404
Cunningham, 78
John, 615
Curtis, Elliott M., 25, 513
George F., 667
George, William, 90
F. L., 432
Judson, 107
L. N., 600
(Sgt.-Maj.), 311
Cushman, E. M., 469
Daboll, Henry W., 221, 363, 707, 767, 817
Daley, Thomas B., 623
Dana, James A., 283
Daniels Albert E., 130, 371
F. W., 595
Wm. L., 735
Wm. A., 363, 705
Darrow, Barrett, 250
Dauchy, Wm. O., 392
Davenport (Rev.), J., 17
Davis, Henry C., 231, 349, 532, 534
R. S., 649
Theo. R., 227
Samuel H., 225
Sylvester, 612
(Gen.), 568
(Capt.), 351
Day, Albert, Sons, & Co., 596
Erastus S., 188, 327
John, 50
Calvin, 227, 468
Putnam, 120
Dayton, L. M., 722
Dyer, E. B., 583, 616
Deane, James, 582
(Capt.), J. M., 778
De Bourge, G., 445, 446
Decker, J. N., 569
De Forest, J. W., 142, 719
(Chaplain), 610, 662, 791
C. D., 135
H. C., 599
Henry S., 7, 480, 625, 677
Delavan, J. S., 618
Deming (Hon.), Henry C., 42, 46, 78, 81, 115, 135, 136, 160, 307, 722, 800, 821
Chas. J., 233
Dempsey, Robert, 507, 510, 511
Dennis, J. B., 122, 195, 437, 447, 539, 543, 544, 555, 556
Jared S., 62, 64
O. A., 72
Dennison, Chas. S., 130
Denslow, G. A., 248
Desborough, John, 14
Dewell, John H., 129
Dewey, Daniel, 407
DeWitt, Wm., 441
Dexter, J. N., 201
Dibble, 81
C. F., 811
Dickerson, A. A., 534, 744
David, 52
Dickinson, L. A., 142, 766
Z. C., 448
David, 64, 236
Dickerman, Ezra D., 235, 696, 697, 700, 705, 706
J. C., 392
(Mrs.), 471
Dimmock, Geo., 825
Dixon (Hon.), James, 33, 36, 226, 286, 596
(Mrs.), 470
John A., 277
Charles, 531, 532
Doane, John J., 105
Dodge (Gen.), C. C., 722
Donnelly (Col.), 216
Donohoe (Col.), 477
Doolittle (Chaplain), J. B., 699, 700, 712
E. A., 693
Dorr, E. C., 206
Dorrance, David, 7
Douglass (Hon.), Benjamin, 52, 73, 183, 286, 435
Benj. C., 424
(Dr.), 97
John M., 7, 59
John C., 552
Stephen A., 29
Doull (Maj.), 205
Dow, Edwin C., 624, 684
Downes, Wm. E., 226, 464
Downing, H. A., 623
Drake, A. W., 45, 97, 126, 166, 170, 171, 173, 176, 282
John L., 228, 282
Drown, Azro, 776, 777, 779, 825
Duane (Maj.), 618
DuBois, Cornelius, 252, 698
(Mrs.), 471
Dudley (Dr.), F. A., 678, 811
F. B., 391
(Rev.), 155
Everett L., 782
Duffy, John, 125
Duganne, A. J. H., 431
Dunford, J. C., 72
Dunham, Austin, 227
Jas. E., 108, 230, 298
Dunlap, Thomas, Jr., 766
Durfee, Wm. H., 669
Durand, Charles, 426
Duryee, Redfield, 97, 445, 506
Duryer, C., 650
Dutton, Arthur H., 218, 235, 330, 335, 337, 477, 483, 484, 538, 542, 553, 554, 600, 814
A. S., 552
Henry M., 217, 219, 233
(Hon.), Henry, 82
(Corpl.), 780
Eaton (Chaplain), Jacob, 110, 167, 272, 276, 277, 327, 543, 545, 546, 557, 569, 655, 683, 688, 762, 763
(Hon.), W. W., 104, 105, 323, 328
(Gov.), 14
Eastman, Henry A., 273

Eddy, Hiram, 63, 99, 569
Martin B., 448
Edgerton, A. J., 640
Edwards, George P., 666, 670
Charles H., 248
Elliott, Chas. W., 226
Ellis, Theo. G., 299, 367, 386, 388, 396, 508, 566, 570, 577, 601, 607, 765, 811
Elmer, Wm. T., 327, 329, 630, 798
Elmore, Harvey E., 277
Ells, Wm. B., 233, 506, 587, 588, 592, 714, 761
Ellis (Rev.), 54
Ellsworth, E. E., 86, 111, 830
Wm. B., 233
John, 86
(Judge), 27
W W., 86, 227
Ely, Wm. G., 121, 131, 132, 231, 238, 349, 350, 351, 354, 355, 357, 499, 500, 501, 640, 642, 644, 715, 717
Calvin S., 252
Alexander, 97
Richard S., 597
Employees, The Colt, 468
Engles, J. S., 514, 621
English (Hon.), James E., 99
Wm. S., 546
Eno, Fred. R., 282
Ensworth, D. M., 422
Ericsson (Capt.), John, 190
Erwin (Mrs.), 470
Eustis (Rev.), Wm. T., 52, 226
Evans (Rev.), P. S., 183
John, 390
Fardon, I. G., 667
Farnsworth, Chas., 139, 209, 490, 491, 492, 496
(Dr.), 243
Farren, John W., 226
Farrend, E., 842
Faxon, W C., 558, 617, 825
Faxton, Wm. C., 779
Felch, F. A., 448
Fellows, R. S., 226
Fenn, Aug. H., 727, 761
Fenton, E. B., 705
Charles, 814
Ferguson, S. B., 108
Ferris, Weston, 739
Robert, 277
Sam. P., 149, 219, 252, 456
Ferry, Orris S., 32, 35, 71, 74, 214, 219, 722, 762, 817, 818
Fessenden, E., 597
Finch, Lucius R., 226
Fish, Wm. S., 139, 209, 490, 491
Geo. A., 568
Fisher & Co., 58
Fiske, Samuel, 264, 268, 269, 519, 560, 564, 565, 566, 589, 590, 636
Fiske, W O., 421
Fitzgibbons, R., 62, 311, 511, 512
Fitch (Mrs.), J. W., 471
(Mrs.), Emily M., 471
Thomas, 48, 801
A. G., 248
John, 27
William, 801
Fletcher (Dr.), 306
(Gov.), 18
H. J., 420
Flower, E., 468, 596
Flynn, Michael, 616
Foley, John, 125
Folsom, Wm., 244
Forbes (Lt. Col.), 533
Ford, Roger M., 291, 619
Foot, Rolf C., Jr., 236
Andrew Hull, 226, 397
(Rev.), John, 397
Foskett, Geo. H., 249
Foster, H., 128, 167, 172, 173, 344, 786
Wm. H., 470
E. K., 67, 125, 798
(Hon.), LaFayette S., 32, 33, 36, 115, 231
Samuel S., 669
Fountain, Noah L., 86
(Dr.), 337
"Forlorn Hope," The, 416, 417, 418
Fowler, Richard H., 297
Douglass, 68, 124, 229, 380, 381, 391, 729, 817
Foy (Capt.), 142, 306
Fox, Hiram H., 782
Francis, James M., 320
Daniel G., 122, 194
John A., 501
(Capt.), 131
Frankau, Nathan, 142, 306
Franklin, Wm., 244
French, Wilson, 362, 392, 731, 733
Edwin G., 494
E. W., 723
Fritz, James, 99
Frisbie, A. L., 696
Frye, Frederick, 68, 107, 125, 306, 312, 511, 513
Gage, Robert B., 305
Gallagher (Surgeon), 310
(Hon.), James, 52, 244
Gallup, Loren A., 250, 424, 434
(Hon.), David, 188, 632
Gardner, 156
Wm. C., 719
Gardner, James M., 307
Gardiner, G. F., 123, 193, 199
Garvey, Patrick, 125
Gasney, Geo. A., 676
Gates, H. P., 475
Gavitt, A. L., 705
Geatley, John, 607
Geer, Aug. M., 424
Nathan H., 575
German, Wm. A., 102
Gerrish, Henry G., 122
Gibbs, Samuel E., 595
(Miss), J., 471
Gibbons, E. W., 225, 267, 296
Richard B., 125
T. F., 513
Gill, Henry B., 651, 654
Gillette, Cornelius, 617, 825
E. A., 624, 684
Robert H., 690
(Hon.), Francis, 690
Gilbert, C., 558
Lucius, 226
Jesse B., 421
S. G., 143
Raphael, 448, 544
Smith S., 609
Thos. S., 207, 779, 813
N. B., 779
Gilman (Prof.), D. C., 82, 226
George, 435
W H., 124
Wm. C., 54, 253
Gilmore, Patrick, 248
Gilson, A. J., 705, 769
Glasson (Capt.), 123
Glazier, O. D., 814
Gleason, Isaac C., 248, 421
Glenn, Russell, 781, 782
Glissman (Corp.), 446
Glover, Joseph, 619
Martin V. B., 373
Goddard, Alfred M., 475, 540
Henry P., 7, 540, 565
Godfrey, Geo. M., 247, 432
Goff, Christian, 250
O. S., 673
Gold, Edward F., 233
Goodell, Wm., 600
W W., 391
Goodenough (Mrs.), J., 471
Goodrich, Frank B., 464
L. S., 457
E. T., 619
Goodsell, E. B., 107
Goodwin, L. P., 570, 583, 758, 784
(Sgt.), 490
J. E., 660
Wm. A., 297
Hiram, 186
Jonathan, 227
Goodyear, E. D. S., 126, 549, 620, 621, 653, 681, 765, 782, 786, 787, 788, 824

Goodyear, L. G., 421
(Capt.). 342
Gore, Asa A., 493
James W., 64
Horace H., 493
Gossman, John, 770
Gould (Judge), 27
Charles, 125, 253
Graham, Ira A., 679
Granger, Albert S., 59, 74
Granniss, Samuel H., 142, 404, 411, 420
Grant (Gen.), 535, 536, 596, 696, 789, 794, 795, 796, 797, 803, 813, 829
H. L., 448, 680
(Dr.), H. A., 188, 801
Matthew, 830
Noah, 830
Jesse Root, 830
Gray, Miles, 517
S. H., 122, 132, 194, 437, 439, 440, 444, 447
Graves, B. L., 177, 621
(Rev.), Samuel, 425
Greaves (Capt.), 342
Gregory, J. M., 727
Greeley, Edwin S., 523, 537, 548, 611, 621, 656, 672, 681, 683, 765, 787, 809, 824
Horace, 390
(Mrs.), E. S., 471
Green (Miss), A. E., 467
Wm. H., 657
Geo. H., 657
Albert C., 498
Thos. L., 657
Nelson H., 657
(Miss), Elizabeth, 466, 467
Wm. P., 50, 657
Cyrus A., 657
Greene (Mayor), 435
(Lt.), 447
James A., 596
J. Lloyd, 50
Stephen S., 596
Griggs, Charles, 717
Griffiths, Dana N., 373
Grilley, Chas. T., 522
Griswold (Rev.), S. S., 48
—, 278, 280
John, 130, 266, 273, 279
Warren, 227
& Co., 58
Greenman & Co., George, 48
Greenman, George, 601
Grow (Hon.), G. A., 115
Grover, Chas. D., 407
Grosvenor, Chas. H., 307
Guyer, Thomas, 458
Guilford, Timothy, 235
Haffy, Bernard, 448
Hakes Isaac W. Jr., 231, 349
Hale, F. M., 50, 231
H. S., 183
Ezra, 524
Charles W., 247
Leonidas R., 307
Henry C., 619
Hall, A. J., 595
Edwin D., 548
(Hon.), Ezra, 816, 827
N. C., 244
(Chaplain), 184
Henry C., 548
Hammersly, Wm. J., 227
Hammond, A. G., 596
(Mrs.), A. G., 470
C. E., 612
Hamilton, 142
David B., 216
Hand (Surg.), D. W., 711
Harland, Edward, 68, 123, 125, 128, 173, 178, 270, 271, 272, 273, 294, 475, 482, 521, 537, 711, 712, 722, 771
Harmon, George, 119
Harrington, Clark, 250
J. V., 644
Harrison, H. L., 156, 186, 327, 630
H. B., 183, 226, 687
(Dr.), B. F., 52
Grace, 52
(Miss), S. B., 470, 471
Hart (Surg.), 345, 673
F. W., 62
Matthew, 525
Edward W., 565
Charles, 432
Willard, 595
Harvey, John, 730
Allen W., 227
Hastings (Mrs.), A. F., 470
Hatch, Calvin B., 505
(Mr), 361
Hatfield, S. P., 557, 617, 825
Havens William H., 724
Hawley, Joseph R., 45, 46, 61, 62, 63, 97, 105, 123, 131, 176, 192, 193, 196, 199, 200, 202, 296, 326, 436, 449, 508, 509, 510, 538, 546, 548, 549, 635, 651, 652, 670, 680, 682, 729, 762, 804, 805, 807, 808, 809, 810, 820
(Mrs. Gen.), 490
Monson, 108
(Mrs.), Monson, 465
Daniel W., 710
Wm. H., 59, 658, 659
Hawkes, C. E., 88
Hawks, D. W., 502
Hatch, Calvin B., 592
Charles P., 435
Edward W., 183
Hawkins, Frank, 768, 824
Joseph, 230
Hayes, Aleck, 566
Hayden, Richard E., 779
Sam. S., 249, 407, 599
Nathaniel, 228
Haynes, John, 15
William H., 201, 676
Healy, John G., 513, 714, 725, 727, 765, 802, 823
Heath, A. A., 105
Hemingway, L. G., 72
(Major), 207
Hendriek (Surgeon), Eli F., 710, 711
A. C., 721
Hendricksen (Rev.), 62
Henderson Alexander, 167
James P., 769
Hennessey, James P., 125
Hewitt, Oscar W., 277
Hickerson, F. G., 662, 786, 789
Hickok, N. E., 666
George A., 233
Higgins (Lt.), 357
James D., 533
Hill, B. A., 676
Theron, 346
John, 766
Hilliard, Henry B., 434
Hillhouse (Miss), H., 471
James, 28
(Miss), J., 471
Hillman, Levi N., 61
Hillgar, Charles F., 246
Hincks, Wm. B., 589, 781, 811
Hinckley, E. S., 642
Arthur T., 249
Hinman, Stephen N., 582
Hine, J. W., 244
E. C., 651, 654
Hintz, Henry, 534
Hitchcock, Roland, 40
E. S., 122, 194, 199, 200, 201, 327, 392
Hoadley, Frederick, 420
Hoag, D. D., 252, 426, 609
(Capt.), 412
Hobbie, Charles A., 230, 730, Horace, 448
Holbrook, L., 644, 766
Holcomb (Surg.), H. V. C., 52, 712
Richard E., 412, 420
(Major), 307
Holden, Jones G., 407
Hollister, 22, 23
Fitz G., 610
J. C., 226, 457
G. H., 233
Hollenbeck, N. S., 72
Holden, A. M., 762
Holmes, 327
Theo. J., 473
C. M., 673

Holmes, Chas. E. L., 247, 427
Christopher, 545
T. J., 568, 586, 613
(Chaplain), 572, 615, 724
(Col.), 428, 429
Honslow, Roper, 440
Hooker (Rev.), 15
Hopkins, A. D., 248, 428, 431
(Gov.), 14
James M., 152
Horn (Lt.), 599
Horne, Samuel B., 46
Horton, William, 282
Thomas, 201, 327
Hosford, B. F., 505, 727
Hotchkiss, Geo. F., 252
W. S., 236, 709, 819
House, Wm. W., 423
A. P., 108
Hovey (Hon.), James A., 50, 231
Walter P., 788
Howard, Charles T., 227
James A., 449
James L. & Co., 596
Mark, 227
Richard, 86
Howe, Jr., Elias, 108, 297, 818
John I., 464
Edmund G., 596
Howell (Col.), 553
Hoyt, Henry M., 123, 292, 478, 605
Israel L., 126
Hubbard, 327
James, 233, 506, 587, 588, 594, 714, 761, 795
(Hon.), John H., 53, 243, 822
D. R., 119, 207
(Dr.), Robert, 373
Richard D., 176, 183
O. H., 431
O. S., 430
H. J., 119
Horace, 720
Samuel, 227, 295
Wm. H., 476
Hubbell, Wm. S., 392, 552, 670, 731, 735
Hudson, Edward P., 121
Philip W., 126
Hull, Ezra M., 316
Andrew, 397
Humphey, Joseph, Jr., 233
Hunt, D. C., 392
Huntoon, Samuel T., 250
Hurd, A. C., 448
Hurlburt, Charles D., 431
Samuel E., 568
(Surg.), Geo. A., 758
Hutchinson, J. I., 510, 651, 654
(Lt.), 447
Huntington, Wm., 779
W. H., 50
James M., 50
Huxman, Samuel, 391
Hyde, Alvan P., 187, 240
Wm. I., 129
Ingersoll (Mrs.), C. A. 471
Jared, 19, 49
Irwin, Charles N., 669
Ives, Brayton, 495, 614, 615, 715, 757, 758, 783, 785, 792, 793, 795, 817, 818
Charles, 52, 632
E. D., 421
John S., 403
N. P., 152, 475
L. C., 468
Philo L., 564
(Mrs.), Theron, 470
Jacobs, Hervey F., 424, 425
Jackson, L. W., 557, 624
C. W., 506
John R., 545
Ebenezer, 286
F W., 124
Ranson, 814
Jarman, W M., 449
James, Giles, 441
Jameson, J. S., 616, 753
Janes, Charles A., Jr., 595
Jarvis, Geo. C., 507, 651, 654
Samuel F., 505, 618
Jeffry, Frank C., 552
Jacob, 327
Jenkins, James H., 428, 429
J. R., 430, 431
Jennings, H. R., 670
Jepson, 126
Theodore, 694, 705
Benjamin, 81
(Mrs.), B., 471
Jewell, W. P. & Son, 434, 468
Marshall, 597, 808
(Mrs.), P., 470
Jewett, Eleazer, 104
(Dr.), Levi, 660, 811
D. L., 374
(Dr.), P. A., 185
Johnson, David F., 247, 428
H. P., 248
N. P., 249, 423
J. N., 501
Jas. B., 676
W. H. H., 770
And. T., 316
George, 534
Frank, 432
E., 80
Wm. B., 183
George W., 246
Timothy D., 129
Jones, Devereaux, 156, 307
Cyrus D., 252
Edward F., 44
David W., 374
Edward W., 233, 761
Elijah B., 220
Jordon, Joseph, Jr., 235
(Lt.), 440
Judd, Lewis, 126
(Mrs.), J. F., 470
Kattensbroth (Adj.), 311
Keables, A. L., 669
Keach (Major), 238
Ephraim, 231, 249
Kealey, John J., 248
Keaton, John, 558
Keeny, Henry, 227
H. & W., 597
Keith, James M., 754
Keefe, Jeremiah, 156
Kellogg, A. G., 64, 88
E. S., 48, 72, 233, 506, 573
Hawley, 227
E. N. & Co., 468, 597
Enos, 118, 207, 230, 730, 735
(Col.), 238, 587, 588, 592, 593, 594, 655
Stephen W., 62, 631, 800
Robert H., 526, 527, 529
Kelly, James, 558
Kendall, Joshua, 458
Kent (Col.), 49
Kenyon, I. D., 663
Martin R., 425
Marshall, 609
Kerns, James, 782
Keyes, E. D., 93, 97
Edwin R., 425
David D., 545
Kibbee, I. N., 640
T. C., 633
Kies, George, 502
John, 681
Kilbourne, James B., 669
Kimball, 267
King, John A., 124
J. W., 226
Lewis D., 276, 277
Kingsbury (Col.), 164, 256, 259, 266, 273, 278, 279, 521, 598, 627
F. J., 183
N. & Co., 468, 596
H. W., 129
T. H. C., 129, 241
(Lt.), 278
Kingsley, Thos. G., 241, 250, 251, 411, 426, 427
Kinney J. C., 5, 8, 708
(Rev.), E. D., 708
E. A., 766
Thomas, 106
Kinsley (Dr.), 27
Kirkham, Austin P., 100
Klein, Daniel, 68, 121, 553, 680, 683, 820
Kloch, Chas. H. 657
Knapp (Capt.), 238
Samuel R., 232
Knipe (Gen.), 697, 707

Knowlton, 24
J. W., 391
Daniel, 111, 115
Knox, Andrew, 106
Krazynski, M., 479, 551
Lacey, Wm. H., 230
Ladd, H. O., 185
Lake, David, 277
Lamb (Col.), 688
F. A., 615
Lamphere, J. D., 545
Lancey, S. H., 84
Herbert, 61
Landon, Chas. B., 253
Lane, D. F., 74, 217
J. H., 616
Lanfare, Aaron S., 784, 792
Lansing, James H., 226
Larned (Miss), A., 471
Latham, J. H., 552
Latimer, E. H., 496
Lathrop (Dr.), De Witt C., 177
Lawton, Thomas, 52
Law, John E., 188
Lawrence, Thomas, 323
Lawton (Rev. Mr.), 132
Leach, Arnold, 97
Learned, B. P., 618, 825
Leavenworth, M. C., 316
Lee, E. M., 280, 500, 575, 578, 743
E. R., 129
James E., 752
Charles E., 752
H. B., 651, 654, 655
W. T., 596
Henry, 660
E. R., 175, 655
Leete (Gov.), 16
Leeds, Francis R, 252, 318
Ledyard, William, 24
Leggett, Robert, 100, 126, 341, 344, 345, 452, 514, 574, 649, 656
Leroy, J. O., 99
Lewis, George N., 68, 142, 301, 420, 576, 714, 725, 766, 821
Charles E., 277
(Major), 404
William G., 277, 470
B. S., 654, 542
Robert, 776, 778, 825
Lilley, John, 642
Lillibridge, Geo. H., 567, 590
Lincoln, Abraham, 29, 30, 31, 39, 42, 83, 86, 535, 624, 799
William A., 825
H. H., 680
Lindsay, 502, 620, 621
Lindsley, J. H., 672, 787, 788
C. A., 226
Lines, Edward, 392
Lippitt, 48
Lockwood, F. St. John, 800
D. B., 388
Logan, S. G., 684
Lombard, Joseph A., 175
Long, P., 666
Francis S., 624
Walter P., 552, 663, 664, 669
Loomis (Hon.), Dwight, 32, 150
Benjamin C., 247
Lord, F. C., 569
Horace, 227
Tom, 200
Jesse H., 88
Lounsbury, Stephen, 108
Cooke, 186
Lovejoy, Frank M., 227, 295
Lowell, John P., 728
Luddington, Lewis, 678
Lucrenia, G. P., 616
Lucas, Walter M., 391
Lyon, Arthur E., 441
(Gen.), 102, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 768, 819, 830
(Major), 208, 213, 270, 490
R. P., 426
Hanford, 108
Henry, 592
E. L., 162
Judson M., 139
Lyman (Rev.), Charles N., 768
Henry, 662
Mabbott, Alonzo, 421
(Capt.), 415
McAllister, Alexander, 226
James, 156
McBarney, Geo. H., 595
McBrien, James, 448
McCabe, James P., 720
McCall, John, 272, 548
A. D., 721
McCarty, John J., 280
McCartin, Michael, 125
McCormick, Jos., 568
McCurdy, Robt. H., 54, 124, 156, 253
Charles J., 34, 54
McCord, J. J., 143, 518
McDonald, H. J. M., 550, 764
Alexander, 585
G. E., 778
McDonough, Louis R., 252
McEwen, William, 546
McFarland (Bishop), 92
McGee, R., 449
McGlaffin, Charles E., 728
McGrath, Walter, 409
McKenzie (Col.), 714, 720, 761, 762
R. S., 594
McKinley, Thos. H., 670
McManns, Thomas, 402
McNamara, James B., 778
McReynolds (Col.), 177, 351
Maguire, Thomas, 74
Maginnis, J. T., 640, 642, 643
Maher (Major), 419
Patrick, 403
Mahoney, Dennis, 659
Maine, Edwin G., 272, 276
Mallory, Charles & Sons, 48
Wm. H., 102, 569
Manning, Edward P., 425
Manross, N. S., 228, 282, 283
Mansfield (Mrs.), H., 471
(Lt.), 195
Samuel M., 248
Jos. K. F., 89, 283, 554
B. F., 150, 522, 813, 814
Jared, 283
D. B., 609
Manville, G. W., 773
Marble, Edwin, 435, 523
William S., 556, 689
Marcy (Major), 583, 584, 613, 614, 615
George O., 495, 570, 612, 715, 718, 723, 724
Marsh, E. W., 595
D. E., 505
John R., 99
George H., 277
William S., 105
William P., 291
Charles H., 489
Marshall Henry G, 7, 766
(Mrs.), Horace, 467
Martin, Charles T., 235
Leonard P., 490
Martinson, Augustus, 569
Marion, Edwin, 220
Mason John, 14
J. B., 623
E. P., 684, 686, 825
G. P., 618, 825
Mather, Roland, 227, 596
Matthewson, Charles, 129
Joseph, 231, 639, 646, 815
Ezra J., 232
(Capt.), 349
Matson, N., 618
May, Wm. H., 248, 428, 429, 431
Mayer (Surg.), 274, 278, 280, 281, 282, 462, 484, 598, 626, 710, 711, 713
George A., 307
Nathan, 476, 477
Maynard, J. C., 250, 424
G. L. M., 667
Mead, Daniel M., 341
Thos. R., 127, 341
Mecker, Benjamin, 595
Lorenzo, 121, 539, 542, 680

Melancthon (Surg.), 475
Merritt, James, 225
Merriam, E. J., 654
Merriman, M. M., 596
Merrill (Sgt.), 156
Oscar F., 307
Merwin, Henry C., 353, 369, 378, 392
Ira, 52
Metcalf, George T., 137, 542
Meyer (Surg.), 255
(Col.), 131
Michie (Major), 685
Middleton, George W., 253
Middlebrook (Capt.), 139, 209, 211, 212, 213, 490
Henry, 779
Millen, John, 728
Miller (Rev.), 52
Joseph, 448, 654
D. H., 427
Peter, 615
Milford, Henry P., 586
Mills (Capt.), 507
Charles C., 555, 556
John S., 710
B. K., 108
Miner, Abraham, 545
Wm. T., 458
Mitchell (Capt.), 307
William, 426
Louis, 51
A., 143
Mix, Edward H., 119, 482
(Capt.), 485, 486
Mobbett, Alonzo L., 248
Moegling (Major), 267, 273, 625, 627
William, 129, 281
Wm. A., 599, 606, 608, 619
Wm. C., 610
Monroe, Austin G., 88
Moore, Samuel A., 381, 386, 392, 566, 570, 573, 589, 658, 660, 677, 780, 795
J. E., 68, 230, 391
James R., 540
James M., 660
Pat., 782
E. Lewis, 510
& Johnson, 597
Morehouse, Wm. A., 446
John B., 212, 494, 568, 612, 613, 715, 757, 792, 819
Morrell, Pierre, 782
Morgan, 105, 272
Henry E., 180, 291, 333
J. F., 573, 781
A. M., 669
Daniel, 546
Morris, 184, 289
(Gen.), 238, 349
Morris (Chaplain), John M., 77, 183, 258, 275, 337, 798
S. A., 679
Horace J., 456
Wm. E., 494
Dwight, 222, 260, 267, 395, 396, 630, 632
Morrow, J. J., 727
Morse, Horace J., 633, 635, 801, 811
(Adj. Gen.), 463
A. C., 595
—— 109, 110
Charles W., 534
Samuel F. B., 27
Wm. W., 235, 812
Moss, Titus, 374
Mullen, Father, 156
Munger George, 236
Munson Edward B., 127
M. W., 81
Murdock, Wm., 590, 677, 781
Murphy, James T., 778, 779
Murray, E. J., 705, 769
Myers, Frederick, 126
Mygatt, A. B., 77
Napheys, George H., 250
Nash, Charles W., 123
Narramore, Robert, 464
Nearing, Edward, 429
Neff, I. F., 762
Neidhart, Julius, 782, 788
Nelson, John A., 68, 125
Nettleton, Isaac F., 313
Elliott W., 771
Neville, E. M., 583, 612
Newton (Dr.), 345
Nickerson (Dr.), Nehemiah, 746
Edwin L., 406
Nichols, Horace, 108
Andrew B., 546
Monroe, 231, 350, 354, 501, 640, 641
James R., 573, 660
Stephen M., 428
Charles H., 542, 612
Niles, A. F., 490, 492
J. M., 596
Noble, Wm. H., 50, 108, 229, 297, 361, 362, 394, 450, 722, 729, 731, 732
J. W., 722
Noblett (Capt.), 430
Nolkes (Rev.), W. C., 49
North, John G., 61, 82, 522
Henry, 735
Northam, Chas. H., 227
Northrup, 423; George, 683, 765
Cyrus, 77, 186
Lewis, 428
Charles E., 788
Norton Brothers, 50
(Mrs.), 471
Norton, Henry B., 71, 497
Charles L., 461
Francis M., 567
(Mrs.), W. A., 471
L. F., 590
(Mrs.), L. H., 465
Noyes, Benjamin, 61
Enoch, Jr., 250
Wm. Curtis, 234
O'Brien, Dennis, 448
Lawrence, 158
John, 825
Orcutt, Henry W., 567
Odell John, 777, 779
Oliver, Wm. A., 407
Olmstead, Chas. H., 195
(Mrs.), J., 470
O'Reilly, Father, 92
Ormsby, O. P., 281
Osborn (Col.), 549
Arthur D., 67, 226, 244
E. G., 780
E. W., 64, 227, 392, 772, 773, 776
Thomas B., 57
S. C., 448
F. B., 445, 680
W. F., 558, 624, 684
Otis, John L., 452, 514, 537, 548, 549, 619, 620, 622, 653, 656, 670, 671, 672, 673, 681
Oviatt, George B., 407
Owen, E. H., 470
S. B., 324
Packer, E. P., 552, 666
E. R., 670
Warren W., 74, 302, 364, 378, 693
Page (Dr.), 177
Paine, W. H., 642
Painter, M. G., 545
Palmer, ——, 327
Andrew, 103
Chas. E., 122, 132, 199, 202
C. S., 195
Geo. E., 405
John C., 227
Sanford B., 514
Pardee, ——, 126
Benj. S., 126, 128, 164, 165, 166, 172, 341, 457, 460
D. W., 227
Henry C., 235
H. E., 226, 522
(Lt. Col.), 162
Stephen D., 151, 183, 226, 471
Park, Joseph P., 595
Parker, Charles, 46, 47
Frederick A., 235
H. C., 546
Timothy R., 248
Parmelee, Uriah N., 584, 724, 783, 784

Parmelee, Leander, 448
S. T., 244
Parsons, Edgar H., 448
J. C., 596
L. S., 52
Pasco, Henry L., 228, 482, 534
(Major) 485, 531
Patch, William, 214
Patterson (Dr.), H. D., 624, 779
Payne, A. E., 513
Joseph B., 595
Peale, Henry, 64, 231, 238, 351–5, 356, 497, 638, 642, 717, 766
Pease, L. E., 78
Peele, Albert W., 730
Peck, A. W., 433
Frank H., 321, 410, 420, 516, 524, 714, 719, 721
D. J., 226
David J., 188, 244
Edward O., 109, 234
Henry A., 621, 655
(Capt.), 782
Henry B., 227
Jabez B., 433
John F., 431, 458
(Miss), P., 471
Nelson J., 433
Pemberton, Mr., 337
Penrose, J. J., 49
Perkins, B. R., 346
D. D., 456
Farren, 53
J. H., 72
(Miss), Eliza P., 466
H. A., 227, 596
James H., 247
S. H., 222, 237, 260, 269, 396
(Lt. Col.), 293
(Dr.), N. S., 346, 347
Wm. W., 346
Joseph, 45
Perry (Col.), 195
(Lieut.), 447
(Sergeant), 727
E. S., 651
Peters, John A., 489
(Rev.), Saml., 24
Peterson, Wm. H., 669
Pettibone, Major, 341, 343
Phelps, Horace E., 728
John S., 115
(Mrs.), 115
Phillips, Allen F., 493
Daniel, 227, 468
(Mrs.), D., 470
F., 773
G. W., 49, 327, 458
Henry T., 581
W E., 583
Piatt, Donn, 350
(Mrs.), 350
Pickett, Edwin D., 392
Pierce, Henry H., 556, 624, 684–6
Pierpont, E. F., 448
(Rev.), John, 76
Walter, 586
Pinkerman, P. A., 226
Platt, John, 108
Oscar, 505
Hon. O. H., 46, 80, 188, 227, 630, 631, 632
Plumb, D. W., 48, 458, 464
(Mrs.), H. 471
S. F., 669
S. W. W., 654
Plympton (Dr.), 49
Pomeroy (Senator), 109, 116
Porter (Asst. Surg.), 201
(Capt.), 688
Edward L., 355
(Lt.), Horace, 192
H. L., 596
Isaac G., 355
John A., 226
Selden T., 137
Post, Ambrose W., 706
B. C., 421
O. R., 699, 700, 705
Oliver R., 706
Wm. H., 596
Potter, G. W., 595
Powell, James P., 227
Pratt (Mrs.), D. C., 471
(Miss.), Esther, 470
Pratt, Franklin A., 624, 684
Gilbert, 105
H. A., 686
James T., 34, 187
Wm., 764
Wm. M., 540, 680
Pray (Lt.), 599
Prentice, Hon. Amos W., 50, 231
Chas. H., 596
Preston, E. B., 334
Pride (Capt.), 556
Prindle (Capt.), C. E., 143
Provost, Norman, 448, 542
Prouty, Benj. F., 121
Punderford, John A., 227
Putnam, 20, 21, 22, 24
Radford (Col.), 98
Raffle, Chas., 156
Randall, Isaac, 48
Jedediah, 251, 424
Silas B., 48
Mr. ——, 302
Rankin, Edw. E., 228
Ross, Sam'l, 234, 693
Rathburn, J. A., 669
J. G., 596
Raymond, Stephen, 104
Rebstock, Wm., 448
Read, John R., 281
Reed, Abner, 157
Reeve (Judge), 27
Reeves, Wm., 446
Reid, Robert K., 754
Rich (Mrs.), G. B., 471
Rexford, Henry A., 595
Reynolds (Capt.), 625
Geo., 380
G. G.,
(Sergt.), 327
Wm. H., 612
Rice, Chauncey D., 48
E. J., 216
J. C., 722
James Q., 233, 506, 587, 714, 720
John P., 147
John T., 188, 630
Randall H., 335, 609, 681
Richardson (Gen.), 578
Richmond, Collins, 779
Rigby, Chas., 421
Riggs, Luther G., 246, 334
Riley, Ed., 782
(Lt.), 426
Ripley, Charles H., 546
(Col.), 483–4
(Gen.), 449.
Luther, 105
——, 272
Roach, Jas. D., 412, 420
Roath, Leonard G., 406
Roberts (Mrs.), B. N., 470
(Mrs.), B. S., 471
Hiram C., 281
Wm. J., 274, 669
(Mrs.), W. W., 470
Robbins, T. H., 407
Robinson, Chas., 623
Ellis B., 407
Henry C., 227, 523
Timothy B., 534, 744
Rockwell, A. P., 198, 303, 442, 501, 548, 672, 680, 683, 690
J. P., 642, 650
(Dr.), P. G., 62.
Rockwood, N. P., 590
T. H., 207
Rodman, Daniel C., 122, 132, 194, 195, 436, 543, 557, 680
(Gen.), 270, 271, 273
(Lt. Col.), 131, 439, 441, 539
Rogers, C. B., 226
Edmond, 446
Enoch E., 773
J. B., 492, 696
Joab B., 717
Wm. H., 556
Root (Lt.), Ed., 705
E. B., 246
E. K., 597
(Mrs.), J. A., 471
John G., 246
John S., 374
S. J., 68
Owen, Day, &, 597
Rose, Jonathan, 54
Ross (Col.), 325, 373, 698, [701

Ross, W E. W., 623
Rossman, Wm. H., 448
Rouse, W D., 667
Rowland, Thos. F., 190
Rowell, David B., 694
Royce, John E., 700
Runyon, T., 722
Ruggles, Geo. B., 730, 733
Russell, Chas. L., 97, 126, 167, 453
(Col.), 126, 146, 164, 165, 655, 781
(Gen.), 65
F. W., 458
George D., 47, 64
(Dr.), G. W., 185
James L., 179
Robert, 590, 677
Samuel S., 168
Wm. H., 183, 188, 226
(Mrs.), W. H., 471
——, 272
Rust, C. H., 277
Ruth, Patrick K., 123
(Capt.), 126
Sackett, Wm. H., 609, 610
Salisbury, E., 152
(Mrs.), E. E., 471, 472
Sanford, E. A., 226
George S., 108
George W., 782
Hon. Henry S., 149
H., 471, 472
Julius, 247, 428, 431
Oliver S., 122, 194, 449, 539, 543, 555, 556, 557, 744
Sargent, Geo. D., 624
Satterlee (Surg.), Dwight, 476
Savage, W. L., 655
Sawyer, Silas W., 125, 513
Sayers (Sergt.), 611
Schalk, F. E., 589, 591
Schleiter, 143, 307
Schnable, Ellis B., 107, 110
Schutze, Henry, 58
Schweizer, B. E., 252, 293, 296
Scott, Geo. E., 635
H. G., 558
John B., 642
(Misses), 88
Sellick, 421
Thos., 74
(Lt. Gen.), Winfield, 70, 83
Scoville, Chas. M., 592
Scranton, A. G., 502
Erastus, 188
Hon. E. C., 57
Seaver, Heber W., 228
Sedgwick, R. A., 207
(Gen.), 179, 574, 575
Seeley (Mrs.), Wm. E., 465
A., 458
Albro, 735
Seger, Philip B., 236
Selden, Joseph, 411, 414, 423, 424, 426
Senglaube, Louis, 567
Seward, S. H., 391, 590
Wm. T., 137, 570
Sexton, Bolles, & Co., 597
Seymour, E. W., 233
Edward, 243
F. S., 391
Griswold & Co., 596
Hon. O. S., 234, 630
Gov. Thos. H., 78, 80, 103, 136, 228, 332
Shailer, Chas. M., 654
Shalk, Fredk., 391
Sharp, Albert F., 391, 620, 649, 655–6
Shaw (Col.), 443
Sheffield (Capt.), 179
Sheldon, Joseph, 244, 472
(Mrs.), J., 471
(Lt.), 374–5
W. D., 383
Shelton (Dr.), 124
Edward N., 47
Shepard, David G., 305
Jeremiah M., 236, 552
J. H., 335
Brothers, 345
(Capt.), 552
G. W., 552
S. B., 556
Sheridan, Terrence, 513
Sherman (Miss) E., 471
(Gen.), 116, 502, 535, 536, 696
Philo B., 236, 517
Tecumseh, 95
T. W., 123
Shipman, N., 596
W. D., 227
Shultas, Chas. C., 246
Sidders, Chas., 409
Sidney, Sir Philip, 425
Silliman, B., Jr., 283
Silloway, Wm. F., 250
Simms, John M., 346–47
Simonds, John H., 277
W. E., 422
Simons, Thos., 392
Simmons, Wm. S., 666
Simpson, Jas. F., 660
Samuel, 81
Siprell, D. W., 72, 119
Skiff (Dr.), 522
Skinner, Alden B., 423
(Mrs.), A. N., 471
Benj. F., 122
B. F., 195, 437, 447, 508–10
Jeffrey, 233, 714, 720 761
(Miss), J. W., 471
S. W., 617
Slade, Lucius M., 48
Slater, John F., 50, 231
(Misses), 62
Smith, Abner C., 771
(Adj.), 218–20
Albert, 424
Alfred, 468, 470
Charles, 107, 374, 392, 735
Charles, Jr., 449
Danl. L., 220
David, 50, 231
Ed., 750
Elisha F., 227
E. Y., 124
Francis, 728
Gad N., 505
George F., 82
Geo. G., 307
Geo. W., 782
Heber S., 220
Henry C., 235
H. H., 201
Ira S., 602
James, 779
Jas. T., 307
(Judge), 27
L. R., 226
Martin B., 124, 478, 547, 605, 669, 757
Moses, 546, 606, 610, 618, 666, 669
M. L., 746
Nathaniel, 233, 506, 594
Peter J., 751
Rufus, 458
Seymour W., 770
S. S., 227
Septimus S., 712
Thos., 468, 596
Wm. A., 669
W. F., 536, 551, 553, 554, 586, 596, 625
W G., 654
W. W., 700
Smyth (Col.), 659
Snagg, Henry L., 391
Snow, M. L., 705
Soby, Wm., 327
Soule, E. F., 449
Souter, James, 599
Southard, L. H., 102, 569
Southmayd, Geo. M., 129
Southworth, Chas. G., 236
Sparks, Walter C., 595
Spaulding, J. L., 50
Reuben, 640
Wm. L., 639–40
Speidal, John, 61, 121, 304, 305, 373, 506, 797
Spellman, W. C., 616
Spencer, Albert, 480
J. F., 676
Wm., 697
Sperry, Eli, 234
H. T., 597
N. D., 226, 244
Spittle, Wm., 236, 335

Sprague (Capt.), 155, 308, 401
Ezra, 700, 769
Homer B., 143, 155, 161, 308, 313, 403, 578, 714, 719, 725, 728, 765
(Lt. Col.), 420, 718
(Surg.), 114, 115
Sprenkle, D. & F., 567
Spring, And. J., 751
Speed, Fredk., 516
Standish, Walter F., 391
Stanley, T. E., 296
Frank W., 406
(Lt.), 296
Stannard, Geo. J., 667
Stanton, Chas. T., Jr., 236, 552, 606
John L., 251, 423
Stanwood (Lt.), Ed. W., 771
Starkweather, Hon. H. H., 50, 356
John C., 117
(Mrs.) N., 470
Starr, Benj, 654
E. W N., 241
Fredk., 327, 432
Stedman (Col.), 266, 267, 273, 274, 279, 541, 550, 553, 597-99, 601, 616, 619
Edmund C., 390
G. W., 420, 721
(Gen.), 625-28
Griffin A., 74, 129, 256, 278, 538, 606-608, 764
John W., 50, 231
(Lt.), 722
Sterling (Capt.), 517
D. H., 50
(Mrs.), Daniel H., 465
John W., 236, 388, 517, 708, 709
Sherwood, 380
(Mrs.), W. G., 464
Stearns, Albert, 68
(Gen.), 199, 200
Stevens, John G., 431
S. S., 235, 446
Stewart, James, 705
Stickney (Col.), 429, 430
Stiles, Bob, 375
Henry H., 227
Stillman, Albert, 374
(Mrs.), A. S., 470
H. M., 169
Stillé, Chas. G, 464
Stocking, Gilbert M., 706
Stoddard (Mrs.), Prudence, 149
Eben M., 844
Stokes, Joseph, 99
Stoll, Henry, 410 [220
Stone, H. B., 74, 213, 218,
Stone (Rev. Mr.), 357
W. W., 77
Storrs (Miss M.), 471
(Dr.), 274
(Sergt.), M., 180, 680
Stoughton, Frank E., 391, 677
Stottlar, John, 654
Straight (Col.), 499
Striby, Fredk., Jr., 448
Strickland, Jas., 420
(Lt.), 413
(Mrs.), W T., 470
Strong, Clark, 421
(Major), 157
Stroud, Edwin, 592
Stuart, 23
Sturgis (Major), 114
Sullivan, 24
Surret, Thos., 669
Sutliff, Elbert, 750
Sutliffe, Lucas, 196
Swan, Frank, 246
Swayne (Brig.-Gen.), Wager, 722
Sweetland, J. C., 676
Swift, Rowland, 522, 596
Taft (Mrs.), C. A., 470
Taintor, M. A., 651, 652
Talcott (Miss), Mary, 470
C. M., 770
Charles H., 250
P. F., 552, 814
(Mrs.), T. J., 470
Talmadge (Col.), 234
Taylor, Addison C., 252, 296
Isaac, 448
J. C., 426
John, 338, 339
Moses, 683
(Rev.), 286
——, 305
Westlove, 392
Tarbox, Daniel S., 281
Tarr, H. G. H., 700, 705
Tennant, Charles, 484
Charles A., 335
Terry, Alfred H., 64, 89, 97, 99, 120, 123, 131, 168, 202, 304, 348, 438, 538, 541, 546, 611, 612, 648, 652, 672, 687, 689, 690, 691, 722, 755, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 810, 820
Edward, 708
Thacher (Miss), A., 471
(Mrs.), Daniel, 464
Thomas, David S., 376
(Miss), Carrie, 466
George H., 119
Thompson (Rev), Alex. R., 183, 229, 818
Gideon, 108
John, 507, 650, 689
Wm. W., 201, 221, 651, 712
Silas W., 311
(Mrs.), W., 490
Thornberg (Dr.), 530
Thornett (Capt.), 102
Thomas B., 102
Thorp, E. A., 670, 766
Thorpe, David J., 595
Tibbe, R., 449
Tibbetts, John A., 39
Tiffany, Charles C., 680
M. V B., 501, 640, 646, 714, 717
Tisdale, E., 143
(Capt.), 307, 315
Titus, George N., 705
Tolles, Samuel, 227, 294, 478, 771, 772
Tompkins, ——, 150
Tomlinson (Dr.), Chas. 812
O. K., 567
Russell, 108
Toucey (Hon.), Isaac, 36, 136, 842, 843
Tourtelotte, Jerome, 123, 195, 437, 440
Townsend, Jeremiah, 507, 539
James M., 201, 202
Torrance, David, 461, 790, 826
Torrence, James, 409
Torrey, George, 356
Train, Abner L., 188
Tracy, Charles A., 367
J. A., 461
John N., 122, 542
Traganza, Wm. P., 138
Treat, Amos, 34
(Mrs.), A.,
Amos A., 188, 189
(Major), 16
Trowbridge, George N., 545
O. E., 432
P. M., 823
W H., 432
Thomas R., 51, 127, 151, 244, 471
Trumbull, Gurdon, 597
H. Clay, 65, 67, 178, 341, 344, 345, 348, 451, 513, 514, 523, 550, 569, 621, 636, 653, 662, 671, 682, 787, 803, 810
J. Hammond, 596, 637, 755, 801, 829
(Gov.), Jonathan, 20, 22, 23, 28
Thos. S., 624, 684, 761
John F., 105
Tubbs, William H., 225
Tucker, Edwin A., 244
James S., 667
Turner, J. A., 119
Marx C., 534
Turnbull (Rev.), Robert, 183
Tuttle, H. E., 592
Twining, A. C., 119, 151, 471
(Miss), M. P., 471

Twiss, John M., 825
(Capt.), 776, 779
Tyler (Gen.), Daniel, 70, 84, 87, 92, 93, 95, 96, 97, 98, 133, 205, 206, 212, 225, 231, 494, 504
Hon. Morris, 435, 521, 523, 525, 722, 806
Moses, 820
Daniel P., 49
Robert O., 133, 203, 383, 389, 470, 505, 517, 559, 574, 596, 599
Levi E., 570
Upham, Charles L., 27, 29, 124, 479
Upson, Henry, 201
Van Pelton, J. B., 640
Vaill, T. J., 725
T. F., 645
Van Keuren (Lt.), 439
Vinton, Edward C., 510
Wadhams, Edward, 548, 591
Henry W., 591
Luman, 588, 589, 592, 594, 595
Wadsworth (Capt.), 18
Daniel, 86
(Gen.), 381
(Brig. Gen.), Jas. J., 722
N. M., 53
Wait Hon. John T., 231, 276, 522, 548
Marvin, 265, 272, 276
Walker, Alfred, 151, 152, 157, 182, 471, 474
(Chaplain), Edw. A., 119, 133, 182, 505, 640
(Lt), Chas., 97
Chas. H,, 272
(Capt.), E. A., 118
H. J. O., 494, 604
John, 545
W C., 499, 644, 645, 646
Wallace, E., 422
Thomas, Jr., 464
Walter, Chas., 229, 362, 373
Walworth (Judge), 27
Warburton (Mrs.), 468
Ward (Capt.), 11
(Col.), 334
Henry C., 405, 409, 422, 423, 461, 601, 782
(Col.), James, 91
James Harmon, 91
John E., 124, 273, 332, 478, 540, 605, 680
(Miss), Lydia R., 464
(Major), 276
Samuel S., 597
Wardell, Jason, 426
Warner, Abner S., 477
Warner, Addison G., 583, 584
(Capt.), 238, 585
(Col.), 405
Geo. W., 232, 501, 640
(Major), 97
Rufus, 392
Warner (Hon.), Sam., 24, 52
Warren, Chas., 764
——, 24
Warriner (Rev.), E., 137, 138, 209, 489, 496
Washburn, Geo. A., 271
Washington, Geo., 22
Waterbury, Geo. A., 426
Waterhouse (Mrs.), C. R., 471
Waters, John M., 533
John, 654
Watrous, ——, 632
Watson, W. B., 558
Wayland, Francis, 183
Francis, Jr., 226, 522
M., 183, 184, 185
(Chaplain), 200, 201, 523, 655
Webb (Lt.), 245, 246
W M., 650, 655
Webster (Dr.), C. B., 467
Weemes, Thad. M., 424
Welch (Hon.), E. K., 52, 82
H. R. W., 188, 632
H. M., 183, 226
(Asst. Surg.), John B., 156
(Dr.), 243
Moses C., 697
(Rev.), 302
Weld, Mason C., 249, 402, 422
Weldon, T. N., 705
Wells, Alfred, 247, 431
Curtis B., 214
Henry A., 126, 346
Welles, Frank, 728
(Mrs.), Oswin, 470
(Mrs.), Sec., 469
Wessels, Henry W., 402, 486
Leverett, W., 233, 720
Leverett, 457
(Col.), 234, 238, 506
(Gen.), 488
Westover, W W., 567
Wetherby (Rev.), Chas. N., 580
Wetmore, Prosper M., 54, 125, 130, 253
Whaples, W. W., 654
Wheatley, Richard, 317, 318, 426
Wheaton, Albert F., 346
Wheeler, A. M., 432
John D., 227
John I., 316
Wheeler, Jonathan, 49
Mark H., 426
Wheeler (Sergt.), 585
Wheelock, S. B., 253
Whipple, Samuel, 583
Samuel S., 585
Whitaker (Capt.), 616
Daniel, 569
Edward W., 102, 569 586, 614, 645, 757
Whitcomb (Dr.), 274
J. B., 279
White (Col.), 133
Elijah, 277
Geo. M., 227
Geo. W., 772
H. D., 226
(Lt. Col.), 118
Moses C., 151
(Dr.), M. C., 471
Nelson L., 47, 556, 617
S. L., 655, 656
(Mr. and Mrs.), Wm. D., 392
Whiting, F. K. H., 709
Whitney, E. P., 165
Eli, 27, 226
Whittlesey, Chas., 246
Wightman, J. C., 415
Wilcox, Chas. M., 252, 371
(Gen.), 295
J. A., 722
J. P., 539
Noah, 667
Whiting, 277, 278
Wilcoxson (Adj.), 361
A. H., 362, 371, 381, 450, 729, 731, 732, 783
Wildman (Capt.), 47
E. E., 62
(Miss), Elizabeth, 467
F. S., 467
(Miss), Mary, 467
T. C., 651
Wilkinson, E., 49
Willett, John B., 766
Willey, Hon. Hiram, 231
Willard, Samuel F., 225, 281
Williams, A. S., 722
Frank, 87
Geo. S., 234
George M., 624
(Rev.), John, 183
J. D., 224
(Gen.), 310, 311
Joseph D., 456
R. G., 72
William C., 661
——, 48
Willimann, Joseph, 433
Wills, Alfred, 428
Wilson, G. W., 46
J. H., 446
P. P., 705
Robert, 304
——, 393
Winchester & Davies, 61
(Mrs.), Wm., 471

Winslow, Geo. A., 728
Winthrop, Gov. John, 16, 17
Francis R., 89
Theodore, 89
(Major), 111
Wistar (Gen.), 550
Wolcott (Gen.), 21, 24
Wood, Charles A., 545
Enoch, 230
Frederick, 108
John E., 236
T. S., 623
Woods, W B., 722
Woodbridge (Miss), Jane, 470
Woodford, S. L., 722
C. W., 754
Woodhouse, Levi, 68, 72, 119
Woodruff (Chaplain), 454
D. A., 654
(Rev.), G. W., 183
(Hon.), John, 32, 71, 226, 244
(Rev.), R., 623
K. K., 623
Richard K., 766
S. A., 686
S. F., 700
Samuel S., 235, 360
(Mr.), 449
Woodward (Dr.), A., 114, 185, 426
James M., 24
John A., 431
Woolby, J. J., 11, 124, 183
Woolsey, Theo. D., 183
(Miss), D., 471
Worden, Samuel D., 357
Wooster (Col.), 366, 375, 378, 386, 653, 667
D. B., 505
Wm. B., 47, 80, 234, 461, 637, 648, 649
Work (Mrs.), T. J., 470
Wright, Benj., 514, 670
Dexter R., 46, 222, 227, 288, 329, 330, 458, 460
(Gen.), H. G., 123, 202, 594, 596
Horace W., 545
Ira, 45, 63
John B., 188
T., 623
Wm., 125, 573
Wyant, Wilson, 74